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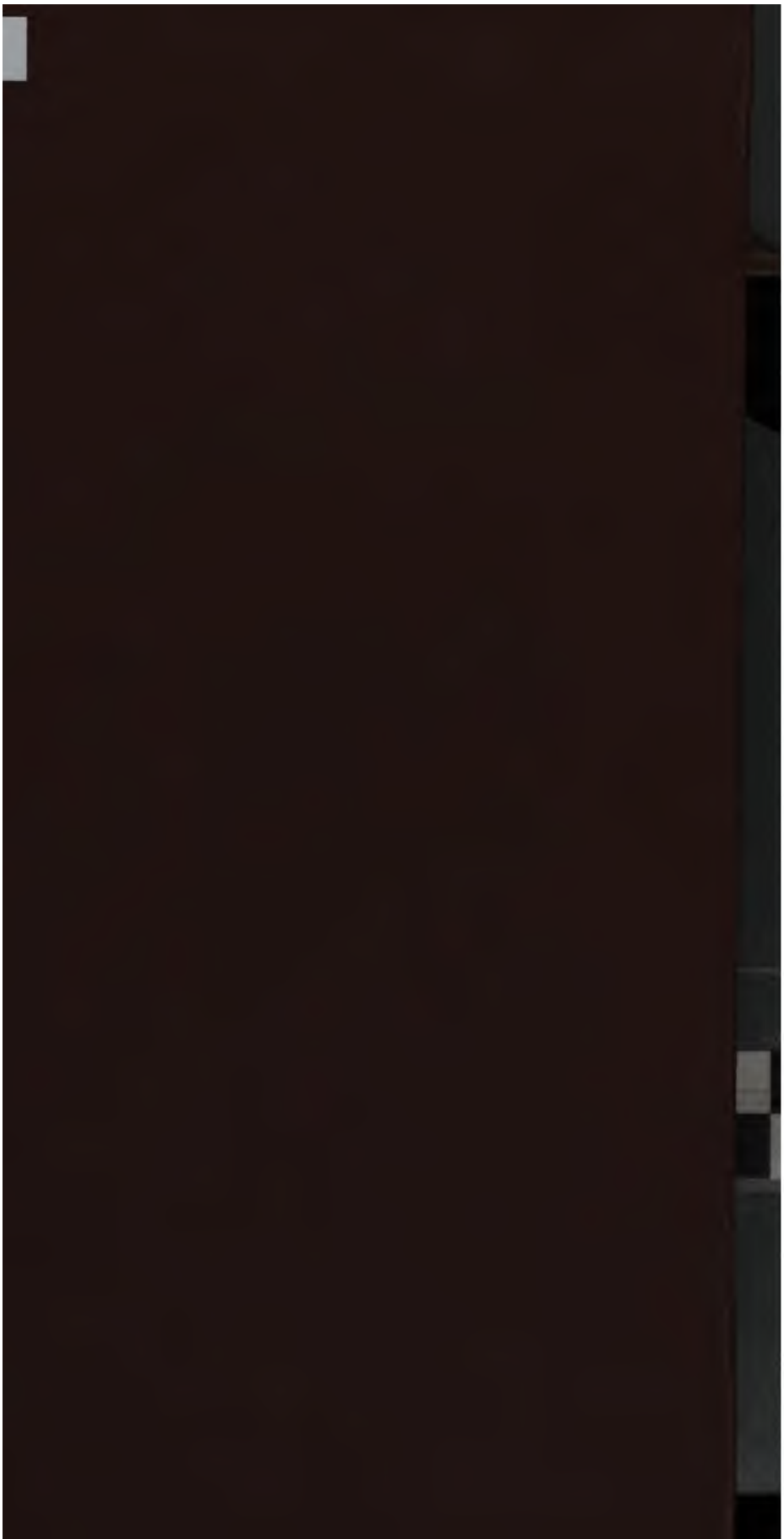
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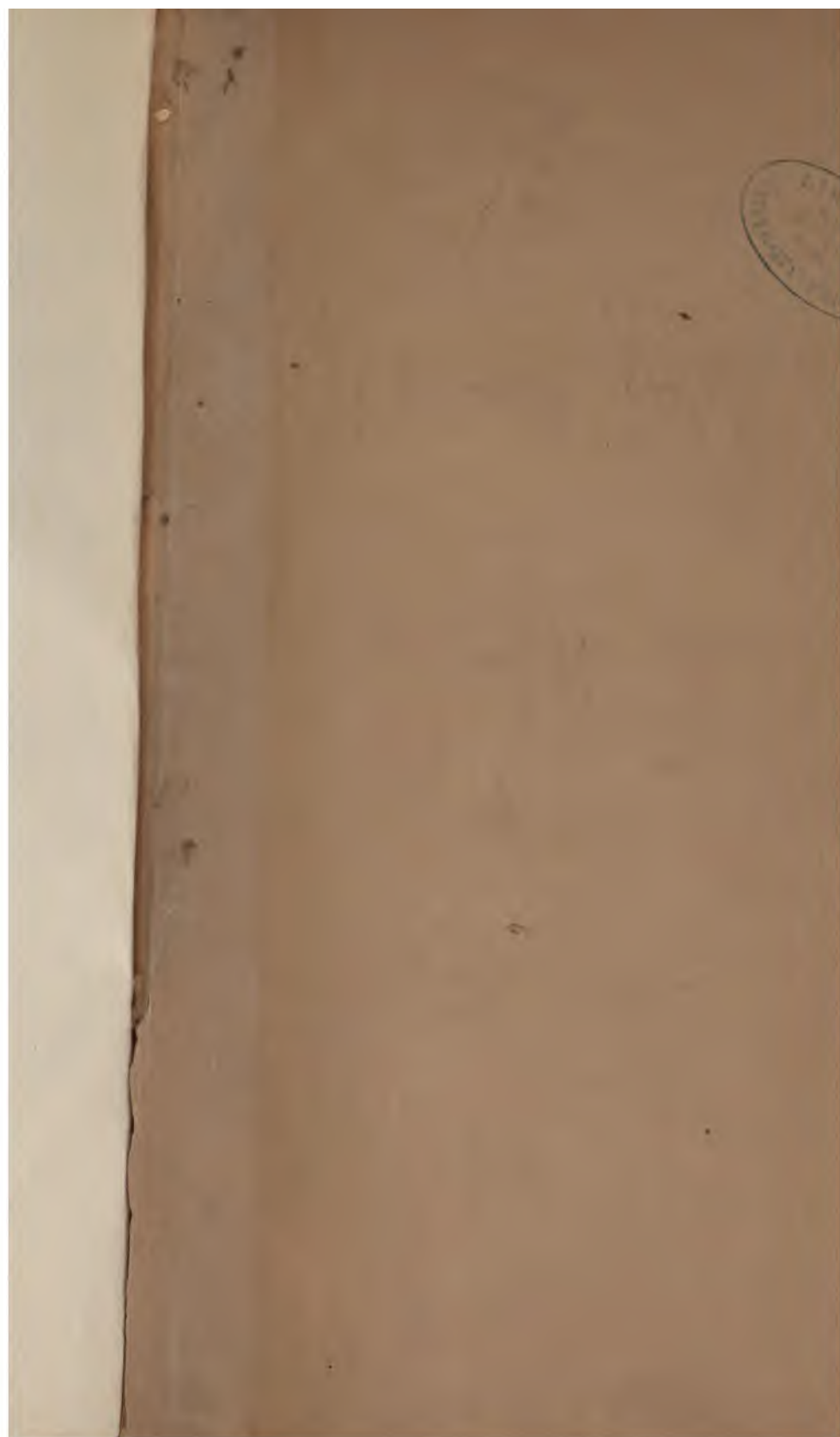
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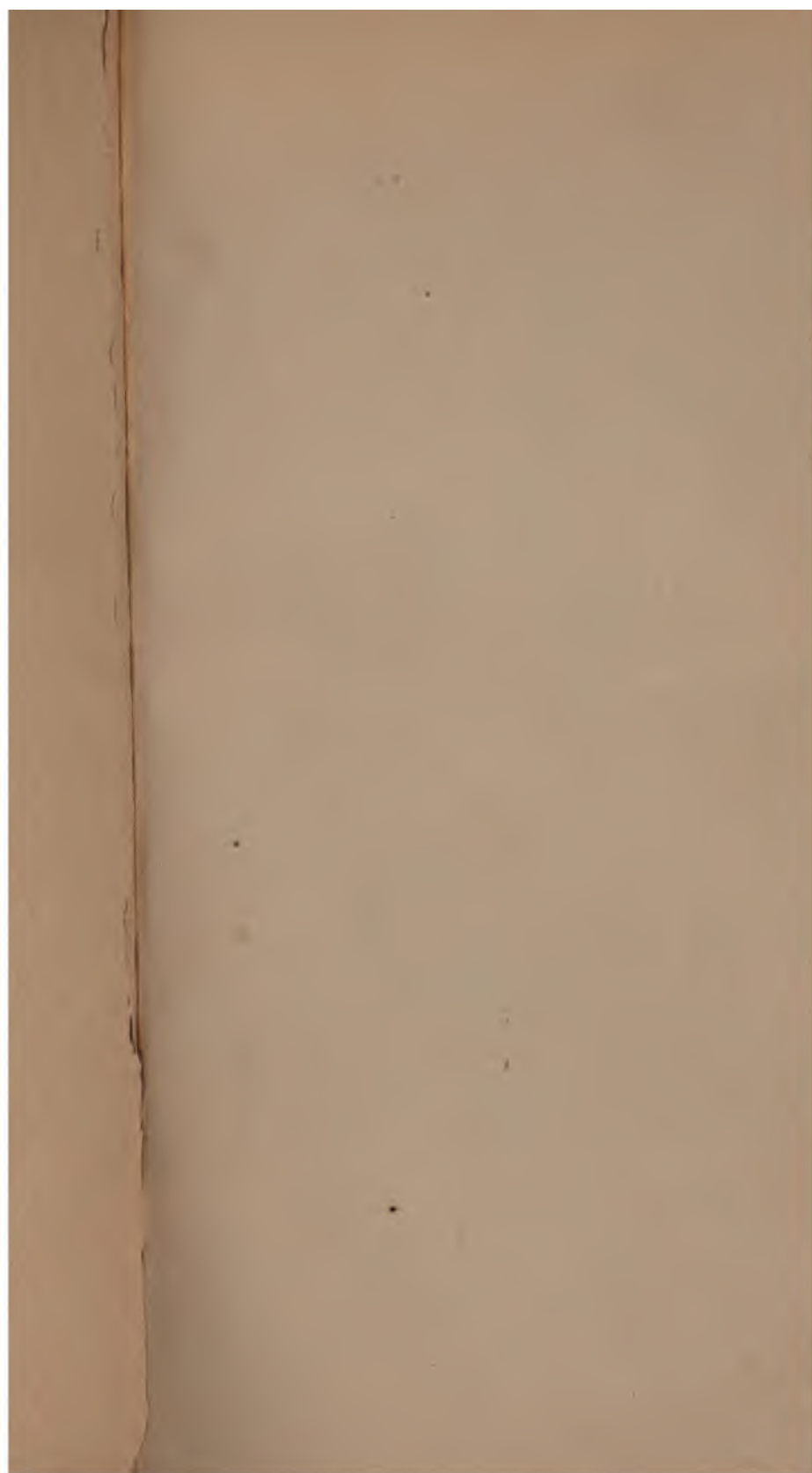


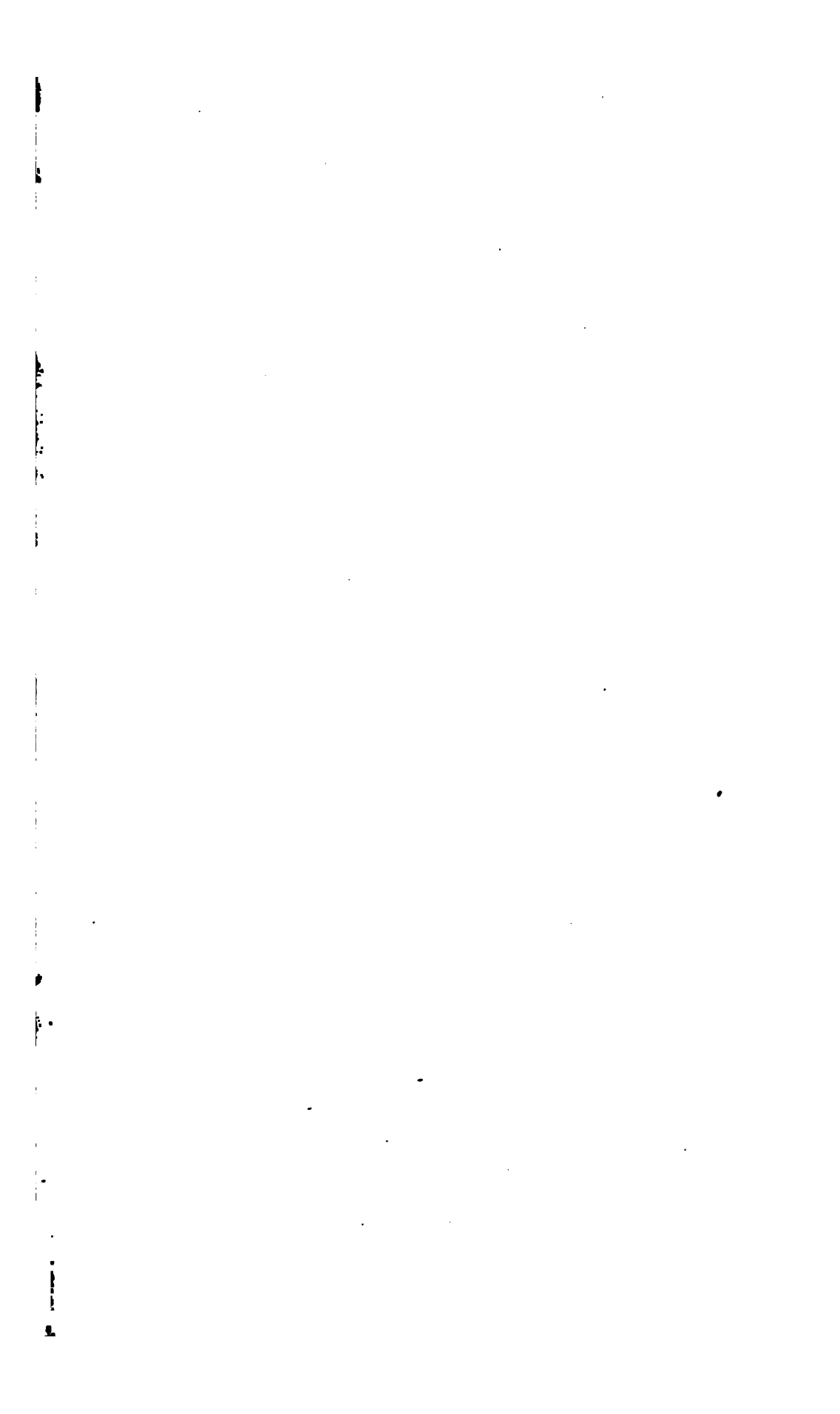




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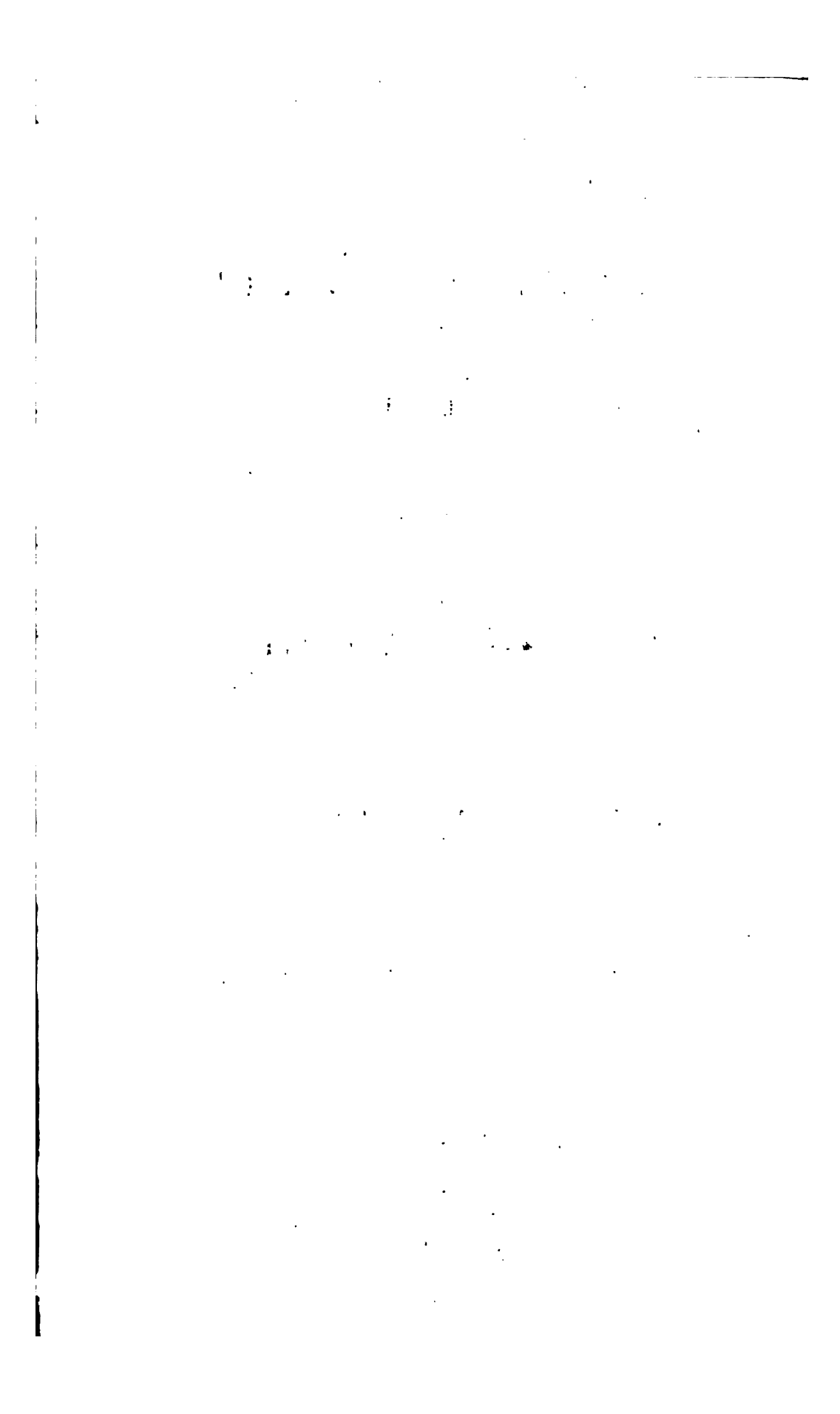




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THE
AMERICAN REVIEW,

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INTRODUCTORY TO THE YEAR 1849.

WITH the present number begins the second volume of the Second Series of the "Whig Review," as its friends, and the public generally, have been pleased to call it; though, for their part, its conductors prefer to *name* it "American," as their whole effort has been to *make* it so; intending that it shall be, if possible, a true and lively representation of the morals, manners, and polity of this new Empire of the West.

Casting a rapid glance over the pages of our last two volumes, we find a series of articles, not only touching, but examining and discussing, upon grounds strictly constitutional, almost every leading question in the range of our politics; forming a connected series of political essays, called out, indeed, by the occasion, but composed not without regard to the future. The origin, conduct, and spirit of the war, the Policy of the Administration, the principles and measures of the Whig Opposition, and the reasons which controlled their movements in the Convention and at the late election, have been elaborately argued and set forth; under the guidance of what was once known as a Democratic, but now as a Whig, construction of the Constitution.

Accompanying these essays is a series of authentic biographies of living statesmen, which serve to show, that power and honor in this country are attained by genius and native force, and never, directly, through the accidental advantages of wealth and family. These biographies

seem also to be a sufficient proof, that the only inheritance of consideration, to which an American statesman can lay claim with credit to himself, is the inheritance of a good name, and of a temper able to contend with, and to overcome, adversity.

In these two departments, of political essay and biography, the conductors of the Review have fulfilled their promise to its patrons, as to quantity and variety of matter; with what success, is left to their kind judgments to determine. Upon a very considerable part, they may, perhaps, be allowed to say, the public have passed a favorable and unequivocal judgment.

The conduct of the literary department of the Review, presented difficulties not easy to be overcome, and which the conductors do not flatter themselves have been yet overcome, or will be, until a change takes place in public opinion in regard to the comparative merits of foreign and American intellects. A very considerable class of persons in this country seem to labor under a deep conviction of the native inferiority of the American understanding. They have the same opinion of our own, that the German people have of English genius. "The English," said Goethe, the greatest of the Germans, "never think." But if they do not *think*, they speculate, and their speculations on political economy, and other topics, serve many of ourselves *instead* of thoughts. Now with all deference to the very respectable and, since their late translations from the Germans, quite learned modern-

English mind, and with all due respect to their political skill, shown under the trials of a revolutionary and famishing age, let us for a moment compare the position of the English thinker, artist, scholar and politician with their brothers on this side the water, and if we find in it any singular facility or advantage, then let us concede it them; but by no means give up the point of native intelligence; for in courage, ardor, endurance and originality of design, we hold our own *good* minds to be equal to the best of these days.

As in giving their due honor to the works of former ages, it is almost infinitely difficult for the imagination to separate what is excellent in them, from what is merely antiquated and conventional; and this difficulty increased to a degree that becomes infinite, by the early prejudice and bias of country, which creates in us, towards the religious ceremonies, the laws and the manners of our ancestors, an affectionate and erring veneration, necessary, indeed, but still tinctured with a false enthusiasm; it has happened that great epochs of advancement in the arts, either of language or design, have come about either at the birth of liberty and self-reliance, in a people; when they began to throw off old prejudices, and think less of their past, and give the rein to hope and exultation; or when, turning away from the models of their own history, they fixed a gaze of emulation on the arts and genius of some other race. Arts began to flourish in Athens *after* the battle of Marathon; the most admirable poems of the Hebrews were composed when they had thrown off the yoke of Egypt, Sidon, and the Empire; eloquence arrived at its height in England *after* the expulsion of the Stewarts; and in France and America, *since* the wars of their revolutions. The literature of Germany sprang into sudden and vigorous life during the prevalence of *revolutionary* principles, from the day of Voltaire to the death of Goethe: with the aristocratic re-action it sunk again and disappeared. Even the greatest epoch of English letters, called the Elizabethan, or Shaksperian, epoch, was during the rise of puritanical liberty; and the age succeeding it, that of Milton, Butler, and Cowley, was an age of Republicanism. Universally, the greatest models of human art, from the

laws of Moses and the Song of the pictures of Angelo the vonarola, have been productions conducive to, and liberty. Great artists, orators address themselves not to priests, but to the people. have the air not of a eulogist, but of a national son. In comparing our condition of England, we seem the analogy of history, to discover in favor of our own.

That liberty should favor letters, seems to be not wonderful, but in the plain course since the prosecution of a quires the same steady, and full, reliance upon native same familiarity with the and facts of nature, that is the giver and the soldier of free

Nor are those imitative epochs of art and letters, ture of liberality. German its inspiration from the freedom of England and Greece. Its ways imitative, grew out of Greek; Boileau, Voltaire, and their compeers, strove the literature of Rome. In may, liberty and art are most perfect liberty has given most beautiful monuments

Standing, therefore, as from the old world, and ample, dictating constitution of Europe; in eloquence of the arts, without a rivernment almost planetary in simplicity, controlling an empire it does a village:—a government on theory, but wrought out instincts of freedom; it w little faith in the laws of n course of Providence, we ourselves the hope of a gl art, in science, in letters, human genius, guided by cerity, can produce. Fear ventive, and thoughtful, to recognize our powers a The true thinker, and the two patrons, God and the appeal is from the one, an

In answer to the somev

quiry, why we have no grand school of letters in America, there is a double reply to be given: *first*, that like the solidification of the government, it requires time, conjoined effort, and the sympathy of an educated class; *second*, that the question may be asked as well of other countries as of this, and the inquiry made why it is that *no* nation at present discovers a grand originality in art. Poets we have, and admirable in their way; prose writers, extremely elegant and studied; and so, too, has England; Mendelssohn is but just dead in Germany, Irving and Dana are still living in America, and Tennyson, Thackeray, Napier and McCauley in England. There is no dearth on either side the Atlantic, of elegant and powerful writers, and in oratory there are some living who have been compared, however justly, with the ancients. But still the question, as it was *meant*, is not answered.

To recur, then, again, to history. Literature and art being products of intellect, are necessarily founded upon philosophical thought. A great poet or orator is a great thinker. Shakspeare and Bacon were contemporaries; so were Socrates and Sophocles. Solon, the philosophical legislator, was also a poet. Milton has written the most exquisite eulogy of philosophy. Cicero studied in all the philosophical schools. Schiller and Goethe were Kantians. Shakspeare's sonnets and early poems may be regarded, in great part, as rhymed disquisitions upon the laws and motives of human nature. Michael Angelo and Da Vinci were Platonists, and the latter a savan, and a very inventive mechanician. Philosophy, either of science or of criticism, shines like an animating soul in every immortal work, be it an oration against tyranny, a picture of the crucifixion, or a poem on the fall of man. Perhaps it may be necessary to caution the less informed against confounding with what is here meant by philosophy, that dry bones of logic and metaphysic which goes by the name in our school and college text-books; by the philosophy to which we are now alluding, is intended the science of human nature in its principles, as they appear in laws, in morals, and in religion; that philosophy of which the church, the free State, and the Social System are, humanly speaking, the immediate illustration. It is this

kind which shines in great poems and works of art; so that of the former a celebrated person said: "Let us have poems for men and laws for children."

In the absence, therefore, of an authoritative guide to lead us toward great achievements in arts and letters, we may perhaps with safety fall back upon the examples of the past, and instead of wasting our energies in mere admiration, conclude that we have to begin the work of literary and philosophical, as we have that of political criticism, at the very roots and principles.

It is a common error to suppose that great advances in arts, letters, and philosophy are made by the isolated labor of a few astonishing individuals, who spring up here and there in spite of fate, at long intervals of time, as if by miracle. On the contrary, a careful study of the great epochs will show that for one great light there have been thousands of inferior magnitude; that a great intellect rather represents, than creates, the spirit of the age he lives in. Of what avail would have been the heroism and the virtue of Washington in a nation uninspired by the same spirit? The predecessors and contemporaries of Shakspeare composed a grand constellation of wits, critics, writers, and scholars. What can a great actor, orator, or preacher accomplish, without an audience educated, and by nature adapted, to understand and feel their excellence? The native *wit* and *freedom* of Corwin, the severe *dignity* of Webster, the *sense* of Crittenden, the *condensation* and *fire* of Calhoun, require appreciative, American audiences; they succeed best with those that best understand them. Brummagem operatives would hardly listen to Agassiz. The public mind, ear, eye, requires preparation and use; subtle principles of art take their first rise in the mind of the solitary thinker, pass gradually into the popular mind, and have the effect of instinct. Tammany Hall understands and applauds, where Faneuil sees no merit. In Caffraria, the Cartoons would pass, perhaps, for tent-covers. Men read Shakspeare and Milton, and the Scriptures, more as they acquire experience. As of individuals, so perhaps it may be said of a people, that they come to the appreciation of a good by slow degrees; given the ground-work of a free and sensible nature, and a nation may be gradually

Introductory to the Year 1849.

by repeated experiences to the Parthenon, to delight in and to taste the elegance and feel the sentiment of Shakspeare. Forty years the admirers of Wordsworth are a sect; but now his beauties are in every one's mouth. Matters so obscure, so subtle, and nay, so utterly dark and metaphysical, for the most part, as some of our poets who address a rare and inexplicable phrase of the national, or rather of the mystical character, whose sayings touch andacerbate, if they do not heal, one of the most secret and hidden motives of the human heart, (we say this neither in praise nor condemnation,) in a style, too, intolerably loose, affected, and sententious—that our writers should ever have become popular, may serve to encourage originality at least, and to teach the artist that there is nothing so remote or refined, the Saxon mind will understand it if he will be at the pains to express it. The music of the great Mendelssohn, of which extreme delicacy, and that quality which musicians call learning, are the characteristics, is listened to with delight, and leaves a deeper impression than the most superficial popular melodies. Singers of negro music must black their faces and perform extraordinary antics, as some painters set off bad colors with black shadows; but Handel and Mozart are sung year after year without weariness and without soot, and the English Liturgy is as sublime and perhaps as popular, as in the days of good Queen Bess. Eugene Sue may have made two or three booksellers' fortunes, but Homer and Virgil have made a thousand, and may continue to do so for ever. Were the Scriptures of the Old Testament ill written, low, and coarsely expressed, then it is not perhaps irrelevant to say, that they could not continue long to be the book of the people. When men can read nothing else, even in the article of death, they will have Job or the Psalms read to them.

The fact that the Divine Spirit in communicating with man has preferred the language of pure poetry, a language fitted to be sung, and actually chanted to a set music;—that beauty of form and feature were stamped upon the Divine Incarnation;—these facts may lead to the inference, that the prevailing affected contempt for art

and for the beautiful, in comparison with the useful, among ourselves, if not a deficiency in nature, is merely a defect of philosophy; for, strange as it may seem, we have, as a people, a very dry and abstract philosophy; we philosophize even in the petty details of the conduct of the household. We are all educated at school by philosophers, or of greater calibre; we hear the vast solemn dogmas of the Aristotelian system mingled with the truths of divine revelation delivered to us once, twice, or oftener each seven days of our life, from the pulpit. It behooves us therefore to be very careful, in speaking of these things, not to think, because we are unlearned, that therefore we have no philosophy or principles of taste. The merchant kneels down in the morning after a chapter of Hebrew poetry, and either recites a prayer, full of Christian and Calvinistic logic, is, unknown to himself, uttering a most abstruse and philosophical system of philosophy, the very best of Greek logic and Catholic reason.

A people who philosophize in their courts, who philosophize in their churches, who philosophize in the church, and extemporize philosophy in private, people who are for ever asking a keen look, "What's the principle?" not the people who should neglect philosophy, or neglect philosophy is the thing they live by. It were strange indeed if such people living under a perfectly philosophical religion and law, should not produce thinkers and critics in every department of industry, whether of elegance or utility.

Nor is it possible to believe that a nation, full of wealth, and enjoying the enjoyment, not expending on foreign wars, or wasting its fluorous riches in the vain courts, can remain long of mediocrity and imbecility. It burst forth in every taste of the people. A little encouragement will act upon them in other departments of national taste and higher and higher minds will begin

other fields besides those of business and politics, where wealth and honor may be achieved; until the hoped for few, who are to stand for ever as the representatives of their country to the coming time, shall appear and terminate the gradual pyramid of genius with a crown of light.

If, however, it is a merely enthusiastic sentiment that suggests these hopes of our progress in the more difficult and more delightful arts, we may without danger, and not without a proud feeling of confidence, predict, that in the arts of utility and of polity, at least, we have a grand and a consoling prospect. Notwithstanding all the efforts of a sophistry suggested by foreign interest, that would persuade us to remain in the subordinate position of a colony, for the aggrandizement of foreign commerce, the old democratic doctrines of protection for the people, and national independence, are steadily gaining ground, and have effectually a majority of the nation on their side. The time cannot be far distant when they will become a part of our national polity, and reckoned among the natural defences of our freedom. Nor is the Constitution itself less firm than at any previous period. The greatest danger it has incurred, from the sudden increase of the executive power, seems to be at least temporarily averted. The confidence of the people is for a time restored. The right idea seems destined to prevail by its native force. The spirit of the government loses nothing in the conflict of the parties. "As the natural dispositions of men are altered and formed into different moral characters by education, so the spirit of a constitution of government, which is confirmed in power, and strengthened by a course of events, and especially

by those of fruitless opposition, in a long tract of time, will have a proportionable influence on the reasoning, the sentiments, and the conduct of those who are subject to it. A different spirit and contrary prejudices may prevail for a time, but the spirit and principles of the constitution will prevail at last. If one be unnatural, and the other absurd,—and that is the case in many governments—a vigorous exercise of power, equal rewards, equal punishments, and a variety of other secondary means, which in such constitutions are never wanting, will however maintain, as long as they are employed, both the spirit and the principles; but if the spirit and the principles of a constitution be agreeable to nature and the true ends of government, which is the case of the present constitution of the (United States,) they want no such means to make them prevail. They not only flourish without them, but they would fade and die away with them. As liberty is nourished and supported by such a spirit, and such principles, so they themselves are propagated by liberty. Truth and reason are often able to get the better of authority in particular minds; but truth and reason, with authority on their side, will carry numbers, bear down prejudices, and become *the very genius of a people*. The progress they make is always sure, but sometimes not observable by every eye. Contrary prejudices may seem to maintain themselves in vigor, and *these prejudices* may be kept up long by *passion* and by *artifice*. But when truth and reason continue to act without restraint, a little sooner, or a little later, and *often when this turn is least expected*, the prejudices vanish at once, and truth and reason triumph without any rival."—*Bolingbroke, Dissert. of Parties.*

ORIGIN OF THE TWO PARTIES.

CONTRAST OF THEIR DOCTRINE.—SPEECH OF MR. JOHN P. KENNEDY, AT HAGARTOWN, MARYLAND, SEPT. 27TH, 1845.*

It is very generally acknowledged by those who have made a study of our political history, that the principles and feelings of democracy have gained ground, in this country, notwithstanding all the changes of party, since the era of the Revolution. The great doctrine that political power emanates, or should emanate, from every citizen within the limits of sanity and honesty, has come to be recognized and understood by all classes.

That this doctrine is in accordance with the laws of reason and the maxims of experience, needs no longer to be argued, as the belief of it is constantly acted upon. The ancient rule of legislators, that every power in a nation must be represented in its government, if that government is intended to be a firm and lasting one, free from internal disturbances, when applied to the legislation of a free people, leads to the establishment of what is sometimes (though absurdly) called "universal suffrage;" for as, where opinion and mind are free, every citizen is, or may make himself, a "power" in the state, it becomes necessary that every citizen should have his due share and influence in public affairs. "Universal suffrage" is thus seen to be founded upon a law of nature and a maxim of the oldest experience. Every real power in a state must have an influence in its government. Hence it happens, that a nobility, a clergy, castes, orders, states, the judiciary, in short all evident and known "powers" have their place in that central body which stands for the power of the whole. But with us, where there are but two recognized powers, that of the individual, and that of the state; we being strictly and really a free people, these two, and these only, reappear, as parts in the government of the centre.

The republican doctrine of universal suffrage is seen thus to be no theoretic conclusion; nor is it an invention of human ingenuity, but a growth of mere necessity,—the necessity of preserving internal peace. Each real "power," that is to say, each active and competent citizen, must be allowed his *direct* influence by a vote, or he becomes, or is able to become, a disturbing power, and by free opinion to excite discord and war.

Democracy, therefore, had no inventors, or originators; but arose gradually, like all real and stable institutions, out of the concourse of many wise heads, applied to circumstances of which they themselves were a part.

The same reason that shows us, that every real and just power should have its influence, shows also that it should have its *due* influence; that the weaker should not overrule the stronger, or a poor one kind supplant, or usurp upon another. If two powers are of the same kind opposite, the stronger must lead, or would follow anarchy, and intestine war. Hence the democratic doctrine of equal rights. The major number must be the minor.

The party which has taken the name of the Whig Party, as distinguished from the Democratic Party, which came into power with the election of Jackson, claims to be the true and representative of the individual and national independence, of progress, and of true measures; meaning, in other term, a policy, proceeding from the real majority of citizens, through their lawfully elected representatives. How it stands contrasted with the site party, or combination of interests on that side we have seen. Hunkers, Calhounites

* National Intelligencer, Oct. 18th, 1848.

job-schemers, and a variety of sects and persuasions, all in one way or another striving to overturn the true system and polity of the republic,) may be shown, first, perhaps, by a history of their rise and progress, since the election of General Jackson, and second, by a contrast of the doctrines and measures which they support, with those of the Democratic Republicans, or, as they have chosen to be called, the WHIGS.

It is not the intention of this article, nor of any other in this journal, to lay down a platform of Whig notions. "If ours were a party of perpetual change, affirming one thing to-day and repudiating it to-morrow; if we made promises which we never meant to perform; if we dealt in ambiguous protestations, purposely rendered obscure, with a view to the various and opposite interpretations which might adapt them to the conflicting opinions and prejudices of every region and section of the country,—in that case, we might recognize the necessity of appointing a few men every four years to write out and publish our occasional creed. We might instruct them to infuse into it a few indisputable popular truisms, with a view to claiming them as distinctive of our organization. We might enjoin upon them to mystify, by artful and equivocal language, whatever was likely to disturb the harmony of opinion amongst us—*spargere ambigues voces*; and we might require our creed to be fortified by whatever startling invention of the day seemed most apt to bring an accession of members. A party finding itself in such a category has need to build platforms every fourth year, and still greater to repair them with such timber as the growth of each year may supply. But the Whig Party needs no such joinery as this."* It cannot be explained in a breath, like a 'trick at cards. To be known, its spirit must be felt, and to feel that spirit rightly, requires more than the sudden heat of enthusiasm: Experience of men and things, a deep and ardent patriotism, rising into national jealousy, a jealousy of our rights and of our honor, of our possessions and our pros-

perity, is indeed a fine and necessary preparation for the reception of the Whig doctrines; but more than this must be added: there must be a freedom from bigotry and from bias, and a disposition to submit all things to the trial of history and of experience. This is the manly liberality which prepares the mind of a true citizen for the reception of Whig doctrines.

"The Whig party owes its origin to the contests, familiar to English history, in which, from the reign of James the First down to the period of our own Revolution, there was exhibited a continual struggle between those who, on the one side, contended for the rights of the people and the supremacy of the legislature, and their adversaries on the other, who maintained the authority of the Executive to restrain the popular privilege, and to suppress or check the expression of the will of the legislature. It was, throughout, a contest—to use the historical phrase, 'between the privilege of the people and the prerogative of the crown.' The revolution in England of 1688, was the final triumph of the popular party.*

"The same contest grew up in the colonies nearly one hundred years after, and the Declaration of Independence was the Whig manifesto in this quarrel. The words of the Declaration against the encroachments of the executive power are as follows:—

"'He (the executive) has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

"'He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation until his assent should be attained.

"'He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers, &c.'

"These are a few of the charges of the Declaration."†

The war of the Revolution was the second great triumph of the Whigs over their adversaries.

"The veto or refusal of executive assent had become odious‡ in England, and no

* Before the Revolution we were all good English Whigs, cordial in their free principles, and in their jealousies of their Executive magistrate.—*Jefferson, Memoir*, p. 65. Ed.

† Mr. Kennedy.

‡ The English nation, by their ejection of the

* Speech of Mr. John P. Kennedy, delivered at the Whig meeting at Hagarstown, Maryland, Sept. 27th, 1849.—*Nat. Intelligencer*.

ch from the time of William the first had had the temerity to employ against the legislation of Parliament. It had been employed against colonial legislation in various ways, to the great content of the country, almost as frequently and as capriciously as it has been employed of late years by our President. The establishment of American independence, it was believed, has thoroughly secured the people against this abuse. It is true, that a *qualified* veto was incorporated in the Constitution. But this was done not without dissent on the part of some of the most intelligent and sturdy republicans in the Convention—of whom Dr. Franklin was one of the most conspicuous. The veto was only allowed upon the representation, by the friends of the clause, that it was a power of such a character as would rarely be brought into use, and which would be found sufficiently guarded by the jealousy with which a republican government would naturally watch its exercise.

"The argument was, that as monarchical England had not witnessed its exhibition for nearly a hundred years, republican America would surely find but few occasions to employ it. Yielding to such arguments, the Convention adopted the qualified veto, as we now read it in the Constitution.

"It is this veto which, as much as anything else worthy of note in the latter Administrations of our Government, has re-embodied the Whig party. The veto power has utterly disappointed the expectations and overthrown the promises of the authors of the Constitution. It was intended, as the present Secretary of State once truly said, for 'the extreme medicine' of the Constitution, and it has become instead 'its daily bread.' It is no longer a qualified veto, but a party veto. It has never, in this latter day of its abuse, been used by a President against the measures of his own party; but its use has been frequent, almost invariable, against the prominent measures of his political opponents, when he and his party were in a minority in Congress. You cannot find a single measure of this new Democratic party that has been vetoed: there has not been a great and prominent Whig measure, on the

Stewarts, established "the right of revolution," by which their kings are kept in terror of the people, and dare not exercise a despotical prerogative; but our Executive, living under a firmer and more legitimate government, are in no fear of revolution, and go on confidently in the course of usurpation.

contrary, that a Democratic President has not vetoed. It seems to be almost a badge or test of this new Democracy that some bill or other shall be forbidden. There is scarcely a little mayor of a little corporation who stands up for his democracy, who does not think it essential to his democratic character that he shall veto some act of his little Whig Common Council—'this pump or that lamp shall not be repaired: let them become extinct, to prove my devotion to democratic principles.'

"It has thus, sir, been made the great instrument for the increase of Executive power, and, taken in connection with the employment of Executive patronage to enlist parties in support of that power, it has wrought almost a civil revolution in the nature of our Government, converting it from one of republican equality and popular will, into one of party proscription and high monarchical prerogative. No constitutional monarchy has witnessed the exercise of higher or broader Executive power than that with which we have become familiar in this republic of ours. The veto, as applied a dozen times in the last twenty years in this country, would have terminated the reign of Louis Philippe in France upon the first attempt to exert it."

Those who ignorantly charge the Whigs with want of principles, will not, perhaps, after reading the above paragraph, persevere in so absurd an accusation. But now, to silence in the most effectual manner all such idle accusations, let us recur to the history of the conduct of the party in this country, from the days of Jefferson and Adams, when the originators of the Constitution were divided against each other on the old question of powers and prerogative,—what should be conceded to the people, and what to government.

"What was known in the United States as the old Democratic party, was moulded, in a great degree, by Mr. Jefferson. Its antagonist was the old Federal party. Doubtless, sir, in the lapse of time, many men belonging to these two parties have honestly changed sides. Throwing out of view all that was personal in the feelings of these parties and which belonged to the day of their strife, and throwing off also all consideration of what was local temporary in their respective points of difference, there was ground enough left for sincere and hearty conciliation of sentiment and feeling in regard to the questions of fundamental policy in the administration of our public affairs. I think that this conciliation of opinion and surrender of the prejudices and aspect of party feeling, are very notable at the close of Mr. Madison's administration, and throughout the whole career of those of Mr. Monroe

Mr. Adams which followed it. But if we look to the questions which were supposed to divide the parties when Mr. Jefferson came into power, we shall find that these regarded, more or less, the views then entertained in reference to the Executive. Mr. Jefferson himself has expressed this in a letter which has been often quoted, and with which this meeting is familiar. I will not pretend to say that he may not have overstated this question of difference; but it entirely answers my present purpose to show what were Mr. Jefferson's opinions, whether correct or not, as to the distinctive differences between the Democrats of that day and the Federalists. For whether the Federalists entertained the opposite opinions as strongly as Mr. Jefferson imputed them or not, this letter of his leaves no doubt as to what he considered cardinal doctrines of his own party. The letter to which I refer was written by Mr. Jefferson to Mr. John Adams the elder, in 1813, in the course of a friendly correspondence, at a date in the life of each when all political acrimony had subsided and given place to the original sentiments of friendship which they had cultivated in their earlier manhood. In this letter Mr. Jefferson says:

"The terms Whig and Tory belong to national as well as civil history. They denote the temper and constitution of mind of different individuals. To come to our own country and to the times when you and I became first acquainted, we well remember the violent parties which agitated the old Congress and their bitter contests. There you and I were arrayed together: others cherished the monarchy of England, and we the rights of our country.

"But as soon as it (the Constitution) was put in motion, the line of division was again drawn. We broke into two parties, each wishing to give the Government a different direction—the one to strengthen the most popular branch; the other the more permanent branches and to extend their permanence. Here you and I separated for the first time, and as we had been longer than most others on the public theatre, and our names were, therefore, more familiar to our countrymen, the party which considered you as thinking with them, placed your name at their head; the other, for the same reason, selected mine."

"This is a distinct and plain avowal on the part of Mr. Jefferson, that one of the fundamental and characteristic differences recognized by him as separating the Democratic party from the Federal was, that he and his friends looked to the predominance and strength of the Legislature, as the Whigs of old had looked to it in England as the best guaranty of free Government, whilst the opposite party directed their attention more to the enlargement of the Executive power."

Here we have a doctrine which is the same

with modern Whig doctrine, plainly set forth by Jefferson as that of the party of which he was the most influential member; and the Federalists, on the other hand, represented by John Adams and his friends, holding that of Mr. Polk and the Loco-foco party of his régime. Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Polk, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Dallas, and the rest, are the "prerogative" men, the favorers of Executive domination, and the suppressors of the popular will; known in the days of Jefferson and Adams by the name of "Federalists," a name cast upon the opponents of Jackson and his cabinet by those of the old favorers of power and prerogative, who saw fit at that period to assume the new phase of Jacksonism, and who were eager to rid *themselves* of the name by throwing it on the opposite party. But let us return to the exposition of Mr. Kennedy:—

"Sir, which was right, according to the experience this Government has had through the last fifty years? That Democratic party which at that day proclaimed its identity with the Whigs of past time—and which was identical, in this sentiment at least, and, as I shall show hereafter, in all other fundamental characteristics, with the present Whig party—or the Federalists of that period, if Mr. Jefferson has correctly represented them, in contending for the Executive? No Whig of the present time can doubt on that point. That our opponents do now take the ground imputed by Mr. Jefferson to the Federalists in this question, you have the most manifold proofs. You have proof of this, sir, in the strong and emphatic terms in which they daily justify and extol the veto in the most licentious exercise of it during the last twenty years. You have other cogent proofs of it in the open and reiterated declarations of their leading men in the Senate of the United States and in the House of Representatives, that it is necessary to guard the Executive against the encroachments of the Legislature; that it is the legislative body which is apt to grow dangerous to public liberty. Nothing is more familiar to us now than to hear the veto called a great conservative power, by which the President may save the people from their representatives; in other words, proclaiming that the people are not able to govern themselves by a representative legislature without some superior power, in the shape of a Chief Magistrate, to instruct them in what is good for themselves, and to deny them the privilege of doing what he may find it convenient to himself or his friends to prevent.

"It is something new in the history of free government, to hear these old prerogative no-

ameses and the Charleses of England, advocated, and enforced in these and in republican America; and enforced by whom? Go now to Washington, New York, Boston, anywhere, where a public officer, and you will find the *clerks* and *employés* of the Executive, the *clerks*, occupying every rostrum and endeavoring to teach the people these blessed Executive masterpieces. Not a man of them speaks up for the Legislature; nor is heard from them responsive to that Whig sentiment which taught our forefathers the value of an independent representative Legislature, and the danger of trusting the Executive with the power of controlling the Legislature. Not a word of this. Why? Because the Legislature has no patronage to bestow; it has no rewards to give; it has nothing but moral force and pure devotion to the liberties of the people. The Executive boldly and lustily comes into the field, with its countless hirelings, who speak, act, run, and are everywhere as they are bid, for their bread, their daily wages, which they know will be forfeited upon the first exercise of an honest opinion on public affairs, and which wages are likely to be increased in proportion to their zeal in doing the miserable work of propagandism confided to them.

"Now, Mr. President, so far as our position as Whigs has reference to this great and engrossing question of Executive power and influence, we are precisely on the ground occupied by Mr. Jefferson; and it is worthy of remark that Mr. Jefferson, acting in conformity with these principles, never in the course of his eight years of public administration, put his veto upon a single act of the Legislature; never 'pocketed' a bill, as it is called; never said, 'if you had consulted me I could have given you a bill better than the one you sent me.' Such doings belong only to the era of the new Democracy. And, sir, so far as the present position of our adversaries has reference to this same great and engrossing question, I will not say it is coincident with that of the Federalists at the period to which Mr. Jefferson alludes, but it goes a bow-shot beyond anything advocated by the Federalists of that time; it is *ultra* and *extra* Federal in the sense in which these doctrines have ever been imputed to the Federal party. It is, in fact, a revival of the most odious and offensive doctrines of the cavaliers of Charles the First's time—the very antipodes of all that we have been taught as vital to the success and distinctive excellence of free representative Government."

Having disposed of the leading point at issue between the two parties, which is perhaps sufficient of itself to silence that absurd objection brought against

the Whigs, "that they have no principles," which, it must be confessed, comes only from the weakest and most ignorant of their adversaries, Mr. Kennedy proceeds to an examination of several charges brought against the old democratic or modern Whig party, in the manifestoes published against them previous to the election.

In the platform of the so-styled Old Hunker faction, or right wing of the modern "prerogative" party, (of which, had it only a NAME, it would be easier to write and speak,) the Whigs are charged with advocating,

1. The constitutionality and expediency of a national bank.
2. The constitutionality and expediency of making appropriations for internal improvements—roads, canals, rivers, and harbors.
3. The constitutionality and expediency of tariffs for the protection of the labor of the country.

"And, on the other hand, these builders of the platform claim for themselves to be opposed to the Whigs on all these points: to be irreconcilably adverse to the constitutionality of a bank; equally so to that of internal improvements; and, on the point of protection to American labor, they declare themselves at last, after abundant equivocation, the enemies of all useful and effective legislation having reference to that. Their most authentic exponents amongst their public speakers and their newspapers, go even further than this, and boast the party to be the strenuous and determined advocates of free trade.

"These three questions—the bank, the internal improvement, and the tariff—present what the party have for years past claimed to be the chief distinctive topics upon which they stand opposed to the Whigs. They are tests of political fraternization. They support the affirmative on these propositions are, in the new nomenclature of that avowed party who have erected the Baltimore platform, Federalists; they who take the opposite on those questions, call themselves Democracy.

"I am aware that the Baltimore party professes to exhibit some other material party distinction; it contains a schedule of political wares, which seem to be thrown in for the sake of show. The party, declarations concerning liberty and equality, which no party nor man in this country has ever disputed; and, in part, some very trumpery touching a disclaimer of the use of doubtful powers; their attack

strict construction of the Constitution; and their respect for the will of the people; all of which assumes an air of ridicule when the professions of the party on these points are brought into contrast with their reiterated and constant practice.

"Now, sir, coming to the consideration of these prominent differences in the policy of the two parties, I affirm that this Baltimore platform party stand at this day radically in opposition to the whole theory and practice of the old Democratic party whose NAME they have endeavored to usurp; that they are antagonists of that party in all points; that they have nothing in common with it, either of sentiment or action; and that in all they do and say, in all that they uphold, and all that they reject, they disparage and discredit that party, and endeavor to bring it into contempt with the country; that, in fact, not being democratic themselves, they do not understand or do not value the principles which constituted the party of Jefferson and Madison. Let us look at the position of the Democratic party in its best days in reference to these questions.

"I will not say, sir, that Mr. Jefferson was *satisfied* of the constitutionality of the bank. During his administration that was not a party question. His Cabinet was divided upon this point. He and Mr. Madison were against it; Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Smith were in favor of it. But, at the same time, sir, no one was more ready to testify to the usefulness of the bank than Mr. Jefferson. I have a letter of his in my possession, written to Mr. Wirt in 1811, in which, speaking of Mr. Gallatin's support of the bank and its importance to the Treasury, he says:

"I know he derived immense convenience from it, because it gave the effect of ubiquity to his money, wherever deposited. Money, in New Orleans or Maine, was at his command, and by their agency transformed, in an instant, into money in London, in Paris, Amsterdam, or Canton."

"As the Cabinet was divided, so was the Democratic party in Congress divided upon it. Upon this question it was well known that the vote of each House furnished but a majority of *one* against it. It was not, therefore, a party question at that day. Subsequently, as I shall have occasion to show, the Democratic party adopted a settled opinion in favor of the bank.

"Then, as to the Internal Improvement question. Sir, everybody knows—everybody, at least, in this section of the country—that the Cumberland road originated in the administration of Mr. Jefferson, and that he signed the first bill which brought it into existence. Everybody also knows, sir, that the first *system* of internal improvements was, at a later date, proposed to the nation by Mr. Calhoun, and was, to use the language of Mr. McDuffie,

'carried through the House of Representatives by a large majority of the *Republicans*, including almost every one of the leading men who carried us through the late war.' This, sir, alludes specifically to that party which have always been recognized as the special friends and supporters of Mr. Jefferson—the Democrats of former days.

"Now, sir, as to the Tariff—or the Protective System. No statesman in America has been more explicit upon this subject, none more thoroughly impressed with a sense of its value, than Mr. Jefferson. He was the advocate of protection for the sake of protection. He was not conversant in this cant of *incidental* protection, and judicious tariffs, and had never contemplated the ingenious mystification of a Kane letter, or the pithy equivocations of a modern Democratic banner. No, sir, he marched boldly up to the question, and talked of laying duties* for the protection of American labor—countervailing duties against the policy of other nations—looking to them mainly to answer the ends of protection, and recommending them when necessary to his object, whether they might produce revenue or not. These opinions of his are familiar to the country.

"In his second annual message to Congress, in enumerating the subjects to which the attention of Government should be drawn, he uses this language:

"To cultivate peace, and maintain commerce and navigation in all their lawful enterprises; to foster our fisheries as nurseries of navigation and for the nurture of man, and *protect the manufactures* adapted to our circumstances; to preserve the faith of the nation, &c.—these are the landmarks by which we are to guide ourselves in all our proceedings."

"These are a few evidences of Mr. Jefferson's opinions on this point. They speak for themselves, and render it unnecessary that I should refer to other declarations of his equally strong and to the point. Contrast these opinions with the oracles of the Baltimore Convention, and with the ceaseless assaults of the papers and orators of this new counterfeit Democracy upon the Whigs, for remaining true to the faith of Mr. Jefferson, and you will be able to estimate the claims of this spurious party to the name they have usurped, and the lineage to which they pretend."

Turning next to the history of Mr. Madison's administration, Mr. Kennedy proceeds:—

"But, sir, let us look at the Administration of Mr. Madison. We may well suppose that eight years was scarcely sufficient to digest

* More: he even proposed in one of his annual messages to *continue the excise, for internal improvements*.—Ed.

policy of the nation upon all questions which had been confided to the management of the Democratic party by Mr. Jefferson. We are aware that experience are both requisite to wise statesmen to build up a system of administration which shall be found adequate to meet the emergencies of an active, and thriving nation. The men at the helm of affairs must find continual necessity to revise the progress of their policy, and to make occasional amendments in it as the necessities of the country may demand. It is difficult to note how much was done in the five years of this Government. Mr. Madison's administration, which followed that of Mr. Jefferson, was one in which the country was occupied with its foreign affairs. Mr. Madison was still more so. He had a war menacing him during the whole period of his term, and actually waged during the latter portion of his second. This war brought to the country a great fund of useful experience into the public counsels. It had put our institutions and policy to the severest test. The differences of opinion in regard to the bank had been resolved almost into perfect harmony by the conviction of its absolute and paramount importance to the Government during that period of trial. Mr. Madison, in common with many other leading Democrats, had doubted the constitutionality of the bank, only because they did not conceive it to be 'necessary and proper,' in the language of the Constitution, as an instrument to execute other powers. The war had demonstrated, in opposition to this opinion, that it *was* eminently 'necessary and proper;' and the whole Democratic party in Congress, the whole of it, and the great mass of the Democratic party out of Congress—indeed, I believe the whole of it there—united in a cordial adoption of the bank. Mr. Clay, Mr. Crawford, and I know not how many others of the most distinguished men of that day, renounced, in company with Mr. Madison, their objections to this institution, and gave the new charter their support. That charter was reported by Mr. Dallas, the Secretary of the Treasury, and was carried by a large vote through both houses, was signed by Mr. Madison, and became the law of the land. Thus the question of the constitutionality and expediency of the bank was settled by the Democratic party in its palmiest day—settled under the auspices of one of the most intelligent and illustrious of Democratic Presidents, with his concurrence and aid, and carried through the forms of legislation by the most talented, patriotic, and upright leaders of the Democratic party.

"The year 1816, the last year of Mr. Madison's term, witnessed also, sir, the settlement of another great question. That was the year of the first high protective tariff. The act for regulating the duties passed in that year was,

what in that day was regarded and intended to be, one of clear, avowed, and decided protection. It contained, amongst other things, duties on iron as high as \$2.50 per hundred weight, on indigo 15 cents a pound, on salt 20 cents a bushel, on spirits as high as 75 cents a gallon, on brown sugar 3 cents, and white 12 cents a pound. These are all high protective duties, laid for the sake of protection; and what I desire more particularly to call to your attention, in reference to this act, is, that it was the first act in American legislation, in which the much-talked-of minimum principle was introduced, and introduced by the aid of Mr. Calhoun and other leading Southern Democrats. This bill was signed by Mr. Madison on the 27th of April, 1816.

"Thus, sir, it was reserved to Mr. Madison's administration to settle the question of the constitutionality and expediency of the protective system in favor of domestic labor, just as it was his fortune to settle the question of the bank—that is to say, sir, by the zealous aid and co-operation of the great Democratic party of the nation."

He next disposes of the history of the policy of Internal Improvements. As it is hard to abridge or to improve the sentences of so accomplished a writer and statesman, we are forced to quote them entire, and are glad indeed of an opportunity of giving them a place more permanent than the columns of a daily newspaper, that they may be recurred to in future times, when the names of Barnburner and Old Hunker shall have been forgotten, and some new appellation of equal elegance and propriety have been assumed by the Janus-faced and parti-colored body which they grace at present.

"Now, sir, the internal improvement question, which is the next in these three cardinal measures by which parties are claimed and distinguished, had been already settled by the highest Democratic authorities in the case of the Dismal Swamp Canal and that of the Cumberland Road. In reference to this road, I mean to refer to Mr. Jefferson's message of the 19th of February, 1808, to show to what he contemplated its final extension. I

"I have approved of the route proposed far as Brownsville, with a single branch which carries it through Uniontown thence to the Ohio, and the point of legal limits at which it shall strike is still to be decided,' &c. . . . In this way we may accomplish a continuous line of communication from the seat of the General Government passing through many interesting parts of the western country."

"Appropriations were frequently made to this road during Mr. Madison's Administration; and I believe in no case did they ever encounter a serious opposition from any Democratic portion of the House. The bills for making these appropriations were invariably signed by Mr. Madison. But we have a still more explicit avowal of his opinions in reference to this question in one of his last messages—that of 1815—in which he suggests to Congress the propriety of giving their attention to internal improvements as amongst the first duties devolved upon them after the return of peace. His language in this message was:

"Among the means of advancing the public interest, the occasion is a proper one for recalling the attention of Congress to the great importance of establishing throughout our country the roads and canals which can best be executed under the national authority. No objects within the circle of political economy so richly repay the expense bestowed upon them; there are none the utility of which is more universally ascertained and acknowledged; none that do more honor to the Government, whose wise and enlarged patriotism duly appreciates them."

"These suggestions are concluded with the following remark: 'It is a happy reflection that any defect of constitutional authority which may be encountered can be supplied in a mode which the Constitution has providently pointed out.' This clause in the message has reference to some doubts which had obtained at that time touching the right of Government to *construct* public works, as distinct from the right to *make appropriations* for them. This latter right was almost universally acknowledged and practised upon by the Democratic party; the former had excited considerable diversity of opinion. It is in deference to this diversity of opinion that Mr. Madison's concluding suggestion is made; made, sir, I would observe, without intimating his own conviction on the one side or the other. Leaving this minor consideration out of view, (for certainly, if the power of appropriation is admitted, the special mode of constructing these works is a question of minor importance,) this message is conclusive to show the warm and hearty approbation given by Mr. Madison to that policy of internal improvement which the Democracy of our day regard with so much horror, and denounce with such clamorous reiteration. My object is to show, sir, that the Whigs upon this question, as upon the others to which I have alluded, stand side by side with Mr. Madison."

"Now, sir, I have reviewed the essential elements of the old Democratic platform in 1816—the Madisonian platform. Sir, I want no better platform than that of James Madison. I know no better test or rule by which to examine or measure the genuine Democratic party than that supplied by the Administration

of this wise, virtuous, and true-hearted patriot. In my vocabulary that man is a Democrat who sustains the measures of this Administration. He who does not sustain, but repudiates them, is no Democrat, whatever nickname he may choose to adopt."

"It will not do, sir, to talk to us about 'Progressive Democracy,' when the question before us is the interpretation of the powers of the Government. What was constitutional in 1816, is constitutional now. What was essentially characteristic of our republican representative Government then, cannot be less so now. Measures, I admit, may be more or less applicable to the wants of the people at different periods of their progress. It may be expedient at one day to establish a bank, for instance, or to increase a tariff, and less expedient to do so at another. These are considerations which are temporary and fluctuating in their nature, and may be enforced or abandoned, in different states of the country, without any abandonment of principle; but the great doctrines of the Constitution are eternal, they endure as long as the Government, and cannot be maintained and repudiated without a correspondent change in the political faith of those who do so. The new Democracy, in regard to all these points which I have touched—essential, vital, and discriminative as they were of the political character of a party—in all these points the new Democracy are the very antipodes of the old; and, in the same degree, is this new Democracy the antipodes of the Whigs. Try the Baltimore Convention party by this standard, and you will find that they have not, as I have said before, one single principle in common with the Democratic party of which Mr. Madison was the head! not one. *Try the Whig party by this standard, and you will find them identical with the Democracy of 1816.*"

No greater proof could perhaps be brought of the power of a venal Executive press, than this instance of the transfer of the name of "Federal," by the newspapers of the Jackson cabinet, from the old "Federal," the "Old Hunker" faction of that day, to their opponents the Whigs, and the assumption of that of "Democrat," and "Constitutional," by persons who had no claim to either. Such is the power and authority given to an Executive faction, they can wrest from us not only our money and our reputations, but even our very names, when those names are necessary to their own popularity. If the names of Democrat is properly ours,—and who that reads can doubt that it is so?—it would seem to be

art of good policy at least, to *resume* *t which is rightfully ours*; at least by means in any instance to suffer it to unchallenged, when taken by our political opponents. But let us hear Mr. Kennedy. He now goes on to bring another proof of the identity of the modern Whig and old Democratic party: a proof drawn from the fact that a great number of those influential men who were known as Federalists, or who opposed the administrations of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams, such as James Buchanan Mr. Polk's secretary; Henry Hubbard of New Hampshire, who was conspicuous in procuring the election of Mr. Polk; Garrett Wall of New Jersey; Ruel Williams of Maine; William Wilkins of Pittsburgh; Henry D. Gilpin, "now cast away on the sandbar of the Free Soil party;" Judge Kane, Mr. Polk's correspondent; Richard Rush, first a Federalist, afterward a Whig, and now one of the Locofoco party; Charles J. Ingersoll; John P. Cushman; Crosswell of the Albany Argus; Martin Chittenden, formerly governor of Vermont; Bryant, of the Evening Post; Bancroft, the historian; the late Alexander Everett; Doctor J. Pearce; Harmanus Bleecker; Harper, Chief Justice of the United States; Mr. Taney; Judge Heath; Mr. Carmichael, of Maryland; all the governors and candidates for governors of Maryland, that have been nominated by the Baltimore Convention Party in Maryland—and since the constitution gave the election to the people, that party in Maryland has never been able to find a candidate out of the old Federal ranks:—Is it to be believed that this large body of influential, learned, and respectable gentlemen, did *on a sudden*, at the accession of General Jackson, whip round from the Federal position in which they were educated, into a genuine and pure democracy; or did the inferior mass, those who know democracy only as a name, and who followed for profit, together with a great number of others who had secretly or openly inclined to the doctrines of Hamilton and the half-tories, merely follow these men as they led? To those who know the plasticity of the masses of our self-styled "democrats," and the ease with which they are led by *great names, the appearance of power,*

and the weight of authority and the prospects of place, it will be easy to answer that inquiry.

And who on the other hand were the supporters of the Madison and Monroe Administrations? Albert Gallatin, the opposer of the late war policy; Robert Smith, one of Mr. Jefferson's secretaries; Crawford, Granger, Meigs, Crowninshield, Jones, Southard, John McLean, James Barbour, Shelby, Armstrong, Porter, Rodney, Pinckney, Wirt, HENRY CLAY Speaker in the House of Representatives, the great Champion of the Madison Administration, Sergeant, Lowndes, Calhoun, (at one time a strong Whig,) Monroe, Pope, Hemphill, Darlington, VANCE, Metcalf, Whittlesey, Wright, CRITTENDEN, and a host of others, "many of whom are yet living to render the Whig Party illustrious." "I mention these names," says Mr. Kennedy, "at random, as men familiar to the memory of the nation as Democrats of the old school." He then adds many others of Maryland in particular: Gales and Seaton, of the National Intelligencer, editors of the oldest Democratic paper in Maryland. But why go on to enumerate? Have these men changed,—all changed—and the Federalists too?—Did federalism stand at one end and democracy stick at the other of the political weathercock, and while the people stood still, did all their best citizens change places, as in a dance? The supposition is ridiculous. The names only were changed: "federalism" a name, had become odious, and when the Jackson Cabinet moved into power drawing the federal remnant after it a hue and cry of popularity voters Executive presses turned the cannon the citadel upon their adversaries and overwhelmed them with the name Federalist, while themselves appropriated that of Democrats, as a part of the of office.

The policy of Mr. Madison rem causes of party discontent, and more than measures, began to occur thoughts and feelings of the people election of Mr. Monroe was followed period of political calm. As the election was ascertained, General wrote him a letter advising him all party divisions, as unbecom

Magistrate of a great nation. "Everything depends on the selection of your ministry; consult no party in your choice," was Jackson's advice. The letter was published all over the country, and brought a large number of Federalists to the support of General Jackson. His subsequent election brought the Federalists into power for the first time since the days of Jefferson. He attempted to form a Cabinet without regard to party, and he drew into it Mr. Taney, Mr. McLane, Mr. Livingston and Mr. Berrien, "all distinguished Federalists," though the latter gentleman has since, like some few others of the Federal party, become a Whig. Mr. Woodbury, who had been elected Governor of New Hampshire some years before, by the Federal party in his State, was also in Jackson's Cabinet. Had he adhered to the Madisonian policy, suggested in his inaugural address, he would perhaps have succeeded in annihilating parties; but soon departing from that, he went into decided opposition to the Democratic party, and attached himself to that of the Federalists. The veto power was called in to his aid. No effort was spared to control Congress. The bank was overthrown, and internal improvements were arrested. The old Democratic leaders, who, by merging in the first Jackson administration with the Federal party, now withdrew in opposition, and to signify the position they had taken in opposition to prerogative and executive domination, took the old name of Whigs, reviving under this title the Democratic party of 1816.

"The Jackson party, on the other hand, were content with theirs, because it expressed no fixed principles, and allowed them to embrace or reject whatever doctrines the turn of the political wheel might lift up or overthrow; it enabled them to follow their leader into whatever political latitude his view of their means of success might prompt him to stoer.

"When Mr. Van Buren succeeded General Jackson, the party, being under a new leader, could no longer retain the name by which they had been content to be known, and there was not potency enough in that of the new President to allow them to substitute his. The Van Buren party could not hope to work a spell by that designation. So, sir, at his, Mr. Van Buren's suggestion, as I have reason to believe, *they cunningly enough took up the then unappropriated name of the Democratic party, without the slightest reference to its significance in*

relation to their principles—even with a consciousness of the absurd masquerade in which it presented them—and boldly determined to outface the world's ridicule upon its incongruity, and to wear it in spite of the derision of enemies or the honest shame of friends. It was a cunning part of this device to cast upon the opponents of this new Democratic party the correlative term which, in old times, had existed of the Federal party, and accordingly, sir, the whole line of newspaper batteries by which the new party was defended, opened upon the Whigs an incessant fire, in which every gun was loaded with the charge of Federalism. From that period we are to date the birth of this extraordinary nondescript, the new Democracy, and the miracle of Mr. Madison's identification and the identification of his friends with the old Federal party of 1816. This has brought about some strange metamorphoses. By the legerdmain of this operation Mr. Clay, Mr. Sergeant, and Mr. Crittenden—and I name them only as descriptive of a whole party in the country—old, tried, and approved champions of the Democratic cause, have come to be, without any fault of their own, without the slightest change of opinion or conduct, and equally without their own knowledge or consciousness, they have come to be Federalists! and Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Hubbard, and Mr. Wall, and a thousand others, equally old, tried, and approved Federalists, whether without any consciousness of the change I will not say, have come to be genuine, authentic, and undoubted Democrats! Certain it is, sir, that the gentlemen I have first named stand to-day, in all political doctrine, in all convictions of the value of a defined Government policy, precisely where they stood in 1816. In no jot have they changed. Whether the others can say as much I am not concerned to inquire. The party seems to have been guided by that dexterous precept announced in the ballad—

'If we cannot alter things,
Why, then, we'll change their names, sir.'

"Ever since the success of this feat, the new Democracy seem to have been as much at a loss to find their principles, as Japhet to discover his father. The whole career of the party, from that day to this, has been one of experiment. We have seen them in the course of twenty years, on both sides of every question, either of doctrine or policy. At one time they were *for* a bank, afterwards against it: first, *against* the subtreasury, then *for* it: as to the tariff, the peculiarity of their position is, that they have been *for* it and *against* it all the time—for and against at the same moment; they were *for* internal improvements—*against* them—and *for* them again; in short, in quite a perplexity upon this point. Then again, sir, they were *for* the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands,

then *against* them. They have been for the banks and *against* them. They have meddled to be the friends of a hard-money system, and the enemies of paper money, at the very moment when they were locking up the land of the country, and flooding the land with paper. Their clumsy subtreasury, which they have erected at last, they find it impossible to manage, and are themselves in daily violation of the law of its existence. Is it a wonder, sir, that such a party should be constantly building platforms? Is it a wonder that such a party should be angry at us because we do not build as many as they do?"

To one thing, however, says Mr. Kennedy, they have been true, and that is to the support of the veto power. It has been their boast—their hobby—their watchword.

"In the history of the veto—before the new Democracy had shed their light upon a benighted country—it had been used in forty years but eight times; that is, on an average, once in five years; and then, only upon new questions and on considerations which obtained for it a full acquiescence; not once on mere party grounds. In the succeeding eighteen years, marking the period of the new illumination, it has been used in one form or another—that is, in the direct application of it, or indirectly by 'pocketing,' to use the common phrase, the bills of Congress—*twenty-three times*; eleven times by the flat veto, and twelve times by the pocketing process. This too, always, with perhaps one or two exceptions, upon party grounds. It has been used repeatedly upon the same question, notwithstanding that the people have, over and over again, elected representatives to renew the same legislation in Congress, and upon which the President had submitted to the country all his objections. Thus showing that the veto was persisted in, and after the country had passed its matured judgment upon the subject in question."

Mr. Kennedy then comments on the second form of power unjustly assumed by the Executive, namely, that of dictating to Congress, by which, and the operation of the veto, or the threat of it, the power of Congress has been reduced almost to a nullity.

"On the other hand the Executive, by force of its own will, and against the opinions of the people, and in some cases against the direct votes of Congress until the party was better drilled, compelled the adoption of the most important measures which have been carried into effect, and under which the country has suf-

fered its severest misfortunes. Amongst these I note the specie circular, as it was called, and the subsequent adoption of it by Congress after that body had rejected it; the subtreasury which stands in the same category; the annexation of Texas; the war with Mexico; the issue of Government paper, exchequer bills, &c.; and the tariff of 1846.

"In both of these lists you may recognize the most significant measures, for good and evil, the last twenty years; the first invariably frustrated by the interposition of the Executive; the latter invariably carried by it. Now, sir, is the exercise of this royal prerogative that attracts the unmeasured commendation of the new Democracy; is it this same feature of public administration that, more than anything else, embodies and unites the Whig party against it. Which of the two parties has the side of the people in this contest?"

"Yet, in the face of a controversy such as this, and of such a history as this, General Cass, in that letter of acceptance of the nomination to which I have referred, goes out of his way to cast a reproach upon the Whig party and to stigmatize it with a charge of infidelity to the great cause of free government. 'The Whigs do not believe in the capacity of man for self-government,' is the import of his remark; 'and therein are they mainly distinguished from us, (the new Democracy,) who do believe in it! That is 'the starting point,' which the two parties diverge. The Whigs are the lineal descendants of the old Federal party—we come in direct line from the Democrats.' This from Gen. Lewis Cass in contest with Gen. Zachary Taylor!"

After a contrast between the two leading candidates of the late election, in which General Taylor is shown to be a Democrat of the Madison school, that is to say a Whig, Mr. Kennedy concludes this monthly and spirited sketch of the history of the parties:—

"I am persuaded that the great mass of our countrymen, whether native or adopted, would rally with the Whigs around the principles and policy of the administration of John Quincy Adams, and that this pinchbeck and counterfeit of Democracy would be a short and lingering life in the hands of the American people. The people intend to have a free and pure representation. They admire and love our representative system. They have faith in their capacity to govern. Their sentiments are right, their aims are good. The most dangerous impediment they may have to encounter, is the selfishness of all the high and glorious

have proposed to themselves in this great enterprise of constructing the happiest Government upon earth, will be the listening with a too credulous ear to the teachings of those who may seek to poison their minds with the belief that the Executive of the nation is a better friend to freedom than the Legislature. Administration has too long already had the control of legislation. Let them be divorced; and let the President of the United States understand that it is the prerogative of the people to make the laws, and his duty to execute them as they come to his hand. It is the error of our time to suppose that the Chief Magistrate is a better judge of the wants of the people than the Chief Legislature. Give the people, through their legislature, full opportunity and power to enact what they desire, and the country will always be free and happy. This, sir, is the golden precept of General Taylor. It is worth, at this time, all the political wisdom of the day. It is his creed, his faith, his platform. Let the country elect him and it will be theirs."

We venture to say that the public, including honest men of both parties, will be greatly obliged to Mr. Kennedy for his admirable exposition, and if our own feelings are in accordance with those of the most influential and judicious members of the press, the names of Democrat and Federalist will from this time be fixed upon those to whom they belong. To recur now once more, and in the way of summary, to the general subject:—

Those maxims acknowledged by all, namely, that the citizen is the primary power, or source of power, and that the greatest combination of these primary powers should lead, are the key to our party politics. They explain every movement, illustrate every argument, and are the pivot of party strife.

Take for example that most agitating and difficult question of the day, the question of negro slavery. The difficulty springs from the one affirming, and the other denying the moral competency of the negro. The advocate for slavery in the abstract denies that the slave, arrived at adult age, is a social power at all, or a source of power. And as long as he is unable to discover in him the moral capacity for freedom, and for citizenship,—as long as he believes that the negro cannot, conjointly and equally with the white man, exercise the moral power and maintain the dignity of a citizen, so long he is justified in denying him in fact, what is denied him in reality. But as soon

as it is evident that negroes are qualified to play the part of freemen, in the sane spirit and in true sympathy with the white race, then the spirit of our law absolutely requires their enfranchisement,—since it is necessary that every *real* and competent power, or source of power, should have its influence in the government of which it is a natural and integral part. For the *real* power of the whole is composed of all the *real* sources or individuals combined, and if the central government represents its integral members in any degree imperfectly, falsely, partially, or in excess, it is liable precisely in that degree to become at any moment an irregular and tyrannical government. The republican sphere of power must be rounded and perfect; composed of all, representing all, in their real degrees and conditions.*

Or take another question of the day, that of the presidential power, whether it shall, or shall not absorb the legislative. One party regards the President as the representative of the people in a sentimental and patronizing way,—he is to them in place of an immediate exponent of the popular impulse of his party; he is expected to employ the power of his place, in upholding, strengthening, and augmenting the party that brought him into office; his duties are to *make voters*, by the employment of Executive patronage;—to force the legislature and judiciary into the adoption of the measures of his party;—to absorb all the powers of the government for the uses of the party.

The other side contend, on the contrary, that the President is the head not of his party, but of the mere executive will, lawfully ascertained of the whole people; that he cannot, therefore, be required to use any means out of the usual course of government for the augmentation or support of his party; that he should never, in a single instance, attempt to *make voters*, or to control representatives, and that any such

* The question whether slavery, as an institution, shall be extended by an action of the general government over territory already free, is not affected by the general principle above stated. The argument against immediate emancipation is the present unfitness of the negroes for immediate freedom, and the ruin that would be occasioned by a hasty step in that direction.

attempt is not only a derogation from the dignity and value of his office, but that it is an absolute violation of the spirit of a free government, whose foundation is in free opinion justly represented; that by such procedure the democratic ground of universal suffrage is removed; the free power of the individual citizen giving way before that of the Executive—the body of the people disfranchised, and the authority they should possess absorbed into the Presidential authority.

Or, take the question of the right of conquest. One party urge upon the government the policy of extending its power over neighboring states by military colonies, and by seizing provinces of the weaker neighbor, to increase the wealth and add to the glory of the nation.

Their opponents reply that the democratic doctrine of the indefeasible right of individuals and of states, precludes the establishment of any rights of conquest under any pretext. That a nation or an individual previously free, but enslaved by aggressive power, remains free still, in the eyes of democracy, and has not lost a single right, either of property or of self-government, by the misfortune of being overcome in battle. That the *real* rights and liberties of mankind, whether singly or in societies, as far, indeed, as they possess and can exercise them, do not depend at all upon the accidents of a war, or in any sense upon fortunate concurrences, but only upon the fact that such nations or individuals are free moral persons, capable of managing their own affairs, without encroaching upon the liberty or property of their neighbors; that wars, undertaken for the conquest or annexation of neighboring states, are not democratic wars, but must originate from some undue influence—some domination or abuse of power in the government. That it was quite impossible for a *real* and unforced majority of free opinion in this country to favor measures of conquest and aggrandizement. These considerations compelled the Constitutional party to found their choice, during the late election, upon a candidate pledged only to the support of their primary and fundamental doctrine—namely, that opinion should be left free, and suffrage be unbiassed.

Again, in the contest of opinion, regard-

ing the question of taxation, whether it shall be protective or merely for revenue, the same principles appear; for this question, though commonly understood to be one of economy merely, is in reality one in which the principles of democratic republicanism are as deeply involved as in that of a war policy. Protection, as we understand it, is a *silent war* against the foreign commercial monopolies. The democratic hatred of monopolies springs from ideas of democratic liberty. The monopolies of England are felt to be more injurious and dangerous to us than our own; and we make a silent but effectual war against them by the protective system. The protective system of Jefferson, Washington and Clay, is a part of the democratic war policy pursued by the administration of Madison. For the protection of commerce we have ships of war; for the protection of agriculture and manufactures we have tariffs. The latter are the most effective and the least expensive.

Federalists, of the tory school, favored the encroachments of England upon our commerce—they opposed the freedom of commerce. By the embargo, which injured commerce temporarily, the Democrats secured its perpetual freedom; the embargo was a part of the war against foreign interference. The tariff is only a modification of the embargo, and for the same end. By a tariff we secure that *final* freedom of trade and manufacture which Europe wishes to absorb from us; just as, by the embargo, we effected the same end against the same encroaching power. A tariff is a temporary measure, pursued only for a time, and for the establishment of particular liberties; considered in the abstract, it is a measure fraught with inconvenience and expense,—but nevertheless necessary to the establishment of national and democratic liberty. It is necessary to our freedom that the monopolies of foreigners should be met and their effects upon ourselves prevented. Should we succeed in doing this, all other nations, and by-and-by England herself, will have to thank us; for, by the present policy of England, governed as she is by a few enterprising capitalists with immense fortunes vested in manufactures, not only India, Ireland, America, and every other nation in trade with her are laid unde-

contribution and reduced to poverty and dependence ; but the agricultural and commercial *poor*, in England, together with a vast population of overworked operatives, are kept constantly on the verge of ruin. Now the whole of this tremendous mischief, suffered by Europe and the New World, springs from the corruption of the suffrage in America under the system of Executive Patronage. An army of two hundred thousand officials, under the control of the Central Power, gives a bare majority in favor of England ; take away this vast incubus of American Toryism, and we should no doubt have a two-thirds majority of all the votes in the Union in favor of protection. Thus we see that free and universal suffrage, in this as in the former instances, is the great democratic doctrine, and that all depends upon the purity of elections. When the *real* majority governs, all goes right ; when the minority, all is trouble and misery. Important as our politics at present are to all civilized nations, the evils felt lightly by ourselves, but created by our own mismanagement, are felt in a greater degree by all. As the wealthiest and most influential nation, and as the farthest advanced in the science of government, we owe it to our proper dignity not to allow a foreign power to influence us to our own and others' disadvantage.

Again, the same principles appear, when the policy of internal improvements is agitated. For it is claimed by those who advocate the application of the public monies to the construction of roads, harbors, canals, and telegraphs, for the promotion of agriculture and of internal commerce, that as already a great degree of protection is extended to the commerce of the coast cities, by the maintenance of a powerful navy at a vast expense, enriching those whose occupation it is to inundate the country with the productions of England, to the detriment and impoverishment of the whole continent, it ill becomes us, as republicans, professing jealousy for our individual liberties and rights, to deny ourselves the privilege of accumulating wealth by internal commerce, knowing, as we do, that our present comparative poverty,—is due to the ingenuity and enterprise of a monied aristocracy in England. They

say, that the representatives of freedom and the enemies of monopolies in our own land should not allow themselves to be depressed and impoverished by the persuasions of England ;—that it is derogatory to our honor and rank among nations to permit such an interested interference.

In a military point of view, perhaps, no nation is our superior, but as far as economy is concerned we are managed by England as though we were a nation of children. Our Secretary of State reads the London Times newspaper, and stands aghast at the wisdom of Sir R. Peel, and Mr. Manufacturer Cobden. We exult mightily over miserable Mexico, we talk of a conquest policy and of an imperial glory,—but of that wisdom which provides the sinews of war, which, more than armies or ships, makes nations predominant,—of that wisdom we are destitute ; England has us by the nose, and wields our opinion at her pleasure.

Let us look back two centuries to the conduct of that great republican and democrat, Oliver Cromwell, and inquire what he did ; what the companion and friend of the first colonists, the Puritans and Huguenots, did for England. He gave her the commerce of the world by instituting navigation laws, and by making England the refuge and home of the persecuted handicraftsmen of Europe. England began from the time of Elizabeth, and in a still greater degree from the time of the establishment of the navigation laws, which obliged the merchants to employ English ships, to be the workshop of Europe. Her agriculture, her commerce and her manufactures were established by her protective policy ; her villages became towns, her towns became cities ; her people everywhere rose into wealth and estimation. The Commons at length governed England, and the crown became a mere pageant. She had learned the secret of popular wealth, and bent all her efforts to place the consumer by the side of the producer, the fashioner of products by the grower of products ; and now, strong, rich and haughty as she is, she spares no means of money, intermeditation, or argument to persuade her younger brother to put himself on the list of dependants, and take up with the same oppression voluntarily which poor Ireland has been compelled to by force of arms. Her plan is to subjugate our farmers and producers

to the wise rapacity of her capitalists. With every importation of their goods, comes a quantity of printed arguments, parti-colored logic, for the especial gull and subjugation of our half educated wits. Truly we are a docile and obedient people, not without a religious veneration for our elder brother, whom, saith the Chinese bible, one must look up to as a superior.

And yet, notwithstanding the disadvantages that result from a commendable trait of humility in us in not comparing ourselves with our betters, we have grown to an enormous magnitude, and begin to be physically superior to our elder brother, by force of mere nature and circumstances. We scatter ourselves over a vast territory, and produce an immense quantity of corn and cotton. Our total annual products, thanks to the superior ingenuity and freedom of New England, are already two hundred millions of dollars more than the products of Great Britain, and four hundred millions of dollars more than those of France; with a population inferior, indeed, in numbers, but superior in force to both. We now produce annually about two thousand millions worth, giving nearly an hundred dollars worth of products to every man, woman and child; but with a better and wiser policy, a policy better calculated for our defence and protection, why should we not soon produce two-fold that amount?

Three-fourths, if not nine-tenths of all the foreign goods that are imported into this country, are imported by the capital of foreigners, to the care of commission houses in the coast cities, who there sell them at a profit for the uses of the people. These importations yield a revenue of between twenty and thirty millions annually. Our government pays our navy to protect English manufacturers, and a commerce which English manufacturers employ, and it has fixed a duty for their further protection so well contrived, that by lowering, for a while, the prices of their goods, they are enabled, soon after, to raise them to almost any price they please. Thus it will happen, that if the present depression in the iron market continue for a much long-

er period, in consequence of the cheapness and quantity of English imported iron, all the iron factories and furnaces will cease to produce, and the workmen betake themselves to producing a still greater unsaleable surplus of corn in the West. Meanwhile, England is paying equal attention both to agriculture and to manufactures. She is cultivating richer soils, reclaiming meadows and morasses, draining bogs, and inclosing commons: the time must soon come, when she will have grain and meat enough, and to spare. She will then be no longer dependent upon America, and will continue to produce iron cheaply at home, having a market for her products at the door of the workshop and the weaver's cottage. The lower the price of her goods, the lower goes our duty on them,—our *ad valorem* duty, which falls or rises as the market price, here, falls or rises. But no sooner is our capital withdrawn from manufactures, and our workmen sent off to the West, than English importers, finding they have the market to themselves, will begin to raise their prices, and having as much food as they can use at home, they will take nothing but gold and silver in exchange for their commodities. The price of their goods rises, and with it the duty begins to rise also: by the rise of the duty, American capital is again tempted into manufactures, and the emigrant workmen who come over to make iron and cloth in America, are again employed. The price goes down a second time, and with it, by the pernicious *ad valorem*, the duty also; and a second time the manufacturers are turned out of employment and sent off to the prairies. And this operation must continue to be repeated, until the continent is covered with middling poor farmers, living a half civilized life, unable to accumulate wealth, and sending all their surplus earnings in the shape of gold and silver to England, as done by the poor Chinese, and the poor Irish. No wonder a certain class of politicians are so delighted with our newly-discovered gold mines;—there will be need of much specie, if the present state of things be of much longer continuance.

REMARKS ON ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

"To measure the dignity of a writer by the pleasure he affords his readers, is not perhaps using an accurate criterion; but the invention of a story, the choice of proper incidents, the ordonnance of the plan, occasional beauties of description, and above all, the power exercised over the reader's heart by filling it with the successive emotions of love, pity, joy, anguish, transport or indignation, together with the grave, impressive moral resulting from the whole, imply talents of the highest order, and ought to be appreciated accordingly."

Mrs. Barbauld's "Origin and Progress of Romance Writing."

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN.

MISS BURNAY, in the Preface to *Evelina*, is of the opinion that, perhaps, were it possible to effect the total extirpation of novels, our young ladies in general, and boarding-school damsels in particular, might profit from their annihilation. This is true as regards many novels. Miss Lydia Languish, who was so partial to elopements, could not have gleaned much wisdom from her course of reading obtained from the circulating library in Bath, judging from the titles of the books, "*The Reward of Constancy*," "*The Fatal Connection*," "*The Mistakes of the Heart*," "*The Tears of Sensibility*." Colman the elder, in a one act drama called *Polly Honeycombe*, ridiculed with much force and wit this stupid class of novels. Polly exclaims, after reading a soft passage, "Well, a novel for my money." The passage that fascinated the lovely Polly was this:—

"With these words the enraptured baronet concluded his declaration of love. But what heart can imagine, what tongue describe, or pen delineate the amiable confusion of Emilia? Reader, if thou art a courtly reader, thou hast seen at poilté tables, iced cream, crimsoned with raspberries; or, if thou art an uncourtly reader, thou hast seen the rosy-fingered morning dawning in the East. Thou hast seen perhaps the artificial vermilion on the cheeks of Cleora, or the vermilion of nature on those of Sylvia; thou hast seen—in one word, the lovely face of Emilia was overspread with blushes. Sir George, touched at her confusion, gently seized her hand, and softly pressing it to his bosom, where the pulses of his heart beat quick, throbbing with tumultuous passion, in a plaintive tone of voice breathed out, Will you not answer me, Emilia? She,

half raising her downcast eyes, and half inclining her averted head, said, in faltering accents—'Yes, sir.'"

I say with Miss Honeycombe, "a novel for my money," when written in the magnificent strain of Maturin, whose genius, though uncurbed, is visibly stamped on all that proceeded from his pen, whether they were novels, plays, sermons or poems. In romance writing, he has perhaps but one superior, Anne Radcliffe; and her superiority consists in the plot and nice conduct of the story, not in her style. Maturin's eccentricity was on a par with his genius and overweening imagination. Before the tragedy of *Bertram* was produced at the Drury Lane theatre, Maturin was the humble, unknown curate of St. Peters, Dublin, from which he derived an income of from £70 to £100 per annum. To add to this scanty amount, for he was vain and fond of show, he prepared young gentlemen to pass the entrance examination of Trinity college, who for that purpose resided with him at his residence in York street, Dublin. He was exceedingly vain both of his person and accomplishments, and as his income did not allow him to make a display and attract attention by the splendor of his dress, he accomplished his purpose by singularity. He was tall and slender, with a finely proportioned figure, which he took care to display in a well made black coat, tightly buttoned up—and he wore some odd, light-colored stocking web pantaloons,—and this attire was surmounted in the winter by a coat of prodigious dimensions, gracefully thrown on so as not to obscure the symmetry it affected to protect. This tame exhibition, however, of an el

form in the street, the church, or the drawing-room, did not suffice. The Rev. gentleman sang and danced, and prided himself on his skill in the movements and evolutions of the quadrille. It often *happened* that Maturin either labored under an attack of the gout, or met with some accident which compelled the use of a slipper or bandage, and on these occasions he was sure to parade through the streets of Dublin, to excite the curiosity and sympathy of passers-by, and was delighted to listen to their audible remarks or inquiries concerning the handsome and suffering stranger.

Bertram was eminently successful, and fortunate author must have received some £1,500 for it. This turned his head. He felt confident he could write plays which would always be successful, and he returned to Dublin from London, as rich in feeling as Sir Epicure Mammon. He launched out into the most fatal and foolish extravagance. He adorned his residence in the most expensive and lavish style, and acted as if he had been master of boundless wealth. This could not last. He was almost overwhelmed with difficulties, and although his pride was somewhat humbled, his eccentricities remained in full vigor, and in the coteries of Lady Morgan, or amid the romantic solitudes of Wicklow, his oddities were as remarkable as in the first flush of his triumphs.

As a preacher he was highly esteemed. His sermons are masterly; they are full of forcible reasoning, and persuasive in their tone. No preacher from Dean Kirwan's time attracted such crowds to the parish church, and neither "snow nor hail nor stormy gust and flaw," had any effect in decreasing the number of his enraptured congregation. Maturin died in Dublin, October 30, 1824. Hazlitt, on the 18th day of May, 1816, writes:—

"The new tragedy of Bertram has entirely succeeded, and it has sufficient merit to deserve the success it has met with. * * * In a word, we hold for a truth that a thoroughly good tragedy is an impossibility in a state of manners and literature where the poet and philosopher have got the better of the man; where the reality does not mould the imagination, but the imagination glosses over the reality; and where the unexpected stroke of true calamity, the biting edge of true passion is blunted, sheathed and lost amidst the flowers

of poetry strewed over unreal, unfelt distress, and the flimsy topics of artificial humanity prepared beforehand for all occasions."

Its beauties are in the language and sentiment; it lacks life and action for the stage. Edmund Kean played it twenty-two nights during one season, "a showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor." The benediction, "God bless thee, child," obtained much applause; Kean had previously repeated it a hundred times over his own son Charles—and with such fervency that he became touched with the modulation of his own voice. This phrase, and another, "the wretched have no country," were the pathetic points of the play. Coleridge, in the *Biographia Literaria*, has a severe, but, in the main, just criticism on Bertram. He thought that the steady, quiet uprightness of the flame of the wax candles, which the monks held over the roaring billows, amid the storm of wind and ruin, was really miraculous. He inveighs forcibly against the downright immorality of the play. There is one passage in this tragedy, which has always sounded to me like melody itself, besides being beautiful and affecting writing:—

"*Imogene*. Yes,
The limner's art may trace the absent feature,
And give the eye of distant weeping faith
To view the form of its idolatry;
But oh! the scenes 'mid which they met and parted—
The thoughts, the recollections sweet and bitter—
Th' Elysian dreams of lovers, when they loved—
Who shall restore them?
Less lovely are the fugitive clouds of eve,
And not more vanishing If thou couldst speak,
Dumb witness of the secret soul of *Imogene*,
Thou might'st acquit the faith of womankind—
Since thou wert on my midnight pillow laid,
Friend hath forsaken friend—the brotherly tie
Been lightly loosed—the parted coldly met—
Yea, mothers have with desperate hands wrought
harm
To little lives which their own bosoms lent;
But woman still hath loved—if that indeed
Woman e'er loved like me."

In 1817 Mr. Maturin again attempt the stage—but his play, "*Manuel*," unsuccessful. It was dedicated to W. Scott, Esq. Byron, in a letter to Murray, dated La Mira, near Venice, 14, 1817, says:—

"It is the absurd work of a clever r
think it might have done upon the sta

had made Manuel (by some trickery, in a masque or visor) fight his own battles, instead of employing Molineaux as his champion; and after the defeat of Torismond, have made him spare the son of his enemy, by some revulsion of feeling not incompatible with a character of extravagant and distempered emotions. But as it is, what with the Justiza, and the ridiculous conduct of the whole *dramatis personæ*, (for they are all as mad as Manuel, who surely must have had more interest with a corrupt bench than a distant relation and heir presumptive, somewhat suspect of homicide,) I do not wonder at its failure. As a play, it is impracticable; as a poem, no great things. * * * And the stage directions 'staggerers among the bodies;' the slain are too numerous, as well as the blackamoor knight penitent being one too many; and De Zelos is such a shabby Monmouth street villain without any redeeming quality. Stap my vitals, Maturin seems to be declining into Nat Lee."

Byron interested himself much in bringing out Bertram at the Drury Lane Theatre, and also assisted Maturin in a pecuniary way. Maturin was never again destined to be successful as a dramatic writer. His last tragedy, "Fredolfo," failed on the stage; it is imbued with a sweet and mournful beauty. It is dedicated to his Grace, the Duke of Leinster, in these words:—

"I have solicited your Grace's permission to dedicate this Tragedy to you, not merely on account of your exalted rank—though that is the highest in your native country; not merely on account of your condescension to literary men—though that has induced you to notice efforts even as humble as mine; but because to the scattered nobility of a deserted country, you set the rare and illustrious example of a resident Irish nobleman. I have the honor to be, my lord, your Grace's very humble and obedient servant,

"CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN."

"Fredolfo" opens with a storm among the mountains—

"Where is the taper in the latticed casement,
Shedding its star-like ray to guide the traveller."

Wallenberg's description of Urilda is a fine one:—

"She comes with all that shrinking bashfulness,
The eloquence of motion, mute, but felt.
The air around her breathes of purity;
And, as she moves, her equal tread's fine
impulse
Falls on the ear like harmony; the light

That gleams on her fair locks and slender form
Crowns them with hallowed glory, like some
vision

To saintly eyes reveal'd. She is a thing
To kneel and worship. Beauty hath no lustre,
Save when it gleameth through the crystal web
That Purity's fine fingers weave for it;
And then it shows like Venus from the wave,
The fresh drops clinging to her beauty still!"

Maturin, unfortunately, appears to have entertained the same opinion as that of some worthy in Gil Blas: "Je suis du sentiment d'Aristote, il faut exciter la terreur. Ah! si je m'étois attaché au théâtre, je n'aurois jamais mis sur la scène que des princes sanguinaires, que des héros assassins. Je me serois baigné dans le sang. On auroit toujours vu périr dans mes tragédies non seulement les principaux personnages, mais les gardes mêmes; j'aurois égorgé jusqu'au souffleur. Enfin je n'aime que l'effroyable c'est mon goût. Aussi ces sortes de poèmes entraînent la multitude, entretiennent le luxe des comédiens et font rouler tout doucement les auteurs." (I am of Aristotle's opinion, that the chief end of tragedy is to raise terror. Oh! if I had attached myself to the drama, I would have introduced none but bloody-minded princes and heroic assassins on the scenes, and would have bathed myself in gore, and in my tragedies, not only the principal persons, but even their guards should have perished. I would have murdered them all to the very prompter. In a word, my taste is horror; and we see that such poems captivate the multitude, support the luxury of the players, and enable the author to live at ease.) Maturin was well aware of his peculiar powers, and knew that his talent was that of darkening the gloomy, and of deepening the sad, of painting life in extremes, and representing those struggles of passion, where the soul trembles on the verge of the unlawful and the unhallowed. He wrote six romances—"Fatal Revenge; or, the House of Montorio," "The Wild Irish Boy," "The Milesian Chief,"—these three were published with the name of Dennis Jasper Murphy as the author—"Women; or, Pour et Contre," "Melmoth, the Wanderer," and "The Albigenes."

Fatal Revenge is an original and powerful performance, but hideous in its conceptions. Count Orazio, who has been fatally deceived by his own brother, per-

suades the sons of that brother to paricide, by working on their fears, and by the doctrines of fatalism; and finds when the deed is done, that the crime has been committed by his own sons. Many fine pieces of poetry are scattered through the volumes.

The "Wild Irish Boy" was dedicated to the Earl of Moira in these words:—

"My Lord, as I have not the honor of being known to your lordship in the slightest degree, I can hardly be suspected of an intention to flatter you, or magnify myself, by dedicating this work to you. My reason for doing it is briefly this: your lordship has frequently and zealously avowed yourself the friend of Irishmen and Irish talent. Whether I possess talent or not, I cannot pronounce; but as I have brought my claims before the public, it is natural that I should be anxious to have the question decided; now, by dedicating this book to you, the question must be decided, for if it possess talent, it will of course secure your lordship's notice. Of the work or of myself I have little to say. I have already written a work with the title of 'Montorio,' which your lordship may possibly read, if you are pleased with this; in my opinion you will be better employed if you do. I myself prefer it for more reasons than that it gave fourfold the trouble of 'The Wild Irish Boy.' I am an Irishman, unnoticed and unknown, a professional man without preferment, and an author without celebrity, yet I would not willingly emerge from mine, till I am called forth and feel that I deserve to be called forth, that society owes me something and is solicitous to repay me, that I have a place and a name on earth. 'Ex fumo dare lucem,' I think an excellent motto for a man not indignant of concealment, but not formed for concealment. I have the honor to be, &c., &c.,

"THE AUTHOR OF MONTORIO."

Maturin's first romance was considered defective in female characters and female interest; there is sufficient of both in "The Wild Irish Boy." Lady Montrevor is a dazzling creature, a piece of excellent witchcraft; Sybilla and Athanasia are sweetly and nobly drawn characters. We have also a fine portrait of Corbet, a curate of forty-six years' standing, and of a noble old chief, De Lacy, and of the impetuous and fickle Ormsby Bethel, and of the villain Deloraine. Our eloquent author states that he had never yet in his life read what he conceived to be an adequate representation of love. Its folly, and fantasy, and fastidiousness, its high,

remote, incommunicable modes of feeling and expression, its nice and subtle pleasures, its luxurious melancholy, its happiness that mocks mortality, and its despair that defies religion. And yet he happily succeeds in describing this passion.

"The Milesian Chief" is dedicated to the Quarterly Reviewers:—

"Gentlemen,—You have been pleased to notice the romance of Montorio, and I am grateful for the notice. This is my motive for dedicating the following pages to you. In so doing we are perfectly quit. It is obviously the purpose of modern reviewers to give not the slightest idea of the work they profess to notice, but their own sentiments: they merely assume the title of a work as a motto for a political, theological or belle lettre essay, (as the case may be,) and then They write . . .

. . . Good Gods! how they do write. The present dedication shall, en suite, be entirely devoted to talking of myself. I have written two Romances. The first I cannot help thinking exhibits some power of imagination and description, but unfortunately they are exhausted on a subject so much beyond the reach of life, or the tone and compass of ordinary feeling, that I might as well have given a map of *terra incognita*, and expected the reader to swear to its boundaries, or live on its productions. Solicitous about the public feeling, (as all who write must be,) I consulted the reviewers, and what did they tell me? That they were profound judges, but would pronounce no decision; that they were consummate critics, but would give no advice. Seriously I read the Reviews for information; I could get none about myself. All I learned was that I was a bad writer, but why or how, or in what manner I was to become better, they graciously left to myself. These men abuse the public much. That some of them possess talent is undoubted; but why not exercise it in their *own right* without borrowing a pretext from an office they do not discharge? Why not become *writers* instead of *soi-disant* reviewers?

"In the following pages I have tried to apply these powers to the scenes of actual life, and I have chosen my own country for the scene, because I believe it the only country on earth, from the strange existing opposition of religion, politics, and manners, where the extremes of refinement and barbarism are united, and the most wild and incredible situations of romantic story are hourly passing before modern eyes. In my first work, I attempted to explore the ground forbidden to man—the sources of visionary terror, the 'formless and the void;' in my present I have tried the equally obscure recesses of the human heart. If I fail in both, I shall write again. I am, gen-

tlemen, with more respect for your talents, than gratitude for your information,

"THE AUTHOR OF MONTORIO.

"Dublin, Dec. 12, 1811."

The opening scenes of this grand romance, "full of the true Promethean fire," are laid in the neighborhood of Naples at a villa, where Lord Montclare is residing with his daughter Armida, whom he seeks to make sing like a muse, dance like a grace, compose like a Sappho, and declaim like an Asphasia. She is indeed an enchantress. The scene changes to England, then to Ireland, to a castle on the coast, dark and desolate, where for most of the time the sea troubled with rains and winds, dashed its gray waves along a line of rocky coast with a violence that seemed, even in the absence of a storm, to announce perpetual war and unexhausted winter. The dark clouds, though they moved rapidly along, never left the horizon clear, and seemed too thick for rains to melt or storms to disperse. The country near the shore, brown, stony and mountainous, looked as if the sun never shone on it, as it lay under the gray and watery sky. The shore itself, bold, high and sweeping, had all the savage precipitateness, the naked solitude, the embattled rockiness, which nature seems to throw around her as a fortress, when she retires from the assaults of the elements, and the approach of man. On the calmest day the wind was heard among the rocks, and through the long passages of the castle. Connel O'Morven, proud, stately and brave, who had rather be seated in the halls of his fathers, open perhaps to every wind of heaven, with his bards and warriors around him, than be the supple silk-clad pensioner of an English minister, breathing an atmosphere thick and heavy with curses, and drinking wine into which tears have dropt and turned it to poison, is a fitting figure to walk over these wild solitudes. The last thoughts of Armida forcibly remind one of the style of thought of the glorious Corinne. For instance, the following:—

"Yes, I feel it; all that agitates or embellishes life is over with me; nothing disturbs, nothing touches, nothing awakes me; like the ancient cities of Italy, the burning tide of passion and despair has passed over me, and art,

and genius, the picture, the song and the landscape sleep below for ever."

"Women, or Pour et Contre," a tale by the author of *Bertram*, followed *The Milesian Chief*, and added greatly to Maturin's reputation; and in the preface to this work he says:—

"None of my former prose works have been popular, the strongest proof of which is, none of them arrived at a second edition; nor could I dispose of the copyright of any but of the '*Milesian*,' which was sold to Mr. Colburn for £80, in the year 1811. '*Montorio*,' misnamed by the bookseller, '*The Fatal Revenge*,' a very book-selling appellation, had some share of popularity, but it was only the popularity of circulating libraries: it deserved no better; the date of that style of writing was out when I was a boy, and I had not powers to revive it. When I look over those books now, I am not at all surprised at their failure; for independent of their want of *external* interest, (the strongest interest that books can have, even in this reading age,) they seem to me to want reality, *vraisemblance*; the characters, situations, and language are drawn merely from imagination; my limited acquaintance with life denied me any other resource. In the tale which I now offer to the public, perhaps there may be recognized some characters which experience will not disown, some resemblance to common life may be traced in them. On this I rest for the most part of the interest of the narrative. The paucity of characters and incidents, (the absence of all that constitutes the interest of fictitious biography in general,) excludes the hope of this work possessing any other interest. If this plain avowal of the want of effect in my former attempts does not mitigate the severity of critical animadversion, I have one more plea to offer, which I hope may prove not ineffectual, that it is the last time I ever shall trespass in *this way* on the indulgence of the public; one more attempt I shall make, and then address my '*Valete*' to the audience with little hope of being able to add '*plaudite*.'"

The work is dedicated to the Right Honorable, the Countess of Essex. Charles De Courcy, the hero of the novel, rescues Eva Wentworth from an old hag, a Meg Merillies sort of character, old and muscular, in rags, her arms bare and bony, with hands whose veins are like ropes, and fingers like talons, and her long matted hair floating in the wind, like strings of the gray bark of the ash tree. She seizes De Courcy's hand and exclaims:—

"Ay, ay, it is white and soft, white enough."

yet there is black in every line of it to the eyes that can see it, the blackness that is blacker than death. It is as soft as a woman's, and yet it can deal a heavy blow—the blow that kills what it never touched—the blow that breaks the heart. Others are deadly to them they hate, you will be deadly to them you love. Take her, take her from me if you will, but take my curse with you; it will be heavier on your heart than her weight on your arm. I never cursed the grass but it withered, or the sky but it grew dark, or the living creatures but they pined and wasted away. Now you bear her away like a corpse in your arms, and I see you following her corpse to the church yard, and the white ribbons tying her shroud; her maiden name on her tombstone; no child to cry for her, and you that sent her to her grave wishing it was dug for you."

This tells the whole story. De Courcy falls in love with Eva—and how truly his feelings are depicted, any one who has ever loved will acknowledge:—

"He wandered away alone; he wished to be far from the city, from its inhabitants, from all mankind if possible. At length he found himself in the country; the cold clear splendor of a winter was around him; he was at last alone with his own heart, and its new-born inmate, passion in its first purity and brightness. He communed with himself, and was still. Oh, what gleams of heaven burst on the soul in such a moment when creation seems to be renewed, and we awake to an existence so new, so bright, so delicious, that the very elements seem to harmonize with our feelings; and the stars, and heaven itself appear to hold a silent alliance with the thoughts that are burning within us. He looked around him and the earth, though in darkness, appeared lovelier to him than in the brightest noon of a summer's day. He looked upward and wondered that the stars had never appeared so resplendent to him before. He sighed and felt respiration a delight. He tried a thousand times to utter some name that seemed at the bottom of his heart, but he knew not what name to call on; his whole mind seemed but one idea—his whole existence but one feeling;—a glow like that of summer pervaded his whole frame, and he trembled with a grateful consciousness of life he had never known before."

De Courcy again sees Eva at Bethesda Chapel—is invited to visit her—and in a short time they are engaged to be united. Eva resides with a Mr. Wentworth, a man of repulsive manners, narrow understanding, and believing in the strictest Calvinistic doctrines. Such a house was but little agreeable to Charles.

"The presence of a beloved object surrounded by strangers, is worse than absence to those who love, for it forbids those illusions of the imagination which absence indulges. Solitude becomes a relief compared with the necessity of suppressed emotion."

De Courcy finally becomes attached to a Madame Dalmatiani, a character evidently copied from De Staël's *Corinne*. He leaves Eva—she sinks into a decline:

"The weather was unusually fine, though it was September, and the evenings mild and beautiful. Eva passed them almost entirely in the gardens. She had always loved the fading light and delicious tints of an evening sky, and now they were endeared by that which endears even indifferent things, an internal consciousness that we have not long to behold them. Mrs. Wentworth remonstrated against this indulgence, and mentioned it to the physician; but he 'answered neglecting;' said anything that amused her mind could do her no harm. Then Mrs. Wentworth began to feel there was no hope, and Eva was suffered to muse life away unmolested. To the garden every evening she went, and brought her library with her; it consisted but of three books—the Bible, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and Blair's *Grave*. One evening the unusual beauty of the sky made her involuntarily drop her book. She gazed upward, and felt as if a book were open in the heaven, where all the lovely and varying phenomena presented in living characters to her view the name of the Divinity. There was a solemn congeniality between her feelings of her own state, and the view of the declining day—the parting light and the approaching darkness. The glow of the western heaven was still resplendent and glorious: a little above, the blending hues of orange and azure were softening into a mellow and indefinite light; and in the upper region of the air, a delicious blue darkness invited the eye to repose in luxurious dimness; one star alone showed its trembling head—another and another, like infant births of light; and in the dark east the half moon, like a bark of pearl, came on through the deep, still ocean of heaven. Eva gazed on. Some tears came to her eyes; they were a luxury. Suddenly she felt as if she were quite well; a glow like that of health pervaded her whole frame—one of those indescribable sensations that seem to assure us of safety, while, in fact, they are announcing dissolution. She imagined herself suddenly restored to health and happiness. She saw De Courcy once more as in their early hours of love, when his face was to her as if it had been the face of an angel; thought after thought came back on her heart like gleams of paradise. She trembled at the felicity that filled her whole soul; it was one of those fatal

illusions, that disease when it is connected with strong emotions of the mind often flatters its victims with—that *mirage*, when the heart is a desert, which rises before the wanderer to dazzle, to delude, and to destroy. ‘It is an illusion,’ she exclaimed, ‘but I will enjoy it. It is the last, and God, yes, God will forgive me this last human feeling. He will forgive my shedding this last human tear. This *city of shelter*, may I not fly to it for a moment, is it not a little one, and my soul shall live?’ A fairy landscape glowed in her heart for a moment; her withered youth, health, and passion, bloomed again. It was that resurrection of the heart that we sometimes experience when we have long believed it dead. Eva glowed, trembled, wept once more, when she imagined no mortal object could draw another tear. Such gleams of soul sometimes brighten its twilight, even when the sun is gone down for ever and ever. Eva lingered on its rich and fading light; lost in a reverie too nearly resembling insanity, she did not hear a noise among the leaves of the arbor where she sat, (unconscious where she was;) it increased—she started—the noise seemed like that of a person bursting the branches of the withered laburnum. It was not a stranger foot. She knew the tread, and was fixed to the spot,—*it was, no—it could not be—it was*, for his wasting arms were twined around her the next moment; with all her remaining strength she tore herself from his grasp. De Courcy fell at her feet.”

I must hasten on. It remains for me to say a word or two of “*Melmoth*” and the “*Albigenses*.” *Melmoth* was published in 1820, at Edinburgh, by Constable & Co., and is dedicated to the Marchioness of Abercorn. It has always been a favorite romance, displaying much sensibility and acuteness, and marvellous force of language. The “*Spaniard’s Tale*” is terrific. The wife of Walberg was sketched from a living woman,—and an exquisite woman she must have been—

“Far from the world’s gay, busy throng,
With gentle yet prevailing force
Intent upon her destined course,
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where’er she goes.”

The story of John Sandal and Elinor Mortimer is founded in fact.

The *Albigenses* appeared in 1824—the year of Maturin’s death. He intended it as one of a series of historical romances, illustrative of European feelings and manners, in ancient times, in middle and in modern. The present work affords an excellent history of the period in which the scene is laid. We have portraits of Count Simon de Montfort, the leader of the

Crusaders against the Albigeois—of Raymond of Toulouse—of the Bishop of Toulouse, a vicious and ambitious churchman; and Sir Aymer du Chastelroi, a frank-hearted soldier. Genevieve, the Protestant girl, is the most original of all Maturin’s creations in the female line with the exception of Eva Wentworth. The audible prayer of the Albigeois is heard issuing from rock and glen, in lonely mountain fastnesses, mingled with the solemn hymn—the scream of the vulture, the sweep of the blast, and the roaring of the torrent. Genevieve, when seated on the grass, with her lover by her side, and a lovely prospect of mountain and vale spread out before them, seeks to wean him from his warlike propensities; and ardently exclaims—He who made man for happiness, and was the best judge of his own work, placed him at his creation, not in palace, castle or city—he placed him in a garden, and called it Paradise.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMUIR.

How well I remember, one cold and windy autumnal day, years ago, in Duchess county, discovering in one of the rooms of the old homestead, “*The Bride of Lammermuir*,” and “*The Mysteries of Udolpho*,” and taking a chair and going to the sheltered side of the house, and there sitting down to read them. I was fascinated. They had a sweet and potent voice. At times, the yellow leaves from the trees above my head would fall on the page, and seemed to harmonize well with Scott’s wild and mournful story. There I read the history of Dick Tinto, who began to paint before he had any notion of drawing,—his struggles and his pride, and his descent from the noble art of portrait and historical painting, to the depicting of grim signs for inns, heads of Bruce or Wallace. How lovely Lucy Ashton was pictured to my fancy, with her locks of shadowy gold, parted on a brow of exquisite whiteness, like a gleam of broken and pallid sunshine upon a hill of snow,—with her soft, timid, and feminine nature, and gentle expression, who “went on weaving her enchanted web of fairy tissue as beautiful and transient as the film of the gossamer, when it is pearly with the morning dew and glimmering to the sun. The stately Master of Ravenswood, with care seated on his faded brow, reminded me of Hamlet. He ~~was~~—

tainly is the most imaginative of all Scott's characters, and the grandeur of the portrait is increased by the surrounding scenery, as his own Scottish hills by the mists. How striking are the figures and the words of blind Alice, "who might be a countess from her language and behavior," and how sad and solemn is her warning to Edgar to leave Lucy. Who can control his fate? The entire work is a series of exquisite pictures, and where can be found a scene of more harrowing and frightful interest, than the one in the churchyard, on Lucy's bridal day, where Dame Gourlay and her two companions are seated on a grave-stone, and are pointing out the different persons in the procession, and predicting which among them would become the earliest tenants of the tomb. These hags are as loathsome as the witches in Macbeth. The catastrophe is most affecting; the young and lovely flower is cut down, Edgar is swallowed up in the sands, and Caleb Balderstone is seen stooping by the fatal spot and picking up "a large sable feather," the only memento of the Master of Ravenswood, whom he had loved so well.

My boyish opinion of this production has been confirmed by my riper judgment, but never can I forget my first perusal of it—the sombre day, the falling leaves, and the mournful sighing of the wind, nor the old homestead. They still "hang on the beatings of my heart." *Godwin* finely says, that there is a strange and nameless love which a great majority of mankind feel for the spot of earth on which they were born. To see it no more, to meet no more the old familiar faces, never to behold again the trees, and the hedge rows, the church, the hamlet, the chimney corner and the oaken board, which have been our daily acquaintances through life, is a divorce hardly less severe than that of soul and body. In this respect man is for the most part a vegetable, with a slight shade of difference, and clings to the soil with equal pertinacity.

—
ANNE RADCLIFFE.

The opening chapters of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* breathe the spirit of domestic peace and enjoyment. The peasants in the twilight shade dance on the banks of the Garonne, "after the use of mild antiquity," and in the distance we behold

"the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees." The home of St. Aubert, a house made to live in, not to look at, with its tranquil and elegant pleasures, situated in a picturesque and luxuriant country, is all that the heart can desire. We in our generation, wiser than the children of light, sacrifice everything to show, and comfort has fled to lowly roofs. We envy the rambles of St. Aubert and Emily, among the mountains. They take their meals on any pleasant spot, in the open air, and pass the nights wherever they happen to meet a comfortable cottage. Scenes, some of lovely beauty, others of mighty magnificence, meet them at every turn of the road. The mountain air is sweet, the mountain flowers are full of fragrance. The sun sets amid purple clouds, lighting up the summits of the snowy hills. The evening star glitters, lights gleam from cottage windows, in valleys, to cheer the hearts of the lonely travellers. The interest deepens. St. Aubert dies near the Château of the Marquis de Villeroy, and on the night of his death, music of unearthly melody is heard floating on the air. It is impossible to specify all the beauties of this gorgeous romance. There are in it some fine descriptions of Venice, with its isles, palaces, and towers, rising from the water and reflected on its calm surface; gondolas flit by, from which issue soft music and sweet voices, adding to the beauty of summer seas and moonlit nights. The inhabitants of this fairy city

"Make their days various as the dyes
On the dove's neck."

The transition from the gayety and glittering splendor of Venice, to the gloomy and savage grandeur of the castle of Udolpho, is described in Mrs. Radcliffe's happiest manner. The castle is filled with mysterious sounds, gloomy corridors, banditti, vaults, trap-doors, "appliances and means" which the lovely authoress knew how to use so well. Annette, the chattering, superstitious waiting-maid, has her heart and hands occupied, and Emily comes in for her share of trouble, anxiety, and heart-aches, but is at last amply rewarded both in wealth and love. Perhaps the scenes and adventures at Château Le Blanc possess the highest interest. The disappearance of Ludovico, (from a haunted chamber,) after reading a frightful tale;

the visit of Emily, at midnight, to the apartments of the Marchioness, which had been closed for twenty years; their magnificence and gloom, the black pall on the bed, articles of dress scattered around the room; the strange resemblance of Emily to the late Marchioness, which likeness is heightened by her putting on her veil, and touching the lute whose strings had been silent through so many long years; the deep silence, are described in a solemn and affecting manner. Happy days those, when the witchery of Anne Radcliffe's genius held me entranced, although my nights were somewhat disturbed in the ample garret of the old homestead, and I fancied that I saw figures in the dusky corners, and heard steps on the stairs, and strange voices, as the heavy branches of trees waved before the windows, admitting straggling rays of the moon to fall on the floor. But this vanished with the morning sun, and the twittering of birds, and the hearty music of the "feathered songster chanticleer." The "*Mysteries of Udolpho*" was published in 1794, and the authoress received for it the large sum of £500. It was greeted by the public with the highest applause and enthusiasm. Joseph Warton, the head master of Winchester school, who was then far advanced in life, told Robinson, the publisher, that accidentally meeting with it, he was so fascinated that he could not go to bed till he had finished it. Fox and Sheridan eulogized her. Sir Walter Scott says, that when a family were* numerous, the volumes flew, and were sometimes torn from hand to hand, and the complaints of those whose studies were interrupted were a generous tribute to the genius of the author. One might still be found of a different and higher description, in the dwelling of the lonely invalid, or the neglected votary of celibacy, who was bewitched away from a sense of solitude, of indisposition, of the neglect of the world, or of secret sorrow, by the potent charm of this mighty enchantress. Happy is the boy who has a taste for reading, and books at hand to gratify it. My father used to read to his children, in a fine, manly, sonorous voice, with much taste and feeling, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, Gray's *Elegy*, Blair's *Grave*, and Chatterton's *Death of Sir Charles Bawdin*, in which are these noble lines,

"Behold the manne! he spake the truth,
Hee's greater than a kynge."

It was a happy time when my father took up a volume of *Extracts in Poetry*, and read aloud. The same book that he used is before me now, with its fine title-page, and an illustration, choicely engraved by Heath, representing some lads listening to another reading. The motto is that exquisite one from Cicero,—*Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium et solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, perigrinantur, rusticantur.*

I heartily sympathize with Cowley, who had the good fortune in his boyhood, to find Spenser's *Fairy Queen* in his mother's parlor. Hazlitt's delight was unbounded as he used to receive the numbers of *Tom Jones*, "when he was in his father's house, and his path ran down with butter and honey, when he was a little thoughtless child, and had no other wish or care, but to con his daily task, and be happy." He also speaks with unalloyed delight of his going to Shrewsbury, where Farquhar laid the plot of "*The Recruiting Officer*," and purchasing a copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Burke's *Reflections*. How he revelled in the reading the *New Heloise*, and the *Confessions of Rousseau*, and Boccaccio's *Tales*. Felicia Hemans read Shakspeare at eight years of age, in a secret haunt, a seat among the branches of an apple tree.

"ORCHARD BLOSSOMS.

"Doth thy heart stir within thee at the sight
Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough?
Doth their sweet household smile waft back the glow
Of childhood's morn! the wondering fresh delight,
In earth's new coloring, then all strangely bright,
A joy of fairy land! Doth some old nook,
Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,
Rise on thy soul, with faint-streak'd blossoms white,
Shower'd o'er the turf, and the lone primrose knot,
And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,
And the bee's dreamy chime! O gentle friend!
The world's cold breath, not Time's, this life bereaves
Of vernal gifts—Time hallows what he leaves,
And will for us endear spring-memories to the end."

Joanna Baillie's play of *Ethwald* was pleasingly associated in Mrs. Hemans' mind with her recollection of having

read it among the ruins of Conway Castle. Another of her favorite works was Paul and Virginia :—

"O gentle story of the Indian isle !
I loved thee in my lonely childhood well,
On the sea-shore, when day's last purple smile
Slept on the waters, and their hollow swell
And dying cadence lent a deeper spell
Unto thine ocean pictures. Midst thy palms
And strange bright birds, my fancy joy'd to dwell,
And watch the southern cross through midnight calms,
And track the spicy wooda. Yet more I bless'd
Thy vision of sweet love ; kind, trustful, true,
Lighting the citron groves—a heavenly guest
With such pure smiles as Paradise once knew.
Even then my young heart wept o'er the world's power
To reach and blight that holiest Eden flower."

Sir Egerton Brydges dwells with a hearty enthusiasm on the delight Milton's Juvenile Poems afforded him. He observes : " I shall never forget the years when I first had this little volume almost by heart. It was the autumn of 1780, in the two months' interval between school and college. Every morning of September, and it was a glorious September, I rose early, and with this book in my pocket, or my hand, sallied into the wild fields of Wotton, and gazed upon the morning sun almost before the mists were dispersed. Then I read the *L'Allegro* over and over, almost till I was in a delirium. I hung over a style, or a gate, and listened to all the distant rural sounds with ecstasy." Thomas Miller, in his *Rural Sketches*, adverting to his childhood, remarks, how little it took to make him happy in those days. A dry crust from the large bread-crock which stood under the table ; Shakespeare, or a volume of Scott's immortal novels, a day of sunshine, and that a holyday, and he had to traverse but a single street, enter Foxby Lane, and bury himself in the woods, to reach his heaven. No pride, no object—no ambition—poverty was never felt, and therefore unknown ; so long as the bread-crock furnished forth its crust, all was pleasure, for the clear brook in the wood was never dry. Ariel, he says, passed not a happier life than his under the " blossomed bough." Dr. Aikin, in a work entitled, " Letters from a Father to his Son," which ought to be more read, for it is full of *sound sense*, and imbued with a frank and

sincere spirit, gives the following noble and just tribute to the cheering influence of literature : " If domestic enjoyments have contributed in the first degree to the happiness of my life, (and I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge that they have,) the pleasures of reading have beyond all question held the second place. Without books I have never been able to pass a single day to my entire satisfaction ; with them, no day has passed so dark as not to have its pleasure. Even pain and sickness have for a time been charmed away by them. By the easy provision of a book in my pocket, I have frequently worn through long nights and days in the most disagreeable parts of my profession with all the difference in my feelings between calm content and fretful impatience."

Anne Radcliffe was born the ninth day of July, 1764, in London, of very respectable parents, and at the age of twenty-three married William Radcliffe, student at law, who afterwards became the editor and proprietor of a weekly paper, " *The English Chronicle*." Mrs. Radcliffe's maiden name was Ward. Two years after her marriage, in 1789, she published the " *Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*," which gave but faint indications of her future renown. Nevertheless it is full of adventures—castles with trap-doors, winding galleries, fights and flights ; but the characters are feebly drawn, and with but little discrimination. Malcolm and Matilda, Osbert and Alleyn, the Count of Santmorin, come like shadows, so depart, and but slightly interest the feelings. All is as cold and barren as the Highlands where the scene is laid. " *The Sicilian Romance* " (1792) glows with all the splendid hues of a southern clime, and is well worthy of its title. From the first page, describing the ruins of the Castle of Mazzine, to the last, the interest is deep and absorbing—the characters are depicted with force and truth, and stand boldly from the canvass. After reading a few chapters the fair authoress lays her spell on you,—a light appears through the broken window shutters of an apartment belonging to a division of the castle, which had for many years been shut up—Vincent, an old and confidential servant of the Marquis, suddenly dies before he can make confession of some griev-

ous sin weighing on his heart ; voices and groans are heard from deserted apartments, "and more than echoes talk along the walls ;" and shadowy forms glide by in the obscurity. "Sicilian Groves, or Vales of Arcady," are painted in a style equal to Claude, and the savage grandeur of rude magnificence has all the force of Salvator. There is no lack of life in this work ; there are plenty of hair-breadth escapes, faithful lovers, cruel fathers, stern abbots, banditti, mouldering castles, and the convent bell is heard in twilight hour, or comes borne solemnly along on the midnight air. There is a decided improvement in "The Romance of the Forest." This is, perhaps, the most delightful work of its kind ever written. Pierre de la Motte, on account of crime, is compelled to flee from Paris, and leaves it with the intention of living in retirement and secrecy, and finds a place of refuge in the deserted Abbey of St. Clair, in the midst of an extensive forest. The scenery ; its quiet ; the carolling of the birds ; the pure air ; the perfume of flowers ; the blue and distant mountains ; the crimson tints of the morning ; the purple glow of evening ; are exquisitely described, and lap the senses in elysium. Murder had been committed in the abbey, which caused it to be avoided by the peasantry as if a pestilence brooded over it. It is impossible to put down the book after commencing it, for one's curiosity and delight increase at each succeeding chapter. A strong interest is excited where Adeline, soft, modest, melancholy, female fair, in reading a manuscript she finds in the vaults of the abbey, by a dim light, is afraid to raise her eyes to a mirror before her lest she should behold some other face there besides her own. The most delicious portion of the Romance is the description of Swiss scenery around the abode of La Luc, a pastor, whose character is one of the finest in the entire range of fiction ; one whose life was passed "in the deep Sabbath of meek self-content." We love the gentle and affectionate Clara, whose young heart is so bewitched with her lute, which she plays upon beneath the acacias which bordered the lake, either during the cool and refreshing hours of the morning, or in the evening when the moon sheds its trembling lustre over the water and landscape,

filling the heart with placid delight. Who can forget the sound of the music that fell on the ear of Clara as the vessel floated on summer seas along the shore of Provence, with such tender and entrancing sweetness, so soft, so soothing, that the tears fell from her eyes with pleasure ? That music still vibrates on the ear, still fills the air with melody to every one who has had the good fortune to have read this enchanting romance ; not in childhood which cannot appreciate it, not in mature age which would, perhaps, think it folly, but in the golden time of youth, when the heart is as pure and innocent as this magic piece of fiction, and at a season when we "hold each strange tale devoutly true." Fielding, in his *Tom Jones*, sensibly remarks, that every book ought to be read with the same spirit and in the same manner as it is written. Mrs. Radcliffe, notwithstanding her fame was at its pinnacle, lived in the strictest seclusion. She was naturally shy and retired in her manners and habits, but always cheerful and pious. Her husband was absent all day, and often till late at night, and it was her amusement during these hours to write, and on his return to read what she had written in his absence. The evening was her favorite hour for composition. Another of her chosen amusements was travelling, and every summer she took little journeys into the country, stopping at any place where she was attracted by the beauty of the scenery, or the conveniences of an inn. She always travelled with an abundance of books. This practice she commenced in the year 1797, and continued it to the time of her death in London, 1823, believing, with Cowley, that it was a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. She was very fond of music, and sang with great taste and feeling, and went frequently to the Opera. She was always delighted to hear fine poetry and prose read aloud, and to contemplate the glories and beauties of nature were to her an unfailing solace,

"Earth with her thousand voices praises God."

She was very beautiful in her youth, had a pure, transparent complexion, fine

eyes, eyebrows, and mouth;—and even after her death, for many days her countenance wore an expression of unusual placidity. She was remarkably attentive to all her domestic duties, and, to use the words of Bishop Hall, to her, “Every day was a little life.” In the summer of 1794, she made a journey through Holland, and along the western frontier of Germany, and returned down the Rhine, and then visited the lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. An account of this tour, published by Robinson, in 1795, is very interesting. She had a keen, observing eye. Hardwick, in Derbyshire, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, once the residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Queen Mary’s jailor, is finely described. She mentions a portrait of Mary in black, taken a short time before her death, the countenance much faded, deeply marked by indignation and grief, and reduced as if to a spectre of herself, frowning with suspicion upon all who approached it; the black eyes looking out from their corners, thin lips, somewhat aquiline nose, and beautiful chin. The sail from Holland to England is picturesquely described:—

“The calm continued during the day, and the sun set with uncommon grandeur among clouds of purple, red and gold, that, mingling with the serene azure of the upper sky, composed a richness and harmony of coloring which we never saw surpassed. It was most interesting to watch the progress of evening and its effect on the waters; streaks of light scattered among the dark western clouds, after the sun had set, and gleaming in long reflection on the sea, while a gray obscurity was drawing over the east, as the vapors rose gradually from the ocean. The air was breathless; the tall sails of the vessel were without motion, and her course upon the deep scarcely perceptible; while, above, the planet Jupiter burned with steady dignity, and threw a tremulous line of light on the sea, whose surface flowed in smooth waveless expanse. Then, other planets appeared, and countless stars spangled the dark waters. Twilight now pervaded air and ocean, but the west was still luminous, where one solemn gleam of dusky red edged the horizon, from under heavy vapors. The vessel made little progress during the night. With the earliest dawn of morning we were on the deck, in the hope of seeing the English coast; but the mists veiled it from our view. A spectacle, however, the most grand in nature, repaid us for our disappointment, and we found the circumstances of a sunrise at sea,

yet more interesting than those of a sunset. The moon, bright, and nearly at her meridian, shed a strong lustre on the ocean, and gleamed between the sails upon the deck; but the dawn, beginning to glimmer, contended with her light, and, soon touching the waters with a cold, gray tint, discovered them spreading all around to the vast horizon. Not a sound broke upon the silence, except the lulling one occasioned by the course of the vessel through the waves, and now and then the drowsy song of the pilot, as he leaned on the helm; his shadowy figure just discerned, and that of a sailor pacing near the head of the ship with crossed arms and a rolling step. The captain, wrapt in a sea-coat, lay asleep on the deck, wearied with the early watch. As the dawn strengthened, it discovered white sails stealing along the distance, and the flight of some sea-fowls, as they uttered their slender cry, and then, dropping upon the waves, sat floating on the surface. Meanwhile the light tints in the east began to change and the skirts of a line of clouds below to assume a hue of tawny red, which gradually became rich orange and purple. We could now perceive a long tract of the coast of France, like a dark streak of vapor hovering in the south, and were somewhat alarmed on finding ourselves in view of the French shore, while that of England was still invisible. The moonlight faded fast from the waters, and soon the long beams of the sun shot their lines upwards through the clouds and into the clear blue sky above, and all the sea below glowed with fiery reflections, for a considerable time, before his disk appeared. At length he rose from the waves, looking from under clouds of purple and gold; and as he seemed to touch the water, a distant vessel passed over his disk, like a dark speck.”

“The Italian, or the Confessional of the Black Penitents,” 1797, was the last of Mrs. Radcliffe’s works that appeared during her life, and it sustained, if it did not increase her fame. It was a book that no one but herself could have written. The monk Schedoni is the most powerfully drawn of all her characters. There are terrible scenes scattered with profusion in almost every chapter, relieved by vivid descriptions of Italian scenery. The adventures of Vivaldi among the ruins of Paluzzo, possess the highest interest,—and the interview between the Marchesa and Schedoni in the church of San Nicolo, and the terrific scenes on the sea-coast in the ruined tower, where Schedoni, as he is about murdering Ellena, discovers her to be his daughter, are painted in the deepest tragic style. It is strange that this work

was the last one she published, for her success had been most unequivocal and gratifying. After her decease, appeared "*Gaston de Blandeville*," in which she introduced a real ghost. All of these romances fortunately had attractive titles, in truth, so attractive that many have read the books who were ignorant of their high repute, and knew nothing of the author.

Butler, in his *Remains*, (a work worthy to be placed by the side of *Hudibras*,) shrewdly remarks, "there is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other."

"Fictions like those of Anne Radcliffe," observes Sir Walter Scott, "may, without injustice, be compared with the use of opiates, baneful when habitually and constantly resorted to, but of a most blessed power in those moments of pain and languor when the whole head is sore, and the whole heart sick." I look backward through many years, to the time I first

met with these romances,—the very look of the volumes—the places where I read them, are stamped on my brain, a bright, glorious, fresh picture. I read them in the fields, in the woods,—and best of all, by the fireside in the winter, "while rocking winds were piping loud," and felt the power of genius and its eternal effect. Sterne, in one of his sermons, says, almost one half of our time is spent in telling and hearing evil of one another;—this may be true of those who have no sources of amusement in themselves, but it applies not to the lover of books, pictures, concerts and theatres, or to one who is sensible of the joys and comforts of friendship, or attentive to the cultivation of an urbane and generous intercourse with those about him. In the noble words of Coleridge—

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

G. F. D.

THE POLICY OF ENGLAND AND ITS RESULTS.

"Paradoxical as it may appear, I think Great Britain the largest grain-exporting country in the world, although it is impossible to calculate accurately what quantity of grain, and other farming productions, is consumed in preparing fifty millions of exports by which she so greatly benefits. This grain, and these farming products, are placed in the laboratory of that wonderful machine, man, which gives him the physical power, aided by steam, of converting them into broadcloths, calico, hardware, &c., and in these shapes your wheats and farming find their way to every country in the world."

THE above passage is from a letter by an eminent merchant of Liverpool, now in Parliament, and we propose to take it as our text in an examination of the policy of Great Britain and its influence on the other nations of the world.

England *does* export more food than any other country of the world. Of her fifty millions of exports more than two-thirds consist of food. She takes the potatoes of Ireland, the wheat of Poland and of the Black Sea, the rice of India and Carolina, the sugar of Jamaica and Brazil, the coffee of Cuba and Caraccas, compresses them into the smallest possible form by means of the laboratory of the human stomach, and thus is enabled to export food to the amount of more than thirty millions sterling; while the people of these United States, producing annually a thousand millions of bushels of food for man, and a thousand millions of pounds of cotton, are compelled, for want of the light and easily transported, and comparatively inexpensive, machinery by aid of which their food and their wool could be converted into cloth, to send both to a distance of thousands of miles, obtaining a single bale of cloth for five bales of cotton, and thus losing on the road and in the work of transportation a large portion of the product of their labor.

England exports more food than any other country, and she imports more. She realizes in perfection the theory of the teachers who desire that we should see in the amount of exports and imports the measure of a country's prosperity. According to them, the more ships, and wagons, and men, that can be employed in the work of transportation and ex-

change, the more rapid must be the growth of wealth and happiness. If we speak with them of the poverty and wretchedness of Ireland, we are referred to the amount of imports and exports for evidence that she is becoming richer and more prosperous. If we refer to the depopulation of India, we are assured that she exports more than ever, and must, therefore, be increasing in prosperity. If we point to the superiority of the condition of the Chinese, as compared with the people of Hindostan, we are assured that a large external commerce is indispensable to any advance in civilization, and that the poor people of China are so deficient therein that it is lawful and Christian-like to batter down their towns and destroy their inhabitants, in order that those who remain may enjoy the blessings of that system which has exhausted and depopulated India.

It seems never to occur to these men that, the more numerous the people employed in the work of exchange, the smaller must be the number employed in that of production. A bushel of corn transported from Iowa to Manchester is still only a bushel of corn, and yet the labor that has been expended in the work of *transportation* is probably twice as great as was originally expended in its *production*, and had the whole been applied to the latter work, there would have been three bushels for the consumption of man instead of one. Each individual man understands this perfectly, and therefore it is that the farmer prefers a wagon to a cart, and a railroad to either. The labor of one man on the latter will accomplish more transportation than will that of a hundred horses and men, and all the balance is ap-

plicable to the work of production, and this is the sole advantage resulting from the substitution of an iron road for one of stone. The manufacturer of iron knows the importance of having the forge or the rolling-mill close to the furnace, and the cotton manufacturer brings the loom as near as possible to the spindles; and yet the men who undertake to lecture on the economy of nations would have us believe that in every increase of the quantity of our exchanges with far distant men, is to be found a new step in the road to prosperity. With them commerce and the machinery of *trade* are everything. They exult in every increase in the size and number of ships, yet a ship *produces* nothing. The bales of cotton, or the barrels of flour, that are placed on board are still but bales of cotton and barrels of flour when they are discharged. The labor of the farmer converts a bushel of wheat into twenty bushels, while the labor of the sailor adds nothing to the stock of food or the materials of clothing, and yet are we taught to find in the number of seamen an index to a country's wealth. Such is the political economy of all the English writers, and in it they have been followed by many eminent men on this side of the Atlantic; the result of which has been, that while there has been a perpetual effort on the part of *the people* to pursue the course they felt to be advantageous, it has been steadily counteracted by the efforts of half-instructed politicians to compel them to move in an opposite direction. If we turn to the last Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, we find him priding himself on the fact that his measures have tended to the promotion of our exchanges with distant nations, necessarily accompanied with much loss of time and labor; but we should fail if we sought to find in it any evidence that his measures had tended to promote those domestic exchanges which are effected with the aid of inexpensive machinery, and at small cost of labor, leaving a large quantity of labor to be applied to the work of increasing the quantity of products to be consumed or exchanged.

Mr. Walker is a disciple of the economical school of England. The policy of that country has, at all times, been that of *compelling* others to send to her their

food, their cotton, their wool, and their other raw materials, that she might convert them into forms that fit them for consumption, and then return them to the producers, *minus* all the cost of transportation and exchange. With that view she has desired to have colonies with which she could have what she called free trade. Independent nations would not have it, because its ruinous effects were too obvious, but subjects could be compelled to do that which *she* insisted was for their interest. The people of her American provinces might smelt their ore, but if they desired to convert their iron into nails they must send it to English workshops, there to be converted by aid of costly English food; while the granaries of the provinces were groaning under the weight of wheat, and rye, and Indian corn, for which there was no market, and then to be returned to them burthened with enormous expense for transportation and exchange. They might make hats for themselves, but if they desired to exchange their surplus with their neighbor subjects, they must do it through the medium of English ports, if indeed even that could have been permitted. That was her freedom of trade. She has desired to be "the workshop of the world," and such, according to Lord John Russell, she must be. With that view she prohibited the export of every species of machinery, and the artisan was sent to prison if he endeavored to transfer himself and his skill to any foreign country. The world now rebels, and tariffs of protection have become almost universal, and England, forced to adopt measures of conciliation, repeals her corn-laws, hoping thereby to obtain additional power to control the exchanges between the producer and the consumer of other countries, compelling the food to come with the wool and the cotton, that all may be converted into cloth, and thus to increase the already existing burthen upon her neighbors: But the result has thus far been a total failure. The demand for her manufactures has not increased. The condition of her people has not improved. At no period of her history has distress been so universal. At none has the difficulty of obtaining employment been so great. At none has there existed so great a desire to ship off to distant markets the laborers

held to be surplus; and while she employs ships of war on the African coast to prevent the *purchase* of black slaves, she courts a demand for the white ones of the United Kingdom, offering not only to give them, but also to pay a portion of the cost of transportation, careless whether they perish of disease on the voyage, or starve on the shores of the St. Lawrence. With each step in her progress her difficulties increase, because her system is unnatural and, therefore, unsound, those difficulties being but the natural consequences of its existence.

"The eyes of England," says Mr. Carey, in his recent work, the Past, Present and Future, to which we propose shortly to call the attention of our readers, in an extended review, "have always been turned *from home*. She must and would," he continues, "have ships, colonies, and commerce. To that desire is due the waste of thousands of millions; of more than would have sufficed to cover the island with railroads; to render every field a garden; to provide food in abundance for a population five times greater than now finds subsistence on her soil, and composed of a healthy, hardy race, capable of guarding their own rights, and regulating for themselves the hours of labor, the drainage of houses, the mode and expense of interments, and a thousand other things, in reference to which they are now compelled to claim parliamentary interference: by which is indicated an extreme inability to protect themselves.

"The state of things that has existed during the last thirty years is the strongest commentary on the system. It is impossible to look at any work on British agriculture without being struck with its backward state in most parts of the kingdom, when compared with what might naturally have been looked for in a country so abounding in wealth and population. The cry is everywhere that the people are too numerous; yet the best lands in many of the counties are badly cultivated, although wealth so much abounds that it has been made a matter of question whether it might not be too abundant for the prosperity of a nation.* So abounding, it has, however, been almost as often the question where to get it, as how to be rid of it. For the first few years that followed the Congress of Vienna, it was lent to all the arbitrary sovereigns of Europe. In 1825, it was sent throughout Spanish America. In 1835, it was sent to all North America. Between each of these, however, was a period of extreme distress to manufacturers and ship-

owners; of starvation to operatives, and of ruin to tenants; and such would continue to be the case were the system to be continued. None was ever devised so well calculated to retard, without the aid of war, the progress of a nation. It has succeeded in rendering men and wealth superabundant in a nation that imports food, which yet can, even now, produce it at less cost of labor than any other of the world, America not excepted; and it has also succeeded in causing the waste of hundreds of millions in loans, colonies, &c., of which but a small part will ever return."

Few errors are more common than that which leads us to believe that the agriculture of Great Britain is generally in a high condition, and that the land is made to yield all the produce of which it is capable. But half a century since that country was described by a writer of the highest authority, as being "disfigured and burdened everywhere" with "immeasurable wastes, commons, and heaths," resembling "one of those huge, unwieldy cloaks worn in Italy and Spain, of which a small part is serviceable to the owner, while the rest is not only useless but cumbersome and oppressive;" and as containing "in proportion to its size, more waste land than any civilized kingdom in the world, Russia itself not excepted."* At that very time Mr. Malthus was preparing for publication a book having for its object, that of accounting for the distress and misery of the people by aid of his principle of over population!

Since then there has been a great improvement, but it is yet small compared with what it might have been had that country been accustomed to look more at home and less abroad. The hundreds of millions wasted in foreign wars would have made railroads that would have given to almost every farm in the kingdom facilities of communication with every other one; and the labor that has been spent in building the ships of war, and fabricating the arms and ammunition required for the acquisition and protection of colonies that were valuable to her only because they could be compelled to trade with her on such terms as she might think proper to dictate, would have accomplished, thirty years since, the works of drain-

* Wakefield's Notes to Smith's Wealth of Nations.

* Eden's History of the Poor, quoted by Mr. Carey, at page 51.

age, and of improvement in other forms, that are now going on, yielding abundant supplies of food produced at home, for the maintenance of the millions employed in the conversion of the raw materials of the earth into the cloth and the iron required for their own consumption, and that of the prosperous cultivators by whom they would then have been surrounded.

"In the natural course of things," says Mr. Carey, "there is a strong tendency towards placing the consumer by the side of the producer, and thus diminishing the quantity required of the machinery of exchange; and wherever that tendency does not grow in the ratio of the growth of population, it is a consequence of some of those weak 'inventions' by which man so often disturbs the harmony of nature. Wherever her laws have most prevailed, such has been the tendency, and there have wealth and the power of man over the great machine, most rapidly increased. Rent is the price paid for the use of that power, and it increases with every diminution in the quantity required of the machinery of exchange."

Among these "inventions" may be placed in the first rank this British system which has for its object the separation of the consumers and the producers of other countries. Common sense teaches the producer of food that if the market be near at hand he saves both time and labor in making his exchanges, while his land is improved because of his power to return to it the refuse of its products; whereas when the market is distant there is great loss of time and labor, and his land is exhausted by constant cropping, while returning to it no part of its product, and yet in this is found the essence of the colonial system of England. The system is unnatural, and therefore it is that it requires large fleets and armies, with their attendant taxation, for its maintenance. Unless coerced thereto, the people of Ireland would never have submitted to laws prohibiting them from exchanging with other parts of the world except through the medium of English ports, nor to other laws having for their object the discouragement of all the manufactures of Ireland. The produce of that country, except the little that is required for the subsistence, such as it is, of the miserable people employed in the work of production, is consumed abroad, and the land already in

cultivation is thereby exhausted; whereas, were that produce consumed at home by prosperous workmen engaged in converting ore into iron and wool into cloth, the power of the land would be maintained, and the people would acquire the means of subduing to cultivation her millions of acres of bog that would give to their use, soils of a quality far superior to any now in cultivation. Deprived of all power to engage in the work of manufacture, her people waste annually more labor and manure than would make all the iron and cloth required for the consumption of the United Kingdom, with its almost thirty millions of population; the necessary consequence of which is, that they are poor and turbulent, and therefore is it that large armies are required to maintain even the existing disorganized condition of society. She hangs upon England a dead weight scarcely to be borne, and the latter is likely soon to be compelled to make an effort to release herself from all connection with a people that would, under a different system, have ranked among the most civilized of Europe, occupying one of the most prosperous countries of the world. What Ireland is, the American provinces would have become, had they not released themselves from the connection, and thereby obtained the power of protecting themselves against the perpetual error of the British system. India is exhausted. Her manufactures have been ruined, and the producer and consumer having thus been separated, there has been a steady diminution in the power of production and consumption, to the great astonishment of English political economists, who now anxiously inquire why it is that a country favored with the enjoyment of free trade with them, is not blessed with prosperity. So is it with the West Indies, and so is it with Canada. Every country that enjoys free trade with England is exhausted, because her policy tends to the separation of the consumers and the producers of other countries, and to the consequent exhaustion of their lands.

"The earth is the sole producer. Man fashions and exchanges. A part of his labor applied to the fashioning of the great machine, and this produces changes that are permanent. The drain, once cut, remains a drain; and limestone, once reduced to lime, never

becomes limestone. It passes into the food of man and animals, and ever after takes its part in the same round with the clay with which it has been incorporated. The iron rusts, and gradually passes into soil, to take its part with the clay and the lime. That portion of his labor gives him wages while preparing the machine for greater future production. That other portion which he expends on fashioning and exchanging the products of the machine, produces temporary results, and gives him wages alone. *Whatever tends, therefore, to diminish the quantity of labor necessary for the fashioning and exchanging of the products, tends to increase the quantity that may be given to increasing the amount of products, and to preparing the great machine; and thus, while increasing the present return to labor, preparing for a future further increase.*

"The first poor cultivator obtains a hundred bushels for his year's wages. To pound this between two stones requires twenty days of labor, and the work is not half done. Had he a mill in the neighborhood he would have better flour, and he would have almost his whole twenty days to bestow upon his land. He pulls up his grain. Had he a scythe, he would have more time for the preparation of the machine of production. He loses his axe, and it requires days of himself and his horse on the road, to obtain another. His machine loses the time and the manure, both of which would have been saved had the axe-maker been at hand. The real advantage derived from the mill and the scythe, and from the proximity of the axe-maker, consists simply in the power which they afford him to devote his labor more and more to the preparation of the great machine of production, and such is the case with all the machinery of preparation and exchange. The plough enables him to do as much in one day as with a spade he could do in five. He saves four days for drainage. The steam-engine drains as much as without it could be drained by thousands of days of labor. He has more leisure to marl and lime his land. The more he can extract from his machine the greater is its value, because everything he takes is, by the very act of taking it, fashioned to aid further production. The machine, therefore, improves by use; whereas spades, and ploughs, and steam engines, and all other of the machines used by man, are but the various forms into which he fashions parts of the great original machine, to disappear in the act of being used; as much so as food, though not so rapidly. The earth is the great labor savings bank; and the value to man of all other machines is in the direct ratio of their tendency to aid him in increasing his deposits in the only bank whose dividends are perpetually increasing, while its capital is perpetually doubling. *That it may continue for ever so to do, all that it asks is that it shall receive back the refuse of its pro-*

duce—the manure; and that it may do so, the consumer and the producer must take their places by each other. That done, every change that is effected becomes permanent, and tends to facilitate other and greater changes. The whole business of the farmer consists in making and improving soils, and the earth rewards him for his kindness by giving him more and more food the more attention he bestows upon her."

It is obvious that the smaller the quantity of labor that is needed for fashioning and exchanging the products of the earth, the greater is the quantity that may be given to increasing the quantity of products, and the greater will be the quantity of food, and of the materials of clothing to be divided among those who labor. Equally obvious must it be that the saving in the labor of exchanging must necessarily be attended with an increase in the facility of cultivation, because of the power to return to the land the manure yielded by its products, and that thus every step towards the approximation of the consumer and the producer is attended with a double result, by increasing the labor to be applied, and the advantage with which it may be applied. In opposition to this, however, the political economists of England tell us that every increase in the quantity of labor applied to cultivating the land is attended with diminished reward; and this is asserted in the face of the fact that at no period has labor yielded returns as large as those which are now obtained. It is impossible to open any book on English agriculture, without being struck with the wonderful increase in the returns obtained from similar surfaces, while the improved machinery of the present day enables the laborer to cultivate a larger surface than at any former period. The increase, per acre, that has thus taken place within the last thirty years is said to be greater than the whole average product of the land of this country, and that increase has been obtained by the application of labor to the extent of twenty, forty, eighty, or one hundred shillings per acre; being less than the cost of the wild lands of the West to the settler, if we estimate his actual expenditure from the time he sets out on his pilgrimage until he is enabled to clear and cultivate as much as enables him to obtain subsistence for himself and his family, and

provide a proper shelter for them. At no period has labor applied to land yielded results so large, and yet the whole system of English political economy is based on an assumption directly the reverse of this universal fact. At a great agricultural dinner given by Sir Robert Peel a few months since, some remarkable statements were given as to the great results obtained from small expenditures on land. One of the guests stated that in one case in which he held a lease for only seven years, he had expended from thirty to thirty-five shillings per acre [\$7.20 to \$8.40] in drainage, and had thereby doubled the product, paying himself by the first year's crop. Another portion which he had drained had proved so productive that it rented for £5 [\$24] per acre, instead of 5s. [\$1.20]. In another case it was stated that a piece of land containing ninety-five acres, that supported fourteen cows, and grew eighty-eight bushels of wheat and beans, had been made to produce one thousand bushels of wheat, besides supporting forty head of cattle, large and small, one hundred sheep, and eighty pigs. The most remarkable case, however, was that of Mr. Woodward, who was obtaining from his whole farm an average of about fifty bushels to the acre, whereas much of it had been accustomed to produce, before it came into his possession, but little more than ten bushels, and all this was the result of the application of some fifty or sixty shillings per acre to the work of drainage. Supposing it even eighty shillings, it would represent but eight weeks' labor of one man, and where in this country can man obtain land capable of yielding, *permanently*, forty bushels to the acre, (the difference between the present and former yield,) and already provided with buildings of every kind, roads, markets, &c., at the cost of eight weeks' labor or even twice that quantity, per acre? Most certainly nowhere!

In no part of Europe, except in Belgium, Holland, and Tuscany, is labor applied to the work of cultivation rewarded with as large returns as in those parts of England, where it is applied in sufficient quantity to the preparation of the land, particularly by means of drainage, a work that has only recently been carried to any great extent. That such is the case, is obvious from the fact, that nearly the whole of the sup-

plies required for its population is furnished by the labor of only two-fifths engaged in agriculture, whereas, in this country, even Massachusetts exhibits to our view more than one-half so employed. As we pass south and west from that State, the proportion steadily increases, until at length we find in the extreme south, and extreme west, nearly the whole so engaged, except so far as they are employed on the roads leading to distant markets, in which to exchange their products for the cloth and iron which under a more natural state of things would be produced at home.

With each step in this progress we find a diminution in the produce of labor applied to the cultivation of the land, and that difference is most remarkable when compared with England. We cannot open an English agricultural journal without being struck with crops of forty or fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, constantly increasing too, because of the presence of the consumer enabling the farmer to return to the land the refuse of its products; and with the wonderful yield of green crops, to the extent of fifteen or twenty tons to the acre, produced by the demand for milk, and butter, and veal, and beef, resulting from the presence of a large consuming population: whereas, if we then turn to the Report of our Commissioner of Patents, we are equally struck with the fact, that while the wheat lands of Ohio and New York yield now on an average less than twelve bushels to the acre, even that small product tends steadily to decrease, because of the necessity for wasting on the road, and in distant markets, the manure that should go back on the land; and that thus there is in operation a constant process of exhaustion, because of the wide distance that in this country intervenes between the producer and the consumer. It may, we think, safely be asserted, that the return to agricultural labor in the well cultivated portion of Great Britain is at least thrice as great as in this country, and yet even in the former the general result is small compared with what it might be made. Mr. Laing, one of the most intelligent of British travellers, tells us that "if we raise our eyes from their books to their fields, and coolly compare what we see in the best districts farmed in large farms with what we see in the best districts farmed in small "

we see, and there is no blinking the fact, better crops on the ground in Flanders, East Friesland, Holstein, in short, on the whole line of the arable land of equal quality on the continent, from the Sound to Calais, than we see on the line of British coast opposite to this line, and in the same latitudes, from the Firth of Forth all around to Dover. Minute labor," he continues, "on small portions of arable ground, gives evidently, in equal sorts and climate, a superior productiveness where these small portions belong in property, as in Flanders, Holland, Friesland, and Ditmarsh in Holstein, to the farmer. It is not pretended," he adds, "by our agricultural writers, that our large farmers, even in Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, or the Lothians, approach to the garden-like cultivation, attention to manures, drainage, and clean state of the land, or in productiveness from a small space of soil not originally rich, which distinguishes the small farmers of Flanders and their system."* In confirmation of this we have the statement by Mr. Mechi, one of the guests at the dinner above referred to, that the agriculture of the country was "in a very backward and unsatisfactory state compared with its manufactures," and that their "agricultural mechanical appliances were rude, costly, and unprofitable."†

Mr. McCulloch gives us the following picture of the progress of English husbandry:—

"Considering the wonderful facilities of communication that exist in Great Britain, and the universal diffusion of information by means of the press, the slowness with which agricultural improvements make their way, is not a little surprising. Mr. Harte mentions that when he was a youth, he heard Jethro Tull declare, that though he had introduced turnips into the field in King William's reign, with little trouble or expense, and great success, the practice did not travel beyond the hedges of his own estate until after the peace of Utrecht. It might, one should think, be reasonably supposed, that improved practices would now be much more rapidly diffused; but experience shows that this is not really the case. What is well known and systematically practised in one county, is frequently unknown, or utterly disregarded, in the adjacent districts; and what is to every un-

prejudiced observer evidently erroneous and injurious to the land, is in some quarters persisted in pertinaciously, though a journey of not many miles would open to view the beneficial effects of a contrary practice."*

Ten weeks' labor of one man, or an expenditure of five pounds per acre, converts, as we see, a machine that produces ten bushels into one yielding fifty bushels to the acre. Let us suppose, however, the addition to be only twenty bushels, and compare the result of labor applied directly to the production of food with that required for obtaining it from Poland, Egypt, or the United States, by aid of the complicated machinery of commerce now in use. If ten weeks' labor be required for one acre, one thousand weeks would suffice for one hundred acres, and thus the labor of twenty men for one year would produce a machine capable of yielding two thousand bushels of wheat annually; and that of three hundred men for two years would produce one that would yield sixty thousand bushels; and if they were working for themselves on their own land, instead of being mere hired laborers, it would be much more. At ten shillings per week, the labor of these three hundred men would be worth £15,600, being far less than the cost of a mill of very ordinary size, to be employed in converting the cotton of India into a form to fit it for re-exportation to that country, by aid of male and female, adult and infant laborers, who must work twelve or fourteen hours at small wages, to enable them to compete with the poor Hindoo who obtains for a month's labor about two rupees, or one dollar.

The man who cultivates ten acres of land, his own property, and obtains from it fifty bushels of wheat, or its equivalent, per acre, obtains five hundred bushels for his year's work. The same labor employed in producing iron or cloth, to be exported in exchange for food, does not produce, on an average, including the share of the owner of the furnace or the mill, more than three bushels per week, or about a hundred and fifty bushels per annum. In the one case labor is applied directly to the production of the commodity that is required; in the other it is applied indirectly, and we know that "the more direct-

* Notes of a Traveller, by Samuel Laing, p. 283, American edition.

† Skinner's Journal of Agriculture, vol. 3, p. 430.

* Statistics of the British Empire, vol. i. p. 545

ly power is applied, the less is the friction and the greater is the effect; and that with every increase in the quantity of machinery, friction increases and power diminishes."

"So," says Mr. Carey, "is it here. The friction is great, and hence it is that food is high, and that wages are low. In many parts of England, the agricultural laborer has but nine shillings per week, while the ordinary price of wheat is not less than fifty shillings per quarter, and it is frequently more. The laborer has for his week's work, therefore, but about a bushel and a quarter, or a bushel and a third per week, *for all purposes*, and he can accumulate nothing. Throughout the United States, the laborer has about seventy-five cents per day, which will not vary materially from the average price of a bushel of wheat; which would give six bushels as the price of a week's work. He can, therefore, *consume* more than the English laborer *receives*, and still lay up more than half his wages. That he does this is every day seen."

It will be said, however, that there is not room for the population of the United Kingdom to employ itself in cultivation, and that the withdrawal of labor from manufactures would flood the agricultural labor market. To those who think so, we would recommend a re-perusal of the passage we have extracted from Mr. McCulloch, and also a careful examination of the condition of Ireland. They will then see that in the latter, the best lands, those which require drainage, are uncultivated because of the want of the means of improvement. Even, however, in the former, how wonderfully small is the improvement now being made compared with what might be made were the spirit which animates some few of her landed proprietors to become universal, and with every step in their improvements there would arise a new demand for labor to be applied directly to the work of production. At the dinner above referred to it was stated by a clergyman, that on a piece of land that gave, before it came into his possession, employment to but three and a half laborers, who, judging from the amount of their production, must have been poorly paid; there are now kept in full employment no less than twelve, and their large production enables them to obtain good wages. With every increase in the power of producing food at home, there would be increased demands for labor to be employed in the work of

converting the food and the iron ore into iron, and the food and the wool into cloth for the use of the prosperous producers of food, while the power to construct roads and to build houses would grow with the improvement of the land; for every diminution in the labor of exchanging would be attended with an increase in the quantity that could be given to the work of production.

With abundant wealth to be applied to the work of improvement, and with a power to produce food at less cost of labor than any country in the world, except Belgium, Great Britain buys her food abroad, employing in its production the people of Russia and Poland, Egypt and Sicily, being precisely those whose cultivation is carried on by aid of the worst machinery in the world, and she pays for this costly food in the labor of men who cannot obtain of it in exchange for a year's services, on an average of years, more than a hundred bushels of wheat, or its equivalent. The whole number of occupiers of land, and of agricultural laborers, was given in 1831 at less than two million four hundred thousand,* while the value of agricultural produce, the standard being wheat, at six shillings and threepence or \$1.50 per bushel of seventy pounds, was estimated at £155,000,000,† or the equivalent of five hundred millions of bushels, a yield which might be doubled with the application of the same labor were the spirit of improvement general throughout the kingdom. Even as it is, the return is equal to an average of about two hundred bushels to each, but it is to be remembered that very many occupiers are not laborers, and that a very considerable portion of the labor of those who are so is given to the work of making the machinery of production, being employed in the work of draining and ditching, road-making, &c., &c. With this allowance, the return of food per hand may fairly be set down at double that obtained from labor employed in the work of manufacture.

Nevertheless, she buys her food abroad when she might produce it at home, and that she may do so she crowds hundreds of thousands of people into closely-built, ill-drained, and ill-ventilated towns, whose

* McCulloch's *Statistics of the British Empire*, p. 593.

† *Ibid*, p. 590.

cellars are filled with starving operatives, who, if they could be employed on the land, would obtain larger and more constantly increasing returns to labor than any others in the world. So employed, they would need neither fleets nor armies for their protection, and taxes might be dispensed with, whereas under the existing system by which the soils of Germany and Russia, of Canada, South Africa, and Australia, are cultivated by the aid of spinning-jennies and power-looms, immense bodies of men are required to be maintained under arms, and are employed in the construction of arms, and of ships and steam vessels, to be employed in protecting the trade and in compelling the colonists to submit to decrees of Parliament regulating the manner in which it shall be carried on with their fellow subjects at home, who are themselves taxed so heavily for the maintenance of those armies and fleets that vast bodies of soldiers and of special constables are required to preserve even the appearance of order in England itself. The average product of labor is but half what it should now be, and of that half a large portion is absorbed by the unceasing demands of the government. The laborer gives much labor for little food, and the owner of land obtains much food for little of either labor or capital, and thus the whole of this unnatural system tends to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.

Her constant effort has been to produce an unnatural state of things by which she might tax the world for the support of the fleets and armies by which it was to be maintained, and the effect upon herself has been that of producing an unnatural distribution of her population. The consumers of food—the people employed in the work of converting raw materials into cloths and hardware, and those employed in the work of transportation and exchange—have borne too large a proportion to the producers of food, and hence has arisen that dependence on the proceedings of distant nations that is now held to be the very perfection of a sound political economy. Its effect under the most favorable circumstances, is that of increasing the difficulty of obtaining the necessities of life, for the price of all is dependent upon the cost of obtaining that last small por-

tion which is produced in Russia and Poland at the cost of much labor, and which then requires a large additional quantity for the performance of the work of transportation from the banks of the Vistula, or the shores of the Black Sea, to the neighborhood of the consumer in Manchester or Birmingham. Its effects, under unfavorable circumstances, we are now witnessing. The smallest disturbance in any part of the world has, for many years past, been attended with the closing of mills, attended with distress and misery among the operatives, the necessary consequence of which has been a diminution rather than increase in the habit of care and economy necessary to enable them to provide against a recurrence of such a state of things. With another throw of the political dice, the demand for cloth and iron has increased, and with it the demand for laborers, who have invariably manifested a disposition for turbulence exactly proportioned to the servility with which they sought employment in the gloomy state of things from which they had just emerged. Now, however, a crisis in the foreign trade of England seems to have arrived, and what is to be the result no one can tell. All Europe is in commotion, and the market on the continent for her products is almost destroyed. The West Indies are in a state of utter ruin. For years past, the trade with India has been a gambling one, in which the losses have been immense, and nearly all the houses engaged in it have been swept away within the present year. The demand for the products of her mills and her furnaces has so greatly diminished, that her exports for the first six months of the present year fell off about a million sterling per month, or at the rate of nearly sixty millions of dollars for the whole year; and that notwithstanding the vast increase in the export to this country consequent upon our adoption of that most ruinous measure, the tariff of 1846. For a year past, this country has been her sole resource; but if, as we hope and trust will be the case, the tariff of 1842 be re-enacted in the course of the next session of Congress, we shall then be enabled to see in full perfection the results of a system which *drives* men from the labor of the field to the workshop, with a view to compel the agricul-

turist of all other countries to use the machinery of England when they would prefer to use their own, having the shoemaker and the lapstone to sit down in the vicinity of the food produced by the man who desires to wear the shoes.

The disciple of Mr. Malthus would tell us that the poverty and wretchedness now existing in every part of the United Kingdom are the natural results of the great principle of population, and that as man always increases more rapidly in number than food can be increased in quantity, starvation is the necessary consequence of the rapid increase of population that has taken place in Great Britain during the last half century; and he will persist in this assertion despite the well known fact that the consumption of food per head is now probably six times greater than it was when the population numbered but two millions;* and despite the universal fact that when men are poor and scattered food is always obtained with difficulty, while with increasing population the facility of obtaining it is always increased. In no country of continental Europe is population so dense as it is in Belgium, and in none does the laborer obtain as much food in return for the same quantity of labor. If we look to Tuscany we shall see nearly similar results. In no portion is popu-

lation so widely scattered as in Poland, and in none is food obtained with greater difficulty. When Sicily, and Egypt, and Africa abounded in population, they were the granaries of Rome, but with each step in the diminution of their respective populations, their powers of production have been seen to diminish in a still more rapid ratio, and the scattered people that now remain have little to consume and less to spare.

The true cause of the present and probable future difficulty of England, may be found in the fact that her policy has tended to compel her subjects in Ireland and in all her colonies throughout the world, as well as the people of other nations, to do that which they would not naturally do, in sending the food and the wool to the spindle and the loom, instead of bringing those simple and inexpensive machines to the great machine that produces food and wool. The effect upon them has been that of preventing the natural concentration of man by aid of which labor is rendered more productive, and of causing the exhaustion of the land they cultivated, and thereby increasing the difficulty of producing the commodities for the supply of which England was thus rendering herself dependent upon them. She has exhausted every country that was dependent upon her, and the state of exhaustion that she now herself exhibits is but the necessary consequence of this great error of her policy. Her day of power is past.

* For an examination of this question, we would refer our readers to Mr. Carey's book, p. 68.

MOZART.*

Of all the eminent musicians who have illustrated their art by their genius, and enriched the treasury of its masterpieces by their works, there has been no one so remarkable for intuitive, one may almost say innate disposition to music, as Mozart. The numerous well authenticated stories of his marvellous precocity, show him to have possessed in infancy a degree of musical intelligence more like to the maturity of manhood than to anything that had ever been known or could ever have been supposed of a child. Thus we learn of his practical facility, that at an extremely early age he executed in a masterly manner pieces of considerable difficulty on the harpsichord and on the violin; and of his inventive powers there is the living proof of several compositions written down by his father from his dictation when but four years old, which are no less remarkable for clearness and fluency of melody than for purity of accompaniment. We have a right to suppose, however, that it is not more to these extraordinary natural qualifications than to the judicious education which developed them that we are indebted for the production of those works of surpassing excellence that were the admiration of the time in which they were written, and will be the models of all time to come.

Born in the court of Salzburg, where his father held the appointment of Kapellmeister, Mozart may be said to have breathed an atmosphere of music from his very cradle. Himself a musician of considerable ability, both as a composer and as a performer, the elder Mozart had for his friends and constant associates the members of the orchestra of the archbishop, in whose service he was engaged, so that his home, the nursery of the infant wonder, was ever the scene of musical exercise and discussion; thus, that strong susceptibility to musical impressions in his son, which might otherwise have

long lain dormant, being immediately acted upon, began immediately to expand—having food for observation, the child's great capacity for reflection was at once called into play. So soon as the tendency of the infant mind of Mozart began to express itself, the father, who appears to have been in all respects no less a sensible man than a sound musician, began in the most careful manner to cultivate it, and by his ingenious instruction, as well as by his well-timed encouragement, completed what nature had begun—the formation of the greatest musician in the world.

What is known of Mozart's infantile compositions, of his early fluency in fugal improvisation, and of the elaborate contrapuntal exercises he wrote for the different diplomas and other distinguished honors he obtained during his tour in Italy when twelve years of age, proves that his early studies must have been in the strict school; and the remarks on pianoforte playing contained in his letters, the accounts of his performances handed down by his cotemporaries, and his compositions for this instrument, equally show that as an executive artist his style must have been most pure and classical. It is a fair presumption that the character of his early studies had far more than a temporary effect on the development of his powers; that namely, one great, perhaps the principal characteristic of his style as a composer may be justly attributed to the direction given to his musical thoughts by his first lessons and original associations.

The characteristic to which allusion is here made is the habitual employment of contrapuntal contrivances that makes the free compositions of Mozart so remarkable for elaboration of detail, but which contrivances are themselves so happy, are introduced in so masterly a manner, and are so evidently not the result of research but of the accustomed train of thinking of the

* Cheap edition of Mozart's Operas. 8vo. Berlin. To be had of C. F. Hoyer, Broadway, and Scherfenberg and Luis, Broadway, New York.

writer, that they give not in the least to his works the air of pedantry, but lead one rather to suppose that such intricate points of imitation must have been natural to and unpremeditated by him, as they are ever fresh and unexpected to the hearer.

The particular course of early studies pursued by Mozart is thus supposed to have had great influence in the moulding of his mind and the structure of his style ; it is fair to consider, however, that another cause may have had more to do with the bringing that mind to maturity, that style to the perfection which can never be surpassed, namely, the constant encouragement which Mozart received throughout his career. While a child, his father and his father's friends appreciated what he did and acknowledged the value they set upon his efforts ; in his musical tours in Germany, France, England, and Italy, he was always received as a person of extraordinary powers, and he consequently never wanted opportunity to display those powers ; in his maturity no less than in his infancy he always found executants to do justice to his works in performance, audiences to listen to them, and discerning judges to admire them. Throughout all his career we find only one instance of Mozart's having written a work of any importance that was not eagerly sought, adequately produced and worthily received ; this was the comic opera *La Finta Semplice*, which was written while he was yet a child, before he had otherwise essayed his powers as a dramatic composer, and when naturally from his extreme youth and his inexperience the management of the opera may have mistrusted his abilities and hesitated to risk so much of time, expense, labor and public opinion as must be risked in the production of a new work upon the first attempt of a boy who, however wonderful as a boy, might without injustice be doubted as a competitor with the approved masters of his day. True it is that Mozart was often ill paid, sometimes wholly unpaid for his labors in money, but such lucre is not the only guerdon of an artist.

We learn, indeed, that he had powerful, perhaps malicious rivals ; but in this circumstance we find, if not encouragement, surely a worthy stimulant to a highly organized intellect : the opposition of powers

nearest akin to his own could only act as an excitement to the utmost vindication of his own powers so long as he had, which he seems to have had always, a fitting field for their exercise. Every opera he wrote, after the one we have cited, was composed in fulfilment of an express engagement, and for stipulated singers and orchestras, so that at their first production they were all given precisely when, where, and by the identical artists for whom he intended them, and the same may be said of his masses, his symphonies, concertos, and all his pieces written for public performance ;* thus was he encouraged to the composition of each, while, as there is not the record of a single failure among all his very numerous appeals to public favor, we can happily feel that his own works and their success most genially excited him each to the labor of the succeeding.

Acknowledged by the very greatest in his own art, and received and courted by the royalty and rank of all the nations through which he passed, the model of the student and the idol of society, Mozart could well dispense with the worldly wealth, the want of which has depressed many a man of very high abilities into the same silence into which others, with the brilliant author of *Il Barbiere* at their head, have been lulled by its possession. With many truly gifted men their unheard works have accumulated on their shelves, until broken-spirited by continual disappointment, and no longer able to strive in vain for opportunity to manifest the deity within them, they have ceased to be to themselves what they could never become to the world.

The limits of this article preclude the possibility of commenting upon all Mozart's numerous productions ; in forming a general idea of his character as a composer from what may here be advanced, the reader who has not already formed his judgment and made his estimate, must consider that many will be necessarily passed over in silence, others merely glanced at, and but one, his universally acknowledged masterpiece, carefully analyzed. The comparative excellence of those of which little is said, must be estimated, not by the com-

* The unfinished score of *Zaide* and the fragment of another opera may be supposed, from their incompleteness, to have been withheld by the composer from public performance.

paratively little that is said, but by the analogous merit of those to the remarks on which more space will be allotted.

In his chamber music, Mozart takes the very highest rank among those who have most excelled in this class of writing. His six string Quartets, dedicated, with the affection of a friend and the enthusiasm of a disciple, to his predecessor, his compeer, and his successor, Haydn, and his other four, justly rank with the very best of Haydn, with those of Beethoven and of Mendelssohn, and with the best of Spohr. The world knows no other to associate with them.

Of the Quintets, that in G minor must, whatever else of excellence has been or may be produced to compare with it, be felt to be unsurpassed and unsurpassable.

Of his many beautiful pianoforte works, his solo Fantasia and Sonata in C minor will ever stand out even from among them as a composition of peculiar power; and it is remarkable as containing, particularly in the last movement, a complete prototype of the peculiar style which modern critics distinguish as Beethovenish, and which in the late works of the great author of Fidelio is recognized as the most striking characteristic.

The Ottet for wind instruments in C minor, known also as a string Quintet from the composer's own arrangement, must not be passed over; first, on account of the great rarity of pieces of high merit for such a combination, and next on account of the striking example afforded in the Minuet and Trio, of the happy application of Mozart's great contrapuntal facility, the rhythmical clearness and the melodious fluency being so striking, as to make the movement captivating to the most uninitiated and musically uncultivated though intelligent listener, while the complicate elaboration of the strict canon which is preserved throughout, must ever astonish the most erudite musician.

Thus, the school of chamber music Mozart may be truly said to have greatly advanced, since Haydn wrote all the best of his works in this class after Mozart had improved upon the model which he had originated; and from that time such composition has assumed a higher position than it held or aimed at before.

In orchestral music we must ever regard

his Symphonies in G minor, for its intensity of passionate expression, and in C major, called by the English *Jupiter*, for its simple grandeur and its prodigious elaboration with all the effect of spontaneous effusion, as incomparable and unapproachable. Whatever be the romantic imagination and the gigantic power expressed in the no less matchless master-pieces of Beethoven, the qualities for which these two works are so remarkable, are carried in them to such an extent as to make the works themselves, whatever has, or may be written, for ever individual. These two immortal works, and the no less beautiful in another and less important style, the Symphony in E flat, which is from its commencement to its close a ceaseless flow of the most luxurious and enchanting melody, were written in immediate succession, and according to the dates on the composer's MSS., in the incredibly short period of a few weeks.

Mozart's concertos for the pianoforte were an immense advance upon the instrumental solos of the period, and the best of them, for they are very numerous and of various degrees of merit, rank with the noblest works of the class that have been since produced. And how noble a class of composition is this which contains the great concertos in E flat and C minor and G major of Beethoven, the two concertos of Mendelssohn, the concertos of Sterndale Bennett, and the best works for their instrument of Hummel and Moscheles! These master-pieces, symphonies with an obligato part for the pianoforte, are so infinitely interesting as music, and comprise such great ideas developed through so grand and perfect a plan, as to place them on the highest level of compositions for the concert room. They must ever do honor to the executive artist who adequately interprets their beauties, beyond all the most florid and it may be ingenious productions that are too much sought by the general audience, and which are written for the sake of the instrument, not of the music—for the exhibition of the digital dexterity of the performer, not of his intellectual intensity.

The concerto in D minor of Mozart and that in C major have never been surpassed for symmetry of design and beauty of phraseology; they abound also in most effective combinations of the orchestra with the principal instrument; but this

merit, it must be admitted, has been greatly extended in some more recent compositions of the same class since the resources of the orchestra, from the increased excellence of the performers, have been more at the command of the composer; still, though less frequent, Mozart's mixture of the pianoforte with the orchestra is in many instances in these concertos not less beautiful and ingenious than the happiest results of modern research.

The pianist must however bear in mind one curious, it may be justly said unfortunate evidence of the custom of the time in which they were written, which the pianoforte part of these concertos, as it is handed down to us, presents; viz. that it is a mere skeleton of the composer's intention, to be filled up throughout according to the discretion and the ability of the performer, and leaving to him the opportunity of the cadence for the greatest display of his inventive ingenuity and executive agility.

Unhappily for the worthy rendering of these great works to a modern audience, some excellent players of our time have little discretion and some have less ability to dilate upon and embody the concise outline which such music presents; and it must therefore be always matter of regret with these works, as with the songs and choruses of Handel and his cotemporaries, of which the organ or cembalo part was always left to the improvisation of the accompanist, that the author did not make a definite record of the effects and the passages he intended. Certainly when Mozart himself played these concertos, it must have been a matter of great interest to compare the different readings of the same work he would give at different performances. When Mendelssohn, who combined with the highest powers ever known as an executant, a power of thought akin to that of the great master whose thoughts he interpreted, rendered them, it was indeed a matter of the highest interest to witness the commentary made in the true spirit of reverence by one great musician upon another; but none besides such an one can the world trust to vary the passages of Mozart at each several performance, and add to so great an original.

Of Mozart's sacred music there is room to say but very little in proportion to the importance it holds in the list of his works. His

Masses, very numerous as they are, are for the most part much more trivial, or at least lighter in their character, than the earnestness of the subject would seem to demand, and than might well be expected by the reader who is familiar with the author's contrapuntal fluency and generally faithful adaptation of his style to his subject.

Of a wholly different character to the majority of them, however, are the Requiem and the Sacred Cantata *Dauid Penitente*, which, for elaboration of contrivance combined with simplicity of construction, ingenuity of detail, grandeur of outline, the most poetic expression and perfection of musical development, belong unquestionably to the loftiest school of sacred music, and approach nearer to the sublimity of the greatest works of Handel than anything produced between the days of that immortal musician and the recent compositions of our newly regretted Mendelssohn.

We must pass over the numerous detached songs of Mozart, which, if we were to speak of the very great merit of his pianoforte Cantata "Non temer," and his superbly dramatic Scena introduced in the Opera of *Andromeda*, or of the exquisite simplicity of his setting of Göthe's lovely little poem *Das Veilchen* and his inexpressibly charming canzonet *Au Chloe*, would exceed our limits; we will but say they have all their peculiar and felicitous beauty, and proceed to a survey of his excellence as a dramatic composer, which is of course better displayed in his complete operas than in these separate pieces, and in which character perhaps he has his firmest hold upon that immortality which must endure so long as the mind of man can appreciate what is great and beautiful.

Of his early dramatic works written for and produced at the principal theatres in Italy, little is known but the sensation they created, and this appears to have been such as to win for him, though yet a boy, the respect and the esteem of all who were best able to estimate their merits. We may well suppose, from the analogy of the compositions that are known of the same period, and from the evidence of the gradual modification of his style in his subsequent works, that these were composed chiefly of the conventionalities of the age.

and we may well believe that had they contained anything strikingly superior to the average merit of the works with which they were competed, time would have transmitted such through the admiration of the intervening age to the emulation of our own.

The first of his operas that is now known, and that takes its place among his greatest works, is *Idomeneo*; and this, though it possesses not that peculiar identity of each of the characters which is so remarkable a feature in the later dramatic works of Mozart, abounds in dramatic points of the highest order; and in the overture, with its wonderful pedal point that leads to the return of the subject, and the all powerful storm chorus, equals the happiest efforts of its author's brightest days.

This opera is interesting in the history of the art, as being the earliest example of what may be esteemed the modern school of instrumentation, distinguished from that which preceded it by the general difference in the relative treatment of the wind and string instruments, employing the former, not merely to contrast or to strengthen the latter, as was for the most part the use made of them before Mozart's time, but to relieve, and color, and qualify the effect of the string instruments by sustaining sometimes the harmony while they move in some figure or passage; and to produce all the varieties which those who are accustomed to hear and analyze orchestral combinations will understand better from their own recollection than from any verbal description, and which those who are not so accustomed will not be likely to understand from any description whatever.

It must be granted that similar effects of orchestration are to be occasionally found in the works of earlier masters, as in the chorus "He sent a thick darkness," in Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, in the second part of the song "Revenge, Timotheus cries," in the *Alexander's Feast* of the same composer, in the chorus of Furies with Orestes in prison, and the grand declamatory scene in which this character adjures Pylades to leave him to the sacrifice, in the *Iphegenie en Tauride* of Gluck, and in many other isolated instances which it would be superfluous to advance. Enough has been cited to prove that Mozart did not wholly originate the modern school of

instrumentation, though he systematized and brought it to a perfection which, however it may be varied, all the ingenuity of modern times cannot surpass.

The next opera, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, appears to have much delighted Mozart in its composition, and should, therefore, be one of his best productions. It cannot but be noticed, however, that although it was written and produced in the period immediately preceding his marriage, although the heroine has the same name, Constanze, as his wife, and although his letters at the time show him to have been well satisfied with his labor, the sentimental parts of this opera are very much if not wholly wanting in that intense heartfelt melody, that true language of passion which one poet must have foreboded when he wrote, "If music be the food of love," and another poet must have known when he answered—

"No; music is not the food of Love,
Unless Love feed upon his own sweet self
Till he becomes all music murmurs of;"

and which abounds to overflowing in the *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Così fan tutti*, and the *Zauberflöte*.

Though from this it may seem that when he had most of love in his heart he had least of it on his pen, we have in the same work other and all-sufficient proof that the happiness and excitement in which he wrote only qualified his genius to brighten it. The characteristic or comic portions of this opera, most especially the music of Osmin whenever this most delightful Cerberus of the Harem makes his appearance, are so exquisitely appropriate to the scene, and in this sense so highly dramatic, so full of humor, musically charming, while true to the character, that they still preserve their original freshness.

Next in order of his dramatic works is *Le Nozze di Figaro*, which, as a work of art, of imagination and of musical construction and development, is much superior to all the composer had previously produced. In this we must first acknowledge the ceaseless flow of that peculiarly lovely melody which has since become associated in the mind of every musician with the very name of Mozart; next, that the music of each character is so distinct from that of all the others, as to make each person in the

drama recognizable by what he sings. Thus we have the genial good humor blended with never-failing sarcasm in Figaro; the pensive melancholy but still ardent love of the countess; the playful naïveté and loving tenderness of Susanna; the glowing passion of the Page; the manly dignity and voluptuousness of the Count; the simplicity of Barbarina; the affectation of Marcellina; the pedantic gravity of Basilio; the self-importance of the Doctor, and the bluntness of the gardener, all so distinctly depicted, as to make the work a perfect study of the variety of musical and dramatic expression. Lastly, we must notice the clear though elaborate construction of the several pieces of music, and most of all the wonderful Finale to the first act, which, the longest piece of dramatic music extant, is perhaps the most perfect, since all idea of its remarkable length is lost in the excitement produced by its wonderful dramatic interest, the admirable symmetry of its construction, and the beautiful flow and endless variety of ideas of which it is composed.

Il Don Giovanni, the opera which is received by all the world as the greatest production of the lyric stage, the work which gives the brightest lustre to its author's crown of glory, could it have been written even by Mozart without the valuable experience accumulated by him from his previous labors, would have been sufficient in itself to win for him his immortal name. The importance that this work holds and can never cease to hold in the annals of music on account of its peculiar excellence and the influence its production had, and its existence still maintains upon the art, will justify the occupation of more of the limited space of these remarks by the examination of its beauties than has been devoted to the other great legacies of its composer.

The story, a very old Spanish legend, had been, when Mozart wrote his opera, long familiar to the stage as a comedy and as a ballet. This familiarity to the public of the subject and its conduct is a most important advantage for an opera libretto, since, with the very best enunciation, it is impossible for an audience to follow the whole of the words of a musical performance, (especially in the concerted pieces in which the action of the drama is chiefly

developed, and in which, therefore, it is most essential that the sense should be understood.) If they be previously acquainted with the several points of the play, they are so much the better able to discover, examine, and appreciate the musical expression.

Let us consider separately each of the characters, and observe what life and individuality the composer has given to all of them.

First and chief, there is Don Giovanni, the noble and the amorous, who, libertine as he is, has so much of fascination in his gay and gallant bearing, so much of valiance in his carelessness of all the evils, natural and supernatural, that beset him, so much of amiability of manner and seeming sincerity in all his falsehood and inconstancy, that the audience, though they may know the black side of his character, ever delight in his presence, and are no less carried away than are the characters whom he addresses by the charm he always spreads around him; and they feel for him if not with him in all his perplexities, so completely do the phrases with which Mozart has made him express himself captivate all hearts and win all hearers. Thus we have examples of his passion, the tenderest of tender passions in his mouth, (and so very tender in his heart that it melts away under the very next eyebeams that shine upon it,) in the duet "La ci darem la mano," and in the serenade "Deh, vieni alla finestra;" of his gaiety and overflowing animal spirits in the song "Fin ch' an dal vino," and indeed everywhere throughout the whole of the music allotted to him; and of his dauntless valor, in his first scene with the Commendatore, in the last movement of the first Finale, where all his enemies discover themselves to him at the masquerade and threaten him with the words "Tremo, tremo, scellerato," and most of all in the last, the great scene with the statue, and especially when he replies to the invitation to sup in return with his ghostly guest—

"Ho firmo il cor in petto,
Non ho timor, verro."

And here we cannot but remark upon the wonderful change in the character and the very tone of the music, from the moment

when Don Giovanni takes the hand of the guest in pledge of his engagement, which makes the hearer feel the petrifying influence of the supernatural contagion, and shudder with the hero when, despite his reckless daring, the exclamation forces itself from him,

"Ohime! che gelo e questo mai?"

We must not forget, also, his grand rejection of the statue's admonition to repentance, and his repetitions of "No, no," in answer to the repeated adjuration, and most of all the last three, in which he hurls defiance at fate itself, and jumps all consequences to maintain the one predominant feature of his character, his steadfast adherence to his once formed resolution, making his own will paramount to all surrounding accidents, whether of good or evil.

The interest of the subject here leads us from examining a particular character to marvel at the whole scene to which allusion has just been made. There can be no question that this scene is the grandest in the whole range of dramatic music; nor can it be doubted by whosoever has heard it efficiently executed, that there is somewhat so truly awful in its grandeur, as to give all the feeling of reality and truth to the preternatural event it depicts, and to approach nearer to sublimity in its effect than it is possible to suppose anything can which is not intimately blended with our most solemn religious associations. It is not the least wonder in the musical conduct of this extraordinary scene, that the three characters concerned are so distinctly portrayed as to be each always identical: thus we have the terrible grandeur of the Commendatore, the dignified though reckless bearing of Don Giovanni, and the terror which would be overwhelming, but for his affection for his master, which is superior even to his fears, of Leporello.

To descend to technicalities, a thing so striking cannot be left without mention as the employment of trombones in this scene. Though we may consider that instrumentation is but the coloring of a musician's ideas, still, as one of the great schools of painting depends wholly upon its coloring, so even under this consideration, instrumentation may be allowed to hold a large importance in the filling up of a musical design. Therefore it is just to adduce the

peculiar use of these instruments in producing the overpowering feeling of mystery throughout this whole scene. In the score of Mozart they are only introduced in one other situation in the course of the whole opera, namely, when the statue speaks in the cemetery; and thus a peculiar sound in the orchestra always accompanies the voice of this ghostly avenger, which adds much to the identity given to the character both by the generally peculiar intervals of the voice part and its wholly unrhythmical but highly declamatory style, and by the choice of the harmony and figure of accompaniment.

This impressive effect is considerably lessened in the performance of the opera in the present day, by the unwarrantable custom too generally adopted of introducing trombones in the Overture, the first Finale, and the Sestet, where, though they may add to the noise, perhaps even to the force of the music, they give nothing to the character, at least to the character Mozart intended, and their being thus introduced takes away the individuality that the composer meant should attach to the only situations where he wrote for them.

In contemplating this remarkable scene the observation irresistibly suggests itself, that Weber in his *Freischütz*, and other less eminent composers of musical diablerie, have studied and profited by Mozart's great and original conception; indeed, having studied this, who could think upon a similar subject and not think similarly?

Next in importance, the ever-impatient, all-enduring Leporello comes under notice. An excellent good fellow is he in his way, but his way is quite his own, equally distinct from the good-natured, satirical drollery of Figaro, and his somewhat more sedate but not less sarcastic co-humorist, Osmin, and from the gay and facetious drollery of Papageno; and it is a good lesson on the groundlessness of mortal grumbling, to see how intolerant he is from the opening to the close of this opera, of all the "dirty work" that is put upon him, and yet how wilfully, one can scarcely say willingly, he still bears all. We are impressed with Leporello's affection for the Padrone, but we feel a while that he fears him while he loves him, and we fancy it may be that he is concerned in the Don's misfortunes only inasmuch as

himself is a sharer in their consequences. Leporello is a humorist too, but a very dry one; and he gives us to believe that his pleasantry is more the effect of dullness, or of simplicity at least, than of any wit that he possesses. His character unfolds itself at the rising of the curtain, where he stands with his lantern waiting till his master returns from one of his gallantries, an unfortunate wont of the serving-man that is evidently against his will—"notte e giorno," he has ever to discharge the same somewhat questionable and always doleful duty; but when, after his measured retrospect of past times, and of the improprieties they have witnessed, he energetically resolves to be a gentleman for the future, and to serve no more, he yet gives us to understand from his manner, that he intends for ever to go on in the old way, if only that he may have the satisfaction of complaining of it. In the Aria "Madamira," this worthy is quite in his glory, telling all the evils of his master that his fancy can invent, or his tongue can utter, and truly exulting in his connection with one of whom so very much can be fancied. It is not, however, in his solo music only that Mozart has made much of Leporello; his part is a prominent feature in the Trio at the end of the Introduction, when the Commendatore dies; and no less so in the Finale to the first act; and again in the Duet with Don Giovanni, "O Statua gentilissima;" and in the admirable supper scene, especially that part already cited; but perhaps more than all in the wonderful Sestet "Sola, sola," when, first mistaken for his master, he is threatened with the vengeance of all whom his master has wronged, and afterwards, when he declares himself with his truly pitiable appeal for pardon, the astonishment of all lessens not his embarrassment.

But a few words must suffice to draw attention to the natural tenderness and gentle simplicity of the country girl, Zerlina, so exquisitely expressed in her two Arias, "Batti, batti, bel Masetto," and "Vedrai Carino," the latter a true heart's balsam for the grievous bodily ills that have been inflicted on her luckless sweetheart, and the former such a pure flood of beautiful feeling from the fountain of truth, as could not but dispel every jealous suspicion of the "bel Masetto," and win for-

givenness from a lover the most obdurate whose sympathies it could not fail to awaken, as it ever does those of the audience.

The blunt, and homely, and very jealous Masetto has a character of music no less clearly defined, which is apparent in the broken phraseology of his Aria "Ho capito," and always recognizable whenever he appears.

Donna Elvira is a most ingenious conception of the composer, most skilfully carried out. She is the deserted mistress of the fickle hero, who is only constant in his inconstancy, and pursues him throughout the opera with complaints of her wrong, far more just in themselves than likely to win him back again. It is one of the most remarkable features of the concerted pieces in which this character is engaged, that her part always stands out from the rest with a phraseology, sometimes even a rhythm, quite distinct from that of the other characters, most striking instances of which felicitous and dramatic treatment occur in the Quartet "Nontifidar," and in the Adagio in the first Finale "Vendichi il giusto cielo." It is made clearly to appear, however, despite all her reproaches, that she has in her disposition the true food of love, would her deserter but give her the opportunity to manifest it; thus nothing can be more amiable than the music allotted to her in the Trio "Ah, taci, ingiusto core," when she believes him to be returning to her repentant, nor more tenderly beseeching than that in the Sestet "Sola, sola," when he, in the person of the disguised Leporello, is attacked by those who have such just resentment against him.

Don Ottavio is certainly the least exciting character of the whole *dramatis personæ*, but he is not the least effective. His general quietness forms a happy contrast to the more lively, or spirited, or energetic, or passionate music of the other characters, and the bewitching melody of his most lovely Aria, "Il mio tesoro," and still more powerfully, the wonderful, the unique passage for its irresistible expression of the most ardent passion and tender affection, in which, in the Duet with Donna Anna, he answers to the lament of his betrothed for her murdered father—

"Lascia, o cara, la rimembranza amara,
Hai sposo e padre in me;"

proves him a lover worthy of the great heart of Donna Anna, and made us ever regret that the situations of the drama allow not opportunity for the further development of so glowing a conception.

Lastly, to the character of Donna Anna, since no words could do justice, a few may acknowledge the incompetency of language to describe its musical perfection. It is this character—the only one in which the grander passions are displayed, but in which they are expressed with the highest degree of poetical feeling and tragic power—it is this character that gives the greatest importance to the work; this gives to it quite another standing than that of *Figaro*, which, although from beginning to end an incessant outpouring of the richest genius, affords not scope for the exercise of that genius in its loftiest capacity—and places it on the high pinnacle where it must for ever stand, as the noblest production of the lyric stage. There is nothing in all music to equal the wonderful burst of passionate grief in the recitative when Donna Anna discovers the dead body of the Commendatore, and the duet which follows it in which Ottavio can only soothe her despairing madness by swearing to avenge her father's murder. This magnificent piece of music must be known well to be duly appreciated; but, as it cannot be heard even for the first time without producing an overpowering effect, by its sublime pathos and truthful expression of the greatest emotions of the human heart, so it cannot be familiar to the sensitive and studious mind without rising higher and higher in value, and those beauties which at first flashed vaguely on the understanding, by degrees taking root there, at last surmount all possibly preconceived ideas of excellence.

Another great display of Mozart's tragic powers is in the recitative in which, recognizing Giovanni as the assassin of her father, Donna Anna describes to Ottavio the scene of his entering her chamber, and points to him as the object of his revenge. The Aria which follows, "Or sai che l'onore," is one of eminent declamatory beauty, and is remarkable for one of those peculiarly happy points of imitation that give (as we before observed) such particular force to Mozart's music, and which, from the fluency with which they are evidently written and

the natural manner in which they are introduced, prove that the profoundest resources of counterpoint were so perfectly familiar to him as to make what appears the effort of laborious pedantry with most composers, the spontaneous ebullition of the ordinary habit of thinking with him.

The character of Donna Anna, however, is by no means all severity, grief and despair, and vengeance; the exquisitely beautiful Aria "Non mi dir," while it is quite in keeping with all the rest she has to sing, shows her no less capable of loving tenderness than of the graver and grander passions.

It remains but to notice a few of the most striking points in this great opera, for to enumerate its beauties would be but to catalogue every passage in the whole work.

The overture is one of great excellence, and after the surprising masterpiece of its author, that to *Die Zauberflöte*, certainly the best he wrote. It is purely in character with the rest of the work; opening with the principal movement of the celebrated supper scene, the great catastrophe of the opera, it at once impresses the hearer with the earnest feeling necessary for the entering fully into the spirit of this most important work. The following *Allegro*, (essentially the overture, of which the previous *Andante grave* is a most effective introduction,) with its exciting vivacity, prepares the hearer for the spirited animation that characterizes the principal action of the drama, while the elaborate treatment of one passage, which is most ingeniously worked in close canon, gives an air of solidity and consequence to the whole, without which, however applicable to the story, it would be inappropriate to the importance which this opera assumes as a work of art.

At the close of the Introduction there occurs one of those remarkable strokes of genius that are found only at rare intervals in the works of the greatest poets, and the existence of which, whether in music or in language, places on an equality of dramatic excellence the minds of Mozart and Shakspeare. The Commendatore, wounded by Giovanni, gasps out his last accents in broken, half-stifled phrases, and then as he dies, the concluding symphony, a most effective passage of descending semitones, to

which the piercing or poignant tone of the oboe gives a peculiar coloring, instead of coming to a full close in F minor, (the key of the whole movement,) breaks off on the first inversion of a chord of G major, from which begins the following *parlante recitative* with Don Giovanni and Leporello, and so gives all the idea of the transit from time, and sense, and space, and feeling to the vague, mysterious, ever unknown realm of the supernatural. This great point, it is much to be regretted, is omitted in most of the pianoforte editions of the opera, because, not having the *parlante recitative*, it is considered necessary to bring the piece of music to a satisfactory and complete conclusion.

One of the most remarkable of all the great composer's feats of contrapuntal contrivance occurs in the first finale, where at the masquerade three different orchestras in different parts of the stage, which represents the illuminated gardens of Giovanni's palace, accompany three different groups of dancers. The first begins with the well known minuet in three four time; the second afterward comes in with another dance tune in two four time, and the third lastly joins the other two with another dance tune in three eight time; thus are three different measures made to go on at once, and three subjects wholly different in character and rhythm made to accompany each other. This curious feature is also omitted in the pianoforte arrangements, probably because of the difficulty of performing such perplexing contretems upon one instrument.

Another striking point is the enharmo-

nic modulation from the key of E flat to that of D natural, that is made by changing a dominant seventh into an augmented sixth, when, in the Sestet, Ottavio and the rest enter the garden with the lights in which was Elvira alone in the dark with the disguised Leporello; the bright clear tone of the trumpet-played pianissimo, then for the first time introduced, adding almost infinitely to the brilliancy of the effect, and producing no less a flood of light in the orchestra than the torches borne by the attendants on the stage.

There is only space to say that the *Così fan Tutti*, the *Clemenza di Tito*, and the *Zauberflöte* contain each their immortal evidences of the same unequalled power that wrought the *Don Giovanni*, but that from the meagreness of dramatic situations in the libretti of these operas, the composer had not the same scope for the exercise of the skill which they evidence to have been undiminished. The last, the *Zauberflöte*, is remarkable for containing some of the lightest and most popular, and some of the severest and most elaborate music that Mozart ever wrote.

In fine, though it is both needless and impossible to classify and rank one after the other, men of rare transcendent genius, yet when after this brief glance at some of his principal works, we consider how much he has enriched every department of music, and reflect on the universality as well as the immensity of his genius, the conclusion can hardly be avoided, that the greatest musician who has delighted the world is WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

FERDOUSI THE PERSIAN POET.

The history of the Persian Epic Poem itself is almost as romantic as any of the stories it contains. Yesdegerd, the last king of the Sassanian dynasty, wishing to give to the last period of his administration the most durable splendor, undertook with great labor to collect in a body all the chronicles, histories, and traditions floating among the people from the heroic times down to the time of his reign. To this rare collection he prefixed the title of "Bastan Nameh." Charlemagne in the same age rendered a similar service to the Frank nations of his dominions, but this Western collection, effected by the labor of Eginhard and other wise men of his day, has not reached us. The toils of the Eastern sages were destined to be ultimately more fortunate, and very few books were preserved through such a variety of circumstances tending to their destruction—if the history of Ferdousi speak true. We take it as preferred by many on the authority of Daulet Shah, Ferdousi's Persian biographer.

The great work had hardly been completed while Yesdegerd, the last of his race, still sat on the throne of Persia, when (about the year 636 of Christ—13 of the Hegira) the terrible Caliph Omar, at the head of that army which had successively conquered Phœnicia, Syria, and Egypt, driven before it like sheep the forces of Judea, and pressed back the invincible Roman Legions with the Emperor Heraclius at their head—threw himself like a mountain torrent on the peaceful domains of Persia. Yesdegerd found out pretty soon that this was not the time for collecting old ballads, and putting legendary tales together.

Omar, following out faithfully the dictates of Mahomet's policy, made war upon books and libraries as ferociously as he did upon men and armies. The burning of the celebrated Library of Alexandria, one of the largest and most precious in the world, was the act of this brutal conqueror.

The manuscripts taken from it served to heat the baths of that city for several months with their flames, a fact upon reading which the literati of Pope Leo X.'s time used to bathe the historic page with tears.

Whatever Persia then possessed of literary treasure was found in the sacking of the palace of Yesdegerd. The copy of the Bastan Nameh, which was the gem of that collection, would appear to be the only one formed up to that moment. It was regarded by the Mussulman general who found it with a kind of superstitious awe on account of its fame and the importance attached to it, and placed by him in the hands of Omar. The Caliph, to do him justice, was consistent in his hatred of literature, and could neither read nor write. Still he had the book examined and passages of it explained in his presence. He treated the glowing descriptions of Persian greatness with contempt; and with a laudable zeal to imitate his master, the person who held it cast it among the fragments of furniture and other worthless objects of the palace which strewed the room, in expectation of the fire.

Noisier occupations made all forget the manuscript, which was picked up by an Abyssinian, who, along with some of the vilest soldiery, was prowling about the palace to glean any serviceable remnants which might have escaped in the pillage. This man, in default of better luck, held on to the curiosity, which, on returning to his native country, he disposed of. It thus reached the court of the Abyssinian monarch, who ordered it to be translated into Amharic or Ethiopian, and was the means of preserving the heroic history of the Perses, as the original was soon after irrecoverably lost.

The dark night of Mahometan domination never extinguished totally the rays of knowledge in Persia, and it was always remembered by the learned that a book containing the glorious feats of the Persians

heroes had been written, and, it was hoped, still existed. It was rumored that the Bastan Nameh had been translated into Arabic, and into several languages of Hindostan. So great an opinion was entertained of the book, that after a long time Seith Yakoub, a Prince of Khorasan, dispatched four of the most learned men in his dominions to India, with the character and honors of ambassadors, to solicit a copy from the government of the country. Their object having been successfully accomplished, the Bastan Nameh appeared again in the Persian language.

About the end of the tenth century one of the kings of the Samanian dynasty commissioned Dakiki, one of the best poets of his time, some fragments of whose works have been preserved, to versify a part at least of that immense work. He had already completed twenty thousand distichs according to some writers, (Anthol. Persica Acad. Viennensis,) and according to others only a thousand, (Atkinson's Shah Nameh, and Ferdousi's Persian biographer,) when he was assassinated by one of his own slaves.

The great work was thus interrupted, disregarded, and finally totally forgotten until the reign of the illustrious Sultan Mahmoud Sebettighin of Ghuznin. This celebrated conqueror descended from the Bouyah family, which reigned in Eastern Persia, and being firmly seated on the throne of Khorasan, Seblistan and other provinces, extended his dominion still further, prompted by the restless ambition of his warlike race. His dominions reached from the Tigris to the eastern shore of the Ganges, and from the mountains of Tartary to the Indian Ocean. This prince, in the view of augmenting the glories of his reign, and doubtless of biassing the affections of his subjects in his favor, resolved to complete the great work which had been once undertaken, and then so hopelessly abandoned. Several poets lived habitually in his court, for few princes extended a more generous patronage to literature; and poets spring up and flourish under the smile of monarchs, as the green herbs and flowers of the field beneath the showers and the sunbeams of heaven.

From the crowd of royal songsters he selected seven of the most valiant, amongst whom were Enseri, Ashjedi, and Ferrahi,

names which have remained immortal in the annals of Persian literature,* dis-

* Ashjedi was a native of the province of Merv. He found great favor with Mahmoud for his panegyrics of that monarch's victories. He was particularly successful in an elegy composed upon the Ghaznevide's return from the conquest of India. This elegy remains entire yet. It begins: "When this sage and potent king declared war to India's idols, and unrolled to the winds the banner of his memorable achievements," &c., &c. A piece by the same author, eulogistic of one Melopepo, may be read in the Persic Anthology of the Viennese Academy. The collection of his Odes is entitled the *Diwan*. Some of his sentiments are dull and far-fetched, but others are remarkable for their originality. Instance the following: "A soul that desires not to be released from its abode of clay, is not a bird in the cage, but a corpse in the tomb." Extracts from his writings are found in the "Asiatic Journal." From these we select the following beautiful specimen, translated, we believe, by Mr. Falconer:—

"When Allah makes choice of a man to fulfil
The plans of his vast and inscrutable will,
Whatever he attempts, fails and withers before
him,
And sorrow and trouble brood heavily o'er him;
For his noblest conceptions are growling and vile,
And his loftiest thought prone to error and
guile.
But when pride is abased, and his spirit is taught
That unaided humanity profiteth naught;
Then Allah comes forth in that sorrowful hour,
Re-awakens his courage, and clothes him with
power.
The creature is powerless to help or sustain:
'Tis Allah conceals, and 'tis Allah makes plain."

Enseri, too, was highly esteemed by Mahmoud, in whose praise nearly all his compositions were written. He composed several poems of this nature, amongst which the "Emic we Ezra," i. e. "Of Love and Youth," so artificially written, that the two letters *hayn* and *ezre*, deemed rather harsh for the softness of the subject, never occur in any of the verses. In one of his odes, he addresses Mahmoud in the following strain: "Thou art the King for whom, in the West, as well as in the East, the Jews, the Fire-worshippers, the Christians, and the Mahometans, with one mouth cry to heaven in their prayers, 'Grant, O God, that in his end as well as in his name, he may be Mahmoud,'" (i. e. The Happy.)

Ferrahi was one of those *bon-vivant* geniuses, who turned his metaphysical capacities to advantage, for the comfort of his physical individual. He was loved and favored by Mahmoud, to whom he burned incense, culled from the gum-trees of Parnassus, in exchange for money and commodities, amassing to himself a snug little fortune. While on his way to Semar Kenda, a beautiful city of the Transoxana province, this Ferrahi once fell in with a gang of robbers, who despoiled

tributing amongst them seven stories to be versified from the Heroic Chronicle. Enseri had for his task, the history of Rustem and Sohrab, and having been judged superior to his competitors, was chosen to be the composer of the whole Poem.

In that ancient and highly philosophical game of *marbles*, we used to observe with wonder, in the days of our vegetation, a young gentleman play into the ring, and be cried winner, when suddenly another, who had been overlooked, would shoot his *alley* with such precision, as to make it knock the other fair over the line, and after spinning around awhile, occupy its identical place. This was precisely the case with poor Enseri. He was fairly in for the game, when Apollo shot an *alley* at him with such dead aim, as to knock him fairly out of the magic circle of memory, leaving in his stead no less a personage than Aboul Cassem Mansur Ferdousi.

This great poet was born about the year 916, (215 of the Hegira,) in the reign of Japhar Abulfadlo, surnamed "El Billah," the thirty-ninth of the Caliphs. His birth-place was Tus, a city in the province of Khorasan. "Ay! and meet was it," exclaims one of his biographers, "that in Tus, which is *incense* in Latin, should be born Ferdousi, who, like a very grain of the incense of poesy, diffused so sweet an odor of fame over all the world." Of the several prodigious events which, according to old Persic authority, came to pass at the time of his birth, we will merely record one—a vision in which the wonderful child was represented to his father standing in an erect posture, with his face turned to the west, and elevating his voice which echo repeated from the four points

him of all his money, and told him how thankful he ought to be for their not giving him a beating into the bargain. Ferrahi was a philosopher to the back-bone. He had collected money for the sake of the ease and comfort it could procure; now it was gone, he concluded the worst possible course would be to feel uneasy, and be disposed to grumble. Putting a good face on the matter, he continued his visit to the city, where he remained closeted for a few days, and upon his return brought with him a spirited copy of verses in which his curiosity, the greediness of the robbers, and the lightness of his pockets, were all dilated upon with a sly humor, that even his dryest biographers confess, was full of raciness and unction.

of heaven. His youthful days presented nothing remarkable except the diligence and quickness with which he distinguished himself at school. He followed, during the greater part of his youth, the occupation of his father and brother, who were gardeners in the service of the Governor of Tus. He was, however, known amongst the towns-folk for his dreamy disposition, and for the fire and facility with which he sang of the ancient heroes of Persia. Still Ferdousi might have continued until the end of his life to plant cabbages and raise beans and peas for the Governor of Tus, had not a circumstance occurred that drove him from his peaceful home, and like the poaching adventure of Shakspeare, proved for him the first rail on the ladder of immortality. The occurrence was an unprovoked injury he sustained from a townsman of his own, for which he could obtain no redress, and by applying for justice only irritated his adversary, who became a bitter persecutor of the friendless garden-boy. Ferdousi endeavored to persuade his brother Mashud to depart with him from the neighborhood, and seek a living where they could live in peace. Failing to effect this, he resolved to leave, and seek his fortune by himself. This was the ostensible motive for his departure from Tus; but there was something far more important at the bottom of it, which, for the time, he breathed not to mortal ear. Fame had published over the whole empire the warlike exploits of Mahmoud Sebettighin, who, having dispossessed of the throne the last of the Samanian dynasty, Abdel Melek, had caused himself to be crowned in the city of Valca, thus placing the Persian sceptre in the hands of the potent race of the Ghaznevides. It continued to be held by them with unfading lustre for one hundred and fifty-five years, down to the weak Prince Khoero, in whom terminated the line of succession begun by Mahmoud. Fame continued to tell how Mahmoud had been hailed as the "Protector of the Faithful;" how he had established his court at Ghuznin, the capital of Sablistan, or Zabulistan, where he collected the most learned men of the kingdom; how he was not only great and generous, but courteous and affable withal, and especially towards those who strove to renew the glory of the Persian Muses, and

almost extinct. Fame passed on to tell her story to other lands; but when she had gone, there was a little fairy spirit that remained near Ferdousi, winking and smirking at Ferdousi, and jerking her thumb over her shoulder in the direction of Ghuznin. The news came of Mahmoud's desire that the Chronicle of the Persian Heroes should be put into verse; those very heroes whose names were as familiar as household words to Ferdousi. Then the little elf was more frisky than ever. She would shake Ferdousi by the arm when he was sleeping, and pull him by the lappel of his coat, and still smirk, and wink, and jerk her thumb over her shoulder in the direction of Ghuznin.

All this Ferdousi kept a perfect secret, but no sooner had he quitted his home than he resolved, come weal, come woe, to turn his steps towards the place in the direction of which the little spirit had so often jerked her thumb. He wended his way, therefore, towards the capital, full of the memories of those glorious days when Rustan,—

"In beauty of form and in valor of limb,
No mortal was ever seen equal to him,"—

even in his infancy astonished the good men of Zabulistan by his precocious valor; when Kai-Khosru and Giw marched against the Tartars of Afrasyab; when Isfandiyar expired on the field of battle at the foot of the Brazen Castle. On his first appearance in the city he disdained to appear amongst unworthy competitors, and remained for a time in his dwelling, where he gave great delight to several of the citizens who were victims of the legend-mania now become prevalent, and who were singularly pleased by a poem which he recited, containing a brilliant description of the contest wherein the tyrant Zohak fell beneath the arm of the virtuous Feridoun.

This was something, but the great trial of Ferdousi was to take place before the Divan of Sebettighin. He resolved, therefore, to delay no longer in presenting himself at court. On nearing the royal palace, one of those incidents took place which are characteristic of the East, and which, when they occur, are the making of the great man, who only wants a chance to show that he has really in him the stuff of which

great men are made. In the royal gardens he descried three men seated upon the grass engaged in an animated conversation, and strengthening their arguments with potent draughts of wine. From their dress, and that air of confidence which a man shows when he feels he is at home, Ferdousi understood they must be friends of Mahmoud. He resolved, therefore, to approach and make the experiment of rendering them favorable to him, with the view of a presentation at court. Now these three worthies happened to be no less than Enseri, Ashjedi and Ferrahi, three of the most celebrated poets of the royal household, who, in the midst of the beauties of nature, were indulging their minds and comparing notes upon subjects analogous to their profession. Perceiving a stranger advancing towards the bower which overshadowed them, and anticipating an interruption, "If this fellow comes here he will disturb us," said one; "let us therefore dismiss him at once." But the others disapproved of so discourteous a mode of proceeding, and they finally agreed to overcome the booby by some stroke of waggery or exhibition of their superior learning. When Ferdousi approached, they met him in the manner they had chosen, which was this: One of them gravely informed him "that they, being royal poets, never treated with anybody who did not love their studies, and possess a taste for the art. They would, therefore, recite three verses and leave the last verse of the stanza to be supplied by a fourth rhyme by somebody else. If this was not done, they would have to decline admitting a fourth party to their conversation. If it were done, they would cheerfully admit him to their social board." It must be remarked that the rogues had agreed beforehand to end the third verse with a word to which they supposed there were only two other rhymes in the language; it was *jashun*, a breast-plate. "He will be puzzled," said they, "to find a fourth verse, and let us alone." Enseri therefore commenced with the following extemporaneous address to some Persian Hebe:

"The light of the moon to thy splendor is weak;"

Then Ashjedi followed suit:

"The rose is eclipsed by the bloom of thy cheek;"

Then Ferrahi :

"Thine eye-lashes dart through the folds of the joshun,"—

It was now Ferdousi's turn, and he said without a moment's pause, and with admirable felicity :

"Like the javelin of Giw, in the battle with Poshun."

The surprise and delight of the trio at discovering so much readiness in the stranger, may be more easily conceived than described. They soon desired him to be seated, and recount the engagement of Giw and Poshun, which he did with great spirit and self-possession. From that moment a tender friendshipsprang up amongst these great men, and Ferdousi became especially attached to Ashjedi, to whom afterwards he always referred, when an arbiter was required ; but the disciple left his master far below him, upon the scale of merit.

Ferdousi was soon presented to Mahmoud, and received with marked kindness. It is said that the Sultan desired some extempore composition of his new protégé, and that Ferdousi uttered a distich, which is thus translated by Mr. Atkinson :

"The cradled infant, whose sweet lips are yet Balmy with milk from its own mother's breast, Lips first the name of Mahmoud."

The King was highly gratified by this rare compliment, and other effusions of the poet, to whom he is reported subsequently to have said : "You have harmonized this society of ours into a very paradise." This was the origin of the surname of Ferdousi, deriving from the word *ferdous*, paradise, or heaven.

Not long after, he published a poem descriptive of the battles of his favorite hero Rustem and Isfandiyar, which raised his fame above all the competitors for poetic laurels. Then it was, that he reached at length, and grasped the sugared illusion, which had danced before his eyes for so many a long night and day, even before he dared to utter it to a living mortal—he was chosen by Mahmoud to versify the Bastan Nameh ! A biographer interrupts his narrative here, to inform us that Enseri, who, (if the reader remembereth,) had been named to that honor, cheerfully submitted to the sovereign's new determination, and bowed before the acknowledged

superiority of Ferdousi without demur. This edifying self-denial does infinite honor to the Eastern poet, and was no doubt remunerated generously by the shrewd and prodigal Mahmoud.

Ferdousi entered cheerfully on his task, and having completed a thousand couplets, he showed them to Mahmoud, by whose order a thousand golden drachms were given to the poet in return.

From this period of the poet's life we hear nothing of him for thirty years. Few incidents varied the life of one totally wrapped up and absorbed in one great thought—the production of that work upon which depended the immortality of its author, the story of the reign during which he wrote, and the greatest hopes of the literature of his country. Mahmoud often summoned him to his presence, to learn the progress of his labors, and hear the glowing rhapsodies which gradually received life under his hand. It shows alike the discernment of that potentate, and the nice conformation of his heart, when we know, that whenever he was chagrined by untoward occurrences, or overburthened by the cares of his station, he could find consolation and relief in nothing but the strains of Ferdousi.

What a wonderful sight would we behold, could we enter into the private closet of this great poet, while planning the immense machinery of his immortal work. What a great undertaking is an epic poem ! Uniting in himself all that the wisdom of his age presents, the gifted individual who attempts it must be a painter, a sculptor, an architect, a philosopher, and a theologian. Nothing is too great in its magnificence, or too minute in its elegance, to be unfit matter for the great edifice which exists in his brain, and to which he must give birth after investing it with all the ornaments music, taste, and beauty can give.

While the world considers him perchance a poor weak old man, whose head is bowed down with penury, and judges the fire of his eye to be a certain sign of unsettled wit, in the mystical region of his own thoughts he is erecting the sturdy basis upon which a wonderful superstructure will be raised ; he is casting in the air the massive column, or groining the bold void—chiselling the delicate statue and carving

the fine tissue of drapery which is to adorn that glorious temple, and to be peopled by spirits evoked from the tomb of ages, and forced to breathe and act by the power of his magical voice.

What wonder that the same word should be used by the ingenious Latin to name the poet and the prophet, or that one of Rome's bards should have exclaimed, like the possessed Sybil, "There is a God within us?"—

"Est Deus in nobis sunt et commercia cœli,
Sedibus æthereis Spiritûs ille venit;"—

or that Ferdousi, having completed the "Book of Kings," should be heard to say with rapture, "I am not fated to die entirely henceforth! I shall continue to be great, for the splendor of those inspired words of which whoever is faithful and just after my death will be the panegyrist."

Ferdousi was not mistaken in expecting justice from posterity, but he was destined to experience, like many other great writers, the harshness of his cotemporaries. Aiyar, one of the chief favorites of Mahmoud, from some cause or other had become exasperated against the poet, and only sought for a favorable opportunity to embitter the monarch against him. This soon offered when Ferdousi, delighted with the successful termination of the great work of his life, and full of the highest expectations, offered it to Mahmoud. Aiyar succeeded in delaying for a while the expected royal bounty, at which, of course, Ferdousi became indignant.

The unworthy favorite next succeeded in biassing the mind of the king, grown suspicious and irritable with age, against the author. He even persuaded the king that the work was full of insinuations against the ancient religion, representing its author as a faithless philosopher, a believer in the doctrines of Zoroaster, and commenting invidiously upon some portions of the book. The monarch was highly indignant on learning that the bard professed impious doctrines, and when Ferdousi made an effort to explain matters, and regain his lost confidence, he replied hastily, that the inhabitants of Tus were all alike a parcel of rascally heretics.

Poor Ferdousi kept down and subdued his fiery spirit, and with the exception of some little grumbling seemed to hope well

in spite of this, as he thought, transitory cloud. It is reported in fact that Mahmoud, delighted with the beauties of the great work presented to him, got over his indignation, and ordered a load of gold to be given to the poet in recompense for his labors. But the unworthy minister succeeded in thwarting the designs of his master, and whether he drew Mahmoud unwarily into his plan, or whether withholding the generous donation, he took it upon himself to exchange it with a paltry sum, it is certain that a bag containing sixty thousand *dirrhems* of silver was sent to the bard, as all he was to expect from the royal munificence. He was in a public bath when the unworthy salary was ignominiously conveyed to him, and the burst of resentment occasioned in his indomitable spirit as the worst became known, is indescribable. "What," cried he, "silver? Who is he that dares pay my verses at such a price! They are to be rewarded with nothing but gold, the color of the sun!"

Irritated by the insult, he threw part of the sum to the keeper of the bath, another portion to the vender of a refreshment called *Fikæay*, leaving the remainder to the slaves who had brought it. "So Allah help me," he exclaimed, "the king shall learn that thirty years of intense labor are not to be recompensed with his silver dirrhems,"—at which he departed abruptly from the bath, abusing the Sultan to his heart's content.

Every advantage was taken by the minister of Ferdousi's hastiness and inconsideration. He reported all the outrages to which he had given vent to the monarch, heightening them no doubt with fantastic colors, and embellishing them with the flowers of fiction; and in short succeeded in irritating to such a pitch the monarch, unused to the slightest contradiction, that with the usual precipitancy of the infidel despots of those countries, he not only cursed Ferdousi by every chapter of the Koran, but ordered him to be trampled to death by an elephant. But Mahmoud had to learn that there were some things which even he could not accomplish. For Ferdousi, although perhaps he did not anticipate so severe a criticism on his person as the one proposed by his friend the king, understood well enough that Ghuznin had grown too hot for his comfort. He had

therefore hidden himself immediately after the affair of the bath, and soon after departed the dominions of its ruler. Before starting he left with a friend named Agasi, a most bitter satirical poem against Mahmoud, to be presented to his majesty, when he should appear, as he frequently did, most particularly peevish and disconcerted.

In this composition, which is considered by the Persians in the light of the Iambics of Archilochus among the Greeks, or the *Ibis* of Ovid among the Latins, the indignant poet pours out a vial of bitter invective upon the devoted head of the Ghaznevide; calls him a base, cold tyrant—the grinder of the virtuous poor—the son of a blacksmith—a direct counterpart to Persia's heroes—one who could reward such a work as the Shah Nameh with a few pieces of silver! "Wert thou a king, (he exclaims,) the offspring of a king, thou wouldst place a golden crown upon my head. But thou knowest not what is becoming in a monarch, because thou art not born of monarchs. A tree whose root, whose nature is bitter—although thou shouldst take it, and plant it in the gardens of Paradise, and in the watering time, pour out upon its roots milk and honey from the streams of heaven—will never change its nature, except for the worse, or produce other fruits than such as are bitter." Mr. Atkinson has translated this satire into English verse. We will give a few samples of his translation:—

"Why was I sentenced to be trod upon,
And crushed to death by elephants, by one
Whose power I scorn! Couldst thou presume
that I

Would be appalled by thee, whom I defy?
I am the lion, I inured to blood,
And make the impious and the base my food.
And I could grind thy limbs, and spread them
far

As Nile's dark waters their rich treasures
bear.

Fear thee! I fear not man, but God alone,
And only bow to his Almighty throne!

* * * * *
From every trace of sense and feeling free,
When thou art dead, what will become of
thee?

If thou shouldst tear me limb from limb, and
cast

My dust and ashes to the angry blast,
Ferdousi still would live, since on thy name,
Mahmoud, I did not rest my hopes of fame.

And thou wouldst hurl me underneath the
tread

Of the wild elephant, till I were dead!
Dead! by that insult roused, I should become
An elephant in power and seal thy doom."

He says beautifully, in a different strain:

"Full many a warrior of illustrious worth,
Full many of humble, of imperial birth,
Tur, Selim, Jemschid, Minuchir the brave,
Have died—for nothing had the power to save
These mighty monarchs from the common
doom:

They died, but blest in memory, still they
bloom.

Thus kings, too, perish—none on earth remain,
Since all things human seek the dust again."

In the concluding verses the idea of the bashful maid's becoming a warrior, while reading the great deeds of her country's heroes, strikes us as very beautiful:—

"The toil of thirty years is now complete,
Record sublime of many a noble feat,
Written midst toil and trouble—but the strain
Awakens every heart, and will remain
A lasting stimulus to glorious deeds;
For even the bashful maid, who kindling reads,
Becomes a warrior. Thirty years of care,
Urged on by royal promise, did I bear,
And now, deceived and scorned, the aged bard
Is basely cheated of his pledged reward."

Thus ends the celebrated *Diri* of Ferdousi, in which the reader sees plainly that the silver donation especially had galled him bitterly. For the honor of our poet, however, we maintain that it was the insult which irritated him so much, and not the loss of pelf—it was the principle he contended for, and not the bread and butter.

With the solicitude usual to friends who have bad news to communicate, Mahmoud's favorites soon placed the treacherous paper in his hand. The effect may be imagined. His majesty had a fit, not of displeasure, irritation, or anger, but of foaming hydrophobia. He ordered every stone in the kingdom to be overturned, until the hated rhymster were found, with the intention, probably, of treating him not very politely, if he caught him.

It became known soon after, that Ferdousi was in the court of Hamed El Kadir Billah, Caliph of Bagdad, who had not only kissed him on the forehead, and

clothed him in a splendid robe, but given him sixty thousand golden coins. Mahmoud had the baseness to send a demand of his subject to the Caliph, who knowing the difficult position of the Ghaznevide at the moment, gave him a stout refusal, which he had to swallow, and feel on his stomach for a good while, along with the other load of undigested venom which encumbered it.

Grateful to the generosity of his protector, Ferdousi added a thousand couplets to the Shah Nameh, in his praise. He also wrote during his stay at Bagdad a poem, entitled Yusepa.

Ferdousi has been compared to Dante, on account of his fierce, indomitable spirit, his romantic life, and his exile from the land of his birth. Perhaps he, too, like the doughty Ghibelline, could not help feeling

"Quanto sa di sale,
Il pane altrui, * * * e quanto
Sia duro lo ascender l'altrui scale;"—

"How salt is the taste of a stranger's bread, and how trying to mount the stairs of a foreign benefactor;" he could not help sighing, in the court of Bagdad, for the peaceful scenes of his native home, and finally resolved to return secretly to Tus. This he could safely do, for Mahmoud had enough to think of besides him, and the shafts of war turned away his thoughts from the shafts of criticism, engaged as he was in the conquest of India. Moreover, he had himself discovered the stain which would be left on his memory by the persecution of an aged poet, who had cast such rays of glory upon his reign, and had repented considerably towards him when the first burst of passion was over. Ten years of busy life produce a great change not only in a man's attachments, but also in his antipathies.

While hunting one day with his Grand Vizier, Fusein Meimoud, Mahmoud was struck with the beauty of some verses which his attendant had quoted, as bearing upon the present position of the affairs of the kingdom. He inquired who was the author of so admirable an effusion, and was told that it was from the Shah Nameh of Ferdousi. In a spirit of kindness, he inquired what had become of the old poet, and recalled with satisfaction the pleasure

Ferdousi had often afforded his turbulent and haughty soul.

It was soon discovered that the venerable old man was living in retirement in Tus, to which place, "*tactus loci natalis amore*," he had secretly returned. Now that the royal favor was again bestowed upon the bard, plenty of the courtiers came forth to make known the fraudulent and unjust persecution he had suffered at the hands of the minister Aiyar, who was immediately deprived of his office and banished from the court.

Mahmoud likewise directed sixty thousand golden pieces, and a robe of honor, to be sent to the poet, accompanied by a letter expressive of the kindest feelings towards him.

But another cause more powerful than Mahmoud's munificence had silenced the voice of resentment in the poet's heart.

One day the illustrious old man was walking on a terrace of the city, breathing the air of his infancy under the wide blue sky of that beautiful region, gilded by the soft, yet clear effulgence of the setting sun, when he heard a young boy who was playing near him repeat one of the couplets of the Shah Nameh. There are moments in the existence of every man, when the tranquil serenity of nature induces a pensive quiet upon the calm and unruffled soul, that renders it extremely sensible to every remembrance of our past life, and when even the tempests one may have had to endure are incapable of exciting more than a gentle melancholy, not entirely distinguishable from pleasure. Vividly such was this moment of intense interest to the soul of the venerable poet. But a circumstance accompanied by so many pleasing reminiscences—an honor of so delicate a nature, was too much for his enfeebled frame: he failed beneath it, and swooned away, and being brought into his house, he terminated soon after his brilliant career, in the year 985, the eightieth of his age. So died Ferdousi the prince of Persian poets, without receiving the reward for his toil decreed to him by that sovereign from whom he himself had solicited substantial patronage, and failed fully to obtain it, and who decreed it should be extended to the poet when he was no longer able to enjoy it. The envoys of the court, who at first had sought after him in Bagdad, followed

him to Tus, but while with their splendid burthen they entered one gate, the body of the poet was borne out of another. His only daughter, or according to others his sister, and only surviving relative, seems to have partaken of the poet's lofty spirit, for she refused to accept of the donation presented to her by Mahmoud's envoys, saying, "What have I to do *now* with the riches of kings?"

THE SHAH NAMEH.

We must endeavor briefly to give the reader an idea of Ferdousi's great work before closing our sketch of the author's life. There are some works that people become acquainted with by name, but which they always consider to be so very deep, obscure, learned, admirable, queer, dry, and incomprehensible, that they never think of examining them or reading any portion of them. A sketch of them in terms so general as to mean nothing, or so eulogistic as to be incredible, is found in periodicals and other works of light literature, which give no real idea of the books in question, which end finally by being classed as something very beautiful and very stupid along with the learned lucubrations of Trismegist, Sauconian, or Ollam Fudlah.

We must rescue the Shah Nameh from such venerable and forbidding associates. It is written by a man full of spirit, fond of fun, and as intolerant of rigmarole as the best of us. It is indeed penned in another tongue, but Persian literature has nothing particularly heavy, dull, or nonsensical connected with its remembrances. A fair English translation of the Shah Nameh would probably render it as popular as the Arabian Nights, to which it bears a family resemblance. Ferdousi's work, in fact, may be described as a compound of the Arabian Nights, the Iliad of Homer, and the Orlando Furioso. Lalla Rookh may be taken as a sample of Persian refinement and gallantry, and the story of Zal and Rudabeh, which has been translated more than once, is certainly not unequal to some of the choicest passages of Western epics. We can hardly follow the exuberant imagination, which delights in mixing up pell mell fairies, ghosts, Ghouls, Simurghs, magicians, imps, witches, and devils; but we can admire the heat and felicity with

which their transactions are recorded, and admire the generosity and courage of the heroes whose exploits are recorded by the bard, whom the Persian moreover venerates as the only chronicler of his country's golden age. This flow of animal spirits and blaze of the imagination under the influence of which the poet writes, seemingly in the best mood with himself, although without attention to the natural order of things, renders his lines sparkling, rapid, graphic, and makes the reader sometimes either exclaim with wonder, or smile with delight, while he witnesses the rush of such brilliant effusions. Witness the following stanza, where Rustem throws himself upon the enemy, actually "eating them up" by hundreds:—

"In the tempest of battle disdaining all fear,
With his kamund and khanjer, his garz and
shamshir,
How he bound, stabbed, and crushed and dis-
severed the foe,
So mighty his arm, and so fatal his blow."

If a joke suggests itself to his mind, like Ariosto, he seizes upon it, not having time to stop and examine strictly its rhetorical merits. A Tartar knight, one Kelim, faces Rustem in the war with Afrasyab, and uses his spear with great dexterity:—

"But Rustem with his javelin soon transfixed
The Tartar knight—who, in the eyes of all,
Looked like a spitted chicken."

When he can inculcate a moral principle, he does it with peculiar earnestness. Thus the history of Feridun, the most virtuous of his heroes, closes with this beautiful sentence:—

"Yet Feridun was not an angel,
Nor was he formed of musk or ambergris;
He gained his fame by justice and generosity.
Be thou generous and just—and thou art a
Feridun."

He is not afraid to speak the truth, pretty clearly. Thus Jemshid tells Gureng's brave daughter:—

"However brave a woman may appear,
Whatever strength of arm she may possess,
She is but half a man."

The same hero afterwards, when she

asks his name, with a sad want of gallantry, soliloquizes thus:—

"Fortune I dread, since Fortune is my foe,
And womankind are seldom known to keep
Another's secret. To be poor and safe,
Is better far than wealth exposed to peril."

The Persians, unlike the Mussulman proper, see no sinfulness in good wine. Ferdousi says frequently, "and they were all intoxicated." The bravest of his heroes, as in the Iliad, always drink the most.

"To-day let us quaff, let us banquet to-day,
And to-morrow to battle we'll hasten away."

Ferdousi is no blind fatalist either, in fact he shows very little belief in the absurd doctrines of the Impostor of Mecca.

"When Fate's dark clouds portentous lower,
And veil the light of day,
No effort then of human power,
Can chase the gloom away.
*Arrows may fly a countless shower,
Amidst the desperate fray,
But not to sword or arrow death is given,
Unless decreed by an all-ruling Heaven.*"

Another pleasing trait of the old poet is that he is very pious, attributes every success to the help of God, makes his heroes kneel and return thanks after any brilliant exploit, and even begins his work with a prayer to God, to fit him for the great task he is undertaking:—

"Thee I invoke, the Lord of life and light,
Beyond imagination pure and bright.
* * * * *
Oh, pardon the misdeeds of him, who now
Bends in thy presence, with a suppliant brow."

But we must give an idea of the manner in which Ferdousi recounts his stories, as far as we can. For in the original we find descriptions of scenery, heroic contests, lyric effusions, prayers, pointed dialogues, original comparisons, and moral reflections all mingled together in the soft, flowing cantos of the poet, who seems thus to bind together the different elements compounded by his master hand. It is usual for commentators upon the Shah Nameh, to copy as a sample the history of Zal and Rendabeh, as more in accordance with western ideas of poetic propriety. Following an entirely different course, we will give

a brief outline of one of the most madcap rhapsodies of the "King Book," the expedition of Rustem against Mazinderan. It is wonderful to observe how the poet preserves himself free from all disconnection, or impropriety in the detail, and how consistently mad he is, when his imagination has once broken loose. The legend runs somewhat in the following manner:

Kai Kaus, King of Persia, as is often the case, was the foolish son of a wise father. In place of following the prudent counsels of the deceased old monarch, he took in draughts of wine, in place of imbibing precepts of philosophy; and was remarked to be much fonder of eating good dinners than of chewing the cud of reflection; and what was worse, he considered himself the greatest man upon earth, and looked upon all others as mere offal compared to his high majesty.

Well, once upon a time, there came to Kai Kaus a demon disguised as a musician, and, playing sweetly upon his harp, sung a song in praise of Mazinderan:—

"And thus he warbled to the king:
'Mazinderan is the bower of spring,
My native home, the balmy air
Diffuses health and fragrance there.
So tempered is the genial glow,
Nor heat nor cold we ever know;
The bulbul sits on every spray,
And pours its soft, melodious lay;
Each rural spot new sweets discloses,
Each streamlet is the dew of roses.
* * * * *

And mark me! real happiness
He never did nor shall possess,
Who measured out life's lengthiest span,
Nor visited Mazinderan.'

When Kai Kaus had heard this enchanting description, what should he do, but tell his warriors that he had made up his mind to lead an army to its fatal boundaries!

They tried their best to induce the king to give up such a hair-brained idea—but all to no use. They sent for Zal, then informing him that Kai Kaus's wits had gone a wool-gathering, and for kindness' sake to come and talk to him, or he'd be the ruin of them all. Zal's speech to the king is very beautiful. "Neither Jemshid, nor Feridun, nor Minuchir, nor Zau, nor Nauder, nor even his majesty's father, Kai Kobad, nor any other

'heroic man
Dreamt of the conquest of Mazinderan.'

And so give it up, your Majesty ; you had better," &c., &c.

But Kai Kaus was as obstinate as a mule. He would go, and conquer too. And as for Jemshid, and Feridun, and Minuchir, he did not care the toss of a button for any of them, and considered himself better than all of them together. In short, he was fairly in for it.

"Be thou (*Zal*) and Rustem, whilst afar
I wage the soul-appalling war,
The guardians of the kingdom ; Heaven
To me hath its protection given ;
And when I reach the Demon's fort
Their severed heads shall be my sport."

Zal saw that the King was inflexible, and only said :—

"May all thy actions prosper—may'st thou never
Have cause to recollect my warning voice
With sorrow or repentance. Heaven protect thee."

We must pass over the warlike preparations of the monarch, his farewell, his onward march, the heroic exploits of Giw, the destruction of the inhabitants of the frontiers, who were all magicians, the surprise of the Persians at viewing the wonderful beauty of the charmed land which increased in richness and splendor, and became more and more a paradise as the vanguard of the army approached the formidable city of the Demons or Genii, whose fame had rendered it an object of veneration and fear all over the world.

Kai Kaus, full of the wildest anticipations of victory, had pitched his tents in state on the plain near the city, and designed to storm it on the ensuing day. But he soon discovered that he had got into a bad position. The King of Mazinderan had called to his aid the gigantic White Demon, a personage to whom Cormoran, the friend of Jack the Giant Killer, would have been a mere foot-page. Through the magical arts of this terrible adversary, a deep black cloud settled upon the Persian army that night, and a tremendous shower of hail-stones poured down upon them, killing great numbers, and causing the remainder to flee hither and thither through the gloom.

Morning dawned, but brought no light to the wretched Kai Kaus, who remained for seven days in these horrors, to which death itself was preferable. Then did he bitterly lament his rashness and his proud refusal to follow the advice of Zal. On the eighth day he heard the thunder-like voice of the White Demon booming through the pitchy darkness :—

"Oh King! thou art the willow tree, all barren,
With neither fruit nor flower. What could induce

The dream of conquering Mazinderan ?

Hadst thou no friend to warn thee of thy folly ?
Hadst thou not heard of the White Demon's power,

Of him who, from the gorgeous vault of heaven,
Can charm the stars ? From this mad enterprise

Others have wisely shrunk—and what hast thou

Accomplished by a more ambitious course ?

Thy soldiers have slain many ; dire destruction

And spoil have been their purpose ; thy wild will

Has promptly been obeyed ; but thou art now

Without an army ; not one man remains

To lift a sword or stand in thy defence—

Not one to hear thy groans and thy despair."

The survivors were secured, deprived of sight, and allowed barely food enough to keep them alive, being under the tender protection of the King of Mazinderan and a Demon named Arzang. After this the White Demon returns to his cave.

Zal soon heard of the helpless condition of his king, and tore his hair in despair at the tidings. But soon, with heroic generosity, he began to devise some plan for his liberation, which he committed to his son, the great Rustem, he being enfeebled by age. Rustem is the great hero of the Shah Nameh :—

"Since the Lord of all nature created this earth,

To a hero like Rustem he never gave birth."

But even Rustem could not but hesitate at an enterprise like that proposed by Zal. "It was a long journey," he said, "to Mazinderan, and the King had been six months on the road." Zal, however, remarked that there were two roads—the more tedious one taken by Kai Kaus ; and the other beset with lions and genii, and full

of sorcery and danger; which, however, would lead him to Mazinderan in seven days, if he reached it at all.

On hearing this the valiant Rustem assented, and resolved to try the short road, observing—

“ Although it is not wise, they say,
To track with willing feet the way
To hell; though only men who’ve lost
All love of life, by misery crossed,
Would rush into the tiger’s lair
And die poor reckless victims there;
I gird my loins whate’er may be,
And trust to God for victory.”

On the following day, resigning himself to the protection of Heaven, he put on his war attire, and with his wonderful steed Rakush, the constant sharer of his perils and his glory, richly caparisoned, he stood prepared for his journey. His mother, Rudabeh, took leave of him with great sorrow, and to close the dramatic picture Rustem, like one of Metastasio’s heroes, consoles himself and his friends at parting thus :—

“ O’er him who seeks the battle-field,
Nobly his prisoned king to free,
Heaven will extend its saving shield,
And crown his arms with victory.”

This pathetic scene is followed by the Heft Khan or seven labors of Rustem, the Persian Hercules. We must omit the beautiful drapery the poet throws around them, and merely mention the difficulty encountered by Rustem in each stage.

First Stage.—He rapidly pursued his way, performing two days’ journey in one, and soon came to a forest full of wild asses. He caught and roasted one of them for his dinner, over a fire of dry reeds and branches, striking sparks from the top of his spear to light it. Loosening the bridle of Rakush, he went to sleep there, taking care to have his sword under his head. A fierce lion attacks Rakush, but is killed by his hoofs and teeth. Rustem’s address to Rakush on awaking and seeing the dead lion is characteristic of an Oriental. Had Rakush perished, he says amongst other things :

“ How could thy master have conveyed
His helm, and battle-axe, and blade,
Kamund and bow, and buberyan,
Unaided to Mazinderan ?”

The *Second Stage* represents Rustem nearly perishing in the burning sands of a desert from thirst, his prayer, and wonderful relief. He lies down to rest, with the following injunction to Rakush :—

“ Beware, my steed, of future strife,
Again thou must not risk thy life;
Encounter not the lion fell,
Nor demon still more terrible;
But should an enemy appear,
Ring loud the warning in mine ear.”

Third Stage.—At midnight, a monstrous dragon-serpent issued from the forest. It was eighty feet in length, and so fierce that neither elephant, nor lion, nor demon ever ventured to pass by its lair. This unwelcome visitor saw the sleeping champion, and his horse grazing near. Rakush was the first object of his attack, but retiring toward his master he neighed, and beat the ground so furiously, that Rustem awoke, but the dragon had vanished. Rustem was vexed at what he considered a false alarm. He slept again, —again awoke, saw nothing, and thereupon addressed poor Rakush, in a fit of passion, with severe reproaches. He even threatened the noble steed :—

“ But if again my rest is broke,
On thee shall fall the fatal stroke,
And I myself will drag this load
Of ponderous arms along the road.
Yes! I will go a lonely man,
Without thee to Mazinderan.”

But he was not deceived the third time. The description of the encounter is terrific. Rakush aided with his teeth, and Rustem triumphant, returns thanks to God for his success.

The *Fourth Stage* leads through an enchanted garden, described with all the charms of Ferdousi’s rich imagery, enlivened by music, wine, magic banquets, a perfect Horn of Plenty, the tip of which is a beautiful sorceress, who approaches the warrior, but at his mentioning the name of God, while presenting a cup of wine, is suddenly transformed into a black and hideous fiend. Seeing this, Rustem threw his kamund or noose over the demon, and dragging him to the ground, split him in two with his sword, “ as the blade sliceth a cucumber.”

In the *Fifth Stage* he passes through a

dark cloud into a deep forest, where the keeper found the hero asleep, while Rakush was helping himself to his employer's corn. Striking his staff violently on the ground, he awoke Rustem, who being particularly cross always after a nap, and hearing the wretch give him impudence, caught him by the ears, and pulled them so hard that he pulled them off! This injury brings on the Lord of the Manor, one Aulad, with his troops. Rustem scatters the troops, and secures Aulad with his kamund. The prisoner described the further terrors of the land to him, but agreed to act as his guide, on Rustem's promising him to make him king of Mazinderan. Rustem then binds the guide to a tree, and lies down to rest.

He now comes to the region inhabited by the terrible Genii, or demons, not immortal, but so fierce that Ferdousi often uses their warlike prowess as an illustration; for example:—

"For the tyrant at once and his heroes began
Their attack like the demons of Mazinderan."

He challenged them with a roar that shook the very hills. Arzung, hearing a human voice, rushed from his tent, but only to be slaughtered by Rustem, who threw his head amongst the demons, much to their astonishment and terror.

The *Sixth Stage* is the entrance of Mazinderan, where the captive warriors learn his approach by the neighing of the well-known Rakush. Rustem sees the king, who is stone-blind, and only to be cured by a drop of warm blood from the heart of the White Demon. Rustem hastens on towards the Seven Mountains, and enters amongst the demons during the hot hours of the day, when they were accustomed to be fast asleep. Having made a St. Bartholomew's Eve amongst them, he proceeds onward.

Seventh Stage.—Rustem's encounter with the White Demon. We will give Mr. Atkinson's version of this stage in full.

"Advancing to the cavern, he looked down
And saw a gloomy place, dismal as hell;
But not one cursed, impious sorcerer
Was visible in that infernal depth.
Awhile he stood, his falchion in his grasp,
And rubbed his eyes to sharpen his dim sight,
And then a mountain-form covered with hair,
Filling up all the space, rose into view.

The monster was asleep, but presently
The daring shouts of Rustem broke his rest,
And brought him suddenly upon his feet,
When seizing a huge millstone, forth he came
And thus accosted the intruding chief:
'Art thou so tired of life, that reckless thus
Thou dost invade the precincts of the Demons?

Tell me thy name, that I may not destroy
A nameless thing!' The champion stern replied,

'My name is Rustem—sent by Zal my father,

Descended from the Champion Sam Suwar,
To be avenged on thee—the King of Persia
Being now a prisoner in Mazinderan.'
When the accursed Demon heard the name
Of Sam Suwar, he like a serpent writhed
In agony of spirit, terrified

At that announcement. Then regaining strength,

He forward sprang, and hurled the millstone huge

Against his adversary, who fell back
And disappointed the prodigious blow.

Black frowned the Demon, and through Rustem's heart

A wild sensation ran of dire alarm;
But, rousing up his courage, he revived,
And wielding furiously his beaming sword,
He pierced the Demon's thigh, and lopped the limb.

Then both together grappled, and the cavern
Shook with the contest—each at times prevailed;

The flesh of both was torn, and streaming blood

Crimsoned the earth. 'If I survive this day,'
Said Rustem in his heart, in that dread strife,

'My life must be immortal.' The White Demon

With equal terror muttered to himself:

'I now despair of life—sweet life. No more
Shall I be welcomed to Mazinderan.'
And still they struggled hard—still sweat and blood

Poured down at every strain. Rustem at last,
Gathering fresh power vouchsafed him by Heaven,

And bringing all his mighty strength to bear,
Raised up the gasping Demon in his arms,
And with such fury dashed him to the ground,
That life no longer moved his monstrous frame.

Promptly he then tore out the reeking heart,
And crowds of Demons simultaneous fell
As part of him, and stained the earth with gore.
Others who saw this signal overthrow,
Trembled, and hurried from the scene of blood.

Then the great victor, issuing from that cave
With pious haste, took off his helm and mail,
And royal girdle, and with water washed

His face and body—choosing a pure place
 For prayer, to praise his Maker; him who
 gave
 The victory; the Eternal Source of good;
 Without whose grace and blessing what is
 man!
 With it no force or art can pierce his mail."

This signal victory concluded the enterprise. Kai Kaus was cured of his blindness by the heart's blood of the late White Demon, and his fellow-captives were liberated. An ambassador was sent to the King of Mazinderan, informing him how the White Demon had got his due, and his friends had been cast out. The king however showed fight. Rustem was then dispatched to him as envoy of the victorious army. A band of warriors came out to receive him. Wishing to show them his strength, he tore up a large tree by the roots, and dexterously wielded it in his hand like a spear. Tilting onwards, he flung it through the air before his wondering enemies. One of them, to show what he could do, offered to grasp hands with Rustem,—they met; but the gripe of the champion was so excruciating, as to make the ruffian's sinews crackle, and make him fall from his horse, yelling with agony.

An engagement of the two armies ensued, which remained of doubtful success, until Rustem, crushing everything before him, singled out the Magician King of Mazinderan. Furiously they coped with sword and javelin, until Rustem, actually burning with rage, sprang like a tiger upon his adversary, when, lo and behold! by the force of magic, he transformed himself into—a rock!

Rustem, just on the point of victory, thought this really *hard*; the rest stood in blank amazement around until Kai Kaus came up, and ordered them to drag the enchanted mass to his tent. This they attempted, but all their united force

could not move it an inch, until Rustem, recovering his usual ardor, approached, and amidst loud exclamations of amazement from the bystanders, fairly heaved the lump of stone, lifting it high in air. "Return to thy shape," he now cried, "or flinty rock as thou art, I will dash thee into atoms." The magician-king, alarmed at the threat, became softened, and resumed his original form. All the trouble was now over. Aulad the guide, according to Rustem's promise, was made Governor of Mazinderan—the stubborn magician-king was cut to pieces. Rustem returned after eight days of rejoicing, to gain new triumphs in Persia; Kai Kaus to run himself into new difficulties; all the soldiers got rich; and the Demons were so crest-fallen, that for a long time no mischief was done in that neighborhood except what was caused by men, and a little that was done by the women.

The story of Kai Kaus shows the character of Ferdousi's genius, but he knows how to be regular and stately at times. We may give one more brief extract, where, in true epic style, he describes an engagement:—

"'Twas at midday the strife began,
 With steed to steed, and man to man;
 The clouds of dust which rolled on high,
 Threw darkness over earth and sky.
 Each soldier on a foeman rushed,
 And every blade with crimson blushed,
 And valiant hearts were trod upon
 Like sand beneath the horse's feet;
 And when the warrior's life was gone,
 His mail became his winding sheet."

With this extract we take leave of our readers, of the Shah Nameh, and the old Persian bard, who still continues to be the delight of the inhabitants of those beautiful regions which he depicted in such charming colors in his poem, so many centuries ago.

THE HON. WILLIAM L. DAYTON,

U. S. SENATOR FROM NEW JERSEY.

Few States of our Union have had more just cause for pride in the patriotism of her sons than New Jersey. During the Revolutionary struggle, the sands of the old Commonwealth were dyed with her best blood. In the political struggles of our own times, New Jersey Whigs battling, as their fathers did, for constitutional freedom, have contested every inch with the advocates of radicalism and misrule. In twelve well-fought battles they have been fairly worsted but once; during twelve years this gallant Whig State has but once swerved from her cherished political faith. That she has so long been the abode of peace and conservative order—that she has been preserved from violence and misgovernment—that she has not been drawn into the vortex of debt and oppressive taxation—that she has never been brought into the necessity, or threatened with the fear of repudiation and bankruptcy, she has owed, under God, to the skill and the patriotism of those worthy sons to whom she has intrusted her destiny.

In the *National* Councils that skill and patriotism have been as clearly distinguished as in her own. New Jersey has always contributed her full share of intellect, integrity and statesmanship to every Congress that has ever yet gathered under the folds of the Nation's banner within the Nation's Capitol. Among the immortal patriots who stood around John Hancock in the Hall of Independence were John Witherspoon and Richard Stockton. In later times, where on the roll of Senatorial fame and purity shall we find two nobler names than those of Samuel Lewis Southard and Theodore Frelinghuysen? Among those who have during the past four years waged perpetual battle against the pernicious schemes of this unrighteous administration, who have labored with a more untiring zeal, and a more unchanging fidelity than the two true-hearted men who now

represent New Jersey in the Senate of the Union?

One of these two men we have chosen as the subject of a short biographical notice. WILLIAM LEWIS DAYTON is a native Jerseyman, born in the county of Somerset, which has given birth to more eminent men than any other in the State. His ancestry for many generations were also Jerseymen, having emigrated to the colony among its earlier settlers. His great-grandfather, Jonathan Dayton, who was of English descent, settled at Elizabethtown in Essex county, as early at least as 1725, and about the same time his mother's grandfather removed to Baskenridge, Somerset co., where he erected the first frame dwelling that was known in that section of the country. His ancestry on both the father's and mother's side took honorable part in the Revolutionary struggle. Some of the family distinguished themselves; Elias Dayton became a Brigadier General, and Jonathan Dayton, his son, became afterwards eminent as the Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Fourth Congress. His maternal grandfather, Edward Lewis, was a Commissary of the Revolutionary army, and served as such during the entire war.

Robert Dayton, the grandfather of the present Senator, removed his family for greater security during the war, from Elizabethtown to a farm in the vicinity of Baskenridge. Here he continued to reside after the close of the war, and reared a large family on narrow means, and in comparative obscurity. Here his son Joel Dayton resided, a man of intelligence and probity. Here the present Senator was born on the 17th of February, 1807. He was the eldest of his family, and was placed while in his twelfth year under the care of the celebrated Dr. Brownlee, now of New York. Dr. B. prepared him for the College of New Jersey, from which he

was graduated in the class of 1825. When he left college his person was unusually slender, and his health was feeble. As soon as he became equal to the labors of a law office, he commenced his legal studies with Governor Vroom, and was admitted to the bar in 1830.

The first seven years of his legal life were passed in Monmouth county, where his irrepressible ardor and industry soon gained him local fame and a lucrative practice. At the age of thirty he entered political life, being elected to the upper House of the New Jersey Legislature from the strong Democratic county of Monmouth, his whole ticket going in along with him, a feat which the Whigs of that county have never succeeded in performing before or since that day. Mr. Dayton was placed at the head of the Committee on the Judiciary. Here he effected a most salutary reform in one of the most important judicial departments of the State. The Court of Common Pleas, as it was then constituted, having no Judges on its bench of professional education, was regarded with distrust by the legal profession and by the community. Various efforts had been made to amend the system by placing as a presiding judge over the Court one who was prepared by a professional training for the responsible office. The influence of Common Plea Judges, scattered through every county of the State, was directly adverse to the change. Under these circumstances, Mr. Dayton brought forward a proposal to add two more Justices to the bench of the Supreme Court, increasing the number of circuits to be holden, and giving to the Circuit Court original jurisdiction in all cases at common law. This plan was generally approved, and a bill embodying substantially his sagacious recommendations passed into a law. The system, thus organized, went into successful operation. Without touching the old Court of Common Pleas, it in effect, for general purposes of business, did it away. It presented to suitors and to counsel a choice of Courts, and the legal business of the State naturally found its way into that court where it was most promptly and intelligently disposed of.

At the close of the session of this legislature, Mr. Dayton was raised to the bench of the Supreme Court, and though one of

the youngest, was yet one of the most eminent who have ever held that distinguished post. After three years of useful and honorable service in that station, he resigned his seat upon the bench and returned to the practice of his profession, where his splendid abilities as an advocate soon placed him in the first rank of the New Jersey Bar.

In June, 1842, Mr. Southard, who had held for some time the Presidency of the Senate, died at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and left a vacancy in the Senatorial delegation of New Jersey. Governor Pennington, the executive of New Jersey, tendered the place to Judge Dayton, and he took his seat on the sixth of July. During the following winter, he was elected by the Legislature for the unexpired term of Mr. Southard. In 1845, he was re-elected for a full term of six years; and on both these occasions he had no competitor among the Whigs of his native State.

When Judge Dayton entered the highest council-chamber of the nation, he had barely reached the age of thirty-five, and had no junior, we believe, among the eminent men who sat around him. Among those men were many of the most brilliant orators and statesmen of our era. The peerless Clay had, indeed, just retired from the scene of his fiercest conflicts, and his most splendid triumphs. Webster and Calhoun were temporarily withdrawn to the superintendence of executive departments. But they had left behind them a Berrien and a Benton—the eloquent Crittenden, and the strong-minded Wright—the all-accomplished Evans, with his many-sided versatility of statesmanship, and the polished Choate, whose persuasive flow of eloquence a Sheridan might have envied.

Even amid this distinguished concourse the young Senator from New Jersey was not lost sight of. He never rose without commanding the fixed attention of his competitors; and in the memorable contests on Texas annexation and the Mexican War, his arm has dealt some of the heaviest blows. While Mr. Dayton has not sought the empty reputation of a mere speech-maker, yet he has not permitted any important question of national policy to pass a discussion, without giving a frank utterance to his own sentiments upon it. His commanding manner and graceful oratory

have thrown a charm about themes the most abstruse and prosaic, and attracted, to an unwonted degree, the attentive admiration of an audience which it is proverbially difficult to control.

Mr. Dayton's first speech was in vindication of the character and credit of the federal government, from the aspersions which the temporary repudiation of some of the States had brought upon it. In the debates on the Oregon difficulties, the Tariff, the Annexation of Texas, and the Mexican War, he took conservative and patriotic ground. When the late Treaty with Mexico was sent into the Senate, Mr. Dayton was the first Senator upon the Whig side of that body who broke ground in favor of its ratification, and was one of the few who voted for it. He did not approve of the Treaty itself, either in principle or in its several details. But, like the vast majority of the enlightened and reflecting of our land, he was wearied with the unrighteous war that had so long been waged, and hailed the Treaty as by far the lesser evil. "I frankly admit," said he, in his manly and eloquent defence upon that occasion—

"I frankly admit that the Treaty is bad enough. I admit that it was no choice of mine. I admit that it was the selection of an alternative—one evil in preference only to a greater evil. We have been told here that if we did not distrust ourselves and our power, we might meet the difficulty; that one-third of the Senate can defeat the treaty now and through all time. I grant it. But I say that if that third consist of those gentlemen who have denounced the war from the beginning as unjust and iniquitous—if they, under these circumstances, defeat such a Treaty and continue such a war, they ought to feel as sure of their course as though it was written down for them by the light of a sunbeam. We have been forced from the beginning to deal with alternatives. In the beginning of the war, we granted supplies, although driven to the alternative of admitting under protest that the war commenced by the act of Mexico. In the prosecution of the war, we have continued supplies rather than see our armies defeated; and now, at the end of the war, we are willing to vote for a peace with *some* territory, rather than take the chance of a continuance of the war, and more territory at its close. It has been with us a choice of alternatives from first to last. I will not defend this Treaty as a mere matter of bargain. I care not whether the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Webster) be right or wrong in the view

which he has taken of this as a matter of bargain. I care not whether New Mexico be near to us or far from us; I care not how isolated may be its position; I care not though her plains be barren, though her hills be desolate, though every drop of water which trickles from her mountains be lost in her sands; not any nor all of these considerations have controlled my action on this subject."

In discussing the future government and destiny of the territory to be ceded by Mexico, as respects the right of Congress to legislate, he plants himself unqualifiedly upon the same ground which the patriot Jefferson assumed in 1787—the ground which the great mass of the Whig party of this era still occupies, and from which no temporary faction shall drive it by their "eleventh hour" clamor about "Free Soil" and "Provisoers." Said he—

"It does seem to me, Mr. President, (I say it with great respect,) that if there ever were any doubts on this question as to the power of Congress to legislate with respect to slavery in the territories, those doubts must be held settled by the past conduct of the government.

"But I will now say again that I trust and hope that, as regards the territory north of thirty-two degrees, which we may acquire from Mexico by virtue of this Treaty, this question may be at rest. I hold it to be an act of wisdom, as well as of patriotism, to agitate it only when its agitation becomes matter of necessity, and with a view to practical results. But let the North bear it in mind—let it never be forgotten, that if the question be not settled now it will probably be presented hereafter in all its terrible reality. The line will probably be pushed, in future, further south; it will go so far south as to incorporate territory which will clearly be slave territory—territory where slaves may be employed, not in agricultural pursuits only, but in the production of the precious metals—the worst, the most fatal of all species of production that can curse the industry or blight the prosperity of nations."

We have not the space for further quotations from this able and effective speech, with which many of our readers were made familiar at the time of its delivery; but we cannot resist the temptation to extract its closing passage, prophetic as it is of what Europe has been witnessing, and is yet to witness ere many years have rolled away:—

"I know not how recent events in the European world may have affected the minds of other men, but for myself I feel that, at this strange juncture in the world's progress, America, the great moving cause and example, should be at

rest. In peace there is at this moment to us a peculiar, a moral fitness. If one half that we hear be true, an intense interest must soon attach itself to us and to our institutions. We are soon to become the cynosure of all eyes, 'the observed of all observers' among nations. Consider well, I pray you, the spectacle that we now present, as the great model republic, preying upon, grinding to powder a weak, helpless, an almost only sister republic. But, sir, it is not only fit in a moral point of view that we should be at peace, but prudential considerations counsel us to the same course. The atmosphere of the old world is portentous of change; her air is thick and murky; the clouds are lurid; nations, like men, are literally holding their breath in momentary expectancy of the burst which may follow. I tell you, sir, that you have not yet seen even the beginning of the end. I tell you that nations and kingdoms, which are the growth of ages, do not go out without a struggle, nor in a day. I tell you that large classes of men, concentrating vast wealth, born to power and dominion, do not abandon their supposed destiny as a thing

of yesterday. What though a king be stricken down! What though the sons of a king fall away, like leaves from the oak that is blasted, still the great problem remains, can thirty millions of mercurial Frenchmen, of whom about six or seven millions only can read and write, with no knowledge of free institutions, no experience in the elective franchise, can they be made in a day, an hour, the safe depository of sovereign power? Sir, I distrust the future; it rises before my mind's eye black with anarchy, red with blood. The spirit of revolution may yet pervade Europe; and even although the nations of the continent stand aloof, yet the excited materiel in France herself may burst into flame, though chafed by nothing save the friction of its own parts. Should this be so, the old world will spring to its arms in a day. In the dreadful struggle which must follow, it becomes this republic to stand 'at guard.' Let her gather in her resources; let her husband her strength; let her stand calm, fixed, unmoved, as the main land when the distant swell rolls in upon it."

MIDDLE-ASIATIC THEOLOGY.

If we may believe what has been conjectured, that Callisthenes, the tutor and attendant of Alexander on his Indian expedition, received from the Brahmins, and imparted to Aristotle, the art of logic which that philosopher gave to the world as his own invention, we are indebted to the ancient controversies between the Brahmins and Buddhists, for the methods of argument that were employed in the first establishment of Christian orthodoxy.

But it seems unnecessary, upon so slight a conjecture, to deny the Greek philosopher the credit of the invention. Logical forms must of necessity be used in every well conducted disputation; Aristotle had the example of Euclid in geometry, and of Gorgias in oratory, for the skillful distribution of the members of an argument. If Callisthenes suggested the invention, Aristotle has still the credit of developing and perfecting it. But the logic of India, to judge from what remains to our day, will

not bear comparison with that of Greece, either for choice of topics or management of disputations.

The theorists of India preferred invention to argumentation, and cultivated imagination more than understanding.

Their philosophy is always dogmatical or skeptical, and leans more upon authority than upon science. Excepting algebra, they made no advances in exact science. Their chemistry extended only to the knowledge of a few processes. Their music, a complicated system of modes, never rose to any grand effects; though in natural melodies, it attained exceeding sweetness of expression, like the music of other uncultivated nations. Their natural history was confined to an observation of the habits of birds and quadrupeds; their physiology to a crude enumeration of the viscera and their supposed offices.

Nations who have excelled in science have excelled also in art, but Hind

never passed the stage of barbarism. Indian statuary has often a natural grace, but no purity or dignity; and the same is true of their architecture.

In painting they imitated nature with exactness, and excelled in grace and in brilliancy of coloring; but the idea of abstract beauty, or of classic elegance, had no influence either in the poetry or the arts of India, though traces of tenderness and sentiment abound in them; and for melody and versification, they have attained the extreme of sweetness; nor is there a more sensitive and pleasure-loving people in the world.

Love and terror, in their simplest emotions, glow in the verse of Valmiki and Calidas—a love leaning more to sensuality than sentiment—a terror fantastic and shadowy, without solemnity. Their philosophy, even, is but the shadow of the ancient wisdom, as far removed from nature, as their dreamy *deities* from the IDEAS which they profess to impersonate.

They write much in their copious Nagari alphabet, and learning is diffused and in great repute among them. The Nagari alphabet resembles the Hebrew, in some particulars, and has the appearance of being composed from contracted hieroglyphics, as though the letters, with the arts and laws of India, were of Egyptian origin; but tradition assigns the honor of their invention to a city of the Ganges, Deva Nagari.

A great variety of works may be found in Hindoo libraries. Among their books the Vedas and the less sacred Puranas, or Braminical and popular scriptures, are the most remarkable. To these may be added various metaphysical treatises and systems of law and ethics, all of great antiquity; books of ceremonial and of the rules of caste; volumes of medicine, surgery, astronomy, music; fictitious, and, more rarely, sincere chronicle; poems, in every variety of verse; novels, tales, fables, and collections of pithy sayings; grammars of language, vocabularies, and commentaries, complete the list.

The Brahmins cultivated astronomy, but there is no evidence that they knew the real system of the heavens. In the early part of the last century, the astronomer Jaja-sinha established an observatory at Benares, and made good ob-

servations;* but his instruments were rude.

It was in the contemplation of the world of thought and of emotion, that the Brahmins surpassed all others of their class, (excepting, perhaps, the mystics and prophets of the Nile.) They originated a logic and a psychology. The schools of mysticism, which arose in Greece, Syria and Egypt, within five centuries before and after the Christian era, had their more ancient prototypes in Hindostan.

The six *sastras*, called *darsana*, are the text-books of as many philosophical systems, three of which are only supplementary to the other three. To these may be added the system of the Buddhists, a profound but superstitious Atheism. Of the three regular systems, which variously support the Hindoo orthodoxy, one is *atomic*, another *logical*, and a third *idealistic*. The names of these, with those of their supplements, are—the Voishasika, the Nyaya, the Vedanta, the Mimansa, the Sankya, and the Pantajala. The Hindoos affirm that all these systems originated in the great controversy between the Brahmins and Buddhists; which would make their origin to have been during the tenth and ninth centuries B. C. They were not, therefore, a growth of speculative idleness, but of serious argument against the adversaries of belief.

Kanada, a religious mendicant, held that the world originated by a kind of chance from the concussion of atoms.† He founded the VOISHASIKA school. His system is no longer studied.

Gautama,‡ the founder of the NYAYA school, composed a volume of philosophical axioms, supporting idealism.

Kapila, another religious mendicant, founded the SANCHYA system, which is still studied. It derives all things from two principles, the male and female, according to the Vedas and the book of Menu. Nature, in this system, is the female, *Form*, (or Spirit,) the male; but these terms are figuratively, and not literally taken, though the Hindoo poets use them in a literal sense. The *spirit*, according to Kapila, is distinct from the *body*, and from every other spirit. A spirit in a body is subject

* Asiatic Res., vol. v. p. 195.

† Epicurus, in the fourth century B. C. held the same. ‡ Ward on the Hindoos.

to sorrow, because whatever has body must suffer change and pain. The gods, even, are not free from sorrow, for they have a body. The only true beatitude is contemplation of God, in which the soul escapes from the influence of the body.

The YOGA system, founded by Pantajala, a hermit and ascetic, bases all happiness in self-denial and contemplation. It is the system of those hermits and devotees who retire into deserts and submit to self-torture; its aim, like that of all the Hindoo systems, is to obtain ultimate absorption, and thereby to escape the sorrows of a body. The books of Yoga discipline lay down the rules of asceticism, and the modes of torture and slow suicide. Two books of this discipline are still read by the Pundits* of Bengal; but their precepts are better understood than practised.

The MIMANSA logic, founded by Jayaminee, is a method of interpreting mysteries, and shows the meaning and application of mythologic fables.

The VEDANTA system, founded by Vada Vyasa, the learned compiler of the Vedas, is more a theology than a philosophy. It treats of the nature of God, and of the reason of all religion, in regard to the well-being of man. It is supported by the Mimansa, or logic of interpretation.

The Vedanta and Mimansa, therefore, are, in modern phrase, the theology and biblical criticism of the Brahmins.

Next follow the Sanchya and Yoga, one defending, the other prescribing rules of self-mortification, and of reward and punishment in the future state:—one reasoning upon the relation of soul and body, the other aiming to benefit and elevate the soul at the expense of the body.

Last of all, and practically of least importance, is the Philosophical system, whose two parts are, an imperfect atomic philosophy, in the Voishasica of Kanada, and an attempt at universal science, in the idealism of Gautama.

These three, the Theological, the Enthusiastic, and the Philosophical systems, are to be regarded as accessory to each other and to the whole, and as opposed in mass, and individually, to the doctrine of Buddha, which sunk all things in mat-

ter and fate. Systems analogous with these have appeared in all civilized nations; not as of foreign introduction, but originating in the efforts of pure intelligence to overcome the mysteries of belief, by reducing them under the law of nature and of reason.

Of the two members of the philosophical system, the most remarkable is the idealism (or transcendentalism) of Gautama. This philosopher seems to have been impressed with the reality and power of *ideas*. The Idealist affirms that there are two modes of thought;—*first*, the mode of induction used by the chemists and physiologists, who confine their thoughts to experience, reasoning upon the evidence of sense and sensation;—*second*, that of the Idealists, who begin with the consciousness of existence, and from that point build out a system of thought which shall explain the universe. One is the method of understanding, the other of imagination; and the philosophers and theorists of all ages have made use of both. But it is remarkable that their success in the ideal or *inventive* method, has kept pace exactly with their *practical experience*. The system of Enthusiasm, whose two parts are the Sanchya and Yoga, may be entertained in combination either with the Philosophical or the Atheistic;—being united with the philosophy of Gautama, which is the purest of the Vedas, and of the books of Hermes, it upholds the solemn theology of primeval ages, exalting the Divine Ideas to the dignity of gods. Such is the scheme of Menu and of Plato. But the Enthusiasm of the Buddhists holds no society with the believing Imagination. Trusting that the world exists of itself,* and that it sprang, not out of Being, but out of Nothing, it regards all good and all evil as only relative, and religion as an expedient, rather, or an intellectual luxury. It therefore easily adapts its ceremonies to the habits and prejudices of the people, and its proselyting priests, emanating from the colleges of Thibet, have taken up all the loose rabble of Eastern Asia. Materialism has a worship and an Enthusiasm. It may even have its martyrs, and its ministers, who know how to make it a passion, a luxury, and a punishment.

* Pandit or Pundit, a learned clerk.

* Ward on the Hindoos. See also A. A. Rea's various papers; also Gutzlaff.

The evidence of sense, say the Buddhists, is the sole foundation of our knowledge. Since God, therefore, is not apparent to any sense, *he does not exist*; but the world exists, for we feel it. If there was a beginning, the world sprang out of nothing, and must end in nothing. Such is the god of Buddhism—the god of Understanding—*Nothing, the Scientific "Absolute."* Operations of mind are consequently a motion of gross matter; and the soul itself is no more than a condition of the body. The universe is an ingenious piece of mechanism, self-contrived, or contrived by Chance or Fate;—by a dreadful chance, it sprang into existence.

Buddhism occupies the outskirts of heathenism, and is the religion of the ignorant and barbarous. Being a pure latitudinarian paganism, it indulges all forms of worship, but prefers its own, as most efficacious in aiding the soul to escape life, the passage from one body to another, and become absorbed in the Absolute Nothing. It first tolerated, perhaps originated, idolatry in Asia. Myriads of monstrous idols have been invented and scattered over Asia by Buddhist priests; none other than a *sensual* worship can be founded on a *sensual* philosophy. To a Buddhist, an act of worship is a something very positive in its effect on the soul's future. For, if all things move according to nature and necessity only, every act must be followed by its just result, according to its nature. Prayers, therefore, with masses and offerings, must have their effect with the rest, and procure a cessation of existence, or absorption into Absolute Nothing.

But the Absolute Nothing of this dark absorption is not to be mistaken for the Brehm, or Vast One, of Menu and the Shastras, *out of whom the world flowed, and into whom it returns.* That precept of Buddhism which forbids animal food and bloody sacrifices, seems to be only an extension of an ancient dietetical prohibition, adapted to the sultry climates of India and Egypt. The sedentary habits of the priests forbid their using much animal food, or such vegetables as are not easily digested. Their early lawgivers, observing this, gave the precept a superstitious force by attaching a penalty to it in the future state. Abstinence from animal food promotes freedom of imagination and

inclines the body to ecstasy;* while, at the same time, it renders it slothful and diminishes its vital and muscular forces; consequences which recommend it to ascetics and self-tormentors, or to such persons as ambitiously seek the reputation of sanctity.

It is remarkable, that notwithstanding the atheism of Buddha, the Hindoos admit him to be one of the *avatars* or incarnations of Vishnu. But as they worship the destroying as well as the preserving attributes of that deity, if the doctrine of Buddha had been the most ruinous of the world, (as perhaps it is,) they would have regarded it as a stroke of Providence, effected in the form of Buddha.

Gautama seems to have been the most successful opponent of the sect of Buddhists. He made a philosophical distinction between soul and body, assuming that internal and spiritual were as true as sensuous experiences, and making the acts of mind as real as the acts of body. He gave each body a soul of its own, (according to the Scriptures of Menu,) but this soul must return to Him who gave it, as the body must return to earth. He distinguished the true science from false, naming that false which attributes matter and figure (the properties of body) to a spirit; or which mistakes the body for the soul,—makes it one with the soul,—or "all in all." To purge the soul of its false knowledge is to purge it of desires and passions, the causes of error; perfect knowledge being equivalent to perfect peace of mind. This peace, he thought, should save the soul from the necessity of future punishment.

Gautama's system of ideas has four parts;†—*practical* experience, *inductive* reasoning, *analogical* reasoning, and the use of words. These four have for their object,—Things, qualities; Acts, existences; separation, (or variety,) three several kinds of relation, and as many of correlative non-relation, (or opposition.) The qualities or properties of Things were distributed by him under twenty-four kinds; and Acts under five kinds. Such were

* "Spare Fast that oft with gods doth diet," &c.—*Il Penseroso.*

† Pratacsha kanda, (*practical kenning*.) anamana kanda, (*reasoning from cause to effect*.) upamana kanda, (*reasoning by comparison*.) Ward.

the elements of the Nyaya system of Gautama. His argument against Buddhism for the Being of God, is like that employed by Christian theologians. From the fitness of all things to their natural uses, he argues, that the universe must have been contrived and made by none other than an infinite and perfect maker or contriver. "A proof from inference," replied the Buddhists, "is a conjecture, only, and no proof." "We must not conclude with certainty upon circumstantial evidence." Gautama answers, "that if we see smoke we must imagine fire; hence, if in all things we see contrivance and success, we must suppose an all-powerful and all-wise Contriver."

Gautama recognized a separate deity,—the Creator; but held, in opposition to Buddha, that the world originated not from Nothing, but from the Essence (which is the Will) of God, and may be re-absorbed into that essence. Pantheism, on the other hand, either confounds all in Matter, or mistakes the Animal Life, (or Mahat of Menu,) "which flows through all," for the Supreme Ineffable, who is the Creator and Sustainer of the world, and of that Life. The degenerate Brahmins of modern times prefer the pantheistical (or heathen) notion of deity; but pantheism can no more be charged upon Gautama than upon the author of the text, "In Him we live and move and have our being." There is every evidence that Gautama, like Plato, had the true idea of Divinity, and did not mistake the *life* of things for the source of that life.

The works of Gautama, and his commentators, are studied by the modern pandits for the sake of disputation, in which they publicly indulge; and the strongest lungs, it is said, at these contests, bear away the honors of victory.*

But the most ancient Hindoo system is the theological, called Vedanta, (the science of the Vedas.) The Supreme, according to the Vedas, is *Purum atma*, pure essence, *atma*,† meaning halitus, or breath. Nature is an appearance, or delusion, called *maia*. But the cause of this appearance is deity in the act of sustaining, or preserving the reality of things; a doctrine entertained in

modern times, by Malebranche, and other Christian philosophers. When the Deity is considered as the cause of all appearances, his name is Vishnu. *Purum atma*, on the other hand, is divine intellect, and being capable of any shape, is fixed in no qualities, is pure being, the substance of all beings, animate or inanimate; it emanates from Brehm, the Ineffable. For the sake only of the worshipper, say Vedanta books, the Ineffable is said to be endowed with qualities, and is symbolized in various forms; imagination being unable to comprehend that which is invisible and incomprehensible. The Supreme may exist in what form and shape he pleases, as fire or water, or any material appearance. Being the cause of all appearance and existence, he may cause what he pleases to appear; but though we see him in any one miraculous or natural phenomenon, he is not only there, but elsewhere, and everywhere; it is our weakness which shows him to us in any particular appearance. This is the clue to the Vedas.

Two methods* are appointed for the salvation of the soul; one the method of *works*, the other of meditation, based upon unwavering *faith*. Works are alms-giving, the performance of sacrifice, prayer, fasting, and the like; meditative faith must be sustained by full belief in scripture.

A treatise called Vedanta Sara, written at Benares only two centuries ago, declares that the deliverance of the soul cannot be accomplished by ceremonies based upon the desire of future happiness; that those deeds only are acceptable, to which men are impelled by pure aspirations of the soul, toward the knowledge of God. This knowledge, (Brahma kanda,) is the sole aim of the Vedanta. Of divine knowledge, say the Vedantas, there are two fruits, the enjoyment of a future heaven, and the fixing of thought in contemplation of Supreme Good. But the latter, only, is desirable; all conditions, even of a heavenly existence, being fraught with sorrow. He, therefore, who desires holiness, will think only on the Ineffable, looking beyond the raptures of the most exalted heaven.

The perfection of transcendent knowledge is gained by such contemplation as

* Ward, v. 1. p. 335.

† Whence the Greek *ατμος*, *vapor*.

* Ward, v. 1, p. 339.

separates the transient from the eternal;* by distaste of sensuous enjoyment, even in the future state; by cultivating a generous, but passionless temper, void of envy and desire, but perfect in belief; and, lastly, by a constant and pure aspiration toward blessedness, in the sense of the Eternal. That Vast One (he in whom time, and space, and substance are lost) is unchangeable; the world (his work) continually changes. Devotion to the Vast One exalts and purifies the soul, and therefore holy men, who knew the substance from the shadow, despising the gifts of time, and of the world, have sought their happiness in Him. Those who aspire to this union, must keep the "ten" lusts of the senses in subjection.

"The wise man," says Crishna, (in the Bhagavat,) "who has subdued his desires, and to whom pain and pleasure are indifferent, is formed for immortality; but the heart which followeth the dictates of the moving passions, carrieth away the reason, as the storm drives the ship. He whose passions flow into his bosom as waters enter the calm sea, obtaineth happiness." The poem called Bhagavat, a narrative of the loves, wars, and metamorphoses of Crishna, the Indian Apollo, abounds in metaphysical and mystical passages. Crishna, though a perfect deity, uttering the chastest sentiments, is the master of twelve mistresses, and engaged in all possible excesses. The pundits put an allegorical construction upon his vices; but their gods and sages, in almost every fiction, are made guilty of crimes, which they expiate by asceticism and prayer. The effect of such a mixture of actual vice with apparent piety, in their sacred books, is to give vice a triumph in the imagination of the reader; all penalties being referred to a future state, the future pain is outweighed by the present pleasure. It seems reasonable to hope that the substitution of a better literature may change in some measure the manners of the Hindoo race; for history shows us that the morals of a civilized community depend mainly on the books they read in youth.

* This Eternal is not "time without end," but a state of pure being in which time, space, and substance are embraced under one thought.

The Hindoos often have an air of patriarchal purity, but drop unexpectedly into sensualism; a natural consequence of the indulgence of ecstatic reverie, however grand or specious.

The second part of the Vedanta Sara assumes, that the principle of life (jeera) is one with Brahma, (Creative power.) The world is said to be without life, but inspired and moved by Divinity. "Divinity is therefore one with Life:" which is pure Pantheism, putting the created and comprehensible, for the uncreated and incomprehensible. It makes God to be a Power, imagined as though moving and flowing through the world. But the Vedanta Sara is a modern and certainly a heterodox performance, besides that it is eclectic, and confounds the popular pantheism with the Ancient Theology. In Menu and the Vedas, the life of the world is named Mahat, (Intellect and Passion,) and as a deity, or emanation, is inferior to the Divine Ideas, and to Creation and Preservation, much more to the Supreme One.

According to this treatise, which mingles pure Theology with heathenism, the Eternal is not only the cause of things, but flows through them as life. "That which is made," he falsely argues, "cannot have life;" "and but for the supreme Vivifier, the world would lie dead." But the ancient Vedanta doctrine looks upon God as not only the maker, but the sustainer of the world, while at the same time it declares him to be independent of, and ineffably superior to his work: He is the Vast One, without form, the Source of all the worlds and deities,—he has neither time nor place, nor light nor darkness, nor life nor death, but is the Cause of all,—he is not Nothing, nor substance, (the correlative of nothing,) but he is that which makes them possible and imaginable. Such is the Hindoo orthodoxy,—the doctrine of Plato, and of the enlightened of all antiquity.*

In our thoughts, says the author of Vedanta Sara, it is only pride which makes us speak of *I, thou, and he*; for all, indeed, are one, in the Soul of the world: This pride is named avidya,† and signifies self-love, being given for the conduct of affairs

* Cudworth's Intellect. Syst. Ch. 4 passim.

† Latin avidus, Eng. have!

in this life; but divine knowledge overcomes it.

The forms of avidya are, anger, love, imagination, avarice and the like. Their exercise destroys divine aspiration. Avidya, in short, is identical with Mahat, the Mundane Soul.* Life, says the Hindoo mystic, is a conflict between avidya and that divine spirit, which distinguishes man above brutes. If the human soul fails of this Divine Spirit, it must fall, at death, into the bodies of animals, or into the hell of torment.

The Vedanta psychology distinguishes three qualities of mind, as they are described by Menu; the first causing justice, humanity, and divine aspiration; the second, (Avidya or Mahat,) disposing to passion; and the third, the animal quality, stimulating to sensuous enjoyment.

The strength of each of these qualities may differ in different individuals, (as is contended by phrenologists,) and the predominant quality must rule the course of action.

The Hindoos, like other nations, have *three* very different notions of divinity: One is the popular and pagan notion, that nature is all; and because nature impels to sin, they say God (i. e. nature) is the cause of sin; and upon such arguments abandon themselves to the tide of sensuality. This class, who are the base and ignorant, delight in the orgies of idol worship, where drunkenness and prostitution alternate with processions, dances and obscene songs. They are acute mystics, and have a reason for every atrocity; "some god or hero did the same." They see gods in phenomena, and hear their voices in thunder and the rumbling of earthquakes. The god is a stone, a flower, a man, a beast, an idol. Superstition prevails in every act of a pagan's life. If a Hindoo gapes, he snaps his fingers, and repeats the name of some god. If one sneezes, another says, "Live," and the sneezer adds, "With you." If a person fall, the spectator who does not say "Get up," commits a sin. If it thunders, the Brahmin says, "The gods are giving us a bad day," but the pagan Soudra says, "The rascally gods are dying;"† and if

rain wets them, they curse the gods;* a proof, if any were needed, that they regard their gods not as moral, but only as powerful and capricious agencies. Some will assiduously train a parrot to repeat the name of a deity. Another meritorious act is the daily perusal of a book, though they know nothing of its meaning. At the opening and closing of a book, though it be only a ledger, the Hindoo pagan makes a bow to it. Their famous Vedas, if read at all, are got by rote, with no knowledge of the meaning; for the dialect of these holy books has become obsolete.

Such are the pagans; the spoiled children of the nature which they worship; it seems to be decreed of them that they shall never reach maturity.

Another class (the pantheistic) worship the Inspirer or Life-giver,—their gods are heroes, saints and spirits, who represent affections, passions, and imaginations: In the spirit of pantheism, they account all impulses divine, and partaking of inspiration. Such are the Hindoo poets and mystics: They have their types and representatives in modern times, and in enlightened nations. To them, God is the Impeller to all passionate desires: But as the impulses differ, the forms and functions of the god differ. Now, he is Apollo, the incarnate imagination; now, Siva, the incarnate Hate: In the first born Eros, he is love, in Minerva prudence, in Mercury, understanding: but all these and many more, pure and mixed, are comprehended under the Life-giver, who flows through the world. Such are the gods of pantheism, distinguished above the grosser conceptions of paganism, as the powers of intellect are above those of sense.

A third conception of the Deity, is the philosophical IDEA, (of Plato, the elder Veda, and the books of Hermes.†) Beginning with the Ineffable, it contemplates the universe as a thought in HIS mind. He resolves himself eternally into the first principles of existence, generating the greater gods, who are one in essence, and personify the immediate attributes of the Ineffable. Plato and the Pythagorean Idealists made the Ineffable to resolve itself into *three* primary Beings, who are

* See "Laws of Menu, (Am. Rev. for May, 1845.)

† Authentic. See Ward on the Hindoos.

* So, in Job, "curse God and die."

† Consult Cudworth, *Intellect. Syst.* ch. 4.

one in essence, and eternal in nature. To these they offered worship, adoring them jointly or severally, under various names. It was reserved for a sublimer theology to forbid the adoration of any other than the one God.

A peculiar fatalism accompanies the Hindoo pantheism. Crishna, the hero of the Bhagavat, declares,* that as men are born, so they must remain; that the predominant qualities of man, pride, anger, truth, desire, go with him unchangeably; a doctrine supported by the psychologists of modern times, but distinguishable from the darker fatalism of causes and events.

According to the Hindoo scheme, it is a fate, if any one be of a base or noble nature; but natural causes and events are controlled immediately by the capricious will of the gods. But if God, then, being the creator of man's nature and character, is the cause of his sin, to escape this dilemma, the ancient psychologists made a three-fold distinction between the animal, intellectual, and divine soul; and supposing this latter to have no individuality, but to be an immediate presence of divinity, in greater or less degree, threw the cause of sin upon the animal soul only, and subjected it alone to metempsychosis and the pain of existence; the first principle of their philosophy being, that all existence is painful as well as pleasurable, and that in this as well as in all other lives, there is a hell as well as a heaven; but that blessedness is superior to both.

That which has a beginning must have an end;—the created or animal soul, therefore, shall not always exist, but (together with the mahat or intellectual soul) shall be reabsorbed or reassumed by the Creator. At the time of the destruction of the world, says the Vedanta Sara, all things shall be lost in a profound sleep. In this condition the soul (of man) possesses profound self-consciousness of its blessedness, and has no other sense, nor perceives any other existence. The destruction of the world is here foreshadowed by the sleep of reverie or contemplation, when the imagination is active but disunited from sense. Mysticism casts an

image of the present, like a Broken shadow, over the abyss of futurity.

When Brahma awakens from his sleep, the world (an idea in his mind) starts again into existence, and the eternal war recommences between Siva and Vishnu, (destruction and preservation, death and life.) Man is a *form*, (incarnate Vishnu;) his continual decay and dissolution is Siva; his life is the war between these powers. Vishnu is above Siva, as light is above darkness. Siva is the evil principle, and holds a close alliance with matter and time; his rites are pagan, and his emanations demoniacal and sensual. Vishnu is the source of forms, and of intellect, and imagination: his emblem is *water*, the medial and plastic element. The conflict of these powers, and of their emanations, is the inexhaustible theme of Hindoo poetry and romance, and the source of all mystical and mythical fable.

The worship of Siva has prevailed at certain periods over that of Vishnu, and the priests of the two powers hold each other in extreme contempt. Those of Vishnu use less bloody offerings and encourage milder rites; but chastity and honesty form no part of their system. Siva's worshippers torture themselves, and mingle drunkenness and debauchery with violent dances and obscene gestures and songs. The common people crowd to fairs and feasts, celebrated near the temples of these powers.

Their worship is pagan and not intellectual, the tendency of vulgar heathenism being to degenerate into paganism, turning from an intellectual to a sensuous worship. And the pagan worship itself seems appointed to signify the triumph of the brute principle over the intellectual. As the worship becomes grosser, the enthusiasm it excites is more intense, and the ecstasy of the votary more violent. Some hang themselves upon hooks thrust through the flesh of their bodies; others hold fire in their hands; a few, drunk with the god, and perhaps with arrack, fling themselves under the wheels of the car of their great idol. The educated, learned Brahmin, on the contrary, commits no excesses in his religion, having a regard to decency. To the pagan, religion, like intoxication, is a violent pleasure, enhanced, rather than diminished, by contrast of pain inflicted.

* Wilkin's translation of that poem, (quoted by Ward.)

Brutal natures mingle pain with all their pleasures, being delighted to inflict, and callous to endure it.

Of the whole Vedanta system, it is said, there are few living who understand it; for the learning and experience which it embraces exceeds the compass of a single intellect. Of the Mimansa, or method of interpreting mysteries, one example will show the spirit. The gods, says a sacred fable, were once at war with the Asooras, a race of demons, who defeated them, and were masters of paradise. Apprehending this danger, the deities had given all their property in charge to Agni, the spirit of fire; but he devoured what they intrusted to his care; and when a turn of fortune placed them again in heaven, and in possession of their thrones, and Agni's* treachery appeared, they beat him until he shed tears of molten silver. The tears of Agni are, then, the origin of silver; and since tears are impure, silver is impure: but no impure thing must be given as an offering to a priest: silver, therefore, must not be given to a priest, but gold may be so given, for gold is pure. Such is the kind of reasoning employed by the wise Jayaminhee, in his logic of interpretation, a logic indispensable and profitable.

To understand the ancient religions, it is necessary to regard them as philosophical systems in a mythological mask. The principal deities were impersonations, either of the powers of mind, or of such ideas as arise upon a contemplation of nature. The system of Egyptian gods represents a more perfect system of ideas and principles than can be found in any modern philosophical scheme; and those Greeks who brought philosophy from India and Egypt, only stripped the deities of their mythical disguise, and showed them naked to the people. The first inventors of mythologies were not agreed in their philosophy, and their differences appear in the confusion of their orders of gods. It is the fate of philosophical speculations, which penetrate the sublimer regions of intellect, to be misunderstood and misapplied by weak imaginations; symbolic language is taken literally, and imperfect phrases connected incongruously. Thus it happened, that in India the sublime ideas of Menu and the ancient

Vedas, suffered a pantheistic misconstruction. The created spirit of life began to be mistaken for the Eternal, unrevealed source. But the IDEA of that source is found to be the only compeller and sole guide to virtue; while by that physiological *idea* of life, no such guidance or compulsion can be felt or shown. A deity who is *life* only, must be an animal, and impulsive, but in no sense a moral power; for the true morality is superior to even life itself.

Contemplating the world as an inexplicable mystery, the Hindoo pantheist attributes everything to the immediate agency of a god. Death and destruction is the work of Siva or of Cal, (time;) life is the presence of Vishnu, and the creation the work of Brahma. Every deity is paired with an Energy, or female principle. Thus, Brahma is named "the first male," and his Energy is Brahmani, the first female, for, if all action is prompted by *desire*, and all desire is *feminine*, the energy of a god, even, is feminine. Every female* deity has the title of *matri*, or mother, being the mother of inferior gods, who represent physical or physiological principles.

Each deity had a *vahan*,† or vehicle. Justice, represented by the Bull, became the vahan of Siva the destroyer; a proof that Siva was at first a moral conception standing for the Justice of God, but degenerated, like Typho of the Egyptians, into a merely Evil being.

Vishnu had the light of day for his vahan, light being the natural vehicle of *truth*. But the purer Vishnu was the incarnate or manifested truth; which makes him the same with *Nous*, (the second person of Plato's Trinity,) and with Amun (the Eternal Mind) of the Egyptians.

The vahan of Brahma is a swan, emblematic, perhaps, of calmness and contemplation; but the symbol is arbitrary like that of Siva, and may have signified purity, a virtue attained by contemplation of Brahma, (the Supreme Good, or Tagathon‡ of the Platonic Trinity.) In India,

* Sir William Jones on the Gods of Antiquity.

† An Egyptian mystery. Each of the Egyptian deities was paired with a feminine principle: and the children of this union were the powers of nature, the gods of the second order.—See Wilkinson's *Anc. Egypt*.

‡ The Egyptian Phtha,—the Creator of the

* The fire, Latin, *ignis*.

as in Egypt, the greater gods, (who represented divine attributes,) had sects of worshippers, with separate temples and colleges of priests. The Hindoo sects maintain a perpetual rivalry and invent scandalous tales to the discredit of the rival gods. But these are only the mythical extravagancies of their poets. The sect of Siva have at times made actual war upon the others, but at present they all unite in the worship of Jagan Nath, (Juggernaut,) an idol of three figures, representing the trilateral syllable OM, the union of Siva and Vishnu in Brahma. The worship of this symbol, which is never explained to the people, is the famous one of the great idol car, under whose wheels many votaries cast themselves to be crushed.

In the book of Menu, idol worshippers are mentioned with contempt, as unfit to receive any part of the sacred offering to the Manes; nor are idols mentioned as objects of worship in the Vedas. Idolatry,* therefore, is a mark of degeneracy and decline from the ancient purity of Brahminism.† When the Hindoo poets began to picture their deities, and to increase their number, idolatry (we may imagine) became popular, and was permitted to the people as a source of profit to their priests. The Buddhists, aiming to establish a popular religion, fell in with the universal relish for idolatry, and their temples excavated in the rocks of Elephanta, and Salsett, are the oldest known, and probably the first constructed, in India. It is even possible that the priests of Buddha, educated in convents, (which they invented and established, to be the seminaries of a sensuous religion,) were the first who tolerated and suggested idol worship, and employed pilgrims and societies of devotees in the excavation of cave temples and the worship of images and relics. Since there is small consola-

tion to be found in the worship of an Infinite Nothing, or the practice of monastic vows, whose object and aim was nothing, they very naturally took refuge in a worship that appealed to sense; and by revering relics, images and saints, escaped the horrors of an Eternal Vacuum. Propagandism was another resource. The Buddhist monk, with nothing to love and nothing to believe, wandered over the world carrying with him the darkness of his cloister and his creed. Idolatry became the creed and the curse of Asia. In spite of all the efforts of the Brahmins, though they succeeded in expelling the Buddhists from Hindostan, atheism and idol worship prevailed in India, and gradually effaced the features of the old religion. By picturing and impersonating the attributes of God, the poets had made them objects of imagination; the artists then represented them in painting, and the Buddhist votaries carved them in stone. The objects easily took place of the ideas, and the pleasures of sense supplanted the pleasures of intellect.

In reviewing the history of all mythologies, we discover several diverse and opposing forms of heathenism, resulting from as many false philosophies. A skeptical philosophy, trusting to understanding and the evidence of sense, but doubting imagination and the evidence of spirit, denies the reality of *Ideas*, and takes them to be only a subtle kind of sensations. It esteems matter to be the *only Existent*, and intellect (its finer essence) the only God. God, then, is mind; but Mind is a form of matter. If then there be a God, he is matter, or he is an Eternal Nothing. To the Buddhist, therefore, God is either the Whole of Matter, or an Eternal Void.

The second kind of heathenism is the Pantheistic, a heathenism of the poets. Absorbed in the idea of life, and in the motions of imagination, they contemplate neither fate nor necessity, but attribute all to the impulsive life, the flowing energy of time. This is the spirit of the Hindoo and Egyptian pantheism.

Another kind of heathenism, more rare, but mingled with the two first, is seen in Religious Nationality, and the creed of caste. There is a god of the nation and of the race; a god of India, and another of Egypt; and they only can be pure who

world;—*supreme good being the final cause of all things.*

* The fate of Christianity itself in some parts of the world.

† The worship of the Phalgrama, or stone of Vishnu, and of the clay idol made with the hand, is probably very ancient, and is authorized by Menu. It is the worship of carved images introduced by the Buddhists, which seems to be forbidden.

are born in the pure land. This form gave origin to civil mythology, and the religion of tribes and nations.

A fourth kind, more exclusive still, may be seen in the institution of mysteries and fraternities, and the celebration of orgies and secret rites. Such were the Eleusinian mysteries, to which none were admitted besides the initiated, and the Bacchanalian orgies, which it was death for the uninitiated to behold. This kind may be characterized as the heathenism of sect; but the atheistic, and pantheistic kinds, were latitudinarian and universal. The sectarian heathenism is exclusive, like the national, and, like the same, delights in persecution and bloody sacrifice.

Last of all we may place the worship

of household gods and patron deities, of the names of ancestors and the persons of human beings; a worship founded in domestic affection, and of patriarchal origin.

To recapitulate:—There is a *rational* heathenism, which denies the reality of ideas, but worships abstract understanding; a *pantheistic* heathenism, which worships the powers of nature and imagination; a *national* and *civil* heathenism; a *sectarian* and *exclusive* heathenism; and, lastly, a *patriarchal* heathenism; each having a system and reason of its own, more or less specious, and each appealing to imagination, by fictions which incarnate its own ideas. The Ancient theology rose above them all, worshipping an Eternal, triune God.

J. D. W.

THE VALE OF INNOCENCE.

BEYOND a desert's dreary bound,
With mountains battlemented round,
And girt with forests rude,
Beneath a skirt of temperate skies,
The vale of Innocency lies,
In loveliest solitude.

There flow the fountains famed of old
For silver lapse, and sands of gold,
And murmurs musical;
Through bloomy dells they wander free,
Or from the rock, with headlong glee,
Leap down in foamy fall.

There, breathes in every moving wind,
A voice that soothes the wayward mind,
Accordant with its tone;
And whispering rains persuasive fall,
And murmuring waters gently call
To mildness like their own.

'Twere vain to tell what splendors there
Awaken in the charmed air
To drive dark dreams away,
When pours the morning's golden flood,
And steeps the hill, and gilds the wood,
And crowns with light the day.

Here in the bosom of calm rest,
Lived once a maid, supremely blest
By Heaven, that on her smiled:
Jove's daughter she; her mother known
Night's stainless queen, blushed not to own
So rare, so sweet a child.

She to those powers her nurture gave,
That rule the brooklet's tumbling wave,
Pale nymphs of gentle kind;
They filled with flowers her little hand,
And waked her thought with converse bland,
And shaped her blameless mind.

Come fancies bright, bold wings of song,
Bear up my verse, clear, sweet, and strong;
For now would I devise
New pleasant tropes, and tricks of art,
To charm the ear, and touch the heart,
And move with mild surprise.

Twelve summers gave the infant grace,
And warmed with virgin bloom her face:
A lovely maid she grew;
Fair Innocence her name; by Heaven,
And Jove, and men, and nature given,
All heard it and all knew.

Shone in her eyes a tempered fire,
Rare humor's flame with soft desire,
An unresisted light ;
Like arrowy flames their looks could pierce,
That felon cares and passions fierce
Fled from them to the night.

Art could not catch the subtle line
That played around her lips divine,—
Where love's mild lightnings shone,—
Or calm were they, or laughing gay,
There, still, a conquering sweetness lay ;—
Soul's power, on Beauty's throne.

Soft flowed her shoulders' easy lines ;
And where love's pearly slope declines,
Such swelling beauties rise,
The eye could not an instant rest,
But slid, and slid, as from a crest
Of foam, that sparkling flies.

O, snowy bosom, joy of sense,
Resistless given to Innocence,
Vale where all kindness stays,
Then paradise we seem to see,
When all the soul, beholding thee,
Lives, instant, in the gaze !

Spring violets on a snowy bank,
Not half so fair the season prank :—
'Twas but the regence mild
Of Innocence, that moved all Heaven
To gaze upon such glory given
To grace great Nature's child.

Like to a stream of rippling gold,
On sands of silvery shallows rolled,
Her yellow ringlets shone ;
In these and grace divinely drest,
No robe she knew, nor other vest
But these and grace alone.

From the broad temples deeply flowing,
Full many a splendor, hiding, showing,
They made a wondrous veil ;
That hid but half the blushful life—
The frank rose in a haughty strife
With lily, proud and pale.

Moved by a pure immortal grace,
She touched the earth with angel pace,
An easy, sprightly motion ;
So move the airs, unseen and free,
So move, in mazy harmony,
The dancing waves of ocean.

It was no mortal company
That kept her sweet society,
But such an elfin crowd
As the lone moon delights to mark,
When she looks out upon the dark,
Through a low windowed cloud.

Wood gods and Oreads, Fairies light,
That lurk by day, and play by night,*
Soft dreams and fancies fair ;
A sportful company, I ween ;
And led by such a gracious queen !
'Twere heaven to have been there.

With sport and mirth they mocked the
hours,
In odorous glades and sombre bowers
Bedecked of leafy June :
By lakes in verdure belted vales,
Where the pale swan all silent sails,
And dreams away the noon.

It happed, that on a noonday bed
Fair Innocence reclined her head,
Upborne by velvet moss ;
Beneath where cedarn arms entwine
The leafets of a tender vine
With tufts of purple gloss.

Hard by, a babbling waterfall
Kept up a sound ; scarce heard, the call,
High in the azure air,
Of swallows wheeling at their height,
Like tireless flies, a dreamy sight
To eyes that knew not care.

Soft sang the woodbirds near the bower ;
Each fairy slept within her flower,
While reigned the ardent noon ;
By murmurous music lulled asleep,
Which bees in bloomy branches keep
With fluttering leaves in tune.

While slept they there, all free of care,
It chanced that on the silver air
Young Love came sailing by,
And saw unveil'd the matchless form,
That stained the couch with shadows warm
Where Innocence did lie.

He lit, he stood, and mutely viewed,
'Till blinding tears his eyes bedewed ;—
For very joy they rose ;—
Then kneeling, clasped her tender hand,
And touched her lips with kisses bland,
And said, "Dear eyes, uncloze."

"Oh, now," sighed he, "by destiny
Am I thy servant sent to be ;
I wote well what ye mean,
Great Heaven ; for Innocence is mine,
I swear it by these lips divine,
This bosom's pearly sheen."

"Say, who art thou?" she startling said,
Upspringing from her perfumed bed,
Light as the lark uprises ;
But he would not the hand let slip,
And kneeling, pressed it to his lip ;
Which her the more surprises.

"Fair maid, let me a playmate be,
To live with you and Liberty,"
So spake the wily fere :
"Teach me to know the gaudy flowers ;
Their slumber times, and opening hours,
From you I long to hear.

"Teach me the tuneful airs of birds,
And what their import in true words,
And where their nests they hide."
"A fair request you seem to make,
This will I teach for courtesy's sake,"
She, smiling sweet, replied.

Then spake he fair : "Dear maid, declare,
Within this vale what grottoes are,
That I may learn to know."
"A fair request you surely make,"
She still replied ; "for kindness' sake,
All these I will thee show."

Then cunning Love, her soul to prove—
"And wilt thou show me, pretty dove,
A bower where I may be?"
"I like thee well," she answered straight,
"My winged friend, be my playmate
Thou shalt, and house with me."

To hide delight, the roguish sprite
Shook down his curls that scattered light,
And rising ere she knew,
With rosy arms about her thrown,
Her tender bosom to his own
In quick embrace he drew.

Her tender cheek he strove to kiss,
"But ah!" she cried, "what pain is this?"
And shunned his bold embrace ;
"A flame, a fire, within me burns,
That all my heart to ashes turns,
I burn! I burn apace!"

Then changed to crimson all her hue,
And a light flame, like mantle blue,
Her lovely shape enveiled ;
That soon in fiery fume dissolved,
The boy, the bower, the vale involved,
Then swift toward ether sailed.

In vain through yielding air he sprang,
While in the vale behind him rang
His quick distressful cry ;
The amber cloud rose lessening far,
Till by the new moon's silver bar
It melted in the sky.

J. D. W.

GOLD HUNTING IN CALIFORNIA, IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE Northern El Dorado has at length been discovered. Streams flowing over golden sands exist somewhere besides in poets' numbers—they have a demonstrable, geographical and topographical reality. At any rate, such is the popular conviction, and "gold," "gold," "California gold," is the chorus of conversation at every corner. Vessels new and strong, vessels old and crazy, bound for the land of hope and promise, flap their impatient sails in every harbor. The newspapers, faithful reflexes of the time, mirroring its shadows as well as its realities, glow with accounts of "gold in grains," "gold in lumps," "gold in ounces," "gold in pounds," "gold in *tea caddies*," gold in millions! And oracular editors, oppressed with the responsibilities of the future, already, with native prescience, are calculating the effects which the golden avalanche shall have upon the industry, the commerce, and the finances of the nation and the world! Documents of state, *prima facie* leaden, by virtue of the potential "official" at their heads, and over the lustreless paragraphs of which the careless eye was wont to pass heedlessly, now dazzle us with their glittering adjectives. The letter writers—ecstatic souls!—with characteristic facility, and a command of superlatives which Sinbad, at the Vale of Diamonds, might envy, scatter the pet phrases of their sounding vocabulary with prodigal profuseness, urging the ready fancy to its highest flights; California gold the basis of their inspiration!*

* The subjoined "average" example is from the California correspondence of one of the most conservative and least excitable of our daily journals:

"When you discover on one of your barren plains a few grains of gold, scattered here and there like good deeds in a wicked man's life, you crow as if the world was coming to an end; but here the streams are paved with it, and the

In California itself, the treasure-seeking mania has seized every inhabitant. Gold, elsewhere the elevator, is here the leveller: all grades, classes and professions have been brought to a common footing—a practical equality never before existing, except in the seething brains of French philosophers. The servant and the master, the naked Indian and the white adventurer share alike in the common spoil. Service is unknown, and he is rich who can boast the exclusive proprietorship of a single calabash. Patriotism, here as elsewhere, obeys its natural law, and yields to the yellow tempter. The soldier abandons his flag, regardless of the "national honor," backed though it be by the seductions of eight dollars per month, (not to mention the terrors of the martial code,) and substituting the calabash for the musket, realizes in a single week more than his grateful country awards him for a year of service. No sooner does a vessel cast its anchor on the Californian shores, than its crew desert its tarry decks,—gold the Calypso, and stalwart calabash-shaking *lavadores* the nymphs which lure them from their duty.

The adventurers in the glittering valleys of the Californian mountains, are proof against privations of every kind; they sleep upon the bare earth, warmed by golden visions, or find shelter under a primitive arbor of leaves, or, if favored of fortune, luxuriate beneath a scanty tent.

mountains swell in its glowing girdle. It sparkles in the sands of the valley; it glitters in the coronet of the steep cliffs; and yet you slumber over it, and let the stranger despoil you. Well, slumber on if you will; but send us a mint. We will startle Europe from her dreams, if not you. We have not taken California in vain, and we will vindicate the treasures she has cost us.

"I use strong terms. But who can use weak ones? Can a man smoke his pipe under the flaming cope of Vesuvius, or speak in whispers when an earthquake rocks?"

They encounter hunger without complaint ; they labor with alacrity, and sickness is only dreaded as it interrupts their precious accumulations. Some wash the sands of the rivers ; others, with their knives, dig the metal from the crevices of the rocks. Four thousand men, working with unparalleled industry, are now engaged at the mines, and thrice that number are already on their way thither, comprising generally the boldest and most adventurous of our own adventurous people. Twenty millions dollars worth of the precious commodity, it is claimed, has already been recovered from the sands, and it is estimated that the next six months, with the greater facilities which will be afforded, will yield a hundred millions to the adventurers. The mines of the Ural, the rich veins of Potosi and San Barbara afford no parallel to this, and deducting one half from the estimates, on the score of exaggeration, we still have a startling result, and one not unworthy the attention of the political economist and the statesman.

Without yielding full credit to all the marvellous accounts which daily reach us of the vast mineral deposits of the auriferous region, we, nevertheless, feel assured that a portion of Alta-California is rich in the precious metals, especially gold, and will, for some time at least, continue to afford as great, perhaps a larger, supply than any mines at present known. Men upon the spot are now too much excited to estimate rationally the extent or value of their discovery ; and we, at a distance, are for the present unable to discriminate between what is real, and what is fanciful in the extravagant details which they give us. The droppings of the golden shower which have fallen among us, are insignificant in amount and value ; nor have we as yet had a report of all the circumstances under which the metal is found, from persons possessing the requisite scientific knowledge and experience to command entire confidence for their statements and conclusions. Until we shall have further and more tangible evidence upon the subject, it may be well not to place too implicit reliance in all that golden pens may write. Until then, it will certainly be the part of wisdom to avoid perilling the sure results of honest industry and legitimate enterprise in pursuit of a glittering phantom. The

history of the past three hundred years abounds in instances of almost incredible illusions, not only respecting the mineral wealth of other parts of the continent, but of our own country itself. We need not go beyond the period of the present generation to find examples of infatuation, quite as general, if not as well sustained, as that which now pervades the public mind. In the natural course of things, it is quite time to look for the recurrence of a similar excitement, upon a subject which above all others is most likely to dazzle and blind the popular vision.

Nothing is better known than that the sustaining impulse to European, and especially Spanish adventure in America, during the century immediately succeeding the discovery, was the acquisition of the immense treasures with which the continent was supposed to abound. The conquest of Mexico and Peru, empires rivalling in their barbaric splendor the magnificence of the oriental world, gave a sanction to the wild fancies in which men had previously indulged, at the same time that it inflamed their avarice, and aroused their ambition. Nations, as well as individuals, shared in the common impulse, and expeditions public and private were fitted out for every part of the continent with astonishing rapidity, and the work of exploration prosecuted with an incredible energy. Hernando de Soto, landing with a splendid array of followers, in 1539, upon the coast of Florida, and traversing the country northward, discovered the mines of Georgia and Virginia, but abandoned them in hopeless search after the richer and more easily worked localities which he felt assured must exist towards the interior of the continent. The disastrous results of his expedition, and his own sad fate, are too well known to be recounted here. At the same period, under a delusion as extravagant as it was universal, and which probably finds no parallel in history, the Spanish leaders of South America were untiring in their search for the famed *El Dorado*, supposed to exist among the fastnesses of Brazil. From the year 1535 to 1560, the most expensive expeditions were made in pursuit of it ; and it is estimated by Mr. Southey, that the search cost Spain more than all the treasures which she ever received from her South American possessions. Sebas-

tian Belalcazar set on foot the first expedition, which was followed by another under Gonzalez Pizarro, brother of the conqueror of Peru, who encountered innumerable hardships in unavailing search for the golden city. Disappointment, however, failed to dampen the ardor of adventurers, and Pizarro was followed successively by Orsua, De Ortal, Federman, Espira, and finally by the great Raleigh himself, whose credulity, in that day pardonable, proved the rock upon which his splendid reputation was wrecked.

At the same period also, while De Soto worked his weary way amidst the mountains and among the reedy marshes of the East, and the second Pizarro searched vainly for the *El Dorado* of the South, Vasquez Coronado was equally indefatigable in his search for the traditionary golden cities and inexhaustible mines of New Mexico and California. In common with De Soto and the South American explorers, he failed in the primary object of his expedition; failed too, if we may fully credit the announced discoveries in California, when the coveted prize of his toil was almost within his grasp. His adventures we have noticed in detail in a previous paper, to which we beg to refer the reader.*

The expedition by Coronado was undertaken under an implicit belief in the existence of vast treasures in the regions north of Mexico, falling within the territories known as New Mexico and California, and now constituting part of the Republic of the United States. This belief was based upon accounts, somewhat vague it is true, but all concurring in substance, and was universally entertained by the Spaniards of that day. The sea expedition on the Pacific, undertaken by Ulloa in 1539, under the direction of Cortez, had for its object not less the discovery of the golden region of the North than the exploration of the coast. And when, in 1540, it was resolved to send northward a land expedition upon the same search, the right of command was contested between Cortez as Captain General of New Spain, and Mendoza as Viceroy of Mexico. The latter was successful, and Cortez, disappointed and disgusted, returned to Spain. This incident will show how high were the an-

ticipations which the Spaniards had formed of the riches of the Californian *El Dorado*. The documents of that period, which have been recovered from the rich historical depositories of Spain, present us with some singular illustrations of the extravagant notions then prevalent; and, although to a great extent proved by subsequent events to be unfounded, are, nevertheless, at this time not without their interest. The subjoined passages are from a letter written by Coronado, then Governor of New Galicia, to the Viceroy Mendoza, and bears date the eighth of March, 1539:—

"In the province of *Topira* there are no great cities, but the houses are built of stone and are very good, and within them the people have great store of gold, which is, as it were, lost, because they know not what use to put it to. They wear emeralds and other precious jewels upon their breasts, are valiant and have very strong armor made of silver, fashioned after the shapes of beasts. * * * They have certain temples covered with straw, with small round windows filled with the skulls of dead men; before their temple is a great round ditch, the brim whereof is compassed with a serpent made of gold and silver, and with another mixture of unknown metals; and this serpent holdeth his tail in his mouth. They of this valley from time to time cast lots, whose luck it shall be to be sacrificed, and they make him great cheer, and with great joy they crown him with flowers upon a bed within the same ditch, and placing a great store of wood beside him they set the wood on fire, and so he dies. He continueth quietly without being bound, as though he did something wherein he took great pleasure. * * * Beyond *Topira* there is still another country, the people whereof wear on their bodies gold, emeralds and other precious stones, and are commonly served in gold and silver, wherewith they cover their houses; and the chief men wear great chains of gold, well wrought, about their necks, and are apparelled with painted garments, and have a great store of wild kine."

The letter of Coronado was chiefly founded upon the relation of the Friar Marco de Niza, who pretended to have penetrated to the remote regions of the North, and to have discovered there large and populous cities, surpassing Mexico itself in population, splendor, and wealth. He represented the people to be possessed of great abundance of gold, and that their commonest vessels, and the walls of their temples were covered with that precious metal. Upon the authority of "a man

* "New Mexico and California." Vol. II. p. 508

born in the principal city of *Cibola*”—the name assigned to the northern El Dorado—“the houses were built of lime and stone; the gates and small pillars of turquoises, and all the vessels and ornaments of the houses were made of gold.” This fabulous relation was to some degree confirmed by the accounts of roving Indians, who all concurred in representing the unknown region to the northward as abounding in the precious metals.

Upon these representations, and under the brilliant hopes which they had excited, the expedition of Coronado set out early in the year 1540. We have already traced their march; suffice it to say, after a protracted journey, in which he encountered innumerable obstacles, Coronado at last arrived at the country of the *Cibola*. The delusion was then dispelled. Instead of cities glittering with gold, he found a people living in considerable towns, cultivating the soil, and furnishing striking contrasts in their simplicity to the splendor which the conquerors had encountered in Mexico and Peru. They were not, however, ignorant of the precious metals; on the contrary, Coronado, whose ardor was already effectually cooled, expressly states that he “here found some quantity of gold and silver, which those skilled in minerals esteem to be very good. To this hour,” he adds, with evident regret, “I cannot learn of this people where they obtain it, and I see they refuse to tell me the truth, imagining that in a short time I will depart hence. *I hope in God,*” concludes the devout commander, “*they shall no longer excuse themselves!*” The natives, nevertheless, succeeded in excusing themselves, and upon their representations Coronado was induced to cross the mountains to the eastward, into the valley of the Rio Grande, where he was further amused with accounts of a mysterious city, called *Quivera*.* Here, it was said, ruled “a king whose name was *Tatratax*, with a long beard, hoary-headed, and rich, who worshipped a cross of gold, and the image of a woman, which was the Queen of Heaven.” “This news,” says Gomara, “did greatly rejoice and cheer up the army, although some

thought it false, and the report of the friars.” The golden *Quivera*, however, retreated like a phantom before the disappointed and impatient Spaniards. The natives, anxious only to rid themselves of the hated presence of the invaders, responded to every inquiry by pointing to the north-eastward, in which direction Coronado moved with his army. Instead of the long-sought *Quivera*, he found only the high, broad, and desert plains of the great buffalo range, traversed by roving Arapahoes and hostile Pawnees, and after wandering long in this inhospitable region, he returned completely dispirited to the Rio Grande, and speedily retraced his steps to Mexico.

It is worthy of mention that while at Tucayan, a short distance to the northward of *Cibola*, the towns of which still exist, about one hundred and fifty miles to the westward of Santa Fé, on some of the northern tributaries of the Gila, he obtained an account of a great river to the north-west, (undoubtedly the Colorado,) beyond which were mines of gold and great treasure. Thither he dispatched an officer, Lopez de Cardenas, with twelve men, who penetrated to the Colorado, but finding the country barren and uninviting, and the weather cold, he returned to *Cibola* without making any discoveries of interest.

The unfortunate results of Coronado's expedition had the effect to discourage all similar enterprises in the same quarter. Nevertheless, forty years thereafter, in 1586, Antonio de Espejo, animated by the accounts of a Franciscan monk named Ruiz, set out from the mines of San Barbara in Mexico, for the rich regions which he was assured existed far to the north-west. He went through the valley of the Rio Grande, where he found numerous traces of mineral wealth, and finally reached the towns of the *Cibola*. He here heard repeated the stories that had been told to Coronado, which however he relates in more distinct terms. He was told by the natives that “*sixty days' journey to the north-west* was a very mighty lake, upon the banks of which stood many great and good towns, and that the inhabitants of the same had plenty of gold,” etc. He determined to proceed thither, but after going thirty leagues, he came to the towns of the Moqui, when, deserted by his followers,

* This imaginary city is not to be confounded with *Gran Quivera*, an ancient town on the borders of the *Llano Estacado*, which has been abandoned since the period of Spanish intercourse.

he was obliged to relinquish his designs. He nevertheless "learned much of the great lake aforesaid," the reports wholly agreeing with what he had before learned of the great abundance of gold in the vicinity of the lake. Before returning he visited "certain very rich mines" in the vicinity of the Moqui, from which he assures us he took with his own hands "exceeding rich metals, holding great quantity of silver." These metals occurred in broad and accessible veins.

Whether the lake, "sixty days' journey to the north-west of Cibola," of which both Coronado and Espejo had so glowing accounts, may be regarded as the one known as "Mountain Lake" on the maps, and situated on the confines of the gold region, it is not undertaken to say. It is certainly an interesting fact, that the accounts of the Indians referred to a spot which, from direction and distance, must coincide very nearly, if not exactly, with that to which public attention is now so intently directed. If the gold in possession of the people of Cibola was not obtained from that direction, it must have been found somewhere in the unexplored region between the Gila and Colorado. It is not impossible, therefore, that an examination of this interesting tract of country will result in the discovery of new deposits of the precious metals,—a hint which the hardy adventurers of the day will hardly wait to have repeated.

Thus, so far as we are informed, terminated the search of the Spaniards for the golden regions of the North. So effectual had been their discouragements, and so little interest did they afterwards take in their immense northern territory, that its very geography was forgotten, and the

maps of the succeeding hundred and fifty years exhibit California as an island, and the Rio Grande as flowing into the Pacific Ocean, notwithstanding that Alarcon had, in 1540, determined the peninsular character of the first, and a number of travellers ascertained the true course of the latter. They seem to have settled down in the firm conviction that the north afforded no treasures, and was unworthy of further exploration, with a view to the discovery of mineral wealth. To this conviction we owe the preservation undisturbed of this precious deposit—the only one it is believed yet found on the continent of which the Spaniards may not claim the title of discoverers.

Sir Francis Drake, in 1577, discovered the Bay of San Francisco, and entering it took possession of the adjacent country in the name of the Virgin Queen, and called it New Albion, "In token whereof," says the chronicler, "our Generall set up a monument of our being there; as also of her Majesty's right and title to the same: namely, a plate set upon a fair great poste, whereupon was ingraven her Majesty's name and the day and yeere of our arrival there, with the free giving up of the province and people in her Majesty's hands, together with her highness' picture and arms, in a piece of sixpence of current English money under the plate, whereupon was also written the name of our Generall." This country, continues the narrator, is great and fair, "and there is no part of the earth here to be taken up, wherein there is not some likelihood of gold and silver." "A special likelihood" truly, if we may credit one half of what we now hear of the mineral riches of "Nova Albion."

E. G. S.

THE WANDERER.

ONE of the most unique and remarkable pieces of our seaboard scenery has hitherto, by reason of its natural isolation, escaped almost entirely, the notice of the throng of summer tourists and travellers in search of the picturesque. Yet the few who may by chance have visited it, will acquit me of exaggeration, in expressing the belief that there are not many localities more strongly impressive to the fancy, than the extreme northern limit of that long peninsula which forms the southern shore of the Massachusetts Bay, and is known on the maps by the appropriate but singularly unromantic name of CAPE COD.

Residing in Boston one summer, about five years ago, and wishing a short respite from its hot streets, and the daily round of a life more occupied with present cares than cheered by hopeful anticipations, it was my hap to be allured by the advertisement of a little steamer, which for a few months made voyages between the city and Provincetown. As the tale I shall relate will afford a sufficient reason for so doing, I will make no apology for introducing it with some particulars of that brief excursion.

It was, I recollect, just after sunset one calm August evening, when the steamer rounded the point at the entrance of Provincetown harbor, (Wood End, I think it is called,) and came to anchor in front of the old village, which nestles, as it were, under the desolate barrier that separates the dry land from the waters. The form of the entire Cape, it will be remembered, is like a bent arm, the elbow being at Chatham, and the fore-arm extending northwardly some ninety or a hundred miles, to the township of Provincetown, when it is crooked inward precisely like a half-closed hand, around the palm of which, fronting the south, the village is situated, while within the hollow made by the fingers, terminating at Wood End, is the harbor; outside, at what might rep-

resent the knuckles, is the dreaded Race Point, whose light no sailor cares to make under his lee in an easterly gale. The width of the Cape through the back of the hand averages, if my memory serve, about four miles, though down the wrist, as you approach the township of Truro, it is for a few miles considerably narrower.

The little village shows to great advantage on entering the harbor, its line of houses extending between two and three miles under a range of sand-hills, whose outline and color makes them resemble huge dust-blown snow-drifts. But even at a distance it has a marine aspect—an ancient and fish-like appearance, which was heightened on the evening of our arrival by its being low tide, and the masts of sundry old schooners and fishing smacks standing in all directions against the background of red and weather-colored wooden houses, while on the long beach lay the spoiled carcasses of a dozen black fish who, sometime in the fore part of the day, had unwarily ventured into this nest of harpooners. Several volumes of smoke along the shore told where the fishermen were gathering their harvest, and the odors which were now and then wafted from the land had little in them to remind one, except by contrast, of

“The Indian winds
That blow from off the coast, and cheer the
sailor
With sweet savor of their spices.”

So wide a margin of the beach had been left exposed by the ebb-tide, that when the boat came to anchor, it appeared as if we were in the middle of a great shallow saucer, almost drained of its contents; but by disembarking into skiffs, and thence to horse-carts, the passengers were conveyed safely ashore—not, however, till after nightfall.

Beside myself, there was a party from the city of several insurance presidents

and stockholders—gentlemen whose business naturally enough leads them occasionally to visit one of our most important harbors of refuge on the coast, in order to keep up friendly relations with a population who have it often in their power to save life and property. The whole company overpopulated the only tavern in the place—a tavern such as could hardly be found save in this Ultima Thule, from whose bourn all travellers return. I, being alone, fared worse than the others; and when I examined the close room and feather-bed which was to afford me repose for the night, the mercury of my expectation went suddenly down to zero. But there was no alternative, and so by a strong effort of the will, aided by the fatigue of a long day in the hot sun, I compelled myself into a succession of feverish slumbers until daylight.

Then I rose and walked out into the morning air. It was very calm, yet my senses, fresh from the heavy exhalations of the city, could scent in every breath, "the vapors of the seaborn gale." Invigorated and refreshed by its bracing qualities, I determined to ascend the ridge of sandhills which overlooks the village, and wait for the coming sunrise. This, though it seemed easy enough, I found no slight undertaking, the whole soil on which the village rests being nothing but loose dry sand, into which the foot sinks ankle deep at every step. There are one or two small trees in the town, stationed before their doors by some of the inhabitants who have not lost all memory of vegetation, and one or two patches of sickly turf, and emaciated gardens, planted on little islands of clay, but in general there is nothing visible but the primitive sand. The construction of the Plank Walk, which extends three or four miles, following the line of the shore, was an event in the history of the place, of as much importance as the introduction of water into a great city. It is the chief means of intercourse for the population, the only carriages in use being light, wide-wheeled horse-carts, which are used to transport heavy articles up and down the irregular lane bordering upon it, and styled the main street. On this narrow pathway locomotion is easy, but everywhere else the sand is so loose it impedes one's progress as much as heavy snow. This Walk is accord-

ingly the Boulevard and the Bourse of Provincetown; on it are arranged the preliminaries of those laborious and often hazardous voyages which supply the inland States with mackerel and cod, and on it, also, in Sunday evening twilights, are adjusted the particulars of most of those life partnerships so necessary to the preservation of the generation of fishermen.

Turning from this, I toiled through the desolate fields towards the hills. The distance is nowhere more than a quarter of a mile, yet the labor of getting over it makes it seem very much greater. Along the base of the hills, I found sign-boards posted, forbidding all persons to ascend them, the sand being so light that there is danger, in the heavy gales, of its burying the town, like a caravan of the Great Desert, or another Herculeum. All over the hills also I found that coarse beach grass had been planted in hillocks, like Indian corn, in order that by its taking root the blowing of the sand might be lessened. As I began to ascend, I ceased to be surprised at these precautions, for every movement caused such large avalanches of sand, that I apprehended the town authorities might subject me to a fine for disregarding their prohibition. However, with much difficulty I at length reached the summit, and was repaid for my toil by one of the most singular views I have ever beheld.

The height at which I was, permitted me to overlook, in some parts, the entire width of the Cape, so that I saw not only the picturesque harbor below, but afar in the east and south-east, the broad ocean, shining in the cool tints of the latter dawn; around the north and west was a wooded region, of so remarkable a character that I could scarcely persuade myself of its reality. It was made up of hill and valley, among which I caught glimpses of sheets of water. But the undulations of the hills were unlike any that I have ever seen elsewhere, and to my mind, partly perhaps through my knowledge of the utter desolateness of the country, they had a peculiar melancholy effect, like what might be inspired by the shapeless ruins of Babylon, or like what I have experienced in visiting some of those mysterious mounds, the burial grounds, it may be, of lost races, which are found along the Ohio and its tributaries.

Another peculiar effect was imparted by their being covered with dwarfed forests, in which the trees, though not really higher than one's head, had the shape and appearance of age belonging ordinarily to those of mature growth. This gave a seeming clearness to the view which I at first attributed to the morning air, and the cloudless rising of the sun; but as I gazed, it still appeared strange that I could make out even the very limbs of trees in what had all the aspect of forests five miles distant, and, by reasoning with myself, I became convinced that the woods only appeared far off, because they were diminutive, and that, instead of surveying a wide reach of country ten miles around, I was only commanding a view of three or four. But the illusion was so perfect I could only dispel it by an effort; and ever since—even now, as I recall the view, I seem to be on a lofty eminence, and gazing upon a landscape filled with a certain inexpressible mournful beauty. Of the many mountain views I have seen—among the White Hills, the Alleghanies, and the Catskills—none has left a stronger impression than this one among the miserable sand-banks of the Cape.

I waited here until after the sun appeared above the horizon, and bathed the miniature mountains and forests in his radiance. Low mists then rose from the valleys, and, as they fled away landward from the warmth of the coming day, bore past me the salt fragrance of the ocean. All was vast, ancient, solemn, yet under the influences of the morning, it did not sadden me, but like some glorious creation of the painter's art, woke in me, as it were, a new life, so that when I turned to descend, I fancied to myself not the same individual who had lately come up.

Indeed, this seems to me to be the legitimate effect of all new and striking scenes in the world of nature and life. They do not produce upon us impressions which we can translate at once into language, but breed within states of feeling, which we afterwards recall as distinct phases of being. Some people affect to be oppressed with a crowd of beautiful ideas when they behold any remarkably beautiful or sublime scene; but for my part I only wish at such times to have no

ideas at all—to repose as much as possible from the fatiguing burden of consciousness, and let the soul wander unwatched in the wondrous mystery of nature. I prefer to think of nothing, but to let my spirit go out of its own accord, as it was wont to do in the days of childhood, occupied only with enjoyment. By so yielding to the influences of nature, it seems that the incorporeal part of us acquires new youth; the old impressions are supplanted by others, and we do not date so far back in years; we have not exhausted the variety of the universe; in spite of care and sorrow there is yet that which can make us forget, or at least give us power to overcome. But you have of those philosophers who will say, this is only an indulgence in foolish reverie, which is not congenial to the soul's health, because it renders labor irksome. I shall not interrupt my story to argue with them.

After breakfast, I again took the field for a longer excursion. Following the Plank Walk south, as far as it extends, I then diverged to the left, in order to cross over to the outer shore. At first I found a blind path leading through the scraggy low woods; but, as I proceeded, perhaps a mile, this became lost in the sand, which now encroached upon the woods so much that they separated into green patches like islands. The face of the country was broken in the most fantastic manner; here would be pinnacles of sand, with sides very steep, crowned with the forest that, by sheltering their summits, had caused them to take such extraordinary shapes, while among, and all around them, were wide white plains. As I went on, these green islands became less and less frequent, and the tough shrubs that grew upon them slanted more and more from the east, until, for the last mile, towards the ocean, there was nothing but the naked sand, blown into long swelling ridges, with intervening valleys; and showing in the distance many dreary looking mounds. These ridges were some of them higher than the hills behind, so that long before I reached the shore I could see only sand on every side, though the view extended many miles. As I slowly toiled across the now heated expanse, I easily fancied myself in some Arabian scene, and went on, repeating from the beautiful eclogue of Collins,

"Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,
When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way."

But this feeling soon gave place to another, as I now began to hear the solemn voice of the deep, and approached nearer a spot where it had so often manifested its relentless power. A low range of sand-hills at length only intervened between me and the beach. Beneath them I observed, at long intervals, several small sheds, which, on coming up, I found to contain life-boats; also along the ridges of the hills were places where beacon-fires had been lighted, and pieces of weather-bleached planks and timbers of wrecked vessels were here and there whitening in the sand.

So lonesome was the scene, and so fraught with awful associations, it was not without a feeling of actual bodily dread that I descended the sloping shore and walked upon the open beach. It seemed a spot that had for ages borne the fury of the winds and waves, the scene of "a thousand fearful wrecks," a place unvisited by Heaven's mercy. I listened with horror to the hoarse murmur of the now calm sea upon the endless banks of pebbles, and could with difficulty hold my gaze upon the long green undulations that moved so steadily inward.

"A thousand fantasies
Began to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Had a procession of pale ghosts uprisen from the strand, or some huge sea-monster suddenly emerged from the sea, so preoccupied was my fancy with a sense of the supernatural, that I verily believe I should have taken it without surprise.

In this excited state I wandered along the shore, pausing sometimes to examine some curious marine production, and sometimes straining my eyes up and down the interminable reach, or off upon the waste of waters, where not a sail was visible in the whole horizon.

Thus I abandoned myself to the inspiration of the place, till suddenly on turning once from looking seaward, I perceived afar off, standing on the brow of the sandy bluff that extended above the

beach, an individual with folded arms, who appeared to be, as I had just been, gazing steadfastly over the blue void. He was no supernatural personage, (though I was ready to have believed him such,) but a substantial being like myself, for as I drew near I saw the skirt of his linen summer garment stirred by the wind, and when I went by he lifted his hat, and answered my salutation in the usual manner. He appeared a man past the meridian of life, and from his dress and air, as well as from his being thus met on this lonesome coast, I inferred that he was, like me, a visitor from the city, who had a predilection for seaside scenery. His countenance was thoughtworn, and he replied to my "Fine morning, sir!" in a deep, musical voice, courteous enough, yet that seemed to decline further parley. He appeared affected as I was by the melancholy of the scene, and desirous, through a feeling in which I could readily sympathize, to be left to enjoy it in solitude. A man of twice my years, apparently a person of grave dignity, it was natural to suppose would not care to have his reverie, at such a time, interrupted by the presence of any one, much less that of an entire stranger.

I was glad, for my own part, that he seemed so well to understand what delicacy should require of lovers of nature meeting on such occasions. I think it not pleasant when we are obliged to mingle conventional forms, and phrases of courtesy, or fashionable tattle, with our enjoyment of scenes of sublimity and beauty. It is almost as disagreeable as the effort to intensify and translate the effect of such scenes into ideas and words, of which I have before spoken.

Accordingly, with this brief salutation, I sauntered on, leaving the stranger standing as before. For nearly an hour after, as I occasionally looked back, and indeed as long as the winding of the beach permitted; I beheld his figure still standing in the same position as when I first came upon him. It was singular, methought, that he should remain so immovable; the workings of his mind must be very abstract; he would surely have had his attention caught by some object before him, had he been very conscious of aught that touched the external senses.

As I passed around the northern curve of the shore, however, and at length turned inward from the sea, I soon forgot him and all else in the charms of scenes around me. Again I crossed the Desert, in this part varied by long shallow lakes with deposits of salt around their margins; again I saw the fantastic sand-hills, the Birs Nimroud, and the strange landscapes of unknown fairy countries, filling the view on every side. Far to the north-east the Race Point light-house loomed above the long white line of the beach, and over the south and west were miniature mountains, like those that had so deceived my vision in the morning. The same illusion hung over them as before, the fatigue of walking in the sand, and the time consumed thereby, aiding in the appearance of distance caused by the stunted forests.

Though the number of actual miles passed over could not have been more than eight or nine, it was late in the afternoon when I reached the inn, well satisfied with the day's explorations.

The next day the steamer sailed, leaving me the landlord's only guest. After listening during the morning to his many stories of storms and wrecks, I again wandered across to the outer shore. The day was different from its predecessor, clouds having come up and dimmed the sun. The ocean looked darker, and the heavy swell rattled somewhat more noisily upon the pebbly strand. Occasionally the white wing of a sea-gull was relieved against the dun watery plain; the line of the horizon was more defined, and several distant vessels hovered, huddled down, along its edge.

I had not walked very far before, to my great surprise, I heard a voice, as of a person loudly declaiming; and on rounding the curve of a low sandy promontory that swelled out somewhat from the general outline of the sand bluffs, whom should I perceive but the stranger of yesterday passionately tossing his arms, and crying to the senseless waves. For a moment he did not mind my approach, but went on in his harangue.

"No," said he, "thou pitiless destroyer, though thou didst break my heart in sunder, though thou didst bereave me of all I loved, though thou hast triumphed over thy wor-shipper so many years, I will yet conquer; the peace thou hast denied me on the dry

land I will yet find in thy blue caverns; her from whom thou didst separate me I will rejoice; thou shalt——!"

Startled at this wild strain, I stood amazed, and would have retired had not his eye that instant caught me.

"Ha!" he cried, springing forward, "who comes to play the spy?" Almost as he spoke, he caught me by the collar and fiercely scanned my features. I began to feel no little apprehension that I had fallen into the hands of a madman, and could hardly command nerve to say in reply—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I had no intention of listening to you; my coming here to-day was quite as accidental as when you met me yesterday."

Upon this he let go his hold, and his face grew more tranquil.

"Nay," said he, "I should rather beg your pardon. It is my habit to exercise my voice at times, when alone, especially by the seashore; I should be more careful how I may interrupt the meditations of others. I must have surprised you—but you heard nothing of my speech, I dare say," he added, with a faint smile.

I began to say something about the practice of Demosthenes, in order to gain time to parry his inquiry adroitly, for I naturally avoid a direct falsehood. But he interrupted me—

"Then you *did* hear some of my words?"

I was forced to confess I had heard enough to wish to know more of him, but had no right to force my acquaintance upon a stranger, and for all I heard, (which I then told him,) he might rely on my ability to keep secret words that no way concerned me, and only came to my ears by accident.

So saying, I was about to bid him good morning, when he stopped me and said familiarly, though in a manner indicating profound melancholy—

"You speak frankly. I have no sorrow but what concerns myself; I am alone in the world, and may soon be called hence." (He smiled sadly.) "If you desire to listen to my misfortunes, why should I conceal them? You are young, and the history of what another has gone through may restrain you from too sanguine expectations. I am no misanthrope, and it is, I believe, more easy for us to tell our griefs

to strangers whom we fancy, than to friends whom we do not wish to pain."

I remarked that the warmest friendships were generally founded on casual acquaintances, and hoped this meeting might help to prove the maxim true.

"It may—it may," he answered, "or we may never meet again; life is uncertain. At all events, you shall hear the story of one who has numbered more years than you, and experienced more calamity."

With this we seated ourselves upon a piece of drift spar that lay hard by, and my companion began his narrative.

You naturally wonder, young stranger, that I, at a time of life when the blood is tame, and the caprices of sentiment outgrown, should be overheard raving to the unconscious elements—burdening the sea-vexed wind with lamentations. Of the reason of that I have not offered to tell.

To you this beach seems waste and lonely; to me it is peopled with airy forms, that hear my words and pause in their endless dirge to whisper sympathy with my sorrow. It is enough that such things are true to me; you are welcome to consider them the sport of a disordered fancy.

Once—long ago—as you may see by these gray locks—I was young, as you are, younger—and I was living in a far inland town, whose green fields are still painted in my memory.

I was one of a numerous family, and my boyhood had been passed in the comforts of rural New England life. My father had been a large farmer, widely known as a liberal housekeeper, and a man of substantial virtues. But in the vigor of his age he had been stricken from among the living, and we were left, four brothers and two sisters, to the care of guardians. Mine was an aged orthodox minister, who took me to his house to fit for college.

It was late in the fall when our family had broken up, and I had lived with my guardian to the coming of another summer—when I first began to know my loved, my lost Agnes. O, many and sad are the changes that have passed over me since those old happy days!

I was then scarcely eighteen, full of the joy of health and youth. Agnes was a year younger. She was the only daughter

of a poor man, who had left his widow and child barely sufficient for a decent maintenance, three years before.

How we first came to understand each other; how our chance meetings grew to promised ones; whether the first kiss was given in some social parlor, or by the rose-tree near the gate, I cannot now remember. But my life dates from that summer. I can shut my eyes and recall the foolish scenes and doings of those blissful days, as vividly as though they were actually before me.

I can recall the old meeting-house with its square pews and sounding-board: it is a still, warm afternoon; I hear the low rustling of the fans, and the hum of the sermon, but there is a white kerchief in a distant corner which renders me deaf to the voice of instruction.

Or it is after sermon time, and I am walking homeward with the slowly winding congregation, singing ever and anon, by the side of one whose voice is music to my memory, the simple melodies of the psalmody.

A thousand such recollections of our young affection throng my dreams, and by their very joy awaken me to sorrow.

Three summers and three winters passed thus away. Time only strengthened our attachment; it was at length known to all that Agnes and I were "engaged." This had not transpired without some opposition. My guardian found the design of sending me to the University could not be carried into effect; as I was now of age and with the prospect of marrying Agnes and living near my boyhood's home, I was proof against the attractions of college life or a learned profession beyond it. The old gentleman, however, had wisely yielded; at my request he made over the little that was left of my patrimony, which I loaned on mortgages of land, and then commenced school-teaching, as the best means of using my education, until some way of life more profitable might open before me.

The mother of Agnes had given her consent to our union, with the prudent reservation that it should be postponed until I had something more than a mere present subsistence—a caution which I, as well as Agnes, had been brought up to consider always necessary.

Thus time passed on. But as we advanced towards maturity, we naturally desired more and more of each other's society; we found the necessity of living apart more and more irksome; we needed each other's constant support; our hearts were so knit together that we were each unquiet without the other. Agnes bore this better than I; she was naturally more patient and gentle.

But I grew impetuous and anxious about the future. I began to be tired of the slow progress of my gains, and was continually turning in my mind how to make enough for my wants by some single adventure.

We had health, it was true; I had means enough to have supported us two years at least; sometimes I would think, why not marry at once? My fancy would tell me I could do ten times as much labor with Agnes by my side. But then all our advisers said it was very imprudent to marry without something "laid up for a rainy day."

Would God they had left us to the guidance of our own hearts!

For some time in the fall of that year there came to the place a young man who had made enough by a few whaling voyages to purchase a handsome farm, and marry a young rustic belle, worth considerable property. I listened with a greedy ear to his stories of the ease with which people acquired fortunes in this new speculation, and finally determined to risk a voyage. I was skilled in all but the practical part of the science of navigation; this gained, I should surely rise to command a vessel, and a few years would render me independent. What weighed quite as much with me perhaps, I had a young man's fondness for the sea.

My golden hopes easily overpowered all the fears of Agnes, and after a sad parting I left for New Bedford, where I soon found a berth in a ship bound on a ten months' cruise to the Western Islands.

I will omit the experience of that voyage; suffice it, that I worked resolutely to acquire the sailor's art, and returned home with nearly as much money as when I went away.

Of course I could not begin again my old occupation; neither could I bear the general opinion among my brothers and

sisters respecting my ill success. Agnes, dear girl, how she loved me then!

But there was no alternative; I felt myself obliged to part from her again, and with a hopeless resolution, started for New York. Here, after a world of anxiety, I was fortunate enough to secure a second mate's berth on a ship bound for Liverpool. At that port, through the captain, a good man and the friend of a captain of a Liverpool packet who chanced to want a mate, I became first officer on one of the old line ships, and returned in about a month to New York.

During the few days we lay there, and before I had time to visit my native town, I happened to attract the attention of the master of a vessel bound to the East Indies, who offered me the same berth I had on board the packet, with the privilege of a large adventure in merchandise. This seemed to open more to my advantage, and I accepted it gladly—a single voyage, should my adventure turn out as I was led to expect, might secure the accomplishment of my wishes. I had only leisure to write to her who was daily and nightly in my thoughts, explaining the matter, and encouraging her with hopes, before we set sail.

After a reasonable voyage, we arrived safely in Madras Roads; but as fate would have it, the very day we gained that anchorage, there came up a typhoon which broke both our cables and drove the ship ashore, a total loss. Here was the end of my golden dreams, for the while.

But fortunately for me our disaster had been witnessed from a Salem vessel which rode through the hurricane, and we were taken off in safety. Arrived at the city I fell in with another Salem trader bound on an expedition among the Spice Islands, whose master, seeing my forlorn condition, proposed to me to go mate with him. As there was no choice left, I of course accepted the offer at once, though the terms were not very cheering.

I hasten over my various accidents, because they did not shape my character, nor change the complexion of my life, except as they affected the accomplishment of my one purpose.

Suffice it then, that the master, with a boat's crew of men, were murdered by the treacherous Malays on the coast of Suma-

tra, whither we had gone for pepper, and I thus found myself in command of a fast-sailing brig, with orders to account to the owner's agent at Calcutta. The remainder of the cruise proved extremely profitable; the agent, on our arrival, after re-shipping our cargo of spices, refitted the brig with the necessary stores and her complement of men, and retained me as captain for another cruise. We traded this time on the coast of Borneo, and among the Celebes and Sooloo Islands. The expedition turned out still better than the other, and my share in the profits was enough to raise my most sanguine expectations.

I wrote in high spirits to Agnes. No doubt of her truth ever crossed my mind. But there had been several arrivals from the United States since mine, and I began to wonder that no letter came for me. Ship letters being generally most carefully overhauled and delivered by the few residents in foreign ports, I should have received it, I was certain, had there been any.

When I returned, seven months after, from a third cruise, the agent gave me a letter from my eldest brother, which, among a long rigmarole of family matters, contained one sentence that struck a terrible blow at the fabric of my hopes. It said, "*Agnes — is going to be married to Reuben Thorne, whose wife died last winter.*" This, then, was the constancy of one for whom I would have died! (Thorne, by the way—and a thorn he was to me many a weary month afterward—was the very person who had first tempted me to follow the sea for a fortune.)

And yet, upon reflection, I could not find in my heart to blame Agnes. I was, as it were, a waif upon the world; until very lately all had gone wrong with me. Thorne was a worthy man; he was fixed in life, and could offer any woman he pleased an immediate ample support.

But again, Agnes—my Agnes—she who wept on my shoulder when we parted, who wore my ring, who had loved me so long, who was so delicate, for whose sake I had prayed Heaven to spare me in so many a stormy watch—that she should become another man's wife, woke such a commotion within me that henceforth I knew no peace. All things became alike to me; I

lived mechanically, for ever arguing the question over in my breast, and never arriving at a conclusion. That she acted *wisely*, there was no question, but how she could bring herself to do thus was an endless perplexity.

Would God, I often said to myself, that I had known more of life, or had more confidence in myself, when I might have persuaded her to have married me, even without a competence!

There are forms of excitement, which, in those burning climates, have greater attractions for men who wish to escape themselves than they have beneath our cold northern heavens. Could I forget the knowledge I acquired in those three succeeding years, I might even yet—but this is away from the purpose—I did not neglect my business; the habit of adventure was, perhaps, my salvation. I made repeated voyages, and finally became principal agent of a house in which I had before invested my rapid earnings.

I was looked upon as a rising merchant, already independent, and in the high road to extreme opulence. But my free style of living was much talked of, and there were doubtful predictions whether my constitution would hold out long in that exhausting latitude.

Surely enough, my time came at last, and after being brought near death's door through a series of congestive fevers, and disorderings of the liver, I was told by the physicians that my only chance for future health, if not for life itself, lay in an immediate return to my native climate. Accordingly, after converting half of my property into cash and bills on the United States, leaving the other still invested in the Calcutta trade, I took passage in a homeward bound barque, and after a tedious voyage, during which, however, my health was re-established, I arrived at Boston about midsummer, in the seventh year after my departure.

I lost no time in setting forth for my native town, for I was now, methought, sufficiently master of my passion to be so near the dwelling of Agnes without any deeper pangs than I felt in all places. I had kept up an occasional intercourse with my brother, who had acted as the spokesman of our family; but latterly there had been an evident coldness in the tone of his

letters which made me in no haste to reply to them, so that for thirteen months I had never heard a word.

The old houses were still standing in the old places, and as I came within sight of one after another, the long, long Past, with all the agony of life, rushed up within and choked me. In spite of resolution, my body shook and I became blind and speechless, when the coach passed the old rose tree; I should have fallen from the box had not the driver held me.

I made him set me down at my former guardian's, who was a long time recognizing, through his glasses, his former ward in the bronzed and weatherstained face before him.

But he had news after supper that added ten years of youth to the face in a moment. "Had I come home," asked the old gentleman, "to marry my ancient sweetheart?" I answered, in a voice which I vainly strove to calm, "I believed that could not well be."—But you can fancy the dialogue. Enough that from his answers to my rapid questions, I soon learned that Agnes was neither married nor dead, unless she had died within a fortnight, since the date of her last letter to the old man, with whom she sometimes corresponded, in the faint hope of hearing news of me!

The loss of the vessel, I learned, in which I had originally sailed, had been reported in the papers, and my brother, who went to Salem on purpose, had not been able to ascertain what became of her crew. Two years after, Agnes lost her mother, and the bank failed in which their little property was deposited, so that she was left a penniless orphan.

About that time, which must have been four years before, the old man said that she had confided to him her destitute condition, and that he had, through a friend, obtained for her a situation as a governess in a planter's family in South Carolina, where she had resided ever since. That just before leaving, she had besought him to make inquiries, should he ever have opportunity, respecting my fate, and permit her to write to him, in order that she might know, if, as she said, she could not but hope, I should ever be heard of, or come home. That to quiet her, he had allowed her to do so, though from my brother's statements to him of the inquiries

he had made, and my long silence, he considered my return hopeless, and had advised her to forget me.

This then explained the whole business. My wicked brother had thought to have cheated me of my bride; she had suspected his perfidy from after addresses to her, and taken the best means she could in her poverty and loneliness, to learn if I might be still alive. Poor Agnes!

It may be imagined there was next morning a rapid traveller the nearest way to New York, and thence southward. Fortunately when I reached that city, a clipper lay in port bound to Charleston. I paid the freight of half a cargo to procure immediate despatch, and in less than ten hours' time, the little Sally Ann was off the Hook, bending away under a stiff Nor-wester. We made good speed, but wind and canvass could not work fast enough that voyage, for me, and had the skipper followed my advice and pressed sail through a northerly blow that overtook us off the capes of Virginia, we should probably have gone to the bottom.

But enough of my journey. Fancy me one summer evening, just before sunset, leaving my horse in charge of a servant, and walking up the lawn before a fair old mansion with a wide piazza, where were a group of ladies, and children playing. I ascend at length the broad steps, and, doffing my straw hat, inquire if Col. F—— is at home, when almost ere I utter the word, one of the young ladies springs forward with a hysterical laugh—pssha!—I am a fool—you've seen such things on the stage—

She would have fallen had I not caught her—dear, dear Agnes! I should have forewarned her. She lay so long lifeless I feared she was dead, and when she did begin to breathe again, I had ample opportunity to scan her sweet face before she recovered. She had grown thinner and older, but that was all. It was wonderful she should have recognized me with my hat off and this long *kris* gash across my forehead.

How the old years rushed over me! O if we had been braver, methought, and dared life without a competence! But we had triumphed at last; we had beaten time and fate; there were yet some happy years before us—

And we will yet conquer *even thee*, O thou devouring and remorseless deep—thou scourge of the world!—thou—

(My companion had risen and spoke wildly. I touched him on the arm and reminded him that I was listening. He reseated himself and went on.)

True, I wander—Where was I? O—we were married. Yes, we were married—at the plantation—and then we came to Charleston, and remained there two months.

But my business connection required me to be near Boston, and we both wished to return to our old home and reside where all now seemed, to our anticipation, peaceful and lovely. There was a packet bound for Boston, and (it being then the best mode in which the journey could be made) we bade our friends adieu, and embarked on the first of October. The voyage was as pleasant as happy hearts and fair winds could make it, until we arrived off this dreadful Cape—nay, do not mind me now; I can finish my tale calmly, though my voice trembles. 'Tis only a few words more.

(He paused and breathed violently. Presently, in a low tone, he proceeded.)

Dark was the morning—dark and cold, young man—such a morning as you never saw, if you are not a sailor—when the gale we had all night fought against, drove us upon these breakers. No time was there to say good bye—had a thousand men cried at once, no ear could have heard their voices. But I lashed her to my side—they found us together—her arms clasped about me—

(I could not witness such overwhelming grief without being greatly troubled. For some time we both sat in silence. At last the stranger resumed, but in an altered voice and manner.)

You know now, my friend, for such your sympathy makes you, why I am attracted to this desolate place. Years have passed since I was left alone; I have been a wanderer on the earth—have voyaged in remote seas, and visited cities and savage islands. But ever after long journeying, I find myself impelled to make a pilgrimage hither. Of my relatives I know nothing. I never, after the event, returned to my native town. I never saw my brother. All the world has been the same to me. I affect nothing. I am

as God made me. I would forget if I could.

Besides, I have suffered so much that I can see through the gross elements of earth, and here, of all places, there is harmony between my spirit and the impalpable, and to you, invisible creatures of the air and the waters—But I am talking what you will deem idle folly.

I expressed my sense of my companion's kindness in bestowing so much confidence on me, and said I hoped I should have other opportunities during my few days' visit for increasing our intimacy. I, too, might be able to interest him with a story of my own experience.

This I said, thinking I might be able to do something to divert his mind from a grief that evidently had shaken his reason.

But the whim or impulse which had induced him to thus confide to me his wretchedness had passed away. He was not minding me.

"See," he cried exultingly, pointing over the north-eastern horizon, where a dim low fog lay between the dark sky and the ocean, "yonder they come!" And then with a sudden change, he bade me a sad good-night, shaking my hand warmly for an instant, and moving away with a cold manner that seemed to say, "I would be alone!"

I remained mechanically on the spot until his form was lost in a light mist which, I had not before observed, was creeping up from the now resounding beach. I had been so interested I had forgotten to look around me. The wind had freshened and was perceptibly colder. Familiar with the indications, I saw that there was every appearance of what in Boston is known as an easterly storm. The night was falling, and as I had a long walk to the village, I dared not remain longer by the shore.

During my way back, I thought constantly of the stranger. Did he intend suicide? I could put no other interpretation on his wild outbreaks and apostrophes to the ocean. I resolved to inform the people of the house, on my arrival, and endeavor to ascertain where he was boarding, in order that some one might go after him, on pretence of supposing he might have lost his way.

But my efforts were unsuccessful; no

one had seen or knew anything of such an appearing man, and I thought it of little use to procure persons to go in search of him, especially as the night was very dark and rainy. My heart smote me that I did not, as lying awake before midnight, I listened to the rattling casements and the rising moan of the distant surf.

It blew violently all night, and the weather did not clear up for two days, during which time I had inquiries made for my new friend all over the village, without any better success than at first. But the next day I walked over to Race Point, and asked the light-keeper if he had seen anything of such a person, when he told me that six days before, the man I described had landed there, without any luggage, in a yawl-boat from a Canton ship which lay becalmed all the afternoon, about four miles within the Point. That he offered

them a liberal sum to keep him a day or two, to look at the place, before he departed down the Cape, where he said he was going to see some friends. He left them three days before, bound, as they supposed, for Truro.

I walked around the dismal coast as far as I could, that if, as I could not but be apprehensive, he had made away with himself, I might possibly find some trace, some article of apparel, or, perhaps, his drowned body, which I could at least have decently buried. But I discovered no sign of him; nor have I ever heard of him since.

When I arrived back to the village, the little steamer lay in the harbor; I returned in her next day to Boston.

G. W. P.

December 15th, 1848.

TO —.

The love my heart accorded you,
Was proud, and pure, and strong;
It might have well rewarded you
For years of ruth and wrong.

You saw my spirit soaring high,
Nor followed where it flew;
But strove, with wild, adoring sigh,
To make it stoop to you.

In vain, the fire it cherishes
Forever upward tends,
And when this frail frame perishes,
With Heaven's own glory blends.

For no ignoble flame of yours
Foregoes my love its light,
If it leave you, the shame be yours,
Who dared not share its flight.

Each tender grace I granted you,
Your passion false profaned,
Each whisper that enchanted you,
Your senses, only, chained.

And now but calm disdain I give,
Where once my soul I lent;
Escaped your thrall, again I live
In high and cold content. ARIEL.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE cases of Cholera in England and Scotland, up to Nov. 23d, amounted to 1278, of which 652 were fatal; and 232 patients are reported to have recovered. On that day the numbers reported were 4 in England and 11 in Scotland, with 9 deaths and 10 recoveries. The entire number of deaths for the quarter ending in September, is some thousands below the average. The rain which fell during the quarter, amounted to 9 inches at Greenwich, the average since the year 1815 being 7 inches. There fell in 1848, up to September, as much as 24½ inches, which exceeds the average of the last seven years by 7½ inches, and is probably the greatest fall within this century. The amount at Stonyhurst during the quarter was 15 inches, at Hereford 13, at Beckington 12½, and at Leeds 12½. It rained on every day in August, and averaged two days out of three during the quarter.

Viscount Melbourne died on the 24th November last, and Mr. Charles Buller, M.P., who was in Canada with the late Lord Durham, is also dead.

Writs of error have been sued out for Smith O'Brien and the other political prisoners lately convicted in Ireland. In the case of John Martin the Court of Queen's Bench has decided against the prisoner; the other cases have been argued, but are not yet decided; the questions raised are mostly of a technical character.

Agrarian disturbances are still rife in various districts, and in many places the peasantry are driven to desperation by wholesale evictions for non-payment of rent. An intelligent friend with whom we have lately conversed, and who, by residence in Ireland, has acquired actual knowledge from personal observation, has given us his opinion that much of the distress in that country arises from the condition of a great portion of the resident proprietors, who, with land burdened with mortgages and other charges, continue to live as if they were the possessors of unencumbered estates, expending in foreign luxuries a great part of their share of the rents derived from their property, and which, if laid out in improvements, or distributed in their own neighborhood, would increase the value of their possessions and their own comfort as well as that of the peasantry; but that in keeping up appearances beyond their actual means, their estates become more and more deteriorated, while the tenants, who are also without capital to work

the land with advantage, are sure to suffer in an equal proportion.

The present state of parties in the French Assembly is indicated by the different clubs resorted to by the members, and which are designated by the place of meeting. The most numerous and influential of these is the club of the *Rue de Poitiers*, presided over by General Baraguay d'Hilliers, and which consists of more than one third of the Assembly. It comprises all the leading members of the Chamber of Deputies who have been elected to the Assembly—Thiers, Odillon Barrot, and their friends; Berryer, Larochejaquelin, and the legitimists; also all the moderate Republicans, especially those designated as Republicans of the "*lendemain*," and all the members, of every shade, who have accepted the Republic as a political necessity, and not as an object of choice.

The club of the *Palais National* (late the *Palais Royal*) is next in point of numbers, which are variously stated, and uncertain from the fact that there are many whose relations with it are doubtful. It is said to vary from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, being little over one half the number of the former. The principles of this party are what would be called ultra democratic. It includes most of the extreme republicans of the "*veille*."

The next division is that of the "*Institute*," which amounts perhaps to 100. To this are attached all the members of the late Executive Commission, and the moderate party of the late Provisional Government. They favor the election of Lamartine for President, but are divided as to General Cavaignac.

Finally, the party known as the Mountain, consisting of Communists and Red Republicans. Its numbers are about 80, and equally divided: Ledru Rollin, from whom the friends of Lamartine have now decidedly separated, is leader of the former. This club has so frequently changed its place of meeting, that it cannot be designated from its locality; it has lately met at the Rue Taibout.

As the time for the election approaches, all parties are increasing their exertions; other clubs are again meeting, and speeches of the most violent character indicate that the worst spirit exists in the minds of a vast number of the Paris population. Cheap socialist and democratic banquets are also held, at which the name of Robespierre appears alone to be greeted with universal applause. A banquet of "*Female Socialists*," at which 1200 per-

sons, principally of that sex, were present, was lately held, and at which there were at least 100 children. An infant of seven years old was put forward to propose a toast to paternity, and another recited verses in honor of the Social and Democratic Republic. The Parisian Red Men, Socialists and Communists, who look upon Proudhon as their leader, and are in favor of Raspail for President, seem determined to drive all others out of the field. They take possession of the club rooms of the other candidates, whose friends are prevented from having anything like an orderly meeting, and expelled by force if they attempt resistance. On the 21st November, a meeting of about 4000 supporters of Prince Louis Napoleon was held near one of the Barriers of Paris, under the Presidency of General Montholon. They were interrupted, bullied, and finally beaten and expelled by the Red Men, who, however, did not equal them in numbers; and on the same evening, a nearly similar scene was enacted at two clubs in Paris, one of which was composed of the friends of Ledru Rollin.

The deficiency in the French revenue to meet the expenses of the year 1848 is set down at about \$70,000,000, and that for the year 1849 at \$90,000,000. The *Presse* shows from a report of a Committee of the National Assembly, that it would be necessary to feed at the public expense during November last, 263,000 persons, 280,000 during December, 300,000 during January, February and March, and 260,000 during April next, while at the same time the revenue of Paris has fallen by a sum of \$3,200,000, which must be made good by an addition to the assessed taxes of over fifty per cent. The latest accounts, however, show a large increase in the duties paid upon goods entering the city of Paris, which indicates a better state of things than has existed since February last.

Some delegates of the trades of the Luxembourg having recently fixed upon Louis Blanc as their candidate for the presidency, he replied to the call :—

My dear Friends :—In the candidateship which you offer me, I accept, with gratitude, a mark of sympathy which my heart deeply feels.

But you think, like myself, I am sure, beforehand, that there should be no President of the people; that the presidency is a remnant of monarchical prejudices, and the last refuge of those who dare still to dream of the restoration of royalty; that, consequently, the first duty of every democrat must be in future, to labor for a revision of the Constitution, and particularly to make all his efforts to have the article relative to the presidency revoked.

If you think my will be of service, promoting against the and functions of the Government of the republic, I give you free leave to make use of it, happy that you have selected

me to represent our great family of the Luxembourg.

Salut et fraternité,

LOUIS BLANC.

London, Nov. 15, 1848.

The excitement respecting the election seems each day to increase and to stir up the passions of all classes. On the 21st November, a duel was fought in Paris between Col. Rey, Governor of the Hotel de Ville, and Mr. Edmond Adam, Deputy Mayor of Paris under the Provisional Government, when the latter was wounded; and on the following day Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers and M. Goudchaux, late Minister of Finance, met and exchanged shots, after which their seconds effected a compromise.

The appearances are still in favor of the election of Louis Napoleon, although Gen. Cavaignac's party seem to increase in number and power. On the 21st Nov., the latter complained in the Assembly of the various accusations and calumnies of which he had been the object; he stated that he had continued silent so long as these had not the authority of the names of members of that body, but now that they were sanctioned, more or less, by some of the members, he could not pass them over in silence, and should demand explanations in the Assembly from MM. Garnier Pagès, Ledru Rollin, Duclerc, Barthélemy, St. Hilaire, Pagnère and others. The Assembly fixed the 25th for that purpose, and its anticipation was the cause of very great excitement. On that day the matter was brought forward and resulted, as far as the Chamber is concerned, in a complete triumph for Gen. Cavaignac; a majority of five hundred and three over thirty-four having passed a vote of confidence that he deserved well of the country. He answered satisfactorily all the accusations against him of being guilty of culpable neglect in not providing for the defence of Paris, and of having actually promoted the outbreak of June with the view of raising himself to power, as charged by the friends of the late Provisional Government, who thus attempted to shift the blame on his shoulders. He was violently attacked by M. St. Hilaire, Garnier Pagès and Ledru Rollin, the latter displaying his usual insolence; to each of them the General replied with temperate firmness, and at the conclusion Dupont de l'Eure proposed the vote of confidence. This result increased General Cavaignac's chance of success, which was still further augmented by his prompt action in forwarding a naval and military force for the protection of the Pope and the French citizens in Rome, on the news of the last outbreak there. To counterbalance these moves, Louis Napoleon promulgated a detailed statement of his views, declaring himself a true Republican, which appears to have been received with much favor, and to have again raised him to be the most popular candidate. Thus stood matters on the 1st of December.

Rome appears to be in a complete state of disorganization. In the Jews' quarter some bloody encounters have taken place between them and the other citizens. M. de Rossi, who was chief of the Pope's cabinet, having introduced a large military force, and taken other stringent measures to repress popular disturbances, was accused of anti-nationalism, and assassinated in the streets. The mob then, at the instigation of the clubs, proceeded in a body, on the 16th November, to the Quirinal Palace, and demanded a new ministry, and an immediate declaration of war. There were about one hundred Swiss guards to receive them, and the diplomatic body also entered the palace to protect the Pope by their moral influence. The mob attempted to set fire to the palace, but were dispersed by a few shots from the Swiss guards. Shortly afterwards the civic guard, the *gens d'armes*, and the troops to the number of some thousands, invested and fired upon the palace, when the Swiss were overpowered, and the Pope's secretary shot. A list of names for a new ministry, comprising the principal leaders of the conspiracy, was sent to the Pope, who was compelled to submit to the dictation, and his authority is, in fact, at an end, as the "popular Club" now dictates all measures. Mazzarelli is president of the new council.

The forces under Prince Windischgrätz having entirely surrounded the city of Vienna, on the 21st October he declared the city in a state of siege, and threatened martial law against all who disobeyed his orders. On the 23d he issued a proclamation requiring submission within forty-eight hours; the delivery up of all arms, including those of the National Guard; dissolving the students' guard and all other armed bodies, and requiring the leaders of the Academic Legion and twelve students to be delivered up as hostages; suspending the publication of all newspapers except one, which was to be confined solely to official communications; requiring all foreigners without papers to leave the capital; suspending and closing all clubs; and declaring all who should resist the above measures or assist in the insurrection to be subject to martial law. The Diet which had been convened to frame a Constitution, and which was attempting to usurp the whole government, declared these measures illegal; and the Prince in reply declined to negotiate with them, and declared that the only power he could recognize in Vienna was the Commercial Council, which was subject to him. The Council refused to post the proclamation, and between the 23d and the 27th several attacks were made from the city on the posts of the besiegers, and a great deal of fighting took place in consequence. On the last-named day the Prince commanded that all firing should cease, except when rendered unavoidable in consequence of attacks from the

city. Six steamers with Hungarian troops came down the Danube with intent to assist the Viennese, but they were driven back by the Emperor's troops.

The terms demanded by the insurgents were, a general amnesty, nomination of a popular ministry, and removal of the troops from the neighborhood of Vienna; and they offered to submit on these terms, which were refused. Continual deputations from the city showed that a disposition to surrender existed, but the impossibility of disarming the populace and the Academic Legion, rendered negotiations fruitless. The attack was then prosecuted in earnest and with great vigor, and after much hard fighting in the suburbs, the city became at the mercy of the besiegers, and surrendered. Whilst the troops were approaching to take possession after the surrender, they were treacherously fired on in an exposed situation, and considerable loss of life on both sides was the consequence; the fault of this is laid on the subordinate officers of the city.

The place was then occupied by the troops of the Emperor, and Prince Windischgrätz placed it under martial law for a time. Three men charged with the murder of Count Latour were hanged. Robert Blum, one of the Deputies in the Frankfort Assembly, who had been deputed by a section of that body to proceed to Vienna and fraternize with the Radicals, was tried by court martial and shot; also Messenhauser, the commander of the National Guard, an Englishman named Beecher, and a Dr. Jellinck. Under the firm rule of the Prince the city was soon restored to a state of tranquillity, and the state of siege raised. The Emperor has commanded that the trial of those implicated shall be transferred to the regular tribunals, except that of the captain who kept guard on the 6th October, at the War Office, who is to be tried by court martial for failing to protect Count Latour, and surrendering him to the mob, by which he was assassinated. A large portion of the forces which captured Vienna have proceeded to Hungary, under the command of Jellachich.

A democratic Congress was held in Berlin on the 27th October, at which reports were presented of the progress of democracy in Germany. The object was stated by the members to be the establishment of a Republic—some were for a Red Republic; and it was resolved to form a central committee for Republican propagandism in Germany, and to hold a Congress of National Guards at Berlin.

On the 31st disturbances took place; large crowds assembled in front of the Hall of the National Assembly, called to frame a constitution, and the mob attempted to influence the conduct to be adopted respecting the state of Vienna. Some of the deputies were ill-treated, but order was restored by the Civic Guard.

M. Von Pful, President of the Ministry, having resigned, the King appointed in his place Count Brandenburg, who is looked upon as "reactionary;" the National Assembly thereupon passed a vote of want of confidence, and addressed the King requiring the Count's removal, to which the King declined to accede. It is understood the Count is desirous to retire, but his resignation was not accepted. On the 9th of November the King issued a proclamation that the repeated personal ill-usage of some of the deputies, and the open display of Republican emblems and insurrectionary demonstrations, proved the Assembly to have lost its freedom of action, and endangered the speedy formation of a constitutional administration; and he therefore transferred its sittings to the city of Brandenburg.

The moderate portion of the Assembly were not opposed to this determination, but the reading of the proclamation caused great tumult in that body, the ultra portion of which resolved themselves into a permanent sitting, and passed resolutions—1. That the Assembly will continue its sittings at Berlin—2. That it could not be prorogued, removed, or dissolved by the King, and—3. That it held those officers who had advised the measure to be unfit to administer the government, and guilty of a violation of their duties to the King, the people and the Assembly. On the following day, November 10th, Count Brandenburg transmitted a formal protest to the President, and the government declared its intention to use force, if necessary, to put an end to the sitting. The Burgher Guard was called on to dissolve the meeting, but refused to act; and in consequence a military force of fifteen thousand men, under General Wrangell, entered the city, and the General summoned the refractory members to disperse, but they declared they would yield only to force. On the 11th, the doors of the Hall being closed against the members, they adjourned from place to place, and ultimately resolved to draw up a memorial of the events of the last few days—to impeach the ministry, and to appoint a commission on the subject of refusal to pay taxes. The moderate party in the Assembly, at the first, acceded to the proclamation, and refused to join in the proceedings of their colleagues. On the 12th, a proclamation was issued, in which the King justified the removal to Brandenburg, gave a positive assurance that his subjects should not be deprived of their constitutional liberties, and dissolved the Burgher Guard who had protected the members of the Assembly opposed to the removal.

The section of that body which had resisted the order, was driven from one place of meeting to another by the soldiers, and ultimately its sittings were broken up on the 16th, when they passed a resolution, that the Brandenburg Ministry had no power to raise or expend money, so long as the sittings of the Assembly were

suspended in Berlin. This illegal act brought out a public reply from the Minister, M. Eichman, who declared it to be his duty to oppose everything contrary to law, and that he trusted the taxes would be paid as usual. The disarming of the Civic Guard has been accomplished without any breach of the public peace.

In view of these difficulties in Austria and Prussia, the Confederate German Parliament sitting at Frankfort, have resolved to call on the Imperial Ministry to take every possible care, that the German interests in Austria shall be everywhere protected; and that they exert their whole influence to disengage the complexities of Austrian affairs in a peaceful way, and without bloodshed; and that however these affairs may terminate, they may take under their protection and defend from attack the rights and liberties accorded to the Austro-German race in March and May last. They have also come to a conclusion, which is likely to test the actual power of the Imperial Central Government, having, by a resolution passed on the 16th November, declared—"The National Assembly, protesting before all Germany against the arrest and execution of the deputy, Robert Blum, which took place in contempt of the law of the Empire of the 30th September, summons the Ministry of the Empire to take the most energetic measures to cause those persons to be tried and punished who took part, directly or indirectly, in this arrest and execution."

With regard to Prussia, the Central Assembly resolved that it considered it necessary to induce the government of Prussia to repeal the decree changing the place of meeting of the Deputies, so soon as sufficient measures were adopted to secure the dignity and freedom of their deliberations in Berlin; and also to induce the King to appoint a ministry that possessed the confidence of the country, and was calculated to remove all apprehensions of reactionary attempts to infringe the popular liberties. To effect these objects an Imperial Commissioner was sent to Berlin, but he returned to Frankfort without being able to accomplish anything; and on the 20th November the Assembly at Frankfort passed the following resolution: "The Imperial Assembly, in pursuance of its resolution of the 14th inst., and duly considering the events that have taken place, calls on the Central Government to urge the Imperial Commissioners now in Berlin to exert all their efforts to obtain the appointment of a ministry which enjoys the confidence of the country. The Assembly at the same time expressly declares the notoriously illegal and dangerous resolution of the residue of the Berlin Assembly, to be null and void. Finally, the Assembly declares that it will protect the rights and liberties promised and insured to the people of Prussia, against all attempts to violate them."

The first sitting of the Prussian Assembly at Brandenburg was held on the 27th Novem-

ber, at which one hundred and fifty-four members were present ; but as no business could be transacted without two hundred and four, or two-thirds of the whole number, the sitting was necessarily adjourned. The government has resolved to summon the absent members, and in case of their refusal, to have their places supplied by fresh elections, or to dissolve the

whole Chamber and call together a new body by a general election.

The Frankfort journals state, that a plot for a republican and socialist rising, and for the assassination of several members of the German Parliament, had been discovered in that city.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1849. Boston : Charles C. Little & James Brown.

The twentieth volume of this invaluable production is out promptly. As it continues under the same management as heretofore, and is issued by the same well known publishers, there is every reason to suppose that it will maintain the reputation it has so long enjoyed, as a work of standard value. We may do a service to readers at a distance, by giving an abstract of its table of contents.

In the first place it contains an elaborate and carefully prepared Calendar, containing all that is requisite for the purposes of commerce and navigation ; this part also contains an able article on the Coast Survey of the United States.

Next it gives the statistics of—1, The Executive Government ; 2, The Judiciary ; 3, Army List ; 4, Navy List ; 5, The Marine Corps ; 6, Intercourse with Foreign Nations ; 7, Congress ; 8, Commerce and Navigation ; 9, Post-office Establishment ; 10, Revenue and Expenditure ; 11, Public Lands ; 12, Mint ; 13, Increase of Population in the United States, as affected by Immigration ; 14, The Ice Trade of the United States ; 15, Immigration to the United States in 1847 ; 16, Finances of the States ; 17, Colleges in the United States ; 18, Theological Schools ; 19, Law Schools ; 20, Medical Schools ; 21, Smithsonian Institution ; 22, Religious Denominations ; 23, State Elections, &c. ; 24, Governors of States and Territories ; 25, Population of the United States ; 26, Slaves in the United States ; 27, Statistics of the Army employed during the war with Mexico ; 28, Railroads in the United States ; 29, Traffic of German Railways in 1847 ; 30, Titles and Abstracts of Public Laws ; 31, Public Resolutions ; 32, Commerce of the Lakes and Western Rivers ; 33, Population of

the principal Cities ; 34, Table of some of the principal Cities in the United States.

This is followed by full statistics of each separate State ; and to this is added a general view of the Kingdoms and States of Europe.

The work concludes with an American Obituary for the year, a chronicle of events, and a list of the lines of Magnetic Telegraph.

Under each of these heads there is included a great deal of information respecting topics, upon which it is well for every business man and indispensable for those in political life to be fully " posted up."

The Law of Debtor and Creditor, in the United States and Canada. By JAMES P. HOLCOMBE, Author of a " Digest of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States," Editor of " Smith's Mercantile Law," " Leading Cases upon Commercial Law," &c. New York: Appleton & Co. 1848.

The object of this work is to present in a popular but faithful form the most important principles of law regulating the mercantile relation of Debtor and Creditor in the different States, and in the Canadas. The value of such a work, especially to those having collections to make or claims to adjust in different States, may be readily inferred. Besides the information actually given, it serves as an index to the various statutes, reports, and digests of the separate States, so that those who have access to law libraries, will be enabled through it to make examinations for themselves. To others who have not such access, the work must be invaluable.

Half-Hours with the Best Authors. Selected and arranged, with short Biographical and Critical Notices, by CHARLES KNIGHT. Wiley & Putnam. 1848. Vols. I. and II.

This is one of the most tempting volumes that has appeared during the year. It is really what its title imports, a selection of elegant extracts in prose and verse, from a large number of the best old and modern writers, chiefly English, made up apparently from the notebook or memory of a student. The extracts generally, where they touch matters bearing on politics, are of a very healthy tone, and such as cannot but be of good service in the great work of keeping the wheels of our excellent institutions from running down. The critical notices prefixed to each are admirable, both for their spirit and their matter; we should judge them to have been made by one who was a conservative in politics, and an orthodox churchman. Most of the extracts are well selected, and evidently with the true scholar-like idea of benefiting and improving the public, as well as pleasing them. Thus we find Coleridge's account of the life of Sir Alexander Ball, taken from the *Friend*, almost the whole of Sir Roger de Coverly, from the *Spectator*, (an extract which no one who has work to do ought to look at, lest half the morning slip away unperceived,) Montaigne's Essay on the Inconvenience of Greatness, Charles Lamb's Complaint of the Decay of Beggars, a capital extract from one of Barrow's sermons on the Industry of a Gentleman—in short, the volume is altogether good, and while it is extremely fascinating, cannot help but prove a strong ally to the forces of common sense, at a time when this belligerent nation needs all the assistance that wisdom and reflection can bring to bear upon it. It is a comforting thought that amidst the innumerable bad books with which the press now groans, we have some that still tend to keep the countenances of men turned towards the sun. We may not be advancing very rapidly, but as long as there is a call for such books as this, it is an indication that we are not retrograding in the direction of what a few people call "Progress."

Yet we must remember that it is only *ex necessitate rei* that such hashas as these are good for the public. When the tongue is furred and the stomach dyspeptic, physicians are obliged to pamper the appetite to keep up the force of life. Hence they provide these made dishes, that are too rich for healthy palates. Sound constitutions prefer a good author by himself, without the sauce of a critical notice, and unminged with others in the same dish; still, where the book is so carefully prepared as here, it need not quarrelled with.

Only this; it is easy to foresee that a great many college students and others, some writers for the press, perhaps, will read these extracts

and go away and fancy they have dined; they will quote Bacon and Jeremy Taylor, and other old fellows, in a way that will utterly extinguish honest young people of a timid temperament. It is curious how liable the human heart is to *make believe know*. A man might stake his existence against a pin's fee with perfect safety, that within six months he should see the effect of these selections, in sentimental rhymes and loose æsthetic essays in the magazines—an effect just opposite to that which they will produce on modest and manly readers, and showing how some moral diseases turn the most invigorating food to poison. One of the most widely spread and peculiar epidemics of our time and country, is a *conceit* which attacks the young and hurries them into superficiality.

Duff's North American Accountant, embracing Single and Double Entry Book-keeping, practically adapted to the Inland and Maritime Commerce of the United States. Exemplifying all modern improvements in the science, with a new and certain method of detecting errors and proving the Ledger. Embracing an improved plan of instruction. Complete in two parts. By P. DUFF, Merchant. Harper & Brothers. 1848.

This work is highly recommended, and is the most clearly arranged and comprehensive treatise on the subject we have met with. The part on the settlement of Partnership Accounts, will be found interesting to the most experienced accountants; and there are many new and useful hints scattered through the entire work.

Calaynos: A Tragedy. By GEORGE H. ROYER. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1848.

This little piece, it is pleasing to see, does not fail through too much ambition in the design and too little skill in the execution. It is conceived and wrought in an artist-like manner. The verse flows with natural eloquence; the thought goes in the track of common sense; the passion is in general truly developed, and there is true dramatic conception shown in the situations and character-painting. It only wants power of imagination, reach of intellect, breadth, depth, and fire, to make it more meritorious than it is, which might be said of many worthy essays in dramatic composition.

In these days of false poetry, transcendental and other, we are glad to praise what is attempted to be done in a right way, and is rather negatively deficient than positively vicious.

The Image of his Father : A Tale of a Young Monkey. By the BROTHERS MAYHEW. With Illustrations.

Model Men. By HORACE MAYHEW. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1848.

Two recent importations of light literature—the first so light, the effort to read it painfully affects the eyesight. The second, giving little sketches of London life and manners, is quite piquant, and may be read through with amusement in half an hour.

Robert Burns, as a Poet and as a Man. By SAMUEL TYLER, of the Maryland Bar. New York : Baker & Scribner. 1848.

This little volume contains many just thoughts, and evinces an admiration for the genius of the poet, in which we most cordially sympathize. The author advances a new theory, "that the *sublimity* of the material world is derived from associations with man and his spiritual characteristics; and that the *beauty* of the material world is derived from associations with woman and her spiritual characteristics,"—which theory he supports so ingeniously, that if there were not so many ugly women—ugly in every sense—we should almost be disposed to become a convert to it.

The Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors. By SAMUEL WARREN, Esq., F.R.S., of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1849.

This is a little book by the author of the *Diary of a Physician*, which will be interesting to all law students, from its peculiar ease of style and sprinkling of anecdote, while the general circulation of it will have a good effect in keeping up the character of the profession.

Friday Christian ; or, the First Born on Pitcairn's Island. By a Poor "MEMBER OF CHRIST." New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

The author has written this book for young readers. It is compiled from "Bligh's Narrative," and other sources, and is much more interesting than might be inferred from its title page.

Essays and Reviews. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. In two vols. New York : Appleton & Co. 1848.

Mr. Whipple is known as one of the ablest contributors to the *North American Review*, for which most of the pieces included in these volumes were originally written. He is an accomplished and an agreeable writer, and his critical essays are worthy to rank with the best in the language. With the merits of the articles entitled "Words," "English Poets," "Rufus Choate," and "Coleridge as a Critic," the readers of the *American Review* are already acquainted.

Irving's Works. Author's revised edition, vol. VI. *Bracebridge Hall*, complete in one volume. New York : George P. Putnam. 1848.

Bracebridge Hall, it will be remembered, contains the *Student of Salamanca*, the *Stout Gentleman*, and those sketches of English life which so many readers know almost by heart. Coming just at this time, the volume will make an elegant gift book, no less appropriate for the character of its contents, than for its external neatness.

University Sermons. By FRANCIS WAYLAND. Boston : Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1849.

The author of these sermons, nearly all of which, he states, were written for and originally delivered in the chapel of Brown University, is held in high estimation by one of the largest and most respectable sects of Christians in the United States—the Baptists. He is a clear, logical writer. His works have always commanded a large sale, and been productive of much good in the country at large. These sermons are in a sort moral and ethical essays—political, we might add, since some of them touch upon the recent revolutions abroad. They cannot but prove extremely acceptable to the class for whom they were intended.

Lays and Ballads. By T. B. READ. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

Mr. Read is a pleasing writer; he has fancy, fluency, and a vein of thought and sentiment that is gentle and unaffected. With much that reminds one of Longfellow, he is not an imitator; his clearness and congruity would appear to be the result of imaginative power or sustained feeling—of the "esemplastic," and not the patch-work faculty.

The Child of the Sea, and other Poems. By Mrs. S. ANNA LEWIS, author of "Records of the Heart," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1848.

Our space must confine us to the bare notice of the reception of a copy of this elegant little volume, which comes most seasonably, when so many are in search of suitable keepsakes and tasteful decorations for the parlor table.

History of King Charles the First of England. By JACOB ABBOTT. With engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

The author's design in the writing of this volume is an excellent one, and we need not say that it is executed in a manner which cannot fail to render the book highly interesting to young readers.

Greyslaer; A Romance of the Mohawk. By C. F. HOFFMAN. Fourth Edition. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1849.

This is a neat edition, in one volume, of one of Mr. Hoffman's most popular works. Some newspaper or magazine paragraph has led us to anticipate another story of a similar cast from the accomplished author.

The Minstrel Pilgrim. New York: Clark, Austin & Co. 1848.

The author of this volume must not suspect us of envy or any malicious design in leaving his name from our copy of the title-page. His only excuse is that the book is thin—it is very thin—one of the thinnest we have ever seen.

History of Congress, Biographical and Political. By HENRY G. WHEELER. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

Our want of room compels us to refer to the notice of the first volume of this important work, published a few months ago, for an outline of its scope and character. The present volume is uniform with the former, and would appear, from a hasty inspection, to have been prepared with an equal if not greater amount of the research for which the author possesses peculiar facilities.

Poems. By WILLIAM COWPER. With a Biographical and Critical Introduction, by the Rev. THOMAS DALE; and seventy-five Illustrations, engraved by John S. and Tudor Horton, from drawings by John Gilbert. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1849.

This beautiful edition of Cowper is uniform with the same publishers' edition of Milton last year, and is worthy of all praise for its typographical and exterior neatness.

Charles Lamb, in some boyish lines, given in the "Final Memorials," says:—

"Cowper, of England's bards the wisest and the best."

To this, if we may be permitted the liberty of slightly interfering with the rhythm, so as to make the line read,

"Cowper, one of England's wisest and best bards, and perhaps the most humorous,"

we will cheerfully subscribe. The alteration is respectfully submitted to the publishers of the next edition of Lamb's Letters.

Alterations are quite the fashion. We have not found time to examine the orthography of this edition very carefully; still we observe "sceptre" in it spelt "scepter." Now "sceptre" comes from *sceptrum*; and the orthography of long usage has been to follow the Latin *tr* in the last syllable. The word "temple" comes from *templum*—will the printers have us change it to "tempel" to suit their notions? If they do, we will have the word "meddle," which comes from the Dutch *widdelen*, altered to "meddel," which we might with better reason.

"To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; to write and read comes by nature;" but to *spell*, marry, that is an acquirement not obtained without labor.

We hold that an author's Orthography, within this century at least, is his property, as much as his Syntax or his Prosody.

Gothic Architecture, applied to Modern Residences. Containing Designs for Entrances, Halls, Stairs, and Parlors, Window Frames and Door Panelling, etc. etc. The whole illustrated with Working and Perspective Drawings, etc. By D. II. ARNOT, Architect. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

This is the first number of a work intended to supply tasteful models for all the parts of modern dwellings, composed in the Gothic style. So far as may be judged from this number, its author is eminently qualified to treat the subject in a masterly manner. The designs are admirably executed in large quarto lithographs, with letter-press to correspond.

The Forgery; A Tale. By G. P. R. JAMES.
New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

A sentence must suffice to chronicle the advent of another novel by James, and to express the wish that the industrious author may live to write a thousand, and we never read one of them.

The Romance of Yachting: Voyage the First.
By JOSEPH C. HART, Author of "Miriam Coffin," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

A pleasant, coarsely written book. The author has a thorough self-complacency, and he is quite racy and amusing in some of his sketches of sea life. He delights in airing his opinions, and lets fly here and there at all sorts of things, with the most entertaining *non-chalance* imaginable.

His essay on Shakspeare's identity, included in the melange, is quite good if written in jest—still better, perhaps, if in earnest. We will quote enough to show the argument:—

"Oh, Shakspeare—Immortal bard—Mighty genius—Swan of Avon—thou Unapproachable! Are there no more fish, no more krakens in that wondrous sea from which thou wert taken? Shall there be no more cakes and ale?

"How prone the English people are to kill off their great men! They first raise them up to the loftiest pinnacle of fame, and then, like the eagle with the tortoise, or the monkey which mounts the highest tree with his cocoa-nut, they dash their victims 'all to pieces' upon the rocks below. Thus, also, they play the game of nine-pins with all their great statesmen. They set them up, ay, 'set them up, my boy' for the pleasure of knocking them down. And then, again, they drink to the full, at the Castalian fount, and the inclination is irresistible to demolish the vessel that has served them:

'Sweet the pleasure
After drinking—to break glasses!'

It is thus they have raised up Shakspeare; and now they are demolishing him without remorse.

"Was he not, in our own time, the 'unapproachable,' the 'undying,' the 'immortal bard,' the 'not for a day but for all time,' the 'glorious,' the 'sweet swan of Avon,' the 'poet of true genius and invention,' the 'modest,' the 'heaven-born,' the 'creator,' the 'poet of all climes,' the bard who 'stole the Promethean fire,' the 'glass of fashion and the mould of form,' the 'man on whom each god did seem to set his seal,' in short, the 'top-sawyer' of all the poetical geniuses of all ages? Ay, all this, and much more. But where is he now? Alas!—where? How the ghosts of old authors would pitch into him, among the Infernals, if Dante had to do with him!

"After 'the bard' had been dead for one hundred years and utterly forgotten, a player and a writer of the succeeding century, turning over the old lumber of a theatrical 'property-room,' find bushels of neglected plays, and the idea of a 'speculation' occurs to them. They dig at hazard and promiscuously, and disentomb the literary remains of many a 'Wit' of a former century, educated men, men of mind, graduates of universities, yet starving at the door of some theatre, while their plays are in the hands of an ignorant and scurvy manager, awaiting his awful fiat. They die in poverty, and some of absolute starvation. Still their plays, to the amount of hundreds, remain in the hands of the manager, and become in some way or other his 'property.' A 'factotum' is kept to revise, to strike out, to refit, revamp, interpolate, disfigure, to do anything to please the vulgar and vicious taste of the multitude. No play will succeed, without it is well peppered with vulgarity and obscenity. The 'property-room' becomes lumbered to repletion with the efforts of genius. It was the fashion of the day for all literary men to write for the theatre. There was no other way to get their productions before the world. In the process of time, the brains of the 'factotum,' teeming with smut and overflowing all the while with prurient obscenity, the theatre becomes indicted for a nuisance, or is sought to be 'avoided' by the magistrates for its evil and immoral tendency. The managers are forced to retire; and one, who 'owns all the properties,' leaves the hundreds of original or interpolated plays to the usual fate of garret lumber, some with the supposed *mark* of his 'genius' upon them. They are useless to him, for he is a player and a manager no longer. A hundred years pass, and they and their reputed 'owner' are forgotten, and so are the poets who wrote and starved upon them. Then comes the resurrection—'on speculation.' Betterton the player, and Rowe the writer, make a selection from a promiscuous heap of plays found in a garret, nameless as to authorship. 'I want a hero!' said Byron, when he commenced a certain poem. 'I want an author for this selection of plays!' said Rowe. 'I have it!' said Betterton; 'call them Shakspeare's!' And Rowe, the 'commentator,' commenced to puff them as 'the bard's,' and to write a history of his hero in which there was scarcely a word that had the foundation of truth to rest upon.

"This is about the sum and substance of the manner of setting up Shakspeare: and the manner of pulling him down, may be gathered from the succeeding commentators—not one of whom, perhaps, dreamed of such a possibility while he was trying to immortalize his idol. But each one, as they succeeded one another, thought it necessary to outdo his predecessor in learning and research, and developed some startling antiquarian fact, which, by accumulation, worked the light of truth out of darkness, until, one after the other, the leaves of the chaplet, woven for Shakspeare 'the immortal,' fall, withered, to the ground; his monument, high as huge Olympus, crumbles into dust; and his apotheosis vanishes into thin air."

This beats Goldsmith, who, in one of his essays, thus opens on "To be or not to be:"

"The soliloquy in Hamlet, which we have so often heard extolled in terms of admiration, is, in our opinion, a heap of absurdities, whether we consider the situation, the sentiment, the argumentations, or the poetry."

P. Virgīlii Maronis Carmina. Classical Series. Edited by DR. SCHMITZ and ZUMPT. Lea & Blanchard.

C. Sallustii Crispi de Bello Catilinario et Jugurthino. Edited by DR. SCHMITZ and ZUMPT. Lea & Blanchard. 1848.

Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates, with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, The Prolegomena of Kuhner, Wigger's Life of Socrates, etc. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New York, and Rector of the Grammar School. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

A First Book in Greek; containing a full view of the forms of words, with Vocabularies and copious Exercises, on the method of constant imitation and repetition. By JOHN MCCLEINTOCK, D. D., Professor of Languages, and GEORGE R. CROOKS, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Languages in Dickinson College. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

It is especially pleasing to see among the heaps of new books that necessarily pass before this department of the Review, so large a number devoted to classical studies. We are disposed to regard such studies with more favor than is generally given to them in these days of mechanical triumphs, and the excitement of life in a fertile continent, that is filling up with unexampled rapidity. We think they tend especially to refine the taste, and thus to prevent the rush of the crowd from bearing on the nerves, and breaking down too soon the perception of truth and beauty.

The first two in the above list are part of a well known series, now in progress of publication. They are in a convenient form, with notes at the foot of each page instead of at the end, which we think an improvement. The notes are also brief and to the purpose.

Dr. Anthon's edition of Xenophon's *Memorabilia* is very complete, and the *Prolegomena* and minute *Life of Socrates* add much to its value. The notes are copious and render the reading of the text very easy to the pupil.

We are less favorably impressed by the *First Book in Greek*, since, on a hasty inspection, it

seems to leave too little to the natural ordinary power of the perceptive and acquisitive faculties of the young. It goes too minutely into the thing, and hammers it over and over with a laboriousness and timidity that we cannot but fear must render the road to learning too uniform and smooth to be pleasant travelling. We think there is danger in being over-careful to tell pupils everything; they are apt to feel such instruction tedious and insulting to their understandings.

The *First Book in Latin*, however, by the same authors, is said to be popular with teachers.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Music may be said to remain firm at our last month's quotations. The demand is constant, but holders do not seem disposed to supply the market with a fair quantity of the genuine article.

At the Opera large lots of a very inferior article from the manufactory of Verdi, have changed hands, together with a few cargoes from the well known houses of Bellini and Donizetti, fair to middling. These passed for notes on time and were sold per *invoice*; which in general proved correct, particularly those by the Laborde.

There has also been an intestinal or internecine commotion among some of the principal singers. Benedetti behaved foolishly, it is said, and there was also an affair one evening in the lobby. But at last advices all was going on smoothly, and there was a reasonable expectation that the affairs of the house would continue prosperous.

Of Concerts, the Philharmonic was the most interesting. It was given at the new musical hall in Broadway, formerly the Costar House. The symphony by Gardé was its principal feature. This work is marked by that suggestive, half-developed melody peculiar to Mendelssohn, and it has a slow movement of much beauty, also like that composer. But it wants breadth in the harmony and clear purpose in the working out, and as a whole, though a work of merit, it is, compared with Beethoven and Mozart, very sentimental.

An overture by Ries was played—the noisiest thing that was ever heard.

A new young violinist, Luigi Elena, played part of a concerto of Vieuxtemps in a style that reminded us more of that wonderful master than anything we have heard since his own playing. The young player is already a great artist. An amateur of his instrument may derive more sense of beauty from the sight of his bow-hand and arm, than the unlearned can un-

derstand. In short, his whole performance was delightful, and if, as some one said, he played out of tune, the fault is in our hearing, for to us at the end of the hall, his playing was a most pleasing discordance, and we would we had more frequent opportunities of listening to such false playing.

Mr. Macfarren's article on Mozart we commend to the attention of our music-loving readers; it will be admired by all who are acquainted with the subject. Its author has distinguished himself both in dramatic and instrumental composition, and this article, as well as the one on Mendelssohn in our September number, evinces his ability as a critic. He returned to London last month, carrying with him the best wishes of all who were fortunate enough to become acquainted with him during a short residence in New York.

The benefit for the family of Mr. Simpson at the Park brought the substantial sum of \$4000, to which Mr. Macready added the proceeds of a night's readings, \$300 more. Since then Mr. Hamblin has played in Shakspeare to fair houses. At the Broadway one evening Benedick was well given by Mr. Richings, and Dogberry admirably by Mr. Blake.

P. S. Within an hour after the foregoing sentences were written, the Park theatre caught fire and was wholly consumed, the bare walls being now all that is left of this time-honored temple. It caught at about six o'clock on a drizzling Saturday evening, a time when Broadway is at flood tide. The writer chanced to be taking his tea at Windust's Refectory, which, not many will require to be informed, is a famous cellar a few doors from the theatre towards Broadway, when the alarm was first given.

We heard the noise overhead for a long while with the usual nonchalance of a city resident, and continued to peruse the evening paper as before, until some one came in who said the fire was close by, in Ann street. Even this was not a sufficient circumstance to induce one to postpone the enjoyment of a quiet repast. But presently one of the waiters rushed in with his jacket wet by the engine, and produced a Hegira with most of the suppers at the different tables by saying breathlessly that the roof of the theatre was all on a blaze!

Upon this we deemed the matter of sufficient interest to be inquired into, and bringing the tea to a hasty conclusion, came into the front room just as the waiters were bolting the doors to prevent the ingress of the crowd. Of course what kept them out kept us in. Meanwhile the cellar began to fill with smoke, and it began to be doubted with some who were in like predicament with ourself, whether Windust did not design to introduce an improvement on the meats for which the place is renowned, by roasting a few of his customers.

In less than half an hour, however, there was a loud knocking at the door, and a fireman was

let in who said, "The Park is all on fire; we can't stop it; you had better save all you can!"

We took the opportunity of his entrance to escape to the open air. The change in the appearance of things above since the hour before was quite bewildering. Then the street was dark, sloppy, dismal; now the whole of the lower end of the Park, the Astor House front, and the street above were illuminated with as much distinctness as in the brightest sunlight, and the throng of spectators was immense. The open space at the extremity of the Park was kept open by the police for the convenience of the firemen and people carrying goods from the buildings next the theatre over to St. Paul's church-yard. We crossed over to the Astor House entrance.

The view from thence was very magnificent, and to us not without associations which rendered it more than usually impressive. Indeed, from the observations in the crowd, the regret we felt in seeing the old house go down, appeared to be almost universal. People cannot look on and see a place destroyed where they have been accustomed to enjoy an intellectual amusement, where their better sympathies have been so often enlisted, where they have partaken in the filial grief of Hamlet, pitied poor Desdemona, listened to the vows of Romeo, Lear's madness, Macbeth's ambition, without feeling more moved than they are in beholding the conflagration of stores and warehouses. There was a general attachment among a great portion of our public for "Old Drury," and it may be some consolation to the departed *Genius Loci*, to learn that its exit was not witnessed by cold and unsympathizing spectators. Of the thousands—hundreds of thousands, we might almost say, probably one half at least had been at one time or another within its walls; many in company with friends, it may be, of those who used to lend so much brilliance to its boxes: it is not to be supposed but that most of these would have gladly been spared the spectacle of one of the most brilliant fires the city has lately witnessed. But fate did not so ordain; and we are called upon to lament with a becoming sorrow our ancient friend's decease. Peace to his ashes! If report speaks truly, we "shall not look upon his like again."

We shall endeavor to transfer our affection to the Broadway, or rather shall endeavor to reserve it for what is lofty and excellent in the Drama, and in acting, wherever it may be produced. We are no encomiast, or defender of the present generation of theatres; but it seems to be part of the duty of a critical and literary journal, to have an eye to the dramatic as well as to the fine arts, and whenever anything is given which deserves to be noticed with favor, it may contribute somewhat to the elevation of the stage, to briefly mention it.



PLATE ENGRAVED BY BRADY N.Y. — ENGRAVED BY A. H. RITCHIE, N.Y.

J. Collins

REPRESENTATIVE FROM VERMONT IN U. S. CONGRESS

W. H. RITCHIE, N.Y.

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DANGERS AND SAFEGUARDS OF THE UNION.

SCARCELY any period of ten years has elapsed since the commencement of our government, in which many have not been found who believed a crisis had arrived which must prove fatal to American Institutions. And yet crisis after crisis has come and gone, and still those institutions survive—apparently gaining new strength with every such trial of them, and affording new proof of the wisdom in which they were conceived, and the truth of the principles with which, on the whole, they are administered. The reason of these apprehensions undoubtedly is, that opinion is governed more by the passions excited in individual minds by the temporary disappointments connected with the conduct of political affairs, than by calm and dispassionate reflection upon the deep conservative philosophy which is constantly acting beneath the surface of events, to modify and control them. There is nothing more natural or more common, at least with the great mass of minds, than to invest general views with the hues and colorings which belong to the excitements of particular events; and hence ruin, desolation, even death itself is often imagined to stand directly before us, when the lapse of a little time, and the passing of the crisis which has occasioned so much fear, prove that the trouble which we have experienced has really been nothing more than a very slight and easily corrigible difficulty.

If these reflections be true, and we believe they are, there would seem to be some doubt of the reasonableness of the misgivings we daily and hourly hear expressed, about the perpetuity of our Union

and the blessings of free government incident to it—at any rate, the matter must be considered as open for discussion; and we propose to offer a few thoughts upon it.

THE PROBLEM OF THE DURABILITY OF OUR NATIONAL UNION, then, naturally suggests three topics of inquiry:—

1. The elements which tend to union.
2. The elements which tend to disunion, or are supposed to do so.
3. Which of these classes of elements will most probably predominate in a general result.

The elements which tend to union are mainly four:—

1. Unity of language.
2. Unity of civilization.
3. Unity of interest.
4. Unity of government as distinguished from confederation.

The elements which tend, or are thought to tend to disunion, are mainly five:—

1. The predominance of excesses of party spirit.
2. The dissent of particular States from the occasional policy of the general government.
3. The enlargement of our territorial limits.
4. Slavery.
5. Universal suffrage.

We shall discuss these two classes of elements in the order in which we have stated them. Of the first class, unity of language is the first named.

First, then, of unity of language. The simplest truths have often the deepest philosophy, though they generally pass without observation because they are not strik-

ng. Unity of language, as a most important element of our union, belongs to this class. This element derives its force from the principle of sympathy, which, beginning, so to speak, in the particular in neighborhoods, passes in the general to the community, and stops not till it reaches the universal in an entire nation. The bond of our union has its central force in *ideas*. These are made uniform by uniformity of utterance, and have, through sympathy upon all vital topics, a natural result in unity of general political opinion. Difference of language, on the contrary, is a barrier to intercourse, and consequently to interchange and uniformity of ideas; and a union between states which could exist consistently with such difference, must stand rather upon identity of interest than identity of sentiment; and that union must be small in territorial extent of which such identity of interest could be truly predicated. Hence unity of language would seem not merely to have an important tendency to union, but to be, in fact, indispensable to it—at least on a scale so large as ours. Just imagine, for instance, that we have as many languages in our Union as there are States that compose it, and that each State has one of these exclusively to itself; the question would seem of no difficult solution, how long we should hold together. But the sympathy from unity of language, the want of which, under this reasoning, might dissolve our Union, may, in its generation of affection in families and neighborhoods, and of a diffused sentiment of national patriotism which springs from these, be relied upon as one very certain means of preserving it.

The second element mentioned as tending to the durability of our Union—unity of civilization—bears a very close relation to the first, and is, indeed, in a great measure the offspring of it. By civilization we mean, in this connection specially, manners and customs and habits of thought upon topics of a common interest—and there is nothing like uniformity of language to give similarity to these throughout the same country. Now, these manners and customs and habits of thought are generally alike throughout our country; so much so that it may be said with truth, we think, that a native of any Southern

State would scarcely be distinguished in either of the particulars mentioned, the very first day that he should be transplanted from his native region to a residence in Boston. In our judgment too much importance cannot be attached to this fact as connected with the durability of our Union. Everywhere throughout our widely extended domain, in every other State as well as in his own, the local character of the Louisianian, or the Virginian, or the Massachusetts man, is merged in the general, universal character of an American; and as such, his heart of patriotism beats for every other spot that bears the common flag, with the same fervor as for that which gave him birth.

This similarity in manners and customs and habits of thought is growing stronger and stronger every day under the influence of various causes. Among these, we would name a common origin; sameness of education, pursuits and general taste; similarity of political institutions in the different States, all concentrating their efforts upon the inculcation of the same sentiment of rational liberty; a common religion, whose central idea is individual freedom and responsibility; a religion not of establishment but of sentiment—not as incidental to our political system, but integral with, and an essential part of it; a religion which works from the centre outward, developing man—not from the circumference inward, enslaving him; a religion which begins at the heart and prompts to worthy action—not one which begins at the head and ends in speculation; in a word, a religion which begins and ends in God and humanity—not a theocracy which in its aims at power would transcend both.

But there is another influence connected with the growth of this similarity in manners and customs and habits of thought, which is marked more by the *actual* than the *sentimental*. It is the third of the elements which we have named as tending to union, viz: unity of interest between the different sections of the country. This is found in the establishment of the closest intercourse of trade between the remotest points of our territory, guarantied and sustained in the constitution of the government by the entirest freedom from restraint, and fostered and encouraged by

the largest facilities, both natural and artificial, of intercommunication.

The unity of interest of which we speak is founded in diversity of product, creating the means of supplying mutuality of wants. In this view, the varieties of climate, soil, and resources of the different sections of our country, by promoting intercourse and trade between them, instead of raising antagonisms to destroy the Union, are constantly adding new inducements of interest to perpetuate it; and there can be no drawback to the favorable action of this principle, unless it be in capricious measures of the general government by which some sections shall be aggrandized to the exclusion, or at the expense of others; and no evil from this source of sufficient magnitude or permanency can ever arise to dissolve the Union, as long as the representative principle shall remain the foundation of our system and an honest people be found at stated seasons to apply it. Disputes will arise, as they have arisen, between different sections as to the particular effect of measures upon sectional interests; but whatever threats there may be in speeches or resolves, looking to disunion, there is a great conserving power in the general character of the system, which will promptly meet and effectually counteract them. On this point we have sufficiently had the demonstrations of experience.

To these three elements of union—unity of language, unity of civilization, and unity of interest—we add the fourth—the legitimate fruit of all—unity of government.

In the sentiment of resistance to oppression, the Revolution of '76 found the American people one. Though divided into thirteen separate communities, each politically independent of all the rest, they pledged themselves upon a common altar, gave their services to a common cause, and, in the achievement of Independence, participated in a common triumph. The confederation of '78 was an alliance, offensive and defensive, of sovereign States, containing articles whose stipulations pertained to them as States in their political capacities. In no particular had that confederation the character of a government, either in form or substance. Simply as a league, embodied against a common enemy, it was

found to answer its immediate purpose tolerably well as long as that enemy existed. But the moment peace was established and the outward pressure, which in a state of war had held the States together, was withdrawn, the Union, which before had breasted a thousand battles, and by breasting a thousand more, had it been necessary, could have continued to show the consistency of adamant, was now subject to elements of weakness and discord from within, which made it but a rope of sand. Its difficulty was that it tried to perform the office of a government without being one, and it failed. A sad experience of five or six years led to the change under which we have existed ever since. The object of this change on all hands and with all parties was, to preserve and perpetuate the Union which the confederation had formed. No new arrangement upon the basis of a league to act in sovereign States could be made to accomplish this any better than the old one. There must be an act, therefore, of the whole people of the States as one, to fix the responsibilities which should give to a new arrangement the consistency of a government. And this mode was adopted and the present constitution was the glorious result. Now the distinctive, radical difference between the old confederation and the present constitution, is, that the former acted upon States, and the latter acts directly upon the people. The one rested for its execution upon the honor or convenience of thirteen sovereign parties to a contract; the other rests upon the principle of obedience of each and every citizen to a command of law. The articles of the one could be enforced only by the bayonet; the provisions of the other are so ordered, as it were, that they execute themselves. The constitution, then, expresses the exact idea of a government. As such it was evidently designed, as such it must act if its purpose be accomplished; and by whatever name you call it, whether a government of the people or a compact between the States, you cannot change its character. It will do precisely the same things, perform precisely the same functions, and work in precisely the same way, whether you call it by the one name or the other.

But in the formation of a general government for the people of the thirteen

States as one, it was no part of the design, as it would have been no part of wisdom, to extinguish the distinctive sovereignties of the States themselves. These should remain precisely as they were, except in certain defined particulars of limitation of their power, necessary for the uninterrupted action of the general government. And this brings us to an analysis of the deepest interest of the complex philosophy of our system, and the rationale of it, as bearing upon our fourth element of union, viz.: unity of government.

We have said that it would have been no part of wisdom to have extinguished the distinctive sovereignties of the individual States. We might have said, that the continuance of these sovereignties was indispensable to the permanence of the system which it was the purpose of the constitution to establish. That purpose was the establishment in perpetuity, over the whole vast territory of the United States, of a free Republican Representative government. Now, we maintain, and it seems generally agreed, that no free form of government, such as ours, could be made to last for any length of time over an extent of territory beyond the limit of homogeneity of interest, without the aid of subordinate local sovereignties, the territory of each of which should be within a limit prescribed by the same principle. And as on the one hand, diversity of interests in the different sections of the country tends, by creating intercourse and trade between those sections, to unity of interest and a harmonious administration of the government as regards the whole Union; so, on the other hand, homogeneity of interest equally tends, indeed is indispensable, to the happy and harmonious administration of a government of a particular State. Over the whole territory, there are as many diversities of interests as there are States; but in each of the individual States, the interests are for the most part the same. The distinction between these diversities and similarities of interests, is ascertained by climate, soil, and productions, and facilities of local trade to be enjoyed alike by all.

Now, in every system of government, *there are two forms of power—a central government, and a central administration.*

The central government is embodied in the functionaries at the capital, where the supreme power is located. The central administration reaches to the furthest extent of the nation's territory and population, and is, in fact, in the hands of subordinate ministers. In Russia, the practical union of the two is of the substance of the system, and, on account of the great extent of territory, constitutes a galling despotism. In the United States, although that union exists, to a certain extent, in theory, its force is practically overcome by the superior central administration of subdivided local sovereignties. In Russia, the power of the autocrat is as strongly felt at Taganroë as at St. Petersburg; for there is no local sovereignty by which Taganroë can be governed. In the United States, no man feels that he has any other government than that of the local municipality in which he lives. In Russia, we have said, the system is one of galling despotism. And it is necessarily so; for her territory is of almost boundless extent, and the government, as a unit, takes its character, as free or despotic, from the principles of administration in any one part of the country. Now, just in proportion to the distance of a particular locality from the seat of the power that rules it, just in that proportion must that power be stringent in its government. It acts through subordinate ministers at great distances away, without the sympathies and responsibilities of frequent personal intercourse between those ministers and their superiors. The exact orders of the central government must be exactly carried out by the central administration. And there is no form of tyranny so oppressive as that in which subordinate ministers carry out the edicts of their masters, for the merit of such agents is measured by the precision with which they do their work. And this is especially necessary, where there is a dynasty to be sustained as well as a government to be administered.

In the United States, on the contrary, the principle of a central administration at points remote from the location of the central government, is completely neutralized in its despotic tendencies, by that wise adjustment of powers between the general and the state governments, which gives to the latter the almost entire con-

trol of all local affairs, while the former is invested with the dignity as well as the power necessary to the integrity of a nation of vast territorial extent, in all its relations, both foreign and domestic. Upon any other principle than precisely that on which our national system is adjusted, in relation to the States, a few short years would doubtless witness the destruction of our Republic. But standing as it does upon that principle, our union has the consistency of the arch—the heavier you bear upon it, the stronger it becomes; and this first experiment in all time, of a free government founded upon a permanent basis, promises a permanency of duration far beyond any record of past history.

We have thus disposed of those elements in our system, which we have particularly regarded as tending to union. We proceed to the consideration of those which are supposed to tend to disunion. And first, of the predominance of an excess of party spirit.

On this subject we would say, that of party spirit itself there has, with many, existed a strange delusion. Either its philosophy has not been understood, or it has not been duly studied. This element, so often decried as the certain premonition of our downfall, is the very living principle of our being and our growth. Its centre is individual freedom of opinion—its circumference the manly demonstration of it in the administration of affairs. Leave it as it is, and the abuses of power which would threaten and overawe the freedom from which it springs, will always find a master in it. Take it away, and you will soon find the monotony and stupidity of Turkish submission united with the despotism which would make its chains eternal. The opponent of party spirit is anything but the advocate of freedom. He would stop the current of ideas, and cramp the soul into a fixed form of thought. He would deny to mind the progress which is its glory, and set a cloud upon it, through which no ray of liberty's light should ever penetrate. The opposition to party spirit is founded upon the idea that I am right, and you are wrong. Now we doubt whether any fellow-citizen of ours would be willing to deal with us on such a footing; for his right to his opinion is as good

as ours to ours, and his claim to our respect as good as ours to his. So that party spirit, which is another phrase to express difference of opinion, coexists with freedom, and is essential to it. Put it away, and you substitute an arbitrary government of law, for a rational government of intelligent opinion. Put it away, and you set a dead pool in the place of a living sea.

But the argument against the durability of the Union is from the *excess* of party spirit. True; but all experience shows that this exists, in any given instance, only for a day—violent, to be sure, and threatening destruction to all that comes before it while it lasts. But the passion that is quickly kindled soon subsides—not always the worse for those who have been the subjects of it. We must have our storms as well as sunshines—the hurricanes that lay waste our forests as well as the gentle winds that have helped to rear them. The seeds of some fell disease, perhaps, have been blown away by the whirlwind that has brought our dwellings about our heads; and thus the providence that, in its severity, has made us homeless, in its mercy has spared us from the pestilence.

But after all, what is meant by this *excess* of party spirit? Three or four prominent party issues, which events from time to time are placing before the country, seem, in the present estimation of their bearings, to involve the very being of the government. We take fire at the danger that lies before us, and forgetting that there is anything redeeming underneath, the maddened surface drives us to despair, to wake up in due time to the fact, that we have been frightened only by a scarecrow. And what is really the foundation of all this delusion? Why, that we assume the party issues referred to, to be *vital*. Imagination has had this Union broken up at least a dozen times, on both sides of a United States Bank and a Protective Tariff; and yet, in reality, it stands as firm as ever. The fact is, no merely administrative measure can be *vital*. It stands out in the open current of events for good or evil. If for good, it finally remains, as it ought to do. If for evil, it ultimately falls as all bad measures must. The demagogue of a day may have succeeded most injuriously in a ~~base~~

experiment upon popular credulity; but experience sheds light upon the path of honest confidence, and generally exposes the villainy that would betray it before it is too late to escape its fangs. Time gives a sure corrective to present errors, and with it the wisdom which prevents their second coming, and thus, however severe the suffering they may have brought, while they give a lesson of caution for the future, they modify their character for evil in the past. The people, in the long run, find out how charlatans have gulled them; and while they are not slow in meting out the fitting chastisements, they are all the better prepared for impositions of the same sort to which they must be liable in all time to come.

The only effect of measures, then, merely administrative, is to accelerate or retard the progress of the country, and, of course, to make the question of good or evil in their consequences, simply one of time. If an administration be unwise, time and events will prove it. The constitution, meantime, stands, untouched by either of the contending parties. They would ordinarily fight a harder battle together for that, than they would against each other for a mere party measure however dear. If our history presents exceptions to this remark, they prove less of weakness in the people than of villainy in the leaders whom they have accidentally or improvidently placed in seats of confidence and power.

Nor, in the application of these principles, would we distinguish between an *unwise* and a *corrupt* administration. The true power of a government is not that which is given by the organic law; but that which results from the propriety that power in a given case shall be exercised. It is a moral, not a political power; or perhaps it would be more exact to say, it is the latter subservient to the former. Hence, if a corrupt administration, though within the pale of the organic law, perpetrate an outrage upon the public good, its power is, ordinarily, sure to be diminished by the very means it may have intended to increase it; and thus, the tyranny that would oppress others is found to defeat itself.

The second element tending to disunion which we proposed to notice, is the dissent of particular States from the occa-

sional policy of the general government. This is an evil in our system, which, from the very freedom of it, must be occasionally looked for. But it is always sure of correction in the fact, that few of the States will ever be found in organized opposition to the general government at the same time; and fewer still in such opposition on the same subject. Where stood South Carolina some dozen or fifteen years ago, and what State was found in sympathy with her? Her distinction is unshared as it is unhonored. The power of the Union was signally demonstrated in her weakness. The fact is, the power of the whole nation must always be found too great for any opposition of a part. The case is not supposable—it would be an absurdity—that any capital measure of the general government could be enacted, carried out, and permanently established against the greatest power in the system—the numerical majority—and the measure that is sustained by the embodied force of the whole, must be beyond the reach of any successful assailing of a part.

But nullification is as false in its metaphysics as it is weak in its power of action. It cannot get along without acknowledging a government, and yet denies to it the power of self-preservation. It is a government, and yet no government. Nullification then consents to a standard, but refuses to obey it. It thus strikes the very flag which it professes to fight under. It must stand, therefore, if it stand at all, only in the mazes of its own self-contradictions; and there stand ever as a beacon to avoid rather than as a light to follow—as a lesson to warn rather than as a precept to guide.

But how shall the evils of general measures to particular sections be disposed of? Obviously by the rule of compensation. No conceivable measure can possibly work equal good to all—nay, may work positive mischief to many. But what of that? my turn of advantage comes to-day; yours shall come to-morrow; so that in the general average we may all expect to fare alike. And thus the great principle of compensation, which seems to be conservative in everything, shall preside in the administration of our government as it did in the formation of it. Partial evil shall yield to general good.

The third element named, as tending in the opinion of many to disunion, is the enlargement of our territorial limits. This is regarded as dangerous only upon one general ground: that the sound administration of a free government is practicable only within a certain territorial extent. This, as a general principle, is unquestionably true, as we have already stated; and the objection can be overcome only by the theory of subdivision of sovereignties, as already suggested in what we have said under the head of unity of government. Without this relief the territorial extent of the original thirteen States even would, in our judgment, have been entirely too large for the continuance of the American Republic for any length of time. But with this relief, combined with certain essential incidents to be associated with it, we can see no objection to an indefinite extent of territory; and in regard to these incidents, we would say, that new territory can be safely, or at least wisely added, only upon four conditions: First, that the territory annexed (unless the population be exceedingly sparse) should bring with it institutions in perfect sympathy with ours as they now exist, involving the two unities of language and civilization; second, that the subdivision into States of convenient dimensions, according to the principle of homogeneity of local interests, should be an essential part of the plan; third, that the soil should be exempt from the taint of slavery in every form; and fourth, that the proposition for annexation should emanate from the territory to be annexed, and not from us. The first of these conditions would be indispensable to that sentiment of union which is the essential philosophy of our whole system, and without which our Union, even as it now is, would not last a year. Without this condition we should have States to take care of, and to keep in order by a standing military force of the general government, instead of States to aid us, by a common aim of Republican freedom, in the fulfilment of our great mission—the development and culture of the best powers of man. The second condition would meet and overcome the objection already illustrated by the case of Russia—the tendency to despotism of an unmodified central administration over an unlimited extent of territory. The

third condition is demanded by the consistency and integrity of the system. Slavery may be tolerated where it is, because it cannot be helped; but the whole idea of Christian Republican freedom, as well as the spirit of our age, is revolted by the proposition, that it may be properly and gratuitously established where it is not. The fourth condition would make additions to our territory perfectly accordant with the great principle of our system, which, excluding all idea of conquest, proposes the boon of free government to all people who shall possess the qualifications and the disposition to enjoy it, and shall sue to us for the privilege. That these conditions will, as a general rule, be observed in any administration of our government which looks to additions to our territory, seems to us just as certain as that the mass of the people, controlling their representatives, as in the long run they will infallibly do, shall take counsel rather from common sense and the experience of history than from the passionate impulses of a day and the mad ambition of selfish demagogues. Our history is not without proofs that these latter may occasionally have sway; nor is it, indeed, also without proofs that in needful emergencies of abuse of the public confidence, the people are apt to show themselves wiser and better than their rulers. It is, unfortunately, sometimes the case in the experience of governments, that the grossest outrages upon general rules of admitted soundness, are perpetrated in the mere wantonness of power, by the deliberate falsehood and treachery of men accidentally or fraudulently elevated to high places. If anything of this sort have occurred at any period of our history, which, in especial connection with this point of annexation of new territory, should seem to make against the views we have presented, the clear voice of an outraged public sentiment authorizes us to regard it as an exception to our general rules, rather than as a fatal violation of them. It is quite clear to us that our future history will give no record of a similar experience.

The fourth element, as tending to disunion, which we proposed to notice, is slavery. The whole difficulty on this subject, in our opinion, has arisen from not observing the most conservative feature of

our system—from not discriminating between what is state and what is national—from confounding with what is general to the Union what is, and must for ever be, only local to certain States. The institution of slavery is bad enough—scarcely anything in a political organization could be worse. It stands upon the right of the strongest. But bad as it is, there is one feature about it as regards our Union which, in our judgment, must make it harmless. It is a local affection and not a general disease. It is doubtless a curse where it is, but only there. It may be a permanent chronic—an everlasting sore to the South; but it is a chronic only to a limb, not to the main body. Its evils are inconvenient, hourly, daily, and yearly, to the parts affected by it; but not vital to the general system with which it is only incidentally connected.

There are but two dangers from it in its possible incidental effects upon the States exempt from it. The first is, possible collisions between these and the slave States, in connection with the action of the general government upon free and slave labor, as distinguished from each other. These collisions we have had. They are already a significant portion of our history; but it is also a portion of our history equally significant, that these collisions have been controlled by influences, moral or political, which have overpowered them. And that history teaches, that what *has been* may again and again *be*; and it is wiser to hope that it shall be unbroken in the future, than it would be to fear a change. It will be time to consider of a possible fatal case when it shall arise. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

But a second and perhaps greater danger from slavery, as regards the Union, is the manner in which it shall be treated by the North. In our opinion, the truest way to treat it, even to get rid of it, is, for the North to let it altogether alone. Politically and directly, we have nothing to do with it, any more than we have with the serfdom of St. Petersburg or the religion of Constantinople. And who would not be thought mad who should propose a crusade against them? Incidentally, we may meet it as it shall propose something inadmissible in the halls of Congress, and, if needful, battle with it there. And

if we would meet it there for victory, against any unjust claim of relative power, let us, at the polls, watch keenly for the traitors, who, in deference to the laws of party, are ready to betray the rights of country. If any Northern man denounce the South for a wrongful admission of Texas to the Union, on the ground of so much clear addition to the slave power without any equivalent to the North, let that man be for ever silent; for it was Northern votes that did that deed of unmeasured wrong.

But suppose the North, in the spirit of philanthropy, should venture to deal with slavery. In what way should this be done? Certainly not by quarrelling with it, for two reasons. First, that with the present generation at least, the evil is an entailment *upon* them and not original *with* them. This fact makes a case for sympathy with misfortune rather than for accusations against crime. But suppose the South willing in continuing the evil when they might get rid of it—supposing that possible—what should be the treatment then? Kind and friendly expostulation, not denunciation. The true philosophy, in the treatment of all error, is to approach it with kindness if you would subdue it. Approach it with accusation, and you provoke a resentment which inflames it; you thus increase the evil which a generous purpose would extirpate. Such is human nature. The law of kindness, which, while it would make a bad man cease to do evil, would teach him to do well, appeals to the sentiments and brings into play the principle of self-control; under whose influence, at the same time that you put a devil out, you put an angel in. The law of accusation, on the other hand, appeals directly to the vindictive passions, and converts a being, who, however bad, might be grateful for gentle admonition, into a demon, who would turn upon and throttle you for insulting him with your advice; and instead of putting one devil out you add half a dozen to the number.

In our opinion the feeling that has been manifested towards the South by a large class in the North, however generous its principle, has altogether failed in accomplishing its object. Nay, worse than failed; for who does not see, that that dark southern cloud is tenfold darker now than it

was twenty years ago? And who does not also see, that the spirit of provoked resentment has given to that cloud that ten-fold darker shade? No; the South can never be threatened, driven, or whipped out of her terrible infirmity. The harder you threaten and whip, the deeper you fix the evil in. Let it alone and time will kill it, must kill it; for there is a moral providence in the government of God, and the ordinance went forth from the beginning, that no lie (and such a lie!) should be born, eternally to live!

The last element which we proposed to consider as tending to disunion, is universal suffrage. It has been quite the habit of leading minds—more, however, formerly than now—to regard this as the fatal element of Republican Institutions. We, for many years, belonged to that class of thinkers ourselves, but we have changed our mind; our error, as we believe, arose from limiting our analysis of the subject to a single view, viz.: the judicious or injudicious exercise of the right of suffrage. Now the true philosophy of the matter comprehends another view of much larger import, viz.: the moral effect of the right of suffrage in elevating the character, whether moral or political, of the freeman who possesses it. The unwise and often reckless exercise of the right is the great evil that attends it. But this evil is only temporary; for our early experience will assuredly ascertain its unfortunate application in a given case, and administer a lesson of wisdom for the future which shall more than compensate for the mistake that has occasioned it. But more by far than this, the sense of merely self-respect and the feeling of personal responsibility implied in the possession of the right, are of the very gist of freedom, and belong permanently to the very life of free institutions. That free government would soon cease to be free, in which every citizen did not feel that it was his proper business to bear a part. The trial by jury, whether in its civil or criminal connections, is invaluable to a free government, not so much for the justice it secures, as for the occasion it affords to thousands to illustrate their individual consequence in the administration of the government. The abuse of the right of suffrage is a species of individual degradation; and by impugning the

idea of equality, in some sense, makes a man a slave. It results from this reasoning that the risk of an injudicious exercise of the right is better than not to possess it. There must be evils in both cases; but those of the one are of but a day, on the surface, and may be corrected, while those of the other are of all the time, in the depths of the system, beyond correction, and of mighty influence to absorb the principle of general freedom.

This reasoning assumes the presence and general predominance of popular virtue. This indeed is assumed in all reasonings upon the subject of free government; for without it, the breath of life would be wanted, and no true freedom could exist. It does not, however, because it cannot, in truth, deny the influence, to some extent at least, of popular passions. These, however, are often, and necessarily, an excess of the very feeling which gives to freedom as a sentiment its real worth; and are rather to be excused as showing the element of a virtuous patriotism, than denounced for their capacity to do mischief. Besides, that is not always passion which we pronounce such, but only the admissible and even commendable enthusiasm which resembles it. The ardent utterance and even stormy action characteristic of some men in the execution of a purpose, are perfectly consistent with the coolest and calmest antecedent judgment in the maturing of it.

It is an inquiry, speculative to be sure, but still of great interest, whether if the evils of universal suffrage be admitted, as claimed by some, to be radical, as connected with ignorance and vice, there may not be some check by which they shall be effectually controlled, and yet the right continue to exist. On this point, the old Roman economy may furnish a not inapposite illustration. The Servian institution of classes and centuries would seem to be not entirely without wisdom; securing as it did to the lowest class, all the dignity and moral benefit of the right of suffrage, with such a control in the *highest* as to prevent the possibility of mischief from its injudicious or even corrupt exercise. It might be urged, perhaps, that the right in the lowest class was a merely nominal affair; and being without substance, should be regarded as without

value as a sign of power. Granted. But this difficulty was not in the *system* but in the *class*; and to relieve it, it was for the class to rise above it, as they would be very likely to do, or to try to do, the moment they should become conscious of it. While the difficulty existed, and the class were unconscious of it, the commonwealth derived all the advantage of the moral effect of the institution, without suffering any of the evils of the exercise of power by incompetent hands. The enjoyment of the privilege was probably all that was cared for by the possessor of it; and hence, the fact of a controlling power in a higher class would not be likely to awaken jealousy in a lower. It is clearly quite too late, in any modern system, especially in our own, to adopt the Servian mode; but may not philosophy, some day, help us to carry out the idea? We suggest the topic without intending to discuss it.

We have discussed the two classes of elements according to our enumeration in the outset. It remains to consider for a moment, which of the two will probably predominate in a general result. Is or is not this Union to be perpetual? Can no principle be extracted from this discussion to assist at least in the solution of the problem?

The affirmative argument, from the unities of language, civilization and interest, is founded upon what is inherent in our national character; and therefore has all the force of permanency in preserving the integrity of our system. As long as these shall last—and there is no reason in the nature of the thing why they should not last for ever—the question of change or

even modification can hardly ever fail, when discussed, to be decided by reason and good sense. Such elements, with constantly new accumulations to their influence, can hardly ever be made to yield to any antagonistic power, sustained and urged by a moral force inferior to their own. The element of unity of government, too, is thoroughly realizing all the good it promised, and even more; and must be daily acquiring new additions to its strength in the very action of opposing forces that would destroy it.

On the other hand, the negative argument from the elements of excessive party spirit, nullification, enlargement of our territorial domain, slavery and universal suffrage, seems to make those elements either of ephemeral importance, and their acts of mischief only temporary in their character, or to be so surrounded with compensating influences, as to be entirely regulated and controlled by them. The affirmative and negative arguments for the durability of the Union, we would characterize, then, by permanency as belonging to the one, or the want of it as belonging to the other; and on this distinction, we would unfalteringly plant the standard of the Union, to be "now and for ever, one and inseparable."

NOTE.—It seems to have been very universally believed by politicians, in all ages of the world, that a strictly universal suffrage would end in radical democracy. From what is now going on in Europe, and from our own experience, it may now be thought that there is no such danger—that the majority of men in all countries are conservative, and abhor radical revolutions.

ED. AM. REV.

SARTOR RESARTUS.

It is now twelve years since a book with the mysterious and enigmatical title above named was first given to the American public. The Boston editors then assured us that they had, by the "expressed desire of many persons," collected these "sheets out of the ephemeral pamphlets in which they first appeared"—and these ephemeral pamphlets, we are told in a note at the bottom, were "Fraser's (London) Magazine, 1833-4." Under what impression, and with what design, the book was gathered up and republished, is distinctly enough set forth in the following prefatory announcement and exposition: "But what will chiefly commend the book to the discerning reader is the manifest design of the work, which is, a Criticism upon the Spirit of the Age,—we had almost said of the hour, in which we live; exhibiting in the most just and novel light the present aspects of Religion, Politics, Literature, Arts, and Social Life. Under all his gaiety, the writer has an earnest meaning, and discovers an insight into the manifold wants and tendencies of human nature, which is very rare among our popular authors. The philanthropy and purity of moral sentiment, which inspire the work, will find their way to the heart of every lover of virtue."

Notwithstanding this significant and almost official announcement, we dare say that a good portion of the readers of this book, for a dozen years past, have put their own construction on its pages, and interpreted all its "dark sayings" very much in their own way. There are serious grounds of doubt that a majority of the reading community of this country are ready to add "most just" to what all will be willing to admit as being "novel," in an unusual degree. In what we say of it, accordingly, we shall speak in the light of our own judgment, and quite independently of the exposition, which ought, perhaps, to be regarded as in some manner decisive.

Sartor Resartus has pretty generally been spoken of as a succinct and free-spoken commentary upon whatever is most striking in modern society. The whole narrative is regarded as a fictitious framework, on which the satire is suspended; and the plot is supposed to have been so contrived as to come into collision, somewhere and somehow, in its development, with every topic the writer designs to animadvert upon. Teufelsdröckh, according to this view, is introduced solely for the purpose of turning up subjects for discourse—and the author leads him into all sorts of predicaments, in order to philosophize on the haps or mishaps which were beforehand determined on as texts, and which, by being aggregated about one person, come to possess a factitious unity. Readers so understanding the book, naturally enough, look upon the plan as rather an ill-devised and unwieldy one, and its execution as unnecessarily awkward and tedious. We are made to range through a great number of pages, whose sole office is to hold together a useless fable—to preserve its consistency, without in the least aiding the author's real design.

To us, the narrative portion of the book seems to have little real value or meaning except as a history (and primarily so intended) of the internal struggles of a mind gifted above its circumstances, conscious of powers for which no adequate sphere is provided in its immediate position, and detached in all its affections and hopes from everything belonging to the existing order of society. If a satire on modern civilization, the work apparently becomes such from the author's identifying himself with his subject—and, in fact, as most readers at once infer, from having himself passed through the very series of experiences here attributed to his hero. We willingly accept the exposition so generally received by Mr. Carlyle's admirers, that the book is "a sort of spir-

itual autobiography." With this key, the interpretation is comparatively easy—the peculiarities of thought and expression, and the wild unrest everywhere manifested, are with no great difficulty accounted for. The satire thus becomes, what satire invariably is, in greater or less degree, a kind of personal revenge—a retaliatory resistance against what, in actual life, has caused the writer uneasiness of mind, and left in his memory impressions permanently disagreeable; an offensive warfare of defence, carried on in behalf of one's pride.

The work is not altogether satirical, much as there is to which no other name can be applied. We recognize, however, all the way, a fixed and settled opposition to existing modes of thinking, and the prevalent ways of living; and a constant (though not always open and undisguised) inclination to hold up whatever comes under the head of an establishment, or wears any appearance of a permanent form, to ridicule and contempt. It seems to be (as we shall have occasion to show more particularly hereafter) a fundamental element of the author's philosophy, and one which he will never suffer his reader to lose sight of, that the world is all going wrong—that truth, honesty, sincerity, and true insight of all that it most concerns men to look into, were never so scarce, nor their living and actual presence never so much needed, as in this our own time. It is apparent (we will not venture to say that such is the fact) that the mind in which this strange compound of serene wisdom and discontented folly had its origin, had met with unexpected resistance, and rebuffs not set down on the chart of life which its youthful dreams had marked out; and that its disappointments had too often excited disgust, where a little wholesome chagrin would have been much more philosophical, and, practically, infinitely better. The production of this book, however, marks a period of convalescence—for that mind is evidently on the road to health, which, unconsciously or otherwise, seeing never so imperfectly its past sickness, is able to write the history of its disease; and, while treating of its malady, (not always recognizing, even, that it is a *malady*;) attempts to carry off the burden *with as good a grace as possible*—to veil

the pain under a smile, which, before, it betrayed by a grimace.

Judging from internal appearances alone, without a particular reference to any other work from the same source, we should presume this to be the precise stage at which Sartor Resartus was finally thrown off by the author in its present form, (for that the whole was composed, connectedly and at the same period, is improbable,) under an impulse, so far as healthy and genuine, of self-recovery; yet largely compounded with an affectation and conceit and morbidity of reflection, still too firmly seated not to make themselves distinctly apparent.

The writer of such a work as this is, must evidently be a man of large capacity, of quick sensibility, of restless imagination, and of impetuous and excitable temper. Whatever he undertakes in these pages, is sustained throughout, and exhibits no flagging of intellectual energy, however deficient it may be thought in coherence and taste. His strength, in a great measure ill-governed and unwieldy as it is, never deserts him. If he ever falls into a fit of imbecility, like those seasons Dr. Johnson records as part of his own experience, when mental energy was wanting even to count the strokes of the clock, we get no trace of his infirmity through a public exposure—his bow is always elastic and firm, his sharp-pointed arrows are ever ready, no matter how unwise or unskilful his aim. He has a reach of perception and sympathy that gathers in and domesticates among his own thoughts a vast multiplicity of objects—and we should much sooner charge that his views are too extended and limitless, than that they are one-sided or narrow. He ranges freely—somewhat too lightly—over all things past or future, sacred or profane, spiritual or material—forcing all into the same plane and on the same level—setting space and time at naught. And yet he has his strong partialities. His learning is by no means universal, nor do his sympathies linger fondly or steadily upon all objects. Science he affects to esteem lightly—metaphysics he abhors. The superstition of the Norsemen is much better to his mind than modern theology, and he sees far more to love in an austere monk of the middle ages than in any bishop of the

English Church in his own day, whose style of living corresponds with his station. While, therefore, his fancy takes a wide range, and, from one point of view or another, he surveys all things that engross human attention, his mind finds but few resting-places, and almost none in the region of actual existence.

His sensibility—originally amounting, no doubt, to an excessive sensitiveness—he has protected with an acquired fearlessness and hardihood of thinking and speaking, which secures him from falling into the weakness—the versatility transformed into inconstancy—not unusual in minds keenly alive to a diversity of impressions from the objects that surround them. His susceptibility is such, notwithstanding, that—other causes conspiring—the waves of his spirit never subside; the constant agitation, kept up by a succession of new excitements, never settles into repose.

• To his imagination there are no laws—its flights are too little counterpoised by good sense. Imagination may almost be said to be his reason—all things take their shape in his mind through its aid: and though there are comparatively few actual discrepancies in his estimates and opinions, taken as a whole, such as would clearly imply a lack of discretion, yet his judgment is justified rather by giving all objects the same disproportion in his conceptions, than by a sober and rational construction of things throughout. He lives in the images his own mind creates—his world, and the humanity he ever speculates upon, will hardly be found by another whose mind does not partake largely of the same diseased contemplation.

His temperament is of that excitable, ardent, and indefatigable kind that will take no rest, nor even suffer his spirit to be wearied out of its discontent. He cannot be satisfied with an approximate realization of his ideal, and his impatience at human dullness and imperfection is uncontrollable. Whatever seems to him to be true, is so vividly impressed on his mind—burns and glows with a light so clear and perfect—that he loses sight of the fact that everybody else has not just the same clearness of vision, does not take a similar point of view, or bring to the investigation a mind equally prepared—and with the same materials—as his own. Ac-

cordingly, he feels it a condescension and a degradation, which nobody has a right to require of him, to explain the process by which he arrives at a conclusion, or to reason a point which seems to him self-evident.

He speaks, for the most part, in the style of the oracle—certainly with all its authoritativeness, if not with a share of its ambiguity and obscurity. The Hebrew prophets were hardly more imperative—their language had little more of the tone of unreasoning and unaccommodating dictation. He rushes on with an almost resistless impetuosity, whither his convictions impel him, and, by mere sympathy and the strong current of his thoughts, carries with him his reader, unquestioning and unopposing, who has not a stout and resolute will of his own.

We have no disposition to attempt so hopeless an undertaking as to catch all the features of such a mind, and to present them in a true portrait: and least of all is it our purpose to speak of such characteristics of the author as are not immediately suggested by the book under especial consideration.

Of the manner in which our author in general executes the task imposed by his somewhat vague and not over ingenious plan, we are not disposed to make much complaint. Yet we can but think that the opinion of the "Bookseller's Taster," over which Mr. Carlyle, fifteen years later—while in the enjoyment of a considerable reputation attained by the aid of other labors—is disposed to make merry, in a rather vain and not remarkably modest manner, will be, so far as contained in the following sentence, pretty generally acquiesced in, as a true and impartial judgment: "The Author has no great tact: his wit is frequently heavy; and reminds one of the German Baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively." Mr. Carlyle has, indeed, as his later writings show, grown somewhat more naturally playful—through exercises of the kind exhibited in this book, or from some other cause which it is no part of our present purpose to determine—and a somewhat more graceful humor and fewer extravagances of wit undoubtedly characterize his happier efforts in more recent years.

Teufelsdröckh, taken in all the manifes

tations we have of him, verges quite closely on a caricature. We should be slow to assert that many genuine strokes of nature, and much knowledge of the human heart, are not bound up in the bundle labelled with this name; but we risk nothing in saying, at the same time, that side by side with whatever is strictly just and true, are inconsistencies and incongruities, hard to explain, if not irreconcilable. It is evident enough that the whole is founded much more upon such knowledge as is gathered from books and self-meditation, in the closet, than from an actual and personal knowledge of men and the world.

Many persons, unquestionably, will be ready to meet all our animadversions with the assertion that the book is allegorical and mystical—that by sympathy we must enter into the inward feelings of the writer, and catch something of his spirit, in order to come at the real purport and significance of what he says. This last is obvious enough, but we are unwilling to allow that any book, properly written, can contain a meaning that will, without a premonitory hint from the initiated, escape the notice of an intelligent reader, ordinarily gifted, when properly read. Nor do we believe that Mr. Carlyle himself is ignorant that the truest, the most *genial* writing always has a direct meaning and purpose, and that the interpretation which is the most obvious and natural is invariably the true one. We do not believe that Sartor Resartus has any esoteric meaning, nor are we willing to suppose that the author intended it as a riddle. Whatever the intent, nevertheless, the ultimate and final judgment of the book will of necessity be founded on such an interpretation as the ordinary principles of language require; and the “spiritual sense” will be left entirely to the determination of mystics and dreamers.

The author first reveals “the man Teufelsdröckh,” in the light of his own personal “reminiscences.” He knew him as leading “a quite still and self-contained life, devoted to the higher philosophies.” On matters moral and religious, he represents him as being altogether speechless, at that period; in politics, radical and democratic: a beer-drinking, tobacco-smoking, penniless German scholar. The outward looks and notabilities of the man

—the most unimpassioned kind of description imaginable—are set forth in violent apostrophe: “Under those thick locks of thine, so long and lank, overlapping roof-wise the gravest face we ever saw, there dwelt a most busy brain. In thy eyes, too, deep under their shaggy brows, and looking out so still and dreamy, have we not noticed gleams of an ethereal or else a diabolic fire, and half fancied that their stillness was but the rest of infinite motion, the *sleep* of a spinning top? Thy little figure then as, in loose, ill-brushed, thread-bare habiliments, thou sattest amid litter and lumber, whole days, to ‘think and smoke tobacco,’ held in it a mighty heart.”

We may add here, that in narrative talent, our author is singularly deficient. This is clearly enough seen in the clumsiness which (we speak of Sartor Resartus only) characterizes every attempt at developing what should properly have been direct narrative—the latter being got along with in almost every conceivable manner, short of a simple and natural relation. It avails nothing to refer this altogether to the peculiar humor of the writer, and to his habitually eccentric expression—nor need we be answered, that we fail to get at his true spirit and meaning. It is not that the writing is unintelligible, or that it does not conform to the constant practice of the writer elsewhere, that we have alleged, but that it is quite deficient in a quality almost indispensable in a work of the kind here attempted.

In point of manners, we have not, at present, any more explicit intimation of Teufelsdröckh than his “meek, silent, deep-seated Sansculottism, combined with a true princely courtesy of inward nature.” “He was a stranger there,” (at Weissnicht-wo—*anglicè*, Who-knows-where,) “wafted thither by what is called the force of circumstances; concerning whose parentage, birth-place, prospects, or pursuits, curiosity had indeed made inquiries, but satisfied herself with the most indistinct replies. For himself, he was a man so still and altogether unparticipating, that to question him even afar off on such particulars was a thing of more than usual delicacy; besides, in his sly way, he had ever some quaint turn, not without its satirical edge, wherewith to divert such intrusions, and deter you from the like. Wits spoke

of him secretly as if he were a kind of Melchizedek, without father or mother of any kind; sometimes, with reference to his great historic and statistic knowledge, and the vivid way he had of *expressing himself like an eye-witness of distant transactions and scenes*, they called him *Ewige Jude*, Everlasting, or as we say, *Wandering Jew*."

The words we have italicized point pretty plainly to the form and manner which the author has attempted to sustain in writing, in his "French Revolution;" but whether such style of *conversation* is to be presumed as at all likely to characterize a person such as he has previously made out Teufelsdröckh to be, is at least questionable. Your "meek, silent" gentlemen have seldom that readiness of speech, and that command of their thoughts in the presence of others, which would enable them to sustain themselves in the lofty style here described, however well they might do it on paper, in the solitude of their study. How this might be in the particular case of a German scholar, we cannot say from personal observation—nor, if we are rightly informed, can our author. The "reminiscence" continues:—

"The man Teufelsdröckh passed and re-passed, in his little circle, as one of those originals and nondescripts, more frequent in German Universities than elsewhere; of whom, though you see them alive, and feel certain enough that they must have a History, no History seems to be discoverable; or only such as men give of mountain rocks and antediluvian ruins: That they have been created by unknown agencies, are in a state of gradual decay, and for the present reflect light and resist pressure; that is, are visible and tangible objects in this phantasm world, where so much other mystery is."

We quote for the description, at present, and not to descant upon the disproportionate and colossal figures, vanishing in a mist of dreamy speculation—of which this last is a noteworthy and characteristic example, and of which we design to speak more particularly hereafter.

Of the philosopher's attic, to which "the Editor" of this volume was wont to be admitted, he informs us, as a favorite, we have the following account:—

"It was a strange apartment; full of books and tattered papers, and miscellaneous shreds

of all conceivable substances, 'united in a common element of dust.' Books lay on tables, and below tables; here fluttered a sheet of manuscript, there a torn handkerchief, or night-cap hastily thrown aside; ink-bottles alternated with bread-crusts, coffee-pots, tobacco-boxes, Periodical Literature, and Blücher Boots."

In the same chapter we are introduced to another character—disproportionate and distorted, but not, perhaps, altogether unparalleled in actual life—the Hofrath Henschrecke. This personage is created to be the *sponge* through which "the Editor" is mainly to derive his biographical materials. "The main point, doubtless, for us all, is his love of Teufelsdröckh, which indeed was also by far the most decisive feature of Henschrecke himself. We are enabled to assert that he hung on the Professor with the fondness of a Boswell for his Johnson." This simple allusion will suffice for the Hofrath, since, apart from the office indicated, we are unable to detect any particular humor or ingenuity in the character, or the least importance in furthering the design of the book.

"In such environment," the author says, in conclusion of his reminiscences, "social, domestic, and physical, did Teufelsdröckh, at the time of our acquaintance, and most likely does he still live and meditate. Here, perched up in his high Wahngasse watch-tower, and often, in solitude, outwatching the Bear, it was that the indomitable Inquirer fought all his battles with Dulness and Darkness; here, in all probability, that he wrote this surprising volume on *Clothes*. Additional particulars: of his age, which was of that standing middle sort you could only guess at; of his wide surtout; the color of his trowsers, fashion of his broad-brimmed steeple-hat, and so forth, we might report, but do not."

After these "preliminary hymnings," the Philosopher's history is subsequently traced from his earliest years downward. The young Diogenes is a foundling, and his childhood and youth are spent in the village of Entepfuhl—which means in simple English, *Duck-pond*. He is brought up by Andreas Futteral, and "the good Gretchen," his wife, who, at this period, are "childless, in still seclusion, and cheerful though now verging towards old age. Andreas had been grenadier sergeant,

and even regimental schoolmaster under Frederick the Great; but now, quitting the halbert and ferule for the spade and pruning-hook, cultivated a little Orchard, on the produce of which, he, Cincinnatus-like, lived not without dignity. Fruits, the peach, the apple, the grape, with other varieties, came in their season; all which Andreas knew how to sell. On evenings he smoked largely, or read, (as be seemed a regimental schoolmaster,) and talked to neighbors that would listen about the Victory of Rosbach." "Young Diogenes, or rather young Greschen, for by such diminutive had they in their fondness named him, travelled forward to those high consummations," (of "sprawling out his ten fingers and toes," &c.,) "by quick yet easy stages. The Futterals, to avoid vain talk, and moreover keep the roll of gold Friedrichs safe, gave out that he was a grand-nephew, the orphan of some sister's daughter, suddenly deceased, in Andreas's distant Prussian birth-land; of whom, as of her indigent sorrowing widower, little enough was known at Entepfuhl. Heedless of all which, the Nurse-ling took to his spoonment and throve. I have heard him noted as a still infant, that kept his mind much to himself, above all, that seldom or never cried. He already felt that time was precious; that he had other work cut out for him than whimpering."

These last quotations are, ostensibly, autobiographical. Of his childhood and boyhood; of the stories of Andreas; of the youthful meditations suggested by stage-coaches and cattle-shows, by the "skating matches and shooting matches," the "snow storms and Christmas carols" of winter, and by the "vicissitudes of contribution" of the other seasons of the year; and of the diverse objects affording food and growth to a young mind, we are told at sufficient length, though with no remarkably graphic coloring or peculiar force. "The good Gretchen" taught him "her own simple version of the Christian faith. Andreas too attended church; yet more like a parade duty, for which he in the other world expected pay with arrears, as, I trust, he has received; but my mother, with a true woman's heart, and fine though uncultivated sense, was in the strictest acceptation religious." Diogenes is sent to school.

"My schoolmaster, a down-bent, broken-hearted, underfoot martyr, as others of that guild are, did little for me, except discover that he could do little: he, good soul, pronounced me a genius, fit for the learned professions; and that I must be sent to the Gymnasium, and one day to the University. Meanwhile, what printed thing soever I could meet with I read. My very copper pocket-money I laid out on stall literature, which, as it accumulated, I with my own hands sewed into volumes." A very important circumstance.

He goes to the gymnasium and to the university, makes great progress in everything he turns his mind to, and criticises his teachers, (this in after years though, it is charitable to suppose,) as undoubtedly they will seem to deserve—for not beating (figuratively if possible, but at all events *beating*) his eccentricities and bewilderingments out of him—cutting off the misshapen and deformed branches altogether, and engrafting upon the trunk some shoots of propriety and good sense, endued with a healthy vigor. He complains, however, on far other grounds.

In the midst of his studies at the gymnasium, Father Andreas dies, and Mother Gretchen discloses to him, for the first time, that his real parentage is unknown. "Thus was I doubly orphaned," he writes in his autobiographical sketches; "bereft not only of Possession, but even of Remembrance. Sorrow and Wonder, here suddenly united, could not but produce abundant fruit. Such a disclosure, in such a season, struck its roots through my whole nature; even till the years of mature manhood, it mingled with my whole thoughts, was as the stem whereon all my day-dreams and night-dreams grew. A certain poetic elevation, yet also a corresponding civic depression, it naturally imparted: *I was like no other*: in which fixed-idea, leading sometimes to highest, and oftener to frightful results, may there not lie the first spring of Tendencies, which in my Life have become remarkable enough? As in birth, so in action, speculation, and social position, my fellows are perhaps not numerous."

At a later period, while at the university, "the good Gretchen" (words that the author delights to repeat on every possible occasion) is compelled to with-

draw from him her pecuniary aid. "Nevertheless," says the editor, "in an atmosphere of Poverty and manifold Chagrin, the Humor of that young Soul, what character is in him first decisively reveals itself; and, like strong sunshine in weeping skies, gives out variety of colors, some of which are prismatic. Thus with the aid of Time, and of what Time brings, has thestripling Diogenes Teufelsdröckh waxed into manly stature; and into so questionable an aspect, that we ask with new eagerness, How he specially came by it, and regret anew that there is no more explicit answer." And still further on, we are told of "fever paroxysms of doubt," and "Inquiries concerning Miracles, and the evidences of religious Faith;" of "a liberal measure of earthly distresses, want of practical guidance, want of sympathy, want of money, want of hope; and all this in the fervid season of youth, so exaggerated in imagining, so boundless in desires, yet here so poor in means." "From various fragments of Letters and documentary scraps," it is added, "it is to be inferred that Teufelsdröckh, isolated, shy, retiring as he was, had not altogether escaped notice: certain established men are aware of his existence; and, if stretching out no helpful hand, have at least their eyes upon him. He appears, though in dreary enough humor, to be addressing himself to the Profession of Law; whereof, indeed, the world has since seen him a public graduate."

He forms the acquaintance of Herr Towgood, "a young person of quality from the interior parts of England," and through him he is "brought near" the noble family of the Count von Zahdarm. With the Law he succeeds badly. "Perhaps, too, what little employment he had was performed ill, at best unpleasantly. 'Great practical method and expertness' he may brag of; but is there not also great practical pride, though deep-hidden, only the deeper-seated? So shy a man can never have been popular."

Time moves on heavily, discouragingly, for the poor Auscultator. His acquaintance with the Zahdarms brings him in contact with the world, and its higher life—and he sits down, occasionally, with his betters, to "Æsthetic Tea." An event, too, occurs about this time, which marks

a decisive era in his life. He falls in love. On this subject, our editor discourseth thus:—

"Psychological readers are not without curiosity to see how Teufelsdröckh, in this for him unexampled predicament, demeans himself; with what specialities of successive configuration, splendor and color, his Firework blazes off. Small, as usual, is the satisfaction that such can meet with here. From amid these confused masses of Eulogy and Elegy, with their mad Petrarchan and Wertereian waro lying madly scattered among all sorts of quite extraneous matter, not so much as the fair one's name can be deciphered. For, without doubt, the title Blumine, whereby she is here designated, and which means simply Goddess of Flowers, must be fictitious. Was her real name Flora, then? But what was her surname, or had she none! Of what station in Life was she; of what parentage, fortune, aspect? Specially, by what Pre-established Harmony of occurrences did the Lover and the Loved meet one another in so wide a world; how did they behave in such meeting? To all which questions, not unessential in a Biographic work, mere Conjecture must for most part return answer. 'It was appointed,' says our Philosopher, 'that the high celestial orbit of Blumine should intersect the low sublunary one of our Forlorn; that he, looking in her empyrean eyes, should fancy the upper sphere of Light was come down into this nether sphere of Shadows; and finding himself mistaken, make noise enough.'

"We seem to gather that she was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one's Cousin; high-born and of high spirits; but unhappily dependent and insolvent; living, perhaps, on the not too gracious bounty of monied relatives. But how came 'the Wanderer' into her circle? Was it by the humid vehicle of *Æsthetic Tea*, or by the arid one of mere Business? Was it on the hand of Herr Towgood; or of the Gnälige Frau, who, as an ornamental Artist, might sometimes like to promote flirtation, especially for young cynical Nondescripts? To all appearance, it was chiefly by Accident, and the grace of Nature."

And the autobiographer ruminates after this manner:—

"In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, laughter, tears, and often with the inarticulate mystic speech of Music; such was the element they now lived in; in such a many-tinted radiant Aurora, and by this fairest of Orient Light-bringers must our Friend be blandished, and the new Apocalypse of Nature unrolled to him. Fairest Blumine! And, even as a Star, all Fire and humid Softness, a

very Light-ray incarnate! Was there so much as a fault, a 'caprice,' he could have dispensed with? Was she not to him in very deed a Morning-Star; did not her presence bring with it airs from Heaven? As from Æolian Harps in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon's Statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untried balmy Rest. Pale Doubt fled away to the distance; Life bloomed up with happiness and hope. The Past, then, was all a haggard dream; he had been in the Garden of Eden, then, and could not discern it! But lo now! the black walls of his prison melt away; the captive is alive, is free. If he loved his Disenchantedress? *Ach Gott!* His whole heart and soul and life were hers, but never had he named it Love: existence was all a Feeling, not yet shaped into a Thought."

Here is "the final scene":—

"One morning, he found his Morning-Star all dimmed and dusky-red; the fair creature was silent, absent, she seemed to have been weeping. Alas, no longer a Morning-Star, but a troublous skyey Portent, announcing that the Doomsday had dawned! She said, in a tremulous voice, 'They were to meet no more.' The thunder-struck Air-sailor is not wanting to himself in this dread hour; but what avails it? We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him; and hasten to the catastrophe. 'Farewell, then, Madam!' said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes; in wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; their lips were joined; their two souls, like two dew-drops, rushed into one,—for the first time, and for the last! Thus was Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss. And then? Why, then—thick curtains of Night rushed over his soul, as rose the immeasurable Crash of Doom; and through the ruins as of a shivered Universe was he falling, falling, towards the Abyss."

How appropriate this last metaphor may be to the subject, either as to fit proportion or the accuracy and vividness with which it depicts the emotions of such an occasion, we simply leave for the experienced in such matters to decide.

In conclusion of this portion of the biography, it is proper to add—what the disappointed lover, in his sorrowful wanderings, subsequently discovers—that the fair Blumine found the titles and *estates of Herr Towgood* considerably

more tempting than the poverty and melancholy of Teufelsdröckh, and was brilliantly wedded—leaving the poor lawyer to his briefs and his griefs.

Next we have, in a long, indescribable, and not wholly unmeaning series, the "Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh"—his internal struggles—his spiritual agony of doubt and fear—his "indifference"—his ultimate consolation and serenity of mind, in the regions of a hopeless, austere, and solitude-loving mysticism, such as surround him when first introduced to our knowledge.

The third and last Book develops the "Philosophy of Clothes," proper—and the biography here closes.

The *philosophy* of this volume has been a subject of considerable discussion—first, to ascertain what it really is, and secondly, to determine its true value. We should probably be thought to have evaded the chief and most weighty inquiry, were we to pass this matter by without due notice. But to attempt to make out a connected system from such unpromising materials, would of course be a very fruitless undertaking—and we deem it not uncharitable to question whether, in point of fact, at the time of putting Sartor Resartus to press, the author had himself any intelligible notions or doctrines of human life, or any well-digested "theory of the universe," aside from what was already included, by common consent, in the general belief of all civilized nations, and made the basis of their institutions, and of their practical wisdom.

He may be said, however, in general terms, to belong to that class of thinkers—the exclusive product of no age or country—whose disconnection from practical affairs, and whose neglect of the realities of life, if not utter contempt of them, have rendered everything distasteful to their thoughts, and a source of impatience and discontent, save the purest abstractions. They do not, indeed, for they cannot, become wholly detached from the influences of this world, and from the business immediately concerning it—but their predominant wish and aim, and habit, tend to an entire exclusion of earthly matters. They even look upon the process of eating and drinking, some of this number have gone so far as to confess, as no little deg-

radiation to their spiritual nature, and as a necessity very much to be regretted. In referring the author of *Sartor Resartus* to this class, we do not insist that he is an idealist of the extreme kind, or that all the follies of his sect are to be attributed to him; nor do we mean to say that his writings of a subsequent date to this now under consideration, do not indicate a different and a more rational state of mind. But that he belongs to this class, and that an isolated, unsympathizing idealism underlies the entire volume at present in question, we venture to say that no reasonable reader will controvert or deny. The grand effort throughout the book, and the one on which he especially prides himself, is, to arouse his reader to "spiritual" contemplation, and to shed an ideal light over all the objects of ordinary life and daily experience. He recognizes nothing as true and abiding save ideas; and in the embodiments of ideas which men have attempted, and so far accomplished, he finds everywhere the most melancholy imperfection and evanescence. This is the net amount of all that may be called the philosophy of this book—and is, of course, original only in the manner of its unfolding and application. He finds no rest—and would have his reader find none, apparently—in the existing institutions of Religion and Government, or in the prevalent modes of employing the energies of the human mind and body, and of directing the impulses of which they are susceptible. He has formed a wonderful conception of the powers and capacities of man, and is shocked that the human race, so endowed as he imagines, has accomplished and is accomplishing results no better corresponding with his lofty estimate. He professes a particular horror of all concealments or disguises; and that a human being should come short of fulfilling all that his apparent capabilities and outward professions promise, is to him an unpardonable crime. In a word, he seems to have no idea of any more grievous sin than weakness or stupidity. &

Underneath all, the flame that keeps his ever-agitated spirit in ebullition, appears to be a passionate conviction that a new era is dawning upon the world—that man is speedily to become transformed into a far different and infinitely better being

than he has ever shown himself heretofore—and that to him, as one of the leading spirits, belongs in part the "mission" of bringing these remarkable changes to pass. The Messiah of this "latter day glory," he recognizes as having already appeared—in the person of a German poet—and from henceforth, old things are to pass away, and all things to become new. Such is the grand assurance that sends the fire of enthusiasm along every nerve of his stout, energetic, intellectual frame, and impels him forward in a career that causes many a timid and faithless conservative to tremble for the downfall of the institutions and customs in which he blindly—and not soberly and with genuine confidence, as becomes a prudent man—takes refuge.

That Mr. Carlyle has any rationally devised plan, or any definite expectation,—aside from a determination to disturb men from the repose and content into which he fancies they have degenerately sunk down,—we cannot believe. We seriously doubt whether he could present any one system in place of the imperfect "shams" he denounces, for which he himself would dare confidently predict a happier operation, or a more satisfactory issue. He is not the first that has conceived disgust at an existing order—full of "incoherences" and grievances, surely, yet more easy to improve by a little patience of spirit and a good-natured exercise of ingenuity, than to supersede by a new and untried scheme, whose success shall be perfect.

The "winter of discontent," in this passage that follows, pervades all his meditations, and gives a radical tinge to all that he says:—

"'Call ye that a Society,' cries he again, 'where there is no longer any Social Idea extant; not so much as the Idea of a common Home, but only of a common, over-crowded Lodging-house? Where each, isolated, regardless of his neighbor, turned against his neighbor, clutches what he can get, and cries 'Mine!' and calls it Peace, because, in the cut-purse and cut-throat Scramble, no steel knives, but only a far cunninger sort, can be employed? Where Friendship, Communion, has become an incredible tradition; and your holiest Sacramental Supper is a smoking Tavern Dinner, with Cook for Evangelist? Where your Priest has no tongue but for plate-licking; and your high Guides and Governors

cannot guide; but on all hands hear it passionately proclaimed: *Laissez faire*; Leave us alone of *your* guidance, such light is darker than darkness; eat you your wages, and sleep!

"Thus, too," continues he, "does an observant eye discern everywhere that saddest spectacle: The Poor perishing, like neglected, foundered Draught-Cattle, of Hunger and Overwork; the Rich, still more wretchedly, of Idleness, Satiety, and Overgrowth. The Highest in rank, at length, without honor from the Lowest; scarcely, with a little mouth-honor, as from tavern-waiters who expect to put it in the bill. Once sacred Symbols fluttering as empty Pageants, whereof men grudge even the expense; a World becoming dismantled: in one word, the CHURCH fallen speechless, from obesity and apoplexy; the STATE shrunk into a Police-Office, straitened to get its pay!"

"—In times like ours," Teufelsdröckh elsewhere says, "when all things are rapidly or slowly resolving themselves into Chaos;" and "the Editor" himself styles the present "an epoch when Puffery and Quackery have reached a height unexampled in the annals of mankind."

Again:—

"It is the Night of the World, and still long till it be Day: we wander amid the glimmer of smoking ruins, and the Sun and the Stars of Heaven are as if blotted out for a season; and two immeasurable Fantoms, HYPOCRISY and ATHEISM, with the Gowler, SENSUALITY, stalk abroad over the Earth, and call it theirs: well at ease are the Sleepers for whom Existence is a shallow Dream."

Among the chief remedies for this deplorable state of affairs is, to give free scope to speculation—to raise up a new race of poets and teachers, who shall be fit objects of worship. His recipe for exalting any person that chooses into the dignity of a GENIUS, is pretty nearly the same as that subsequently laid by Mr. Emerson on this side of the water:—

"Surely the plain rule is, Let each considerable person have his way, and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured wanderer light on some outlying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province; the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed;—thereby, in these his seem-

ingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realm of Nothingness and Night? Wise man was he who counselled that Speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly towards all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed."

Speculation will "have free course," unquestionably, so long as any individual liberty remains to man—but all speculators may rest assured of this, that, to the end of time, whatever is ridiculous will continue to be laughed at; and whatever is frivolous or profane will never be accepted as the oracles of a prophet, by the wiser portion of any civilized community.

The "mystery of life" is a trite theme; and all of us probably remember having been many times puzzled with the consciousness of a personal identity. In this book, both these topics appear to be favorites. We are unable to discover to what profitable end such vague speculations can be supposed to conduce. In our simple judgment, a great deal that is said about "mysterious nature" and the "mysterious life of man," bears a striking resemblance to what is commonly denominated *cant*. We have especially in mind such passages as these:—

"That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? *Aus der Ewigkeit zu der Ewigkeit hin*: From Eternity, onwards to Eternity! These are Apparitions: what else! Are they not Souls rendered visible; in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? Their solid pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels, and feather in its crown, is but of To-day, without a Yesterday or a Tomorrow; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being: watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more."

"Who am I; what is this ME? A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance;—some embodied, visualised Idea in the Eternal Mind? *Cogito, ergo sum*. Alas, poor Cogitator, this takes us but a little way. Sure enough I am; and lately was not: but Whence? How? Where-to? The answer lies around, written in all

colors and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature: but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning? We sit as in a boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto; boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof: sounds and many-colored visions flit around our sense; but Ilim, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake! Which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown? What are all your national Wars, with their Moscow Retreats, and sanguinary hate-filled Revolutions, but the Somnambulism of uneasy Sleepers? This Dreaming, this Somnambulism is what we on Earth call Life; wherein the most indeed undoubtingly wander, as if they knew right hand from left; yet they only are wise who know that they know nothing."

With such bewildering speculations as these, like a millstone about his neck, Teufelsdröckh plunges into the deeps of Transcendentalism, and makes his way through contemplations, wherein, at present, we shall not attempt to keep him company.

As already intimated, the uppermost and predominant article of his creed, is the worship of *ГОТТЕ*, as the Messiah of a new order of things—the prophet of a better and more exalted dispensation than any that have preceded. What this new dispensation is in his view, may be gathered from the following:—

"There is no Church, sayest thou? The voice of Prophecy has gone dumb? This is even what I dispute: but, in any case, hast thou not still Preaching enough? A Preaching Friar settles himself in every village; and builds a pulpit, which he calls Newspaper. Therefrom he preaches what most momentous doctrine is in him, for man's salvation; and dost not thou listen, and believe? Look well, thou seest everywhere a new Clergy of the Mendicant Orders, some bare-footed, some almost bare-backed, fashion itself into shape, and teach and preach zealously enough, for copperalms and the love of God. These break in pieces the ancient idols; and, though them-

selves too often reprobate, as idol-breakers are wont to be, mark out the sites of new Churches, where the true God-ordained, that are to follow, may find audience, and minister. Said I not, Before the old skin was shed, the new had formed itself beneath it?"

"But there is no Religion?" reiterates the Professor. 'Fool! I tell thee there is. Hast thou well considered all that lies in this immeasurable froth-ocean we name LITERATURE? Fragments of a genuine Church-Homiletic lie scattered there, which Time will assort: nay, fractions even of a Liturgy could I point out. And knowest thou no Prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the Godlike had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest forms of the Common; and by him been again prophetically revealed: in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, Man's Life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him, and name him—GOETHE.'

All these views, and vagaries, to which we have referred, the writer seems once to have seriously entertained: some of the more extravagant of them, he affects to look at a little "askance and strangely," hardly willing to acknowledge their paternity, yet unable to shake off the conviction that there is a truth in them, which the world ought to know. It would give us no surprise to learn that a large portion of these extracts from "the remarkable volume of Teufelsdröckh," were originally sibylline leaves of his own, written in sober earnest, without a dream of imputing them to another. We venture the opinion, that Sartor Resartus was never composed, in its present shape, with a plan definitely formed before a paragraph was written, and proceeding in due order from the beginning. It has, to us, an appearance of something like simple aggregation, instead of organic growth; and it seems quite probable that the thoughts which his solitary contemplations had precipitated by the way, through years of silent progress and development—sane and insane, well considered and hasty, morbid and healthy, were here brought together, on his emergence into clearer day and maturer perception.

Of the mental disease to which we have referred, evidences enough may be found, we think, on every page. Morbid niceties of reflection abound. He "considers too curiously." A chance sug-

gestion leads him often through a wild, labyrinthine chase, without any progress forward, always returning to the starting-point, with no other result than a tantalizing and profitless bewilderment. A speculative mind, we are aware, must busy itself with contemplations that have no immediate, practical relation to the every-day business of life—and meditations the most profitable of all seldom directly serve the ends of economical utility; yet it is none the less true, that there are limits beyond which speculation becomes a disease, and gives a coloring of insanity to all that is uttered. Foremost of the sickly indications of this kind, we may reckon the ever-present consciousness of *self*, and the constant reiteration of the "vexed questions," to which we have before alluded, respecting personal being and personal identity.

The extravagant and unnatural character of the figures employed by Mr. Carlyle to aid his expression, has often been noted, and is not the least remarkable peculiarity of his writing. His metaphors and similes are of that exaggerated, impetuous, disproportionate kind, that evinces an imagination at once vigorous and undisciplined,—highly susceptible, yet deranged in its action. Fitness and adaptation are wanting. They make a momentary impression—vivid, like the full, dazzling blaze of the sun—as vague and as unbiding. They start up before the reader when little prepared for them, and where least of all he expected to see them. At first, they seem to be part of a concerted system to excite our continual wonder and amazement; afterwards they assume a more unaffected aspect, and serve to throw light far into the recesses of the restless and turbulent spirit from which they issue. All his images—even those applied to the smallest and most trivial matters, are drawn from the vast and the violent in nature—storms, desert-winds, tornadoes, earthquakes, volcanoes, flames, the sea, and all objects of kindred qualities. He makes everything superlative; and whatever is huge or overpowering, needs only to partake of the solitude and disquiet of his own soul, to be forced into service, on the lightest occasion. We *shall not be compelled* or go far, open *the volume wherever we may*, to find ex-

amples enough illustrative of these structures. These figures are interwoven with every distinct train of reflection, and many have already been included in our previous quotations.

To convey an idea of the extent and value of the volume of "Clothes Philosophy," which he has just received from Germany, he calls it "an extensive volume, of boundless, almost formless contents, a very Sea of Thought; neither calm nor clear, if you will; yet wherein the toughest pearl-diver may dive to his utmost depth, and return not only with sea-wreck but with true orients."

Of his labors over the book, as Editor, he speaks in this wise:—

"Daily and nightly does the Editor sit (with green spectacles) deciphering these unimaginable Documents from their perplexed *cursschrift*; collating them with the almost equally unimaginable Volume, which stands in legible print. Over such a universal medley of high and low, of hot, cold, moist and dry, is he here struggling (by union of like with like, which is Method) to build a firm Bridge for British travellers. Never perhaps since our first Bridge-builders, Sin and Death, built that stupendous Arch from Hell-gate to the Earth, did any Pontifex, or Pontiff, undertake such a task as the present Editor."

Fraser's Magazine (in which this work was originally published in a series of numbers, as we have before intimated) is described as "A vehicle all strewed (figuratively speaking) with the maddest Waterloo-Crackers, exploding distractively and destructively, wheresoever the mystified passenger stands or sits."

In describing his hero's personal appearance, this passage occurs:—

"His look, as we mentioned, is probably the gravest ever seen; yet it is not of that cast-iron gravity frequent enough among our own Chancery suitors; but rather the gravity as of some silent, high-encircled mountain pool, perhaps the crater of an extinct volcano; into whose black deeps you fear to gaze: those eyes, those lights that sparkle in it, may indeed be reflexes of the heavenly Stars, but perhaps also glances from the region of Nether Fire!"

Of George Fox, Teufelsdröckh is made to say:—

"Mountains of encumbrance, higher than

Etna, had been heaped over that Spirit; but it was a Spirit, and would not lie buried there. Through long days and nights of silent agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a man's force, to be free: how its prison-mountains heaved and swayed tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand and that, and emerged into the light of Heaven! that Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine."

A joke of Jean Paul's is set forth as "some single billow in that vast World-Maelstrom of Humor, with its heaven-kissing coruscations." But all these are nothing to what follows:—

"I could liken Dandyism and Drudgism to two bottomless boiling Whirlpools that had broken out on opposite quarters of the firm land: as yet they appear only disquieted, foolishly bubbling wells, which man's art might cover in; yet mark them, their diameter is daily widening; they are hollow Cones that boil up from the infinite Deep, over which your firm land is but a thin crust or rind! Thus daily is the intermediate land crumbling in, daily the empire of the two Buchan-Bullers extending; till now there is but a foot-plank, a mere film of Land between them; this too is washed away; and then—we have the true Hell of Waters, and Noah's Deluge is out-deluged!"

"The mighty, billowy, storm-tost Chaos of Life," is only one of a thousand expressions that reveal something deeper and of more consequence than simply a want of taste, and indicate a state of mind utterly averse from the soberness and composure indispensable to moral health and well-being. And in this connection we recur, involuntarily, to those words of the author's sole published attempt (we believe) at verse—manifestly spoken from the heart—which he addresses to a moth, that has died in the flame of his lamp:—

"Poor moth! thy form my own resembles!
Me, too, a restless, asking mind
Hath sent on far and weary rambles,
To seek the good I ne'er shall find.

"What gained we, little moth! Thy ashes
Thy one brief parting pang may show—
And withering thoughts for soul that dashes
From deep to deep, are but a death more slow!"

The humor of Sartor Resartus is peculiar—sometimes covert and illusive; sometimes broad and hearty; sometimes affected; almost invariably cumbered with some awkwardness or downright folly. There are few efforts in this kind that we are involuntarily compelled to laugh at;

and if an inward smile occasionally flashes across our mind, it is quite as often at the author's apparent self-gratulation and satisfaction in having made what he deems a palpable hit, as from any real enjoyment of the joke.

His sarcasm wounds severely—but it is not envy or jealousy that gives it its sting. He properly hates no human being; he loves the ideal of man which his fancy, gathering all that is truest and most complete in the development of humanity, has formed for him; and this grateful work of eclecticism is frequently executed for the benefit of some especial favorite; but, in general, he is impatient with all, and his prevailing sentiment towards all is a compound of compassion and disgust, or a compromise between them. Thoroughly schooled in "self-renunciation," and no longer (apparently) heedful of worldly advantage or honor, he broods over no injuries, fancied or real, and meditates no revenge. Identifying himself with his own conceptions of truth, and duty, and manhood, he recognizes no enemies but the false-hearted and the insincere, the stupid and the depraved. On these he vents, in sarcasm and stinging rebuke, whatever wrath and vexation the personal experience of years of unrequited labor and suffering have stored in his mind—in this poison, and in this only, all his arrows are dipped.

The obscurity which is a standing objection, with many, against the writer of this volume, is chargeable mainly, perhaps, to the peculiarities of his style and expression, simply, but also in part to an inexcusable, if not, as would sometimes appear, an intentional ambiguity. It is sometimes hard to determine whether he really means to be taken in sober earnest, or ironically and in humor. Rather, we might say that, while the discriminating reader can, without much difficulty, understand to which sense Mr. Carlyle really and at heart inclines, there is frequently an evident wish to avoid a direct and explicit committal to opinions which he fears may bring him into disrepute with his reader; and yet, covertly and by degrees, he aims to inculcate what he dare not avow. A book should be one thing or another—not an ambiguity. If an author means to profess a sincere "attachment to the institutions of our ancestors," and is really and

in truth, "minded to defend these at all hazards," why should he qualify his avowal, by affirming his attachment to be "*true though perhaps feeble*"—and pretend to offer, "as no despicable pile" "to divert the current of innovation, such a volume as Teufelsdröckh's?" No one who knows the author will be likely to doubt that his real intent was anything rather than to sustain the institutions of which he speaks, just as they are; yet few will charge him with having designed, at the outset of his book, openly and honestly to declare his purpose to accelerate their overthrow. Why this disguise,—this shrinking behind the protection of an ambiguous humor?

In the *idea* of the book, there was evidently intended to be something startling, of a kind that could be rendered available for effect. Had the sum and substance of all that the volume really teaches, and all that is truly beautiful or impressive in its pages, been presented in their simple character, and in natural, unconstrained attitudes and colors, it is probable that the sensation created by the publication would have been small; and hence, also, it is more than probable that there was a conscious effort on the part of the author to present what he says in a strange and unheard-of way, and with constant care to excite wonder and astonishment. Striking novelties, and oddities of manner, will surely enough attract notice—will be mistaken by some for most indubitable tokens of genius; and the writer who proposes to himself such aims as these, needs only ordinary cleverness and invention, to succeed in his attempt much better than he deserves.

At the first glance, Sartor Resartus is repulsive. It wears all the appearance of eccentricity and affectation, if not of absolute ill-breeding. The name itself is an enigma—suggestive of no very refined or exalted reflections. Nor does the oddity of the whole affair wear off upon a more intimate acquaintance. We are compelled to exercise an unaccustomed forbearance—a tax upon the reader's politeness, which no writer is justified in making. We feel at once that he either intends to set our judgment, our habits of thinking, and our acquired tastes at defiance; or else to *startle us, by hazardous exploits in the chase of originality, with a not over good-*

mannered regard for our nervous sensibilities. And either view of the case is quite unpropitious.

It is more strictly true, as applied to letters, that a beautiful soul, in the words of Edmund Spenser, takes to itself a beautiful body, than in the sense the poet intended. The music of *Paradise Lost*, and the inexhaustible variety of the melody of *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Tempest*, are external forms, each peculiar to the mind in which it originated; and which, while by themselves solely, were it possible so to conceive of them, they would be meaningless, are in reality indispensable to the permanent expression of what would otherwise have been for ever unknown, beyond the spirit in which it first appeared.

A serene tranquillity broods over every creation of the highest genius. The spirit of the author shines out upon every part and feature of the work—placidly—as the calm moonlight rests upon every point of a varied landscape. Such a gentle and quiet composure is sought in vain throughout the "*Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh*." The wild tumult and commotion of a midnight storm, sweeping across both land and sea—obscure, exciting, and powerful—flashes of lightning marking its footsteps and giving new awe to its ravages—seems a far more fitting image of the mood and temper in which this singular work had its conception. The very organism of the book—its style simply—while it clearly reveals the spirit which pervades it, could have originated in none other than a troubled, restless, and lawless, though most energetic mind. For the man who finds here any appearance of imbecility or dullness, or fails to recognize that—in spite of all the unfavorable indications that meet us at the outset, and the obstacles thrown in our way throughout—we are brought in communication with one whose thoughts take a wide range, and move with unusual rapidity and force, may charitably be supposed to have fallen short of a just comprehension of what the author is really aiming to say. We cannot speak of Thomas Carlyle with contempt, or deny to Sartor Resartus a place among the writings that have given an impulse and a direction to the literature of the time. That impulse, however, is unnatural and transient, and the direction, in a good measure, erroneous.

HANDEL AND HIS "MESSIAH."

It is related of Handel, that when a certain divine offered to select for him Scriptural words for some of his sacred compositions, he rejected the proposal with indignation, replying, that he knew his Bible and could choose for himself. With similar indignation might any musician reject a commentary upon the great masterpiece of the great master, saying, that he knew *The Messiah* and could judge for himself. Since, to the honor of the world, and the glory of the musical art, this prodigious production of genius has passed into that immortality, which, as a work of art, insures for it the same respect and gives to it the same authority in the mind of every student and amateur of music that, as a record of truth, belong in the heart of every Christian to the sacred volume.

Such being unquestionably the case, it may appear no less presumptuous than superfluous to attempt an analysis of Handel's best known, and therefore best appreciated legacy to the world, an heirloom that, in passing from generation to generation, multiplies its inheritors by the important part itself is made to fulfil in the diffusion of the art of which it is one of the brightest ornaments; while, at the same time, becoming daily better understood, it increases in value to all. As, however, what is above criticism is yet within the scope of admiration, and since the most intelligent and most enthusiastic admirers of a great work are always tolerant of the sympathy of those who, with at least equal earnestness, worship with them in the same temple, these remarks are undertaken—not with the intention of throwing any new light upon beauties that have but to be known to be felt, and are happily more known than those of any musical work extant—but for the sake of asserting the kindred feeling and consequent fellowship of the writer with all those who with him know this sublime work, and knowing it feel the immortal power which it so wonderfully evinces.

Handel was born in 1685. While yet in his childhood he became famous for his skill as an organist and his genius as a composer. When nineteen years of age he wrote his first Italian Opera, the first of a series numbering upwards of forty, which were all produced with the greatest success, but which, from the advances that have since been made in the conduct of the lyrical drama, are now wholly unavailable for stage performance, and the greater part of the musical beauties that abound in them consequently unknown; beauties that won for their author that consideration in his own time without which he could never have had the opportunity to effect those mightier masteries that have placed him at the very summit of men's esteem for all time to come. The examples that have overlived their theatrical popularity, such as the beautifully pathetic Aria "*Lascia ch'io piango*," and that to which Dr. Arnold has adapted the sacred words, "*Lord, remember David*," with many others that are more or less known, either with similar adaptations, or with their more appropriate original words, sufficiently justify the great success with which they were received.

At the age of thirty-six, the period which the deaths of Raffaele, Mozart, Byron, Weber, have proved to be so fatal to genius, he wrote his *Acis and Galatea*, a work of excellence far surpassing all that he had previously produced, and that one which will ever be associated with his equal masterpieces in different styles, *Israel in Egypt* and *The Messiah*, as one of the three greatest efforts of his power.

It was after this time that Handel composed his oratorios, the works by which he is now most generally known, and for which he will always be most universally esteemed; from this, a fatalist might argue, that as he passed the dangerous period in artistic life, his genius took a new impetus which impelled it in that great and original course which led no less to the aggrandizement of the art than to the

establishment of his present and future reputation.

At the age of sixty-six our great composer produced his last work, *Jephthah*, the MS. of which gives painful evidence of the approach of the calamity that fell upon its author shortly after its completion, and which, doubtless, may be regarded as the cause of his giving no more expression to the great thoughts that formed his being,—his total blindness.

Handel, by reason of his greatness, must be esteemed an original genius; but his originality is to be regarded in respect to the excellence of his works, which had never previously been approached and can never be surpassed, rather than with reference to the unlikeness of his style to that of his predecessors and more especially his cotemporaries. On the one hand it is to be observed, first, that in his elaborate movements his passages are composed, almost unexceptionably, of the conventional figures that may be said to form the idiom of the contrapuntal school; second, that in his lighter movements, more particularly his florid songs, we find that not only the passages of display, the long divisions with which they abound, but the phraseology and construction also are, no more those of Handel than of his age; and we only have the habit to associate with this style the name of this one composer, because his genius has stridden across the stream of time beyond which his cotemporaries are lost or but dimly known, and thus we see that as individual in him which was common to them all. Thus far have generalities only been considered; to speak more of details, it is obvious that Handel was at least careless if not wilful in his appropriation of the clearly defined subjects, and even of the general conceptions of other composers; thus we have, to cite a few of many examples, the chorus in *The Messiah*, "and with his stripes," the subject of which is identical with that of a Fugue of Bach; the Pastoral Symphony in the same oratorio is too like to the old English tune of "Parthenia" for the resemblance to be a mere accidental coincidence; the duet, "Happy we," in *Acis and Galatea*, contains a national Welsh melody which a modern quadrille-wright has made recently popular; the chorus, "Wretched Lovers," in the same work,

commences with the subject of one of the Fugues in Bach's celebrated set of forty-eight, which is elaborately worked all through it; the song of the God of Sleep in *Semele*, has a most striking resemblance to the treatment of words to the same effect by Purcell in *The Indian Queen*; and, to conclude, many passages in that noble work, *The Dettingen Te Deum*, are so completely modelled upon a *Te Deum* of Francisco Antonio Urio, a Venetian composer of the seventeenth century, that in this the treatment of the words presents the unmistakable prototype of Handel's more masterly, because more elaborated and further developed setting of the same passages. On the other side of the question, and by far the most important—as it concerns the individual greatness of our composer and the influence that his genius has had upon the progress and unfolding of his art—it is to be considered that in employing the conventionalities of figure, of passage, even of phrase that were peculiar not to himself but to his age, Handel did but in music what in language did Shakspeare and all the eminently great authors of all times and of all countries, and what, in his own art, have since done his worthiest successors—Mozart and Beethoven; thus we can with no more justice say that Handel imitated Buononcini, Corelli, Green, and the other composers who were his compeers, than that Shakspeare imitated Jonson, and the other great dramatists who wrote in his time. With respect to Handel's more direct plagiarisms, or, to speak with more truth, his unequivocal appropriations of other men's ideas, it would be futile to give any importance to the often cited encomium on this great musician, "that he would pick up a pebble and by his touch change it into a diamond;" from the many beautiful things that he did create, however, we may be well assured that it was not for the want of original ideas that he exercised his mastery in the development of the thoughts of others, and while we may wonder at what could have been his motive, or whether he had any motive for this habit of turning to account whatever presented itself, and while we may, perhaps, regret his want of candor in not acknowledging the sources from which he drew what we may call the materials for

his labor, we certainly forget, if not the originals, at least the resemblance, in the extraordinary results to which he has made them to conduce.

The originality, the true dignity of Handel's genius, is to be seen in the exquisite beauty of many of his melodies; beauty of that class which, now at a century since its production, seems new and fresh, and modern as the compositions of yesterday; beauty of that class which is to be found in Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Paisiello, Rossini, Purcell, and all who have through their music found their way to the very depths of the human heart; that beauty which proves the true consanguinity of genius in all schools; that beauty which, indeed, is not of an age, but for all time, and which makes it seem possible that "When I seek from love's sickness to fly," "Love in his eyes sits playing," "My mother bids me bind my hair," "Voi che sapete," "Kennst du das Land," "Nel cor più," and many of the *songs without words*, for the pianoforte, might all have been thought by one mind, and written by one person. It is to be seen in the wonderful points of harmony which he somewhat rarely but never inappropriately, and never without prodigious effect, employs, that quite transcend his age, and but for their perfect fitness to the situations where he introduces them might seem to be taken from the most ultra-modern compositions of the present day; such, to give a single but most striking example, as the great point on the words, "Still as a stone," in *Israel in Egypt*, where the bass descends to G sharp, and the first inversion of the chord of the major ninth on E has an effect that no words can describe; it is to be seen in the truly beautiful, because beautifully truthful, and therefore also intensely poetical expression, not of words, but of sentiments, feelings, passions, with which his works abound;—it is to be seen in his wonderful command over all the resources of counterpoint, his complete mastery of which intricate art makes his most elaborate and complicated fugues appear to have been written with as much ease and fluency as they are grand and natural in their effect; it is to be seen in his lofty, noble, almost divine conceptions of the greatest and grandest subjects, and it is this last, perhaps, more than all the

other evidences of his greatness, but decidedly in conjunction with them all, that marks him as unapproachable in what is his own peculiar excellence, and has made, in the minds of all who know and appreciate his power, the word *Handelian* to be a synonyme for sublimity.

Of Handel's peculiarities, one of the most remarkable is his great facility in making the *Stretto* of his fugues, or, to speak more diffusely, in bringing in his answers at closer and closer distances, or, in other words, making one part enter with the answer, while another still continues the subject; this he does to such an extent, and so naturally are these close answers introduced, as to make it appear probable that he wrote the subjects of his fugues at first in strict canon, and then finding them available for this treatment, introduced them at greater length in the prescribed order of fugue development: fine examples of this are to be found in the chorus, "He trusted in God," in *The Messiah*, in the treatment of the passage, "And he shall reign," in the *Hallelujah* chorus of the same work, and in the chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," also in the same oratorio. Another characteristic of this composer, is his frequent and fluent use of double counterpoint, that is, having a passage in harmony of two parts, which bear inversion—the lower part to be placed above the upper, and the upper below the lower; innumerable examples of which occur not only in his carefully worked fugues, but also in his free movements, to which the frequent employment of this artifice gives a great aspect of solidity and earnestness. Another, and a less technical feature of Handel's music, is the extraordinary manner in which the words are declaimed, one may almost say spoken, so precisely do the syllables and notes go together, and so much does he make one feel that the notes enforce not only the effect, but the very sense of the syllables to which they are allied; striking examples of this occur in the choruses, "They loathed to drink," "He sent a thick darkness," "The horse and his rider," in *Israel in Egypt*; "He trusted in God," "For unto us," in *The Messiah*, and indeed in every one of his great choral works. Another of our great composer's peculiarities, for which he is far less to be

admired, if not indeed censured, is his habit of word-painting, which in some instances, in its effect, reaches the unfortunate degree beyond the sublime, the limit of which it is much to be wondered the mighty genius of Handel did not prevent him from overstepping: one obvious instance of this occurs to the passage, "How deep the ditch, how high the wall;" in the chorus, "Behold, by Persia's hero made," in *Belshazzar*, where the voices give a somewhat pantomimical exemplification of the meaning by singing "deep" and "high," according to the words, and thus form a unison of sound and sense, that is, whimsically enough, neither very vocal, nor particularly consonant. Of a quite other character, and a wholly different order of excellence, is his astonishing power of raising in the minds of his hearers images so forcible, by means so sure and truthful in conception, and so grand in fulfilment, that one feels the intention in the effect, and becomes imbued with and identified in the great thoughts to which one listens; superb examples of this are the "Darkness" chorus, the "Sigh'd," in the opening chorus, "The waters overwhelmed their enemies," and "The sea stood upright as an heap," in *Israel in Egypt*; the description of "the monster Polypheme," in *Acis and Galatea*; and the "Glory to God," the "Company of the preachers," and the sublime "Hallelujah," in *The Messiah*. Allusion has already been made to the beauty and perennial newness of many of Handel's melodies; but it must not be thought tautology to revert to them again, in enumerating the chief characteristics of his style, since they constitute one of the most affecting and effective features of it. Mozart himself, the living oracle of love, has not expressed his peculiar passion with more forceful fervor, or more touching tenderness, than has Handel, in his "Love in her eyes," "As when the dove," and very many of his Italian opera songs; and for strong dramatic character, he is not less remarkable in his "Honor and arms;" "O ruddier than the cherry;" the marked difference between the part of Polyphemeus and those of the lovers in the trio, "The flocks shall leave the mountains;" and in another style in the "Farewell, ye limpid streams;" and "Waft

her angels," in his last and very beautiful oratorio of *Jephthah*. It would be a great omission, in speaking of our composer's marvellous powers of dramatic expression, not to mention the important, individual, and very effective character he always gives to the choruses of heathen worship in his sacred oratorios, such for instance as those in *Samson*, in *Deborah*, and in *Belshazzar*, which are equally eminent for their musical beauty, for the admirable contrast they make to the graver portions of the same works, and for their striking illustration of at least Handel's idea of the wild enthusiasm of pagan devotion. One peculiarity of Handel's music strikes every attentive listener, namely, the almost incessant continuity of the motion of his basses, which go on, and on, supporting either massive harmony, or rhythmical melody, or florid passage, with a fluency that no composer has ever equalled.

In concluding a summary of the characteristics of this grandest if not greatest of musical composers, particular notice must be made of the peculiarity of his part-writing to be observed in the large skips and the frequent crossing of his two violin parts, and in the independent and melodious progression of his voice-parts; this it is which gives particularly to his music that largeness and breadth of effect which, in comparison with the most dignified productions of more modern writers, makes it seem as the colossal studies of a giant compared with the movements of men or of infants.

Let us now consider the extraordinary power of Handel's genius, in the examination of which too much importance cannot be given to his prodigious rapidity of composition. This is satisfactorily proved by the dates which he affixed to almost all his works, the original MSS. of which are preserved with somewhat more of jealous care than of respectful reverence, in Buckingham Palace, in London. Perhaps the most remarkable of all the extraordinary instances of this rapidity is the oratorio of *The Messiah*, the longest and most elaborated of all his compositions. The MS. of this oratorio contains the following dates in the composer's handwriting:—At the beginning, 22 August, 1741; at the end of the first part, 26 August,

1741; at the end of the second part, 6 September, 1741; and at the end of the oratorio, 12 September, 1741. This mighty work, created to be the wonder of all ages, is thus shown to have been begun and finished in the incredibly short period of twenty-two days; and we have ample reason to believe that the composition was contemporaneous with the transcription, that the whole was conceived and committed to paper with a speed almost extemporaneous, and not, as we know to have been the case with Mozart and some other composers, that the music was entirely conceived in form and in detail before a note was written. We have ample reason to believe this, in the fact of the date at the end of the first part of *Samson* being 29 September, only seventeen days after the completion of the previous work, which precludes the possibility of Handel's having had the habit of spending any time in the consideration of his plan, or the collection and arrangement of his ideas before he wrote them down. It detracts little from the great occasion for our wonder which this quickness in the production of his works presents, that Handel often appropriated whole movements to different purposes from those for which they were originally composed, and sometimes treated some comparatively small pieces as sketches for large and more important movements, because these appropriations make so small portions of the works into which they are introduced, as to affect but very slightly the time that would be required to write the whole. Examples of what is here stated are to be found in *Deborah*, in which, with other words, are introduced two of the *Coronation Anthems*; in *Solomon*, in which another of these four noble works is also introduced with other words; in *Belshazzar*, in which are introduced without alteration two of the so called *Ghazal Anthems*; in *Israel in Egypt*, in which the choruses, "They loathed to drink of the rivers," and "He smote all the first-born of Egypt," are adapted with some abbreviation to the Fugues in A minor and in G minor in the set of six for the harpsichord; and in *The Messiah*, in which the choruses, "And he shall purify," "For unto us," "His yoke is easy," and "All we like sheep," are in a great measure modelled upon four Italian duets com-

posed by him in the month before he commenced this oratorio. On the other hand it is to be noticed that he often re-wrote large portions of a work, sometimes giving an entirely different setting of the words, and sometimes taking again the original musical idea, and by a different carrying out and development of it making a very dissimilar and always superior movement. Instances of this occur in nearly all of his great works; among others, in *The Messiah*, the air "But who may abide," was originally written for a bass voice, beginning with the same beautiful melody in D minor as the air which is usually sung, but in twelve-eight instead of six-eight time, and continuing the same measure throughout the song, and not making the change to common time that gives such great effect and variety to the second setting of the words. And again, the air "Rejoice greatly," was originally composed in twelve-eight time, the melody, except for the alteration of measure, being the same as the received setting. These alterations must, in their consideration and execution, have occupied at least as much time as was saved in the adaptation of his previous compositions.

The Messiah was composed, as we have seen, in the year 1741, and its first performance was at Dublin in the course of the following winter, where it was produced with very great success under the direction of the composer. The words, which are entirely taken from Holy Writ, were selected by Charles Jennens, of Gopsall Hall, an amateur of high family and much distinction, an ancestor of the present Earl Howe, and a great friend and patron of Handel, for whom he also partly wrote and partly compiled the text for the oratorio of *Belshazzar*. It cannot, however, but be supposed that Handel himself must have, to a great extent, advised or controlled the choice of the passages of which the words of *The Messiah* are composed; for, besides the profound judgment that is evinced in the forming so complete an epitome of the great Christian history from a hundred of well known texts, each of which has peculiar force and interest from its more than historical associations, there is no less skill displayed in the selection of sentences, even of particular words, that are peculiarly susceptible of musical declamation

and expression; so much so indeed that it is difficult to believe that any other than the musician who alone has been able to conceive and carry out so lofty, comprehensive and powerful a work, could have been able to arrange so important a part of his material as the framework on which his great ideas were to be moulded. Be this as it may, there is but conjecture on the subject, while on the other hand there exists positive proof of Mr. Jennens' concern in the work in a letter of Handel which is still preserved, that addresses him as the compiler of the text of this oratorio, and speaks of the honors that have been paid to himself as the composer of the music.

The Messiah must be considered as a great musical epic, which fulfils the object and aim and essential of poetry, inasmuch as the subject being such that no art can elevate it in the minds of the Christian world, Handel's treatment of the subject surely elevates the minds of those who hear it to a more refined, a nobler, a sublimer appreciation of those mysteries, which, though insusceptible of embellishment, are in this work most worthily and brightly illustrated. It comprises the prediction, the advent, the ministry, the glorification of Christ, and the redemption of man wrought by his supernatural visitation. Of course this is all matter that admits not of musical description in such wise as when music is made, or sought to be made, to depict or embody tangible form or visible motion; but in the higher order of description, the true scope of musical expression in which the sensations, not of the eye but of the heart, are rendered; in which not forms but feelings, not motions but emotions are made to live, and by a universal sympathy are made in speaking of all to speak to all; in this, the highest province of the art, the truly sublime work before us can never be exceeded. It portrays in succession every shade of devotional sentiment, hope, faith, piety, resignation, repentance, exultation; and all with as much truth as effect—with as much effect as the capacity of the audience, whatever may be their degree of musical intelligence, from the wholly uninitiated to the most highly cultivated, can appreciate.

The Overture is a fitting prelude to the whole. It is by very far the finest of all

the overtures of Handel, and was evidently written to be a grand, earnest and dignified composition, rather than a piece of music that should impress and captivate a general audience upon a first hearing; for it is the only one of the overtures of its composer that has a fugue, the greatest form of construction, strictly written, formally answered and elaborately conducted, whereas many of the other overtures have a free movement, with merely so much of the fugal character as is contained in the consecutive introduction of the several parts with the same subject, but none of the skilful working of such subject that constitutes the real fugue and appeals to the most cultivated powers of musical judgment. The key of E minor was doubtless chosen by the composer for the sake of grandeur and solemnity, not, as is conventionally said of movements in minor keys, to portray grief, or at least melancholy. The opening movement or introduction is very majestic; it is solemn, from the simple stateliness of its progressions, but it contains in all its simplicity, some rarely used and very imposing harmonies. The Allegro, the fugue already alluded to, is a very profound piece of writing, and evidences no less the power of genius than the depth of that learning, without which genius is powerless.

The words of the opening Recitative, "Comfort ye, my people," take a particular expression from the effect of the key of E major, immediately upon the full-close of the overture in the minor of the same tone. This is a fine piece of declamation, and the air to which it leads is at once a joyous and a devout annunciation of the great reign of peace that is to maintain throughout the earth. There is great merit in the manner in which the first phrase is worked in this song, both in the accompaniment and in the voice-part; in one place particularly, about the middle, there is a remarkably grand point upon a repetition of the words, "Every valley," where a very bold modulation into A, the fourth of the original key, after a full close in B major, shows by what simple means may a great effect be produced. We must also notice the very cheerful repose that prevails through all this movement, which one feels to be so gently expressed in a passage sometimes of thirds,

sometimes sixths, that is of continual recurrence; and we must not pass over a very modern effect, where a seventh is sustained in one part while the others move in thirds.

The chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," bursts out of this as the irrepressible exclamation of an exultant multitude, or as the mighty voice that speaks as a multitude in the heart, which feels and owns an overwhelming truth. There is great grandeur in the pompous declamation of the words, "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," in this chorus, and there are some very fine examples of double counterpoint in the treatment of the phrase to the words which open the movement, and that to the words, "shall be revealed."

The Recitative leading to the next song is both energetic and impressive, and the air that follows it, "But who may abide the day of his coming," is the most varied, and, in our opinion, the most beautiful in the whole work; it should be also the most effective, for it presents opportunities for the display of all the varieties of vocal excellence, but, by some strange misversion of the composer's meaning, it is always allotted to a bass voice instead of to an alto, for which it was composed, and thus the beautiful cantabile of the *Andante Larghetto*, in three-eight, and still more the very peculiar passages of difficult execution in the *prestissimo* in common time, lose both their touching sweetness and their energetic brilliancy; and nothing but the declamatory fire of the song, which is but one of its many characteristics of excellence, is given in performing, with anything like the effect of which, in perusal, the whole piece seems susceptible. Having made especial mention of this as our favorite solo piece in the Oratorio, we must be allowed in justification of our opinion, that is, in consequence of the usual misperformance of the song, not general, to call attention first to the exquisite melody of the slow movement, and next to some wonderful points in the *prestissimo* that we cannot read without the greatest excitement, namely, the modulation from G minor into D minor, at the words, "Who shall stand," &c.; and again, after the second *Andante*, the modulation from D minor to G minor, and the train of modu-

lations beginning with the last inversion of a diatonic seventh on D flat, and ending with the return to the original key of D minor on the same words. We can but hope that some of those who know this great song in the closet, sympathize with our admiration of it, and that sooner or later it may have such justice done to it in performance as to make it stand out as that prominent feature which we are sure, if from nothing else, from the evident pains he bestowed on this second setting of the words, Handel intended it should become.

The next chorus, "And he shall purify the sons of Levi," though not a strict fugue, is a fine specimen of the fugal style, abounding in excellent points of contrapuntal contrivance. We may particularize, among the many fine passages in this piece, the sequence leading to the full close in C minor, on the words, "That they may offer," &c.

The air, "O thou that tellest glad tidings to Zion," is in its broad, clear, rhythmical and continuous melody, a beautiful relief to the more declamatory character of the most of the music that precedes it, but it is not as a relief only that this air is beautiful; performed alone, it cannot but charm all who hear it. Let us stop to admire the charming effect, which occurs several times, of the voice sustaining the key note, while the accompaniment descends in thirds to the sharp fourth of the key on which is the first inversion of a chord of the seventh—a passage which Handel has used elsewhere, as, for instance, how beautifully in the air, "Love in her eyes sits playing," but never with more effect than in the present instance. There is a fine, though a very simple modulation into G on the words, "Behold your God," that forms another prominent feature of this song. Finally, the grand climax of the chorus, taking up the subject with the great point of the basses answering the subject at the end of the first bar, gives this piece a great and a worthy importance in the general effect of the work.

Another instance of our composer's great powers in declamatory recitative is, "For behold, darkness shall cover the earth;" and the air, "The people that walked in darkness," is one of those extraordinary pieces of music in which Han-

del so eminently excels, that have the effect, without employing any of the trite, commonplace, and indeed burlesque trickery of technical description, of raising in the mind of the hearer a grand image which, coincident and identical with his feelings, fulfils both in the composer and his auditor the highest qualities of *the ideal* in art. The almost incessant motion of quavers, and the great prevalence of unison, are the technical peculiarities of this song, and, abstractedly, neither of these has anything whatever to do with either "the people" or the "darkness;" but one cannot hear the whole without feeling irresistibly the gloom that pervades it, and the one bright burst upon the words "have seen a great light," which has the effect to make this gloom so much the gloomier.

The next movement is the great feature of the first part, the surprisingly effective chorus, "For unto us a child is born," a composition that ever speaks its own praise, and thus makes its greatest recommendation with all who hear it. The grandeur of the burst upon the words "Wonderful, Counsellor," &c., can never be exceeded, and the art is consummate as the genius that is displayed in the gradual working up to this point which brings out, if it does not constitute, its chief effect. What is perhaps most of all to be admired is, that this point is four times introduced, —four times led up to in the same exciting manner; but so skilfully is the variation of tonality contrived that, instead of monotony, great accumulation of power is the result of the repetition.

The Pastoral Symphony has in itself nothing particular to awaken attention, but its introduction is a great stroke of art, for it forms a most graceful repose after the powerful excitement of the previous chorus, and it makes a most appropriate preparation for the scene of the watching shepherds that succeeds it. It forms, also, a necessary break in the conduct of the subject, to divide the prophecies from the absolute annunciation of the Messiah.

The Recitative which tells of the appearance of the Angel is a happy specimen of descriptive music. The chorus to which this recitative leads, the cry of the heavenly host, "Glory to God in the highest," often as the passage has been

subjected to musical expression in the innumerable settings of the "Gloria in excelsis Deo" of the Roman Catholic Masses, has never been surpassed in musical propriety or excellence of effect, though it must be owned that in some of the Masses of Haydn, and in the Mass of Beethoven, it has been fully equalled. In comparing the various treatment of this passage by the Protestant and Romanist musicians, consideration must be, however, given to the very different dramatic (the word is not applied with any reference to its theatrical signification) situation it holds in the oratorio and in the masses; in this case the words standing as the exclamation of the multitude assembled in worship, in the former the musician treats them as sounding from the voices of the heavenly host assembled round the Angel. We would pass over the descriptive technicality of assigning the opening words to the high voices, and those which follow, "And peace on earth," to the basses; but the dignity of the music is such as to supersede the description, and it is most probable that many, and very intelligent hearers, witness performances of this chorus, and are duly impressed with its solemnity, but never think of this peculiar and somewhat whimsical illustration that it seems the composer must have intended to give of the actual words, besides the grand rendering he has made of their meaning. Let us call attention to the very closely worked point on the words "Good will among men," especially the fine sequence that grows out of it near the end of the chorus, which is so nobly interrupted by the bass in this last bar entering at the interval of a third above the former repetitions of the original progression, instead of, as always before, at a second above. There is great dramatic propriety, we may almost say effect, in the dying away of the concluding symphony of this chorus, by which, evidently, Handel meant to suggest the retirement of the host of angels.

The bravura air, "Rejoice greatly," is an outpouring of exuberant jubilation, and as such it is highly pertinent to the situation in which it occurs; but apart from this, however showy as a piece of vocal display, there is little to admire in it as music.

It is curious that Handel should have

chosen the same key for the following piece, that of B flat, and much more curious, that with the great similarity of effect which the long prevalence of the same tonic cannot but produce, the contrast between these two songs is one of the most powerful in the whole oratorio. "He shall feed his flock," is the most simple piece in character and construction throughout the work; it is, so to speak for the want of a better term to describe it, a song of two verses, like a modern ballad, and it is one of the most heavenly melodies that even Handel ever produced.

"His yoke is easy," the concluding chorus of the first part, is also in the same key of B flat, and still it again makes an effective contrast of character with the preceding movement. This piece is another of those cleverly conducted movements that display all the skill and scholarship of the profound contrapuntist, without the formal introduction of subject and answer that becomes pedantry when injudiciously obtruded; there are in it some excellent interruptions of the full close by the entry of a new part on the concluding chord of a passage of the other voices.

The Second Part opens with the majestic chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God," in which the close imitation that is kept up all through is admirably managed. There is much power and great dignity in this movement, and it makes a highly imposing commencement of a new division of the grand subject of the work.

The air, "He was despised," has less of character than almost any piece in the whole oratorio. It must always, however, produce a certain degree of effect from the interest of the words, which are so set as to be, if not energetically nor passionately declaimed, at least emphatically enunciated; and it has one fine point which occurs both in the opening and concluding symphonies, and also in the vocal portion of the song on the words "acquainted with grief," where a chord of the seventh on C flat with the B flat in the bass, is very forcibly introduced. The second part of this air is more declamatory, but not so vocal as the first part; long as may be the effect of the whole, by reason of the slowness of the tempo, it is to be regretted that this second part is usually omitted in performance.

The next piece, a prodigiously grand chorus in three movements, appears to have been written with greater care than anything else in the work; the greatest, the most dignified advantage is taken of every opportunity for particular expression of the words, while the general character of the whole is in the highest degree appropriate to the lofty, religious, and powerful human feeling of the subject, and the musicianly treatment of this nobly poetical conception is, to the last degree, powerful and masterly. The opening movement, in F minor, "Surely he hath borne our griefs," is a highly impressive example of choral declamation; the voice-parts and the words are most forcibly brought out by the measured march of the accompaniment, and the break in this at the passage "He was wounded," has a remarkably imposing effect; there is a grand transition from G minor to F minor at the words "He was bruised," and the resumption of the original figure of the accompaniment at the sudden change to the key of A flat, the bold sequence which begins from this point, and the beautiful succession of suspensions that leads to the cadence at the end of the movement, are all most admirable. The termination of this first movement in A flat is well contrived to give effect to the opening of the following movement in F minor, "And with his stripes," which is the first strict fugue that has occurred since the overture, and is one of the grandest specimens of the severe style of writing that the art possesses; it is indeed a masterpiece of close working and pure counterpoint. This concludes with a half-close on the chord of C, and the succeeding movement, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray," commences in F major with surprising freshness. In the adaptation of this movement to the present words (we have seen that a sketch or outline of it was first written in the form of an Italian duet) Handel must have had an intention of picturesque or visual description, at least so think the many who cannot resist the image which they feel it to suggest: if he so intended, this is one of the few fortunate instances of the success of such a musical purport in which even Handel has sometimes failed, and composers of less powers have become ridiculous. Apart from its descriptive

merit, this movement has great musical excellence and forms a fitting finale to the superb chain of movements of which it is to be considered as forming a part, and to which the concluding few bars of adagio, with the affecting return to F minor on the words "And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all," most indissolubly links it.

The short Recitative, "All they that see him laugh him to scorn," is truly pathetic, and most beautifully expressive of the feeling of keen anguish with which the words are supposed to be uttered. The stern chorus to which this leads is conspicuous for the wide difference of character between it and every other movement in the oratorio. "He trusted in God that he would deliver him; let Him deliver him if he delight in him," is the scornful reviling of the blasphemers, and the expression given to the passage in the music conveys all the coldness of skeptical irony, and the insulting pride of wilful unbelief. This movement is a strict fugue most admirably worked, abounding in excellent points, particularly some fine examples of the *stretto*, to which allusion has already been made.

"Thy rebuke hath broken his heart," another Recitative of great pathos; the exquisitely plaintive fragment, "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow;" the Recitative which grows out of this, "He was cut off;" and the concluding most beautifully vocal and melodious air, "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell," were all written for a tenor voice, and evidently intended as a connected series of movements to constitute one song; but, by one of the many vagaries that custom has played with this oratorio, the last Recitative and the concluding Andante are always assigned to a soprano singer in performance, the first two movements being allotted to the voice for which they were composed. In this there is a perversion of Handel's intention that appears wholly unwarrantable, since it destroys all the effect of continuity and connection that so evidently was designed, and makes, instead of one whole, two fragments. Certainly each of the portions of this song has in itself a beauty that must always enforce itself, but the great merit of the conception, the completeness, is lost by thus dividing it between two performers.

"Lift up your heads" is a movement of much spirit and considerable effect; its comparative simplicity of construction and expression is such as to form a well designed repose after the elaborate writing and the intense feeling of the previous pieces. The opening is for semi-chorus, and the entry of the full chorus on the words, "He is the King of Glory," is thus rendered very powerful.

A short unaccompanied Recitative introduces another Fugue, the chorus, "Let all the Angels," which, an almost solitary instance in the oratorio, is more remarkable for its cleverness than for its effect.

The air which follows, "Thou art gone up on high," is, it must be granted, somewhat heavy in performance, but upon a careful perusal it unfolds many beauties which need only to be known to be duly appreciated. The phrase with which the symphony opens, and a chromatic passage that forms a conspicuous feature of the accompaniment, are more modern in character than the generality of Handel's writing, and their frequent recurrence throughout the song gives a particular coloring and a peculiar unity to the effect of the whole.

"The Lord gave the word," is another happy example of those picturesque movements in which Handel so remarkably excels in raising up images so powerful that no hearer of intelligence can miscomprehend. After the imposing enunciation of the opening words, the steady, bustling motion that illustrates the words, "Great was the company of the preachers," conveys, irresistibly, the idea of a great and busy multitude, and the manner in which this is kept up evidences one of the strongest traits of the accomplished and practised musician, the power of continuity. We cannot but be struck with the marked similarity of this chorus to that in *Israel in Egypt*, "The Lord spake the word, and there came all manner of flies;" both are in the same key, the division of the first section of the words from what tells of the performance of the Divine command is the same; the multitudinous effect produced by the music is the same, except that it must be granted there is appropriately something more earnest and serious in the *Messiah* chorus than in the other; and these points of resemblance are so strong

and so unmistakable as to leave no doubt that had not the chorus in *Israel* existed, we should not have known, in its present form, its archetype in the later oratorio.

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace," is a most beautiful and plaintive melody, which speaks in a most touching manner the pious veneration of a devout heart for the holy messengers that bring "glad tidings of good things" to the erring world.

The following chorus, "Their sound is gone out into all lands," is another felicitous illustration of the words; cheerful, yet very emphatic, there is in its character a fullness and a dignity that may be felt to indicate the universal diffusion of a great intelligence.

One of the boldest, best conceived, and most effective of all Handel's songs, is the fine air, "Why do the nations so furiously rage together;" always forcible with the most casual hearer, it is full of points that startle and delight the most profound musician: among these, the frequent and very beautiful use of the first inversion of the chromatic chord of the 9th on the supertonic is one of those great strides into the spirit of later times, which show the practitioner to be the guide to the theorist; the former does a thing unlike all precedent, sometimes at variance with all established rule, because he feels it to be right, and knows it to be beautiful, and the latter, then, accounts for its propriety, ascertains its principles, and incorporates it in the laws of the art for the advantage and assistance of all who follow.

Another highly spirited movement is the chorus, "Let us break their bonds asunder;" the impetuous rushing in—no less tumultuous term will express it—of the several voices, produces a most startling excitement. There are some admirable examples of a very close *stretto*, and of double counterpoint, in the treatment of the passage "And cast away;" and the manner in which this is mixed up and alternated with the first subject is wonderfully effective.

After what has been said of this last chorus, we are at a loss for expressions to describe the wonderful air, "He shall break them with a rod of iron." There is, perhaps, not in all music a more energetic and powerful piece for a solo voice; some

points in which, especially the setting of the words, "Thou shalt dash them," are no less than electrifying; and yet, emphatic and imposing as is the forcible rendering of the words throughout, it is to the ingeniously sustained figure and accompaniment that the effect of the song is mainly attributable.

Wonder upon wonder accumulates here so quickly, that the attention is strained to its very utmost, and the hearer, truly beside himself, becomes one with the great composer, so completely are his feelings, even his judgment, carried away upon the mighty thoughts of the master. Anything less than the sublime chorus "Hallelujah!" could not, without insipidity, succeed the extraordinary succession of movements that leads up to it; but this, instead of being enfeebled by the strength of what precedes it, or producing a monotony of effect by its overstretch of a power that before had seemed to reach its ultimate, appears to gather force, intensity, importance, and effect from the gradual and masterly conduct of the subject up to this its climax and point of culmination; and what goes before prepares, not exhausts the appreciative capacity of the audience for the greatest and the grandest effort in the whole work. No one can ever have heard this great production of genius adequately executed without feeling himself elated to the loftiest condition of intellectual excitement of which his being is susceptible, such is the overwhelming influence of its broad, massive, majestic, and glorious effect; and, (as with all great effects in art,) this effect will bear the closest analysis in the closet, and there no less astonishes the schoolman with its masterly contrivance than in public performance it delights the uninitiated with the result of all the elaborate skill and learning that have been brought to bear in its composition. The opening is a dazzling blaze of splendor: the unison of all the voices upon the words, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," is most grand and dignified, especially from the strong relief it forms to the previous and alternative passages of full harmony on the repetitions of the "Hallelujah!" We must then admire the new and fine effect of the working these two subjects together; then comes a piece of repose that is perfectly heavenly, the beautiful passage

on the words, "The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord;" there is great judgment in the introduction of these few bars, which, from the exquisite calm that pervades them, give a great additional force to the rest of the movement; we have, then, the fine and closely-worked fugue point, "And he shall reign for ever," and this leads to the superb ascending sequence, "King of kings and Lord of lords," the breaking off of which by all the voices and instruments coming together in simple counterpoint, is the most startling effect even in *The Messiah*; and finally, the winding up of the coda completes what all critics have pronounced, and the world has acknowledged to be, the finest emanation of Handel's genius.

After this overpowering conclusion of the second part, all else must be to a certain extent anticlimax. Handel has, however, with consummate ability done all, and the only thing that human genius could devise, to counterbalance the extreme into which his own greatness had drawn him, by giving to the music of the third part of this oratorio a character and feeling unlike as possible to that of the two preceding parts; and thus creating a new and a not unsuccessful interest. The difference of character which the subject here assumes, in passing to a description of the results to mankind, of the divine incarnation and sufferings, fully justifies the change in the style of the music, so that not only musical effect but equally poetical propriety are evinced in the new coloring which Handel has given to the last portion of his great work. The air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," with which the third part opens, is a graceful melody of meek and holy character, and though perhaps unworthy of the pre-eminent popularity it has obtained over all the other solo pieces in the oratorio, is, we cannot but think, admirably suited to the words, to their religious import, and to the situation it holds in the work, namely, that of the first piece after the "Hallelujah" chorus, in which place anything less gentle and reposeful, anything indeed except this very song, would be a dull and effectless platitude.

The alternate quartet and chorus, "*Since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead,*" &c., is

solemn and deeply impressive; it was a happy idea, to make the striking difference of character which there is between the rendering of the alternate sections of the words, the first and third being allotted to solo voices without accompaniment, in a slow tempo, and the corollaries given to the chorus supported by the full orchestra in a spiritual Allegro; the stately motion of all the parts in simple counterpoint, gives great dignity and clearness to the enunciation, and produces an effect as of the voice of an oracle.

The Recitative, "For behold I tell you a mystery," is a broad piece of declamation, but the air which it introduces, we cannot, with all the reverence with which the composer everywhere, and especially in this work, impresses us—we cannot, after the most careful study of the piece we are presuming to censure—we cannot but consider to be a complete misconception. "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised," appears to be a passage of words, suggestive as any in the oratorio, and one peculiarly likely to have called out the noblest powers of Handel's genius; what a truly sublime image does it raise, even without the strong aid of musical enforcement, of the awful sounding of an overwhelming tone that bursts the bonds of death, and calls together from the widest range of space, from the remotest depths of time, all that have lived to live again; and tearing the till then impenetrable curtain from eternity, discloses the everlasting Now, the vast understanding of Divinity, the lost sense new created, and merges is, and was, and is to be, in the mighty consciousness of the infinite and the true; and how particularly does it strike us, first, that such an image, even one so superhuman, it was quite within the province, and possibly within the power of the composer of *The Messiah* to embody; and secondly, that it was for him, and for none other, to essay the human expression of so divine a subject. This is a rude presentation of the rude presentiment we feel of what was the glorious scope open to the musician who should exercise his art and his genius upon the composition of this passage; and we cannot but feel, and feeling, cannot but regret, that the trivial—(for so, compared to

the theme, we must regard it)—the trivial song before us, and the trifling conventionalities of the common-place trumpet accompaniment, wholly disappoint all that those who know the powers of Handel, and appreciate the unequalled susceptibility of the subject, would have the right to expect from his treatment of it. The tremendous summons of the last trumpet is reduced to the display of the executive excellence of a tolerably skilled solo player, and the thrilling annunciation of the destiny of all mortality, rendered by the unmeaning divisions of an expressionless bravura. Yes, indeed, this song must be felt to be a misconception, and it is the more conspicuous, and the more to be regretted, because, as such, it is the only failure in a work that would otherwise defy all question of its propriety.

"O death, where is thy sting?" the duet for alto and tenor, is an ingenious piece of writing, in which the close imitation that is almost incessantly kept up between the two voices, betokens the profound scholar in his art; it is, however, much more long than effective in performance. What is principally to be remarked in it is, that the same subject is introduced in the succeeding chorus to the words, "But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory;" by which, doubtless, some especial allusion is intended to be conveyed, or connection inferred, the force of which, as a point of musical contrivance, we own ourselves unable to discover.

The air, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" is melodious and flowing; but we feel its chief merit to be in the repose it presents before the exultant and vigorous effect of the final chorus.

"Worthy is the Lamb," is, to speak the highest of all possible praise, an appropriate and a worthy conclusion to this great work; the opening is wonderfully grand and majestic, the fugue point, "Blessing and honor," has a very dignified subject, and is most ably worked; and the concluding "Amen," an alla capella fugue in the strictest style, so elaborate and so powerfully written, as to be eminently effective, even after the excellent movement that precedes it. Thus terminates the very important work, the greatness of which may justly be compared

to the grandeur of its subject, and the general appreciation of which is akin to the universal interest of the Christian world in its sacred theme.

It is always a matter of lament that it was Handel's custom, as that of his age, to leave the organ part, which sustained the chief accompaniment of his solo pieces, to the improvisation of the performer, giving only the vague indication of a figured bass to direct the organist as to the harmony—without implying in any manner the position in which the chords are to be dispersed, upon which very much, if not the whole of their effect depends, nor, what is still more important, suggesting the form or figure of the accompaniment. The traditional mode of performing these organ accompaniments having been, to a great extent, lost, and the organists of our day having, for the most part, a discreet hesitation to venture their extemporaneities upon such everlasting themes, the custom generally prevails now of omitting the organ in such pieces altogether; and hence the miserably weak and meagre effect of those many songs, of which we hear nothing but the outline in the voice and the bass parts, with an occasional point of imitation, and sometimes a symphony for the violin. In the case of *The Messiah*, the great composer has a powerful advantage in the effect of his creation on a modern audience, from the labors of an equally great commentator, in the additional parts. Mozart has added to the original score, the purport of which is to fill up the blank places, and to supply in the orchestra such effects as Handel himself would have produced in accompanying his own work on the organ. Without Mozart's masterly additions, a performance of this oratorio must then always be regarded as incomplete.

May this brief analysis of Handel's greatest masterpiece be accepted as an humble tribute to his immortal genius,—and may the admiration, the respect, the hero-worship of all ages and all climes, so long as his mighty productions remain to win the affectionate reverence of mankind, do justice to the memory of GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

WHIPPLE'S ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.*

It is a well-known fact, and a thing of frequent remark, that for the last fifty years much of the best English writing and thinking has appeared in the shape of essays and reviews similar to those which form the subject of the present article. Of these essays and reviews a large portion has been devoted to criticism of books, to ascertaining and adjusting the claims of previous authors. If it be urged on the one hand, that these critics have chosen or accepted an inferior department of writing, it must be confessed on the other, that they have done great things for that department, enlarging, enriching and adorning it altogether beyond precedent. Great minds descending to a small subject have raised that subject up to themselves; criticism has grown great under their culture, has become something grand and noble in their hands. For genius, talent, is always like true royalty, which, instead of degrading itself by an alliance with the humble and obscure, only ennobles what it marries; nay, its very condescension becomes an argument of magnanimity.

So that the science or art of criticism may now justly challenge for itself a place beside the other great achievements of the human mind. In undertaking the office of critic the best and largest minds can no longer be said to stoop. And perhaps for this very reason the office is less attractive now than formerly to a generous ambition; it being an instinct of such ambition to look rather for subjects to which it may impart grace and dignity than from which it may derive them: for it need hardly be said that greatness approves itself not so much by courting what is already great and high, as by magnifying the little and exalting the low. Unconquered territory is always the most inviting to those who pant to be conquerors.

And the criticism of the last fifty years, though abounding in errors of judgment and asperities of temper, has conferred upon us solid benefits proportionable to its own advancement. How great is this advancement may be seen by comparing Addison's papers on Milton with Coleridge's fragments on Shakspeare, or his essay on Wordsworth, or Sir William Hamilton's review of Dr. Brown: how great those benefits, by measuring the difference between the essays of Bacon and Addison, the poems of Spenser and Pope, and the sermons of Taylor and Blair. In a word, the criticism in question, if it did not begin, has at least finished and secured a revolution in literary taste which, without any expense of blood and with comparatively little of treasure, we doubt not, will ultimately prove as beneficial as any of the revolutions in politics; for one of the greatest of political revolutionists hath assured us that

"peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

To have vindicated the just rights and honors of that long period of intellectual greatness, beginning with Spenser and Hooker, and ending with Barrow and South, against such clever, handsome, sprightly and graceful usurpers as Dryden, Swift, Addison and Pope, is glory enough: so long as Criticism has this service to plead, she can well afford to be at once patient, penitent and proud.

To exemplify the benefits of criticism even at the risk of incurring the charge of egotism: Early in our college life we chanced to fall under the potent but mischievous and malignant fascinations of Byron's poetry: it really seemed to us that Manfred and Childe Harold were the finest poems that ever had been or ever

* *Essays and Reviews*, by Edwin P. Whipple. Two vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

would be written, and that we never could read them enough. In the midst however, of our enthusiasm we found ourselves growing moody, melancholy and misanthropic; unhappy ourselves and a source of unhappiness to our friends; disposed to scorn the common simple food of kind words and cheerful faces, preferring to "batten upon spleen," and to "suck the paws of our own self-importance." It finally occurred to us, that though "increase of knowledge increaseth sorrow," still it might not be worth the while to make ourselves miserable by accumulating ignorance; and that, how great soever Lord Byron might be, he was no such god after all as to justify self-immolation at his shrine. Meanwhile, from reading Coleridge's noble criticism on Wordsworth, we had resolved to undertake that author. Our confidence in the critic as well as the reasonableness of the thing having prepared us to suspect, that if we did not relish his poetry at first the fault might be in ourselves, we were obviously in less danger than we otherwise should have been of mistaking our ignorance for his, and of making our perceptions the measure of his powers. Thus we had motives to persevere; for it had not escaped our conjecture, indeed the critic himself had taught us, that it was the policy of truth and nature to withhold themselves from the student long enough at least to try his faith and patience, knowing right well that until he had these qualities it were vain and worse than vain to disclose themselves to him. Accordingly we took hold of Wordsworth, and, what is more, we held on to him; and before we were aware of receiving any reward of our labor things began to wear a different aspect; an aspect, too, as much better as it was different: before we were fully sensible of his influence,—for he "approves the depths and not the tumults of the soul,"—the poet had wrought within us a sort of moral and intellectual regeneration; had given us a new set of feelings, and a new pair of eyes; "an ampler ether, a diviner air;" a calmer pulse, clearer thoughts and kindlier sympathies; "nobler loves and nobler cares:" and we do assure our readers, that we would not exchange the sweet, tender, holy beauty of *White Doe of Rylstone*, the still,

rapt enthusiasm of Tintern Abbey, or the chaste, classic symmetry, and the simple, austere, bracing wisdom of Dion and Laodamia, for all the storm, tumult and tempest of all the Lord Byrons in the universe. Many of his poems we have read over and over and over again until they have insensibly become as household words to us, still we do not weary of them; we cannot write, talk or think, but that his words and images will keep recurring to us: most truly may we say of them, "*Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur:*" inexhaustible in beauty, wisdom, pathos, "age cannot dim, time cannot wither, custom cannot stale" them: and we hardly know whether to feel more grateful to the critic who directed us to the treasures of the poet, or to the poet who met and more than met the anticipations awakened by the critic. And now, to those who, blindly at strife with their soul's health and happiness, preferring excitement to truth, and mistaking violence for strength, turn away from such calming and humanizing influences, and to whom everything seems tame and flat but magnificent falsehood and irregular tempestuous passion;—to such what can we say more than to remind them, that after all it is but a slight local perturbation of the atmosphere that astonishes and terrifies us in the howlings and wastings of the tempest; whereas the combined agencies of universal nature are laid under contribution to evolve the colors and fragrances of a single flower.

Again, it was by the same means, by the criticisms and quotations of Coleridge, Hazlitt and others, that we were first led to the delicious yet healing and refreshing waters of that "sweet poet of theology," that miracle of genius, piety and learning, Jeremy Taylor; whom we have indeed found a many-gifted, multitudinous man, as remarkable for subtlety and strength of reasoning, and for depth and kindliness of affection, as for opulence, variety, and sweetness of fancy; no less a light than an ornament of the Church. And to the same cause we are indebted for two precious rambles through Faëry Land, besides various excursions into the same;

where our only regret was, that the journey was not longer, and one of our dearest wishes now is for leisure to repeat it;

"For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonie."

And finally, no sooner had we read Mr. Whipple's vigorous and spirited article on Dr. South than we forthwith purchased the book, and devoured its contents with a relish and satisfaction which none can fitly conceive but those who have been there. Here, too, our only regret is that the pleasure of reading South's sermons for the first time is not to come: nor indeed do we regret this, for South is one of the few authors who continually improve upon acquaintance; for apart from his literary and theological merits, wherein he has rarely been excelled, the blunt, downright, sturdy, sterling moral and intellectual manhood of the author, as expressed in his writings, is enough to repay more perusals than our short life can well find time to give.

Such are some of the obligations which we owe and gladly acknowledge to criticism. Nor has it merely guided us to stores of entertainment and instruction; it has also entertained and instructed us much by the way; for in discoursing of books it has kept in view that nature whereof all good books are a transcript and commentary: discussing the gravest and deepest questions of art, morals, policy, history, science and religion, it has stimulated our energies, aided our perceptions, quickened our sympathies: in short it has been to us a ladder, a key and a lever, to riches that had otherwise been too high for us to reach and too heavy for us to lift. So useful, indeed, has criticism made itself, and so clearly has it evinced its utility, that the public has determined to rescue at least its better efforts from that oblivion which so greedily swallows almost everything we do and are. Within a few years the contributions of several of its masters have been collected and put forth in a more convenient form, and they have themselves in turn become the subjects of criticism. Last, though not least, a collection from Mr. Whipple has made its appearance, and heartily do we welcome it. To celebrate its advent

with becoming honors is an undertaking no less grateful to us than due to the author, for this reason if for no other, that it gives us an opportunity to acknowledge obligations which, unacknowledged, were likely to prove a burden; for to receive benefits without so much as showing that we feel them, is to wrong the giver at our own expense.

The North American Reviews has never had any such brilliant periods as the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, but it holds out exceedingly well, and for a few years past is thought by many to have gone rather ahead of them. For this there is probably no one man to whom the Review is so much indebted as to Mr. Whipple; partly because he has written more for it than anybody else, and partly because he has written better. It is from this periodical and from our own pages, that the matter of his two volumes is mostly extracted.

Of English critics Mr. Jeffrey is sometimes ranked, as in time so in merit, the first. From what we have already said, it may be inferred that we can by no means subscribe to this opinion. On the contrary, of all the English critics whose works have lately been collected and republished, there is no one whose critical judgments we should regard as of less value than his. To him, however, belongs the distinction of being a pioneer in the cause; otherwise his chief merit seems to be that of leading or provoking into the field much abler and better men than himself. His style, indeed, is always smooth, fluent, voluble, plausible, sometimes rich, racy and mellow; but his mind was singularly disqualified for literary appreciation by political rancor and prejudice: the highest genius of the time, being otherwise minded than he towards the Church and the State, received scarce anything at his hands but obloquy and insult; the best works of Coleridge and Wordsworth drawing from him far more censure and far less praise than the poorest of Campbell and Moore. A true specimen of the radical, supercilious, overbearing, insolent, with that self-sufficiency and arrogance which usually cleave to such as have never recognized a wisdom greater than their own, he seems to have taken for granted that whoever was not in the same way of think-

ing with himself must needs be 'too stupid or too wicked to do anything right. And there was, withal, a selfish sagacity about him which always took care to erect subterfuges beforehand, wherein he might skulk away from the necessity of acknowledging his mistakes: and lately, in his old age, he has not scrupled to avail himself of the subterfuges thus provided: claiming the credit of being among the first to appreciate the genius which his arrogant and impotent abuse was unable to crush.

Great genius has in almost every instance approved itself a worshipper of the past, a cherisher of social order, a lover of its country: though always containing a spirit and principle of improvement, its method is to prune, to engraft and manure, not to uproot and destroy; to preserve as well as reform, and to reform even in order to preserve: in short, high genius is practically and essentially conservative, and discovers no such worth in abstractions and theories as that it is willing to wade through civil confusion and blood to realize them; thus instinctively falling in with the dictates of natural reverence and piety. The reason of which probably is, that genius involves a certain harmony and proportion between the intellect and the affections; for affection is naturally retrospective, shuns novelties and cleaves to old familiar objects; growing and clinging to its venerable props and supports, it shrinks from the very thought of unclasping and reclasping its tendrils. It is our nature to *love* what we have long known, and to love it the more the longer we have known it; whereas lust is notoriously versatile, fond of the new, and given to change: as its acts are pleasant only in the doing but painful in the remembrance, of course all its associations are of an ungrateful quality; and it is forced to seek oblivion of the past in the excitement of the untried and the strange. Accordingly we find that radicals are often sounding the praises of love, yet seldom loving anything, and are perpetually mistaking their restless pruriency for the yearnings of benevolence: it is even a matter of common remark, that they generally abandon their own opinions as fast as they become acquainted with them; nothing seeming to them *good or true any*

longer than it serves to scratch the itch of a morbid curiosity.

The only exception to the above rule that occurs to us is Milton, who was certainly no less a radical than a genius. But it should not be forgotten that his political and religious radicalism was the very thing that for all purposes of instruction nearly spoiled his prose, and introduced into his poetry about the only faults with which it is chargeable. Nor is it difficult to perceive that the same spirit which set him at war with the government and religion of his country, also made him impatient of domestic stability; for, as from a Churchman he became first a Puritan, then a Presbyterian, then an Independent, and finally nothing at all, so, could he have had his own way in practice as in opinion, it seems not very unreasonable to suppose he would have changed his wife as often as he did his church. Nor can he be justly credited with any peculiar hatred of tyranny; for though, in the words of the most impartial of English historians, Cromwell exercised "a despotism compared to which all the illegal practices of former kings, all that had cost Charles his life and crown, appeared as dust in the balance;" yet he did not wade deep enough in tyranny to provoke anything but applause from his Latin Secretary. Moreover it is, or ought to be, well known, that twenty-nine years after Jeremy Taylor had urged the free toleration of all religious opinions, Milton appeared willing to tolerate those only which had some time been his own. So little reason have we to think that Milton had any special repugnance to tyranny, provided it were in the hands of his own party, and were wielded by an usurping radical who had marched to power over the laws of his country and the life of its rightful possessor.

This conservative tendency of high genius, in virtue of which it chooses rather to celebrate the common bounties of nature and Providence, and to recognize the happiness that is to be found by virtue in all conditions of life, than to demolish whatever time has produced or spared, and thereby create a waste wherein to try its schemes and erect the trophies of its own inventive beneficence; this tendency of genius has probably never been better

shown than in the last four great English authors, Burke, Scott, Coleridge and Wordsworth. Who, without seeking to overthrow any existing institution, or to bring odium on any order of men, or to work any civil or social revolutions, have unquestionably evinced a far more genial sympathy with man as man, a far more liberal and even democratic spirit, in the best sense of the term, than any of the root-and-branch democrats who, with the words equality, philanthropy, progress on their tongues, have from time to time made war on everything that stood in the way of their inventions, or served to remind them that there was any wisdom or virtue in the world before they were born; and who, instead of trying to soften down the bigotries, antipathies and intolerances which have so often scared away the grace and happiness of life, have rather sought to strengthen them by changing their objects and ministering to them new stimulants and provocations. But Mr. Whipple has spoken so finely and so forcibly on this subject, that perhaps it had been better to have quoted him without hazarding any remarks of our own:—

"The tendency of Scott's writings, as of all the great compositions of the nineteenth century, is in favor of human freedom and happiness. However strong may have been the spell which bound him to the past, whatever may have been his politics, he could not succeed in delineation of character without allowing his genius to follow its own instincts, and confer its titles of nobility only on the meritorious. Those who have attacked him as being unjust to particular classes, have generally been persons indisposed to do justice to the classes opposed to themselves. Critics who have been bigots in their hatred of him, have generally been bigots in their love of some other order and development of genius. But the most pitiful lie that ever insinuated itself into any criticism above that of Grub-street, is the charge of aristocracy brought against his writings. He had not, forsooth, 'any sympathy with the people!' If such a charge be correct, then most assuredly he is not the author of the *Waverley Novels*. The people, however, have not left to critics the task of answering the charge. But it is urged, that he displays a childish love of rank and titles. 'This, in its essential meaning, is as false as the other. Who among the characters in *Ivanhoe* is drawn with the most power,—on whom has the author lavished the whole wealth of his heart and imagination? *Rebecca, the despised and untitled Jewess*.

In the '*Heart of Midlothian*' there is an interview between Queen Caroline and Jeannie Deans. Now this Queen is a case in point: she ruled her husband, who after a fashion ruled Great Britain: yet the little Scotch peasant girl, with no other titles than those conferred upon her by the Most High, is so represented that every reader cannot but consider her as superior to the Queen. Similar instances might be quoted without number from Scott's poems and novels, to prove that his sympathy with his race, and especially with the humbler portions of it, has never been excelled by any writer of equal comprehension.

"Two classes of critics have attacked Scott's character and writings,—ultra radicals and ultra transcendentalists. He is not democratic enough for the first, nor spiritual enough for the second. The former, in condemning him, generally advance principles of criticism, which carried out would lead to the conclusion that Joel Barlow was a greater poet than Homer, because he entertained more liberal notions of government. They seem to think that if a poet's political opinions are monarchical, his representations of human nature must be heretical. For instance, William Hazlitt would be deemed a much more liberal writer than Scott, because his works swarm with invectives against aristocracy and toryism; yet in spirit he was one of the bitterest aristocrats that ever lived,—impatient of opposition, arrogant, self-willed, regardless of the rights and feelings of others, the most uncompromising hater of his time. Now, a man of this stamp, however splendid may be his talents, is not to be trusted in his representations of life and character, because his insight must be distorted by his antipathies; whatever was not comprehended in the narrow circle of his individual tastes would be denounced or caricatured. Yet we continually hear the judgments of such men quoted as authorities against men of infinitely more comprehensiveness of nature."

What is true of Hazlitt in reference to Scott is still more true of Jeffrey in reference to Wordsworth, for while Jeffrey was no less bitter than Hazlitt in political antipathies, he fell far short of Hazlitt in appreciation of literary excellence. Accordingly, though claiming to be a model of liberal principles and a special friend of the people, one of his severest censures of the poet was, that he chose his characters from the humblest walks of life, and without ever saying a word against king or bishop, shed the serene beauty and dignity of his genius around obscure untitled worth. Meanwhile the poet was doubtless as much less aristocratic and

exclusive in spirit and feeling, and mingled with his humblest brethren as much less haughtily and reservedly than the critic, as Jeremy Taylor, while suffering persecution for his Church and King, was more liberal, tolerant and humane than Milton when seeking the destruction of both. Such is the difference which we may often observe between the democracy which harangues the people about their rights in order to get their votes, and that which foregoes their votes for the purpose of making them wiser, better and happier in the quiet performance of their duties.

It is worthy of remark, that the three authors of the present century, whom, next to Scott, Mr. Whipple justly prefers, are Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Lamb; the very three whom Jeffrey labored most to extinguish. For this Mr. Whipple is doubtless somewhat indebted to the advantage of time; but much more, we believe, to his native rectitude of mind and heart. Though sympathizing much more with Jeffrey than with either of these authors in political opinion, he does not, like Jeffrey, mistake political differences for literary offences. And indeed we will venture to say in general, that while far above Jeffrey in critical candor and generosity, he is not a whit below him in critical ability.

But perhaps his greatest merit as a critic, especially if we consider the prevailing fondness for extravagance, is, that while an ardent and enthusiastic admirer of many authors, he has not, so far as we can see, exalted any one of them into an idol. He never allows himself to be fascinated out of his judgment. And his self-possession is all the better, forasmuch as it is without any apparent effort or design. With a mind always open to receive, yet always careful what it receives, he avoids extremes, and keeps himself in his own hands, neither sinking the pupil in the judge nor the critic in the eulogist: subtle, penetrating, vigilant, unseduced by splendid folly and unrepelled by homely wisdom, he can preserve a firm yet modest recollection of an author's faults, even while dwelling with eager and grateful delight on his excellencies: yet his faculties are so composed and balanced, and play their several parts so easily and naturally, that he does all *this without seem-*

ing to take any credit to himself for doing it. In short, he is at once a genial and a judicious critic; never becomes either the insolent patron, or the ignoble appendage of an author; and thus always manages to enrich without encumbering his mind out of what he studies. Full, moreover, of good nature, and without a drop of gall in his temper, and apt to remember that human feelings as well as printed pages are concerned in the question before him, he often broadly displays an author's merits, and meanwhile gently hints his defects, as if he did the former from an impulse of delight, and the latter from constraint of duty. In all which it is not easy to decide whether the virtues of the man, or the abilities of the writer, be more conspicuous.

Mr. Whipple's criticism, however, is by no means toothless; he sometimes bites very shrewdly; but his tooth is never envenomed: or rather, when he bites, he generally casts into the wound a balm so soft and healing, that it is almost a pleasure as well as a profit to be bitten by him. See, for example, how he treats one of the amiable book-makers of the day:—

"As space has no limits, and as large portions of it are still unoccupied by tangible bodies, it seems not very philosophical to quarrel with any person who endeavors to fill up its wide chasms: yet in the case of Mr. James, we grudge the portions of infinite space which his writings occupy. We dispute his right to pile up matter, which is the type or symbol of so small an amount of spirit. We sigh for the old vacuum, and think that though nature may have abhorred it in the days of Aristotle, her feelings must have changed since modern mediocrity has filled it with such weak apologies for substance and form."

Here is a taste of his quality in the use of anecdote:—

"A dull country gentleman was once seduced into an attempt to read the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' He journeyed through that exquisite book seemingly at the rate of ten pages an evening; but when he laid it down for the night, having carefully marked the place where he stopped, some mischievous niece or nephew put the mark about eight pages back in the volume. Of course many months elapsed before he arrived at the end. He was then asked how he was pleased with it: 'Oh! he liked it very well, but thought there was a little repetition in it.' An objection somewhat similar to

this we have heard made against Mr. James, and with about as clear an insight into the real secret of the matter."

Here is another in similar style :—

"Novel-writing is generally deemed to be as 'easy as lying;' and the facility with which things called novels are written seems to favor the notion. Still, we humbly conceive it to be an error. Many persons have attained a marvellous proficiency in falsehood, and tell lies as assiduously as a friar does his beads; but the number of great novelists is small. Lying, therefore, is no key to the mystery of romance. Let us seek the solution in a rarer quality—truth. 'I can write prose as well as Mr. Pope,' said the sagacious Edmund Curll, the bookseller; 'but he has a *knack* of rhyming which I do not possess.' Now the difference between Mr. Curll and Mr. Pope is no greater than that which exists between good and bad novelists. The former have a certain '*knack*' which the latter cannot obtain;—and this is the *knack* of seeing and telling the truth. Here is an important distinction. The power of faithfully delineating life, character, society and manners, is one of the rarest gifts of genius. In its greatest manifestations, it is felt to be the noblest exercise of a creative mind."

We regard it as a decided merit in Mr. Whipple's volumes, that while in the main judicious, they are always brisk, nimble, and full of point. He is unquestionably one of the readiest, brightest, shrewdest writers our country has produced: we question if a dull or a tame sentence can be found in his writings. Equally attractive in style and in matter, his periods are free alike from soporifics and from cantharides; sleepy commonplace and startling paradox are materials with which he does not choose to build; we doubt, indeed, whether with his just yet sensitive taste he be capable of either. Perhaps on the whole there is a slight redundancy of epigram; a fault which reviewers, unless very stupid, are apt to run into: though in general his style is remarkably rich, mellow and graceful. Innumerable sentences might be given from them scarcely, if at all, inferior in rhymical beauty to the following. It is his criticism on Tennyson's *Ulysses*:—

"For its length, it is certainly one of the most grandly solemn pieces of wisdom in English literature: the unbroken majesty of its tone, the calm depth of its thought, the pic-

turesque images which serenely blend with the fixed feeling of the piece, the spirit of hoar antiquity which pervades it, and the clearness with which the whole picture is brought before the imagination, leave upon the soul a most profound impression of the author's genius."

In common, moreover, with nearly all the Boston writers, Mr. Whipple is sometimes deficient in the use of the connecting, modifying and limiting particles, those most difficult and dangerous words which, however, when skilfully used, contribute more perhaps to unity and fusion of style, than almost any other. This Boston mannerism of brilliant but disconnected sentences, probably springs in part from a habit of writing less to the truth of things than for popular effect: for unskilful readers or hearers seldom give much heed to the presence or absence of those nicer tones and shades of meaning which are really the more necessary for the very reason that they are less prominent and obvious. Because such qualifying and connecting elements are comparatively unnoticed, writers of more ambition than judgment are apt to think they may better be spared. Of this vice of style Dr. Channing is the greatest example within our knowledge; and it is not easy to find a worse style than his: Bishop Butler's is beauty itself compared to it. In this respect Mr. Emerson differs from Dr. Channing only in being rather more so. Both of them often utter fine thoughts, and utter them well; but they seldom if ever discourse: generally each thought stands perfect in itself, "alone in its glory," neither throwing any light upon its neighbors, nor taking any from them; in-somuch that, had they been shaken up in a bag together and allowed to marshal themselves severally "according to the dictates of their own consciences," they would have read nearly or quite as well. The reason of which seems to be, that the authors are more studious of thoughts than things, and more concerned for the effect than for the truth of what they say. Whoever will compare almost any page of Channing with almost any one of Hooker, will at once perceive our meaning. In general, however, Mr. Whipple writes so much more for his subject than for his audience, that he has far less of this fault than either of the distinguished authors

whom we named. For whoever studiously applies his mind to things, will be drawn at once into their relations, will be insensibly led to observe how they limit, modify and interpret one another: so that in speaking of them, he will almost unavoidably discourse; his thoughts taking "the form and pressure" of their objects will naturally fall into coherent, consecutive order, each contributing to the effect of all, and all to the effect of each. Moreover, should the authors of whom we are speaking undertake to weave their sentences into a progressive and conjunctive discourse, whereof "every former part should give strength unto all that follow, and every later bring some light unto all before," they would often be compelled to reject a large portion of them: because any attempt to connect them would at once discover their mutual antipathy; and that how easily soever they may be made to lie together on paper, they will by no means admit of logical affiliation: as fire and water will peacefully submit to a pretty close juxtaposition, but discover an invincible oppugnance the moment one attempts to unite them.

One of the most brilliant and in some respects one of the best minds in New-England once remarked to us, substantially, in conversation, that he had not patience to read Hooker, because that author used so many words and went so slow that he could not keep up with him. We saw at once, or thought we saw, the ground and reason of his criticism; the reason was probably in himself, not in the subject: for having read Hooker many times without exhausting him, we feel somewhat authorized to say that no man can exhaust him without reading him at least once. Hooker's style is indeed full and copious, but by no means chargeable with redundancy; on the contrary, there is perhaps no prose writing in English literature wherein it is harder to remove a word without in some way marring and defeating the sense. The truth we suspect is, that the gentleman in question is in the habit of regarding, for most part, only the etchings, outlines and skeletons of things, without entering duly into their complexity of structure and variety of relations. We once heard him deliver a remarkably brilliant address on the subject of "work and

play," which was throughout but a piece of splendid trifling, the whole being theoretically true indeed, but practically false, and built upon a sophistical and mischievous substitution of a speculative principle for a practical rule. The idea of the whole, as nearly as we could understand it, was, that all work, to be properly done, should be entered upon and continued in as play; which, however true in theory, is much the same in practice as if a King of England should undertake to act upon the constitutional maxim, that "the king can do no wrong," in which case he would most probably do nothing right. The same may be said of the late transcendental discovery, that "true virtue is a secret unto itself;" the practical mischief of which is, that it leads people to mistake their unconsciousness of virtue for virtue. In like manner we have heard the same marvellous philosophers argue that children should never be whipped, because it is in the nature of all vice, if let alone, to punish itself; to which one would think it were a sufficient answer: Yes, but only by destroying the vicious; which is the very thing that artificial punishments are designed and adapted to prevent. However, the address in question was from beginning to end a perfect string of pearls, wherein of course no connection or continuity was required but what was abundantly supplied by the string; and which was indeed an admirable ornament for the person of the author, but of no sort of use to the minds of his audience. Accordingly the audience greatly admired it, and having gone away most probably remembered nothing of it but their admiration. As to the acute and accomplished author, whatever objects he is at any time considering, however complex in structure, many-sided in form, manifold in relation, he seems to discover nothing in them but the one idea that possesses his mind at the time: of course, therefore, a few brief, rapid etchings and diagrams of speech are enough for all he sees, which convey much knowledge indeed of himself, but little or none of the subject. Of a sharp, wiry, intense mental activity, he moves quickly over the narrow lines and empty figures of thought,—all of which, by the way, it is easy to do, but which is worthless being done; but overlooks that rich, intricate, delicate complication of nerves, muscles, veins, arteries and

ligaments which make up the substance and body of nature, and in the accurate reflection of which consists the better part, not indeed of brilliancy, but of wisdom. Now it is in this very thing that Hooker excels almost all other writers. All his words are necessary, not indeed to convey the naked, shallow, vacant outlines of abstract general truth, which alone our flippant new-lights ever stay or care to consider; but to convey the complex, many-shaded, variously-related, richly-freighted idea which he has in his mind, and which the nature of his subject, the course of his argument, and the delicacy of his perception require. Hardly surpassed, perhaps unsurpassed, in the union of grace, strength, subtlety, breadth and reach of thought, and habitually bathing in the very purity of universal principles and living laws, he was, withal, most scrupulously and exquisitely mindful of the minute shadings, softenings and circumscriptions of concrete, particular, individual, practical truth. One of the sweetest, mellowest, juiciest minds, moreover, that ever breathed on the world; calm, meek, gentle, tranquil, innocent and unpretending as a child; yet in profundity of view, comprehensiveness of grasp, and shrewdness of wit, second only to Bacon and Burke, if indeed he be second to them; and with a certain deep, potent, tremendous serenity of thought perhaps never equalled; to these qualities he united an intense inward fire which fused all his materials into perfect unity, at the same time penetrating and filling them with the most various beauty and eloquence.

While on this subject of the Boston style of writing, (which, however, is by no means confined to Boston, nor did it originate there,) we may as well remark, that the New-England mind generally seems incapable of viewing things in their relations: except animals and vegetables, if indeed of them, it can hardly be made to conceive of anything as organic. In society, for example, whether civil or religious, it recognizes nothing more than an aggregation of individuals, or a "voluntary association;" every man apparently supposing that he draws all his moral and intellectual life directly from Heaven, without the media of social institutions. Hence the notion which prevails so generally there, that *people should "join the church"* because

they are already Christians, not to the end that they may become so; as if men were made for the Church, not the Church for men: for the idea that many men must needs grow up together in order for any one to grow, is one which they can hardly take. Without the sentiment of social continuity, they feel no reverence for past, no solicitude for future generations, but will at any time sacrifice whatever they have inherited, except property, to the latest, new-born, upstart notion. Thus, having revolted from the extreme of Romish Popery to the opposite extreme, the individual popery of private judgment, and there become frozen, the New-England mind views all things in isolation and dismemberment, recognizing no such thing as a spiritual blood circulating from man to man through the great body of the civil, social and religious state, and binding up different individuals and generations into one continuous life.

All of which is strikingly exemplified in their religious history, which has been from the first a series of "improvements" and "reforms." If our memory serve us, we are not yet quite "three-score and ten;" yet within our recollection the same congregations have in many cases undergone several pretty thorough revolutions in opinion and practice; it being indeed the chief pride and boast of each generation, that it has outgrown and cast off the antiquated doctrines and measures of its predecessor. Accordingly we have heard of a certain liberal and intelligent Unitarian, who, upon being asked if he did not regret that his daughter had gone over to the Church, replied in effect that he was rather glad of it; for he had some assurance that, should she live to be as old as himself, she might still continue what and where she was; whereas Unitarianism was so "progressive" that nobody could tell one day what it would be the next. Nor is this any more characteristic of the Unitarians than of the "Orthodox:" on the contrary, the former are rather the more conservative of the two: though in general the various sects have long been striving to out-radical and thereby out-proselyte each other; all apparently deeming it the height of wisdom to "trust in their own hearts," and to be themselves the authors of what they follow. Such is their wonderful flexibility and versatility of religious organization: to take

the soul out of its old body and put it into a new one at any time, is "easy as lying." So far is the New-England mind from practically understanding the nature and conditions of anything organic. Such a thing as a settled, living embodiment of truth or religion is a matter seemingly quite beyond or below its conception. For whatsoever is organic must needs be more or less permanent, and does not readily admit of revolution and reconstruction. The several parts of a machine may indeed be altered and amended from time to time, but to deal thus with a horse or a tree is not exactly the way to improve it. But the truth is, men never think of dealing thus with a horse or tree, nor indeed with anything else but what they know or believe to be a mere machine.

And as this is characteristic of New-England generally, so it is especially characteristic of Boston, which is indeed the eye and tongue of New-England. Hence, if, for example, they undertake to get up a peculiarly fine piece of architecture, their usual method is to bring together various things which they have found to be beautiful elsewhere, supposing of course that what is beautiful in one place must be so in all, and never dreaming that a composition of various beauties may result in the most exquisite ugliness. Such is their practical insensibility to the mutual relations, proportions and correspondencies of things in the province of art. And it is probably for a similar reason that the place is such a moral bee-hive, perpetually swarming with all sorts of reformers; men who, taking up some one idea, or atom of an idea, and stripping it out of the relations which necessarily modify and circumscribe its operation, seem impatient to tear down the universe and reconstruct it after a pattern of their own. But for the obstinacy of human prejudice and interest and affection, we should soon have enough of them: for the same disregard of circumstance, proportion and fitness which produces deformity in art, would cause unspeakable misery and vice in society. In all which we seem to discover the same habit and disposition of mind that lies at the bottom of what we have noted as a defect in their writings. There seems to be no organizing principle, no plastic, moulding, vivifying power among them, in thought, word or

deed; and their writing is as much disintegrated and ground up into the dust and powder of individual sentences, as their religion is into that of individual notions and persons. Notwithstanding, for shrewdness, sagacity and integrity in business, and for whatsoever virtues adorn and dignify man in his individual and civil capacity, we question if the people of New-England, and especially of Boston, have ever been surpassed. It is easy indeed to criticise them, but it is impossible to know them without loving and honoring them.

To return to Mr. Whipple: Among the numerous felicities of his volumes none strikes us more frequently or more favorably than his singular knack in bestowing epithets and devising phrases and figures descriptive or suggestive of the qualities he is considering. With a remarkable gust for the elegances of expression, he scatters them with a liberal yet delicate and discriminating hand. Often his single epithets and phrases embody the results of a long analysis, and convey a more adequate and satisfactory impression of the object than could be done by pages of elaborate disquisition. Who, for example, that has ever read much of Leigh Hunt, does not recognize the substance of many of his reflections on that innocent writer concentrated in the following expressive strokes? It is from the opening of the article on Sheridan:—

"The biography furnished by Leigh Hunt, written with more than his usual languid jauntness of style, and with less than his usual sweetness of fancy, possesses little merit beyond an occasional luckiness of phrase, and an occasional felicity of criticism. Indeed, that cant of good feeling and conceit of heartiness which, expressed in a certain sparkling flatness of style, constitute so much of the intellectual capital of Hunt's sentimental old age, are as out of place in a consideration of the sharp, shining wit, the elaborate diction and polished artifice of Sheridan's writings, as in a narrative of the brilliant depravities and good-natured good-for-nothingness of Sheridan's character. Like all Hunt's essays, however, it is exceedingly amusing even in its vivacious presumption and genial pertness."

Still better, perhaps, is the following from his remarks on Moore:—

"Thomas Moore began his career with singing, not the 'loves of the angels,' but the loves of the rouses. His early poems are probably

the most disgraceful legacies of licentious thought ever bequeathed by prurient youth to a half-penitent age. They are exceedingly clever, unprincipled and pernicious; we never read any verses produced by one at the same tender years so utterly deficient in moral sense. The mere offspring of fancy and sensation, having no higher law than appetite, their gilded vulgarity is not even redeemed by any depth of passion: in short, they constitute the libertine's text-book of pleasant sins, full of nice morsels of wickedness and choice titbits of dissoluteness; and what there is of the poetical in them is like the reflection of a star in a mud-puddle, or the shining of rotten wood in the dark."

We will add, respecting Moore's poems generally, that few things have so severely tried our confidence in human nature, as the favor with which some very good people regard them. Honorable exceptions among his poems no doubt there are; poems that one need not be ashamed to relish; for as no man is wise at all hours, so few men are at all hours foolish: but in general his poems are so composed and framed of softness and effeminacy, are so suffused and saturated with dreamy languishment and lovesick intoxication, and present such a perfect suffocation of sentimental, amatory perfumes, that we have much ado to keep up any degree of respect, we will not say for the character, but for the taste and sense of any one we hear praising them. Seeing others in raptures over Lalla Rookh, we have often tried to read it, and as often given it up in disgust; and we have no hesitation in saying, that we would rather be compelled to dine a week on honey, nothing but honey, than to wade through that eclecticism of sweet odors and ecstatic agonies. His poetry, indeed, often reminds us of the means whereby Phædria, the pimp of Acrasia, bewitched Cymochles, and attempted Sir Guyon:—

"No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arboret with painted blossomes drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd

To bud out faire, and her sweete smels throwe
all arownd.

"No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt;

No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.

Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were
framed fitt

For to allure fraile mind to careless ease.

Careless the man soone woxe, and his weak
witt

Was overcome of thing that did him please.

* * * * *

"Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and filld with pleasures
vayn,

Into a shady dale she soft him led,

And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;

And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn

She sett beside, laying his head disarmd

In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,

Where soon he slumberd fearing not be
harmd:

The whiles with a love lay she thus him
sweetly charmd."

Of Sir Guyon, however, we are told:—

"But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and
geare,

And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliance he despis'd and follies did
forsake:"

wherein we think he showed his good taste no less than his virtue. Stript, indeed, of her illusive gaudery and perfumery, the Muse of Thomas Moore, we suspect, would appear not much unlike the "false Duessea," another of Spenser's personages, when reduced to a similar plight:—

"So, as she bad, that Witch they disaraid,

And robd of roial robes, and purple pall,

And ornaments that richly were displaid;

Ne spared they to strip her naked all.

Then, when they had despoild her tire and
call,

Such, as she was, their eies might her
behold,

That her misshaped parts did them appall;]

A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill favoured, old,

Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be
told."

On this subject we do not feel much inclined to mince matters. The truth is, if people cannot persuade themselves to repudiate the perfumed and varnished sensuality of Moore's poetry, they ought at least to scorn its unmanliness. If men will choose to be tempted, they owe it to the dignity of human nature to seek a more angelic tempter than this.

If we were to specify any one point wherein Mr. Whipple appears to better advantage as a critic than in any others, it would be in the faculty of viewing and unfolding the characters of authors in connection with their writings; thus combining a personal interest with critical discussions, so as to engage at once the sympathies and the understanding. Several instances of this have struck us as so exceedingly fine, that we cannot forbear to quote them :—

"Next to Shakspeare, there is no dramatist of the period whose name is so familiar to English ears as that of Ben Jonson, though he probably read less than either Massinger or Fletcher. The associations connected with his name have contributed towards keeping it alive; for in most points of his character he is the very embodiment of England, a veritable, indubitable John Bull. The base of his character is sound, strong, weighty sense, with that infusion of insular prejudice which keeps every true Englishman from being a cosmopolite, either in literature, arts, government, or manners. He has also that ingrained coarseness which, in the Anglo-Saxon mind, often coexists with the sturdiest morality, and, though it disconnects virtue from delicacy, prevents vice from allying itself with refinement.

"With this basis of sound English sense, Jonson has fancy, humor, satire, learning, a large knowledge of men and motives, and a remarkable command of language, sportive, scornful, fanciful and impassioned. One of the fixed facts in English literature, he is too strongly rooted ever to be upset. He stands out from all his contemporaries, original, peculiar, leaning on none for aid, and to be tried by his own merits alone. Had his imagination been as sensitive as that of many of his contemporaries, or his self-love less, he would probably have fallen into their conscious or unconscious imitation of Shakspeare: but, as he was, he remained satisfied with himself to the last, delving in his own mine. His 'mountain belly and his rocky face' are good symbols of his hard, sharp, decided, substantial and arrogant mind. His life and writings both give evidence of great vitality and force of character. Composition must have been with him a manual labor, for he writes with all his might. The weakness of his character, his perversity, his bluff way of bragging of his own achievements, his vanity, his domineering egotism, his love of strong food, his deep potations, and the heartiness, good-will, and latent sense of justice which underlie all, are thoroughly English, and make him as familiar to the imagination as a present existence."

Equally searching and vigorous, though perhaps not quite so just, is the following view of Sheridan :—

"The prominent qualities of Sheridan's character were ambition and indolence, the love of distinction and the love of pleasure; and the methods by which he contrived to gratify both, may be said to constitute his biography. From the volatility of his mind and conduct, it would be a misuse of language to say that he had any principles whatsoever, good or bad. His life was a life of expedients and appearances, in which he developed a shrewdness and capacity made up of talent and mystification, of ability and trickery, which were found equal to almost all emergencies. He most assuredly possessed neither great intellect nor great passions: there was nothing commanding in his mind, nothing deep and earnest in his heart: a good-humored selfishness and a graceful heartlessness were his best substitutes for virtue: and his conduct, when not determined by sensuality, was determined by vanity, the sensuality of the intellect.

"Sheridan was essentially a man of wit. By this we do not mean that he was merely a witty man, but that wit was as much the predominant element in his character as it was the largest power of his mind. From his habit of looking at life and its duties through the medium of epigram, he lost all sincerity of thought and earnestness of passion. From his power of detecting what was inconsistent, foolish and bad in the appearances of things, he gradually came to estimate appearances more than realities, and to do everything himself for effect. Thus his intellect became an ingenious machine for the manufacture of what would tell on the occasion, without regard to truth or falsehood. And the consequence was a wonderful power of contrivance, of shrewdness, of *finesse*, of brilliant insincerity, without any vitality of thought and principle, without any intellectual character. His moral sense, also, gradually wore away under a habit of sensual indulgence, and of overlooking moral consequences in ludicrous relations. His conscience could give him no pang which a jest could not heal. He made no scruple of cheating his creditors, but to his mind dishonesty was merely a practical joke. And it was the same with everything else: crime appeared to him as a kind of mischievous fun, and Belial always reeled into his meditations hand in hand with Momus: blasphemy, intemperance, adultery, sloth, licentiousness, trickery, they were mere jests. No man ever violated all the common duties of life with such easy good-nature and absence of malignant passions. He became unmoral rather than immoral. Thus throughout Sheridan's career we continually meet with wit as a disposition of character no less than as a faculty of mind."

But of all Mr. Whipple's efforts in this line we should be inclined to prefer on the whole his view of South. Indeed the whole article on South, though disfigured with some illiberalities, and especially with that peculiar propensity, so common among a certain class of writers, to bestow the name of "bigot" upon such as happen to differ from themselves in faith or opinion, is one of his best performances. These pert, flippant, insolent writers, who are so forward to scout as the worn-out absurdities of a former age, doctrines and objects which a vast number of the best and wisest men, as well of the present as of past times, would sooner die for than renounce, do not seem to reflect how easily their epithets might be retorted, did those against whom they thus rail see fit to be as impudent and uncharitable as themselves. We owe it to Mr. Whipple, however, to say that this practice does not belong to him: it is foreign to his nature; it does not sit well on his mind; it will not cleave to his disposition: but he has taken it up in some measure from too much admiration of certain men who are unworthy of him, and whom he should not so "slander any moment's leisure" as to imitate. It is easy, indeed, to brand Laud, South and Charles the First as bigots; but it is impossible to prove them such upon any facts or principles but what would conclude Taylor and Barrow equally so. The latter were every whit as much attached to the Church and the Crown, as ready to suffer and die for them as the former. Laud was far more liberal towards the sectaries of the time than they were towards the Church; and he never enforced conformity to the Church with half the violence that the Presbyterians used to enforce conformity to themselves. But he was inhumanly murdered, therefore his memory must be still more inhumanly blackened. Laud, Usher, Hall, Bramhall, Taylor, Chillingworth, Hammond, Sanderson, wrote many volumes of argument against both Puritans and Papists: yet there is more of harsh and uncharitable invective in one of Milton's pages against the bishops than in all their volumes put together; though we will venture to say that no similar body of men ever existed on earth, containing more of genius, piety and learning than *these same bishops*. In short, the Church-

men of that time, taken together, were as much superior to their Puritan adversaries in grace of charity as in strength of argument; except, indeed, that kind of charity and argument which drenches the earth with blood and tears. And this same Milton, whom many flippant loquacities are so fond of setting forth as a miracle of wisdom and liberality, and as the first preacher of modern toleration, even so late as the year 1659, in "A letter to a friend concerning the ruptures of the commonwealth," proposed a plan of toleration, the terms of which were "Liberty of conscience to all professing Scripture to be the rule of their faith and worship, and the abjuration of a single person;" a scheme of toleration which would exclude, and was obviously meant to exclude, both Churchmen and "Catholics." Again, in 1673, in a tract on "True religion, heresy, schism and toleration," this great stickler for liberty of conscience, who "strode so far in advance of his age as to dwarf himself by the distance," labored to show that "popery, as being idolatrous, is not to be tolerated either in public or private," and that "we have no warrant to regard conscience which is not grounded on Scripture:" though about the same period he was forced to the conclusion, "that the Spirit which is given to us is *a more certain guide than Scripture*, whom therefore it is our duty to follow." Indeed, indeed we will pledge ourselves to produce more and stronger proofs of bigotry and intolerance in Milton than have been or can be produced of them in Laud. Nor should it be forgotten, withal, that Laud's bigotry was in behalf of the doctrines and institutions received as sacred from his fathers; whereas the bigotry of his enemies was in behalf of their own inventions; inventions, too, which the wisest and best in all ages have agreed in rejecting, but which have in all ages been revived as often as forgotten, and again abandoned as soon as tried: nor indeed do those who are now so fond of glorifying the then authors and of villifying the then opposers of these inventions, agree with the former in anything but the arrogance and bitterness with which they pursue the latter. Bigotry is certainly bad enough at the best; but as there is no bigotry so violent as that of radicalism, so there is none so inexcusa-

ble. Moreover, the bigotry of conservatism is not inconsistent with many just and generous feelings; whereas the bigotry of radicalism generally springs from the worst form of selfishness—a selfishness which “mistakes the giddiness of the head for the illumination of the Spirit,” and which claims the right to be always changing its opinions, and to be infallible in every change.

But as the fanatical malignity which never ceased to hunt and revile the saintly and venerable Jewel; which, upon the death of Hooker, whose life was innocence, whose voice was wisdom, entered his study and out of zeal for “the glory of God and the good of His Church,” destroyed the last three books of his “Ecclesiastical Polity;” which worried and persecuted Chillingworth into his grave for the purpose of saving his soul; which with insolent mockery of justice wantonly murdered Laud; which haled Jeremy Taylor to prison, and from the prison drove him into seclusion; and which, “in the words of Macaulay, made it “a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians;”—as this fanatical malignity was reasonless from the beginning, so of course it can never be reasoned down: causeless in its origin, it must needs be immortal, for the simple reason that its cause cannot be removed.

We do assure our readers that it is by no means grateful to our feelings to say these things. We would gladly “forget and forgive” the faults and infirmities of Milton, in the greatness and grandeur of his genius, but his friends, or rather his enemies, will not let us; their unwise and uncharitable endeavors to sacrifice to his reputation, and the reputation of such as he, men who had not indeed his genius, but who were every way as wise, as good and as liberal as he, provoke an investigation what he was and what he did. We believe he was virtuous and sincere, but not a whit more virtuous and sincere than those against whom he penned volumes of the most terrible invective perhaps that ever issued from mortal lips, yet not more terrible than unprovoked. We cannot justify, we will not excuse that hunt of obloquy which pursued the old blind poet

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to the grave; it was wicked, it was mean: it has not even the poor excuse which he had on a former occasion, when he became the mouth-piece of a rebellious, revolutionary and fanatical faction who, having murdered their king, and along with him the laws and liberties, the Church and the constitution of their country, were under the necessity of blackening and butchering his memory in order to palliate their own crime. Moreover we dislike to violate people's idols; it hurts their feelings and does them no good: but we have as good a right to have idols as they; we believe our idols to be as good as theirs, and that our feelings are as much entitled to respect as theirs. If they will continue to bark and bite, it may be as well to try, just for variety, who can bark and bite the hardest. Perhaps they will find that “there are blows to take as well as blows to give.” Mr. Whipple, indeed, justly censures South for his coarse and undignified abuse of Cromwell and the Puritans; yet, without any of the excuse which South had, or rather which we have for him, of being too near the persons and events to do them justice, he speaks as unwarrantably of the murdered king as South does of Cromwell. But enough of this: we have already detained our readers too long from Mr. Whipple's noble view of South:—

“In both his life and writings, South presents himself as a man of more than ordinary dimensions. His understanding was large, strong and acute, grappling every subject he essayed to treat with a stern grasp, and tearing and ripping up with a peculiar intellectual fierceness systems and principles which contradicted his own. He possessed a constant sense of inward strength, and whatever province of thought he willed to make his own always yielded to his unceasing and unwearied effort. Difficulties and obstacles in conception or expression, instead of daunting him, only seemed to rouse new energies of passion, and set his mind on fire. To great sharpness and penetration of intellect, which pierced and probed whatever he attacked, he joined a peculiar vividness of perception, to which we can give no more appropriate name than imagination. In almost every subject which he treats he not merely reasons powerfully, but sees clearly; and it is this bright inward vision of his theme that he most warmly desires to convey to the reader. Like every truly great thinker, he thinks close to things, without the intervention of words, and masters the objects

of his contemplation before he seeks to give them expression. His style therefore has singular intensity, vitality and richness; expressing not only the thought, but the thought as modified by the character of the thinker. In this respect he is among the most original of writers: his common-places never appear echoes of other minds, but truths which he has himself seen and proved. The strange and strained conceits, the harsh metaphors, which, tried by general principles of taste, must be conceded to disfigure many of his sermons, are still the legitimate offspring of a mind passionately in earnest to fix and express some 'slippery uncertainties,' some fugitive and elusive thoughts, whose bright faces shone on his mind but a moment, and then flitted away into darkness. The coarse expressions and comparisons in his writings are also indicative of his impatience at all coquetry with language, and his disposition to give things their appropriate garniture of words. If the expression disgusts, the object of the preacher is attained; for disgust at the expression is naturally transferred to the thing which he desires to make disgusting.

"The intensity of feeling and thinking which burns throughout South's writings, has no parallel in English theology. It resembles the unwearied fire of the epic poet; and, had it been allied to a shaping and fusing imagination, like that of Milton, the Puritans would not perhaps have produced the only great poet of that age. As it is, we doubt if, in the single quality of freshness and force of expression, of rapid and rushing life, any writer of English prose, from Milton to Burke, equalled South. Nor is this animation confined to particular passages or sermons, but glows and leaps through the whole body of his writings. His vast command of language, and his power of infusing the energy of his nature into almost every phrase and image, would make his sermons worthy the attention of all students of expression, even if they were not fascinating for their brilliant good sense in questions of social morals, and the vigor of intellect brought to the discussion of controverted points in theology and government.

"The wit of South is bountifully sprinkled over his sermons, and it is by this quality that he is most commonly known. He uses it often as a gleaming weapon of attack and defence. It is, however, no light and airy plaything, but generally a severe and masculine power. It gleams brightest and cuts sharpest when its possessor is most enraged and indignant. Though sometimes exhibited in sly thrusts, shrewd innuendoes, insinuating mockeries, and a kind of raillery, half playful and half malicious, it is more commonly exercised to hold up adversaries to contempt and scorn, to pierce iniquity and falsehood with shafts that wound as well as glisten, or to evade logical dilemmas by a lightning-like substitution of an analogy of the fancy

for one of the reason. In many cases it makes his understanding play the part of a partisan on subjects where it is abundantly able to act the judge. So fertile was South's mind in ingenious turns, quirks and analogies, that an epigram often misled him from his logic; and to fix an unanswerable jest upon an opponent was as pleasing as to gravel him with an unanswerable argument."

The two following specimens, but that they seem a little too highly colored, a little "darkened with excess of light," we should think had rarely been equalled in their way. They are from the author's remarks on John Webster and Sir William Hamilton, and strike us as evincing the first a peculiar *kind*, the second a peculiar *degree* of critical power, if indeed it be not something higher than *critical* power:

"The Duchess of Malfy and The White Devil by John Webster, are among the grandest tragic productions of Shakspeare's contemporaries. They are full of 'deep groans and terrible ghastly looks.' Few dramatists indeed equal him in the steadiness with which he gazes into the awful depths of passion, and the stern nerve with which he portrays the dusky and terrible shapes that flit vaguely in the dark abyss. Souls black with guilt, or burdened with misery, or ghastly with fear, he probes to their inmost recesses, and both dissects and represents. His mind had the sense of the supernatural in large measure, and it gives to many of his scenes a dim and fearful grandeur which affects the soul like a shadow cast from the other world. He forces the most conventional of his characters into situations which lay open the very constitution of their natures, and thus compels them to act from the primitive springs of feeling and passion. Beginning with duke and duchess, he ends with man and woman."

"The various disquisitions of Sir William Hamilton seem to have attracted but little attention on this side of the Atlantic, from the fact that they deal with subjects somewhat removed from popular taste and apprehension; yet it would be difficult to name any contributions to a Review, which display such a despot command of all the resources of logic and metaphysics, as his articles on Cousin, Dr. Brown, and Bishop Whately. Apart from their scientific value, they should be read as specimens of intellectual power. They evince more intense strength of understanding than any other writings of the age; and in the blended merits of logic, rhetoric and learning they may challenge comparison with the best works of any British metaphysicians. He seems to have read every writer, ancient and

modern, on logic and metaphysics, and is conversant with every philosophic theory, from the lowest form of materialism to the most abstract development of idealism; and yet his learning is not so remarkable as the thorough manner in which he has digested it, and his perfect command of all its stores. Everything that he comprehends, no matter how abstruse, he comprehends with the utmost clearness and employs with consummate skill. He is altogether the best trained reasoner on abstract subjects of his time; a most terrible adversary, because his logic is unalloyed by an atom of passion or prejudice; for nothing is more merciless than the intellect. No fallacy or sophism or half-proof can escape his analysis, and he is unrelenting in its exposure. His method is to strike directly at his object, and he accomplishes it in a few stern, brief sentences. His path is over the wreck of opinions which he demolishes as he goes. After he has decided a question, it seems to be at rest for ever, his vigorous logic leaving no room for controversy. He will not allow his adversary a single loop-hole for escape: forcing him back from one position to another, and tripping up his most ingenious reasonings, he leaves him at the end naked and defenceless, mournfully gathering up the scattered fragments of his once symmetrical system. And he is not only a great logician, but a great rhetorician. His matter is arranged with the utmost art; his style a model of philosophical clearness, conciseness and energy: every word is in the right place, has a precise scientific meaning, can stand the severest test of analysis, and will bear but one interpretation. He is as inpregnable in his terms as in his argument. But with all the hard accuracy of his language, the movement of his style is as rapid, and sometimes as brilliant, as that of Macaulay. The key to a whole philosophical system is often given in a single emphatic sentence, and its stern compression has sometimes the effect of epigram."

Many very admirable and excellent things have been written on the subject of pulpit eloquence; but the most admirable and excellent that we remember to have seen, is at the close of Mr. Whipple's article on Dr. South; with which we close our extracts from his book:—

"Nothing can be clearer than that divinity affords the widest scope for the most various powers and accomplishments, and presents the strongest motives for their development and cultivation. In the literature of every age theology should assert its grandeur and power in masterpieces of thought and composition, which men of letters would be compelled to

read in order to deserve the name. Eloquence on almost every other subject is but a species of splendid fanaticism. It exists by detaching from the whole of nature and life some special thing, and exaggerating it out of its natural size and relations to produce a transient effect. But to the preacher philosophy and eloquence are identical. His task is to restore the most awful of all realities to its rightful supremacy, the dominion it enjoys according to the heaven-ordained laws by which the world was made. The written and spoken literature, which is the record of this eloquent wisdom, should be characterized by the first and greatest merit of composition, vitality. It is this vitality, this living energy, this beating of the brave heart beneath the burning words, which gives immortality to everything in literature that has it. Strange that it should be most wanting in those very compositions where it would most naturally be sought. There is more of it in many a speech by some political enthusiast, thrown off to serve a party measure, than in many a sermon by some clerical icicle, intended to save a human soul. Sydney Smith, at the commencement of the present century, described the current sermons of his own church as being chiefly distinguished by decent debility; and we have repeatedly waded through sermons on the most kindling and soul-animating themes, without being able to realize that the writer had any soul. Heaven and hell, righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, seemed to excite in him no more inspiring emotions than might have been raised from meditating on the mutations of trade. As it is unfortunately impossible for dullness at this day to shield itself from criticism by tossing the names of scoffer and atheist at the critic, we humbly suggest that it would be wiser to elude the charge by infusing more energy and unction into the thing criticised. And we know of nothing more calculated to produce this desirable effect than the study of a few sermonizers like South, and a hearty emulation of their learning and power; and in all discourses, on all subjects, to recollect that 'no man's dullness can be his duty, much less his perfection.'"

And here we cannot choose but advert to the somewhat remarkable but auspicious circumstance, that the hard bigotry of Calvinism with its theology of abstractions, and the icy conceit of Unitarianism with its theology of negations, are at length visibly thawing and melting away beneath the sunshine of old Anglo-Catholic divinity. After feeding and famishing long enough on the dry husks of their own systems, men are at last returning to the rich fountains and full tables from which

they have so long and so vainly striven to allure, to intimidate, to shame and debar others; and have discovered that it is a disgrace even in a man of letters to be ignorant of what themselves have labored their utmost to prevent and destroy. Little do they imagine whence grew the virtues of that divinity which they so much admire as to desert their own: little do they dream what danger they incur in meddling with it. For, how can we expect that preachers should grow up into vigor and vitality of mind, into compass and variety of thought, when "disbranched from the maternal sap" of the Church, and isolated and cooped up within some modern metaphysical or rhetorical system? Our modern individual or sectarian theology has been, is, must be no less fatal to sacred, than modern English Whiggery has been to senatorial eloquence. For where, by their conceit and irreverence, men have cut themselves off from the treasures and resources of the past, from the great deep historical currents of the State and the Church, and imprisoned themselves in their own narrow notions and inventions, a broad, rich, manly, generous style of thinking and speaking has never thriven, can never thrive: being thus reduced to the miserable alternative of continually squeezing and pumping and draining their unfed, un replenished minds, they must perforce dry up and wither and dwindle away, and end as contemptible as they began contemptuous. Which sufficiently explains the fact, that out of the Church, among the sects, from Calvin to Channing, no sermons have yet been produced that are likely or worthy to live, even among the sects where they originated. For, unless a man have some external objective whereabouts, some religious or civil or social constitution which he prizes above his own notions and inventions, and for which he is willing to sacrifice the puny sprouts of his own brain, those only-begotten, those Isaacs of the mind, what has he to live on, wherefore does he deserve to live? Men may indeed fancy that God and their own reason are enough, and that without any of the historical or ecclesiastical ladders whereby their fathers toiled and struggled slowly and painfully upwards, they can leap from *earth to heaven at one bound*; but it is

not so: on the contrary they will find that, like the eyeless Gloster, when he fancied himself to have leaped from the chalky cliff of Dover, they have only fallen prostrate at their own feet.

But where does Mr. Whipple suppose that such sermons as he requires would find an audience to heed or hear them? When Hooker was preaching at the Temple, a large part (doubtless the more intelligent, liberal, progressive part) of his congregation preferred to hear a certain flippant, seditious, reforming, puritanical lecturer by the name of Travers, who would long since have been forgotten but for his insolence and opposition to his sweet, bashful, eloquent inferior. Driven into obscurity by the Puritans as a "popish malignant," Jeremy Taylor wrote and preached his sermons in the private chapel of a nobleman in Wales. As for Dr. Barrow, poor man, he could get no audience at all to endure his preaching, and most of his prodigious sermons were published without ever having been delivered. Archbishop Leighton and Bishop Butler, while preaching sermons as imperishable as truth and wisdom, were defamed, reviled and hooted at as papists and formalists. But the Church has living divines not unworthy of a place along with these. Whoever reads the sermons of Newman and Manning will learn that the noble life, the manly vigor, the chastened wisdom, the deep fervent piety which have in all ages flowed from or through the Church into her reverent submissive children, are not yet extinct. And what chance does Mr. Whipple suppose either of these great men would have beside Robert Montgomery in England, or in this country beside Dr. Tyng? Undoubtedly our American doctor, with his lean, hard, snappish, bloodless, bilious, but ready, fluent, voluble preaching, would cast either of these great divines, or any of their greater predecessors, entirely into the shade. And if we may judge from what has already occurred, were Jeremy Taylor now preaching in Boston, he would be shunned and sneered at by the intellectual aristocracy of that city as a sentimental Puseyite: the Bishop of Massachusetts would doubtless feel bound to use all honorable means to discountenance his "superstitious puerilities;" and Theodore

Parker would most assuredly have twenty listeners where he had one: though we feel perfectly certain that Mr. Whipple, and others whom we could name, would never fail to hear the almost-inspired, angelic divine. Notwithstanding all which, however, to each and every of Mr. Whipple's noble remarks on pulpit eloquence we heartily respond—Amen. For if such preaching and such preachers as he sighs for were shunned and reviled in our age as they have been in former ages, they would nevertheless serve to illustrate our age to future times.

One other point we must here briefly notice in Mr. Whipple. No other American that we are aware of has gone so far as he in recognizing and recommending the talent of his countrymen: indeed, we believe he is about the only one whose partialities are clearly on the side of thought that has not the advantage of being imported. There is no question that, other things being equal, he prefers a book that smacks of our own climate and soil. We are almost afraid to say this, lest we should be thought to disparage him; but we assure our readers that we speak it and mean it to his praise. Two of his best articles are on Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate; noble themes! and nobly have they been treated by him. Dana, also, and Bryant and other of our poets come in for a share of his judicious and discriminating enthusiasm, less indeed in quantity than these great statesmen, but not inferior in quality. The truth is, we are fully persuaded, and are not ashamed to avow it, that our own country and our own countrymen and countrywomen are the best on the face of the earth; and even because we think them the best, therefore we can afford to be liberal towards others. We believe also that the same kind heavens which have showered upon us everything else that heart can wish, will send us genius as fast as we will find grace to receive and reward it.

Mr. Whipple is generally reputed to stand at the head of American critics; which if any were disposed to question before, we think they will give it up now that his scattered labors in this kind are gathered into a more accessible form. His studies, as will be obvious on the slightest inspection of his volumes, have extended

over a wide field and a great variety of subjects. Though not yet thirty years old, and though he has scarcely for a day been free from the calls of business, he has managed somehow to read pretty much all round and over and through the vast region of English literature. His sleepless, greedy, omnivorous mind has devoured and digested authors of every grade and every department, from Chaucer to Currer Bell: the resources of dramatic, poetical, philosophical theological, political, historical, biographical literature seem at his fingers' ends: allusion, anecdote and quotation are brought in from all quarters, yet with a judgment that always avoids impertinence, and a skill that always renders them subservient to the edification or delectation of the reader. Nor is he acquainted only with the open field and beaten paths of literature; he has also explored many of the nooks and crannies where the private character and public performances of authors run into each other. In a word, he is simply the completest English scholar it has been our good fortune personally to meet with. And his taste is as catholic, withal, as his reading is varied and comprehensive; no kind of excellence eludes his search or fails of his hearty acknowledgment: wise sayings and witty explosions; a profound speculation of Bacon or Coleridge; the polished, piercing wit of Sheridan; the melodious felicities and fascinations of Spenser; the solemn meditations and sweet humanities of Wordsworth; Byronic eruptions of passion; the dunce-demolishing satire of Swift and Pope; the noble rhetoric, iron logic and scorching wit of South; the mellow, tranquil, benignant wisdom of Hooker; the gentle, ever-flowing, never-tiring eloquence of Taylor; the far-shining glories and sublimities of Milton the poet, and the splendid malignities and terrific fire-spittings of Milton the Puritan; the—the—everything of Shakspeare; the sly humor of one author, the subtle grace of another, the playful eccentricity of a third, the boisterous mirth of a fourth, the far-shooting splendors of a fifth:—Mr. Whipple apparently enters into them all with equal relish; understands and interprets them all with equal facility.

This, we are aware, is saying a good

deal, but we do not speak inconsiderately, and therefore are ready to stand to it. The truth is, we know of very few sources from which, with so little trouble and so much pleasure, may be obtained so wide and various a knowledge of English books and authors. This circumstance, together with the perpetual brilliancy of his periods, the blaze of light which he throws on whatever subject he discusses, the cheerful and amiable temper in which he always writes, and the correct, healthy, yet liberal tone of morality which pervades his writings, ought to render his book one of the most popular that the American mind has yet produced. To young men especially of generous minds and manly aims, who purpose to cultivate a general acquaintance with letters and liberal art, to fit themselves for the duty of citizens and the conversation of gentlemen,—to such these Essays and Reviews cannot be otherwise than valuable, both as a source of tasteful and useful culture and as a guide to other sources.

But we have one cause of serious complaint against Mr. Whipple, namely, his, as it seems to us, illiberal attitude respecting English politics. As a specimen of which, we have noted among several others the following from his delightful essay on Wordsworth:—

"The sixth book of *The Excursion* begins thus:

'Hail to the crown by freedom shaped to gird
An English sovereign's brow! and to the throne
Whereon he sits! whose deep foundations lie
In veneration and the people's love.'

Now this is false history. It is true of no government in existence. A politician of either Whig or Tory principles, would despise himself for saying so verdant a thing. It is in fact a prophecy of the time when the state will be so pure as to be seated 'in veneration and the people's love.' "

Now it really seems to us, that in this case the "verdancy" is much rather in the criticism than in the thing criticised; and did we not greatly both respect the author's talents and love his person, we should be strongly tempted to ridicule this unworthy effusion. Why, that peculiar, half-ridiculous, half-terrible madness sprung from the marriage of a spurious democracy and a bastard transcenden-

talism could hardly have vented anything worse! "No government in existence founded 'in veneration and the people's love?'" Surely the most rabid, reckless, fanatical radicalism would never want a better pretence for enacting its infernal farce! We verily thought that we at least lived in a free country. But if our noble inheritance of liberty with our noble institutions to guard it, for which we trust there are none so base but would even dare to die, and for which so many wise and good men have already died,—if these be not seated "in veneration and the people's love," then woe be to them and woe be to us! And what reason have we to expect anything in future worth loving and venerating, from a people that has not the sense or virtue to love and venerate such a testament thus sealed with the best blood of the testator? But even so do our senseless and sacrilegious reformers, while canting and prating about the dignity and purity and perfectibility of human nature, always in a manner equally impudent and preposterous begin their revolutionary harangues by vilifying and stultifying and nullifying all that man has done before. Thus pretending to respect nothing so much as the people, their whole conduct shows that they think them knaves or fools. But the truth is they have no other way to approve their own wisdom and virtue; for if all other men whom the world consents to honor have not been knaves or fools, then most assuredly they are so. And it is by such miserable, flimsy, wicked sophisms that the people have from time to time been instructed and agitated through sedition, rebellion and crime into anarchy and despotism! But, thank Heaven! we have both a government worthy of the people's love and veneration, and a people worthy to venerate and love it.

Moreover, when we consider that our fathers of 1776 notoriously raised the flag of national independence in opposition to the innovating encroachments of the then Parliament, People and Ministry of England, and expressly grounded and justified their proceedings, not on any theory of their rights as men, but on the fact of their rights as Englishmen, thus wisely claiming their freedom as an ancient and unquestionable inheritance, not as any new

and doubtful discovery; or, in the words of Franklin to Burke, that "The question with them was not whether they were to remain as they had been before the troubles, for better they could not hope to be; but whether they were to give up so happy a situation without a struggle, and they had no other wish in favor of America than for a security to its *ancient* condition:" when we consider that in 1787 the same fathers in framing and settling the government retained as much of the British Constitution as they possibly could and be an independent people, and in imitation of that stupendous model so "fearfully and wonderfully made," and which, it seems, was seated in their love and veneration, prudently used all the materials then in existence to establish what should and fortunately does operate as a balance and counterpoise of different orders in the state: when we consider, also, that those very English politicians in whom Mr. Whipple exclusively believes have often said and are still saying, that at the Revolution of 1688, ("which was in truth and substance, and in a constitutional light, a revolution not made, but prevented,") the crown emphatically was "by freedom shaped to gird an English sovereign's brow," and made "the key-stone that binds together the noble and well-constructed arch of the British empire and Constitution:" when we consider, moreover, the deep-rooted, world-renowned, inextinguishable loyalty of the English people ever since they tried the prescriptions of Cromwell with his regicide "ramp," his butchering "high court of justice" and his decimating major-generals; and that, by the consent of all English historians possessing or deserving any credit, the nation has experienced a gradual steady growth and progress of freedom for the last 150 years: when we consider all this, we really must be excused for thinking Mr. Whipple's remarks exceedingly injudicious.

Again: From the tone of some passages in Mr. Whipple's book, one would naturally suppose, that for the last sixty years all the patriotism and political honesty and wisdom of old England had been confined to the Whig party. That the author has fallen into this way of speaking, is probably owing in part to his hav-

ing mistaken the special pleadings and flippant caricatures of Macaulay for historical essays. Most readers of English history are probably aware, that when Hell and Night broke loose and set up their philanthropic reign in France, the smaller and meaner portion of the old English Whig party went over to the new French dynasty, arrogated to themselves exclusively the name of Whigs, and spent the rest of their life in reviling and abusing those of their former friends who had not the grace to follow them. Ever since that time the Whig party of England has probably been, with a few noble exceptions, about as conceited, insolent and intolerant a set of men as the world has ever been adorned withal; and these qualities have met together in singular perfection in Mr. Macaulay, who sets them forth with a degree of ill-temper and intellectual force that renders him an invaluable exponent of modern English Whiggery.

That Mr. Whipple should have been taken in by this brilliant, but injudicious, illiberal and sometimes unscrupulous writer, is not more lamentable than natural. He would have been saved from many mistakes which his inherent and ineradicable goodness of nature will oblige him to correct as he grows older, had he started with the plain self-evident maxim, that in all questions where wise and good men have long been divided, there are two sides. By overlooking or rejecting which rule, some of Macaulay's essays have more signally and shamefully missed their mark than any other compositions we have seen. He often irretrievably "loses the prize by overrunning;" makes his case appear so very clear and unquestionable, and everything opposed to it, no matter by how much wisdom and virtue supported, appear so very absurd, irrational and wicked, as to awaken distrust in a reflecting mind, and array it against him. For where a man makes it appear that all of truth and reason is on his side, we naturally suspect that he has only put out of sight whatsoever does not make for his cause: we regard him as an advocate, not as a judge; listen to him, laugh at him, and disbelieve him as a matter of course. It is said that the great Boston lawyer, Jeremy Mason, when acting as counsel for Ephraim K. Avery, began his address to the jury by

saying: "Gentlemen of the jury, you believe, I believe, we all believe my client to be guilty; the thing is, to prove it." By his wise moderation in thus grounding his defence, not on the innocence of the person, but on the insufficiency of the proof, he is supposed to have gained his cause.—In justice, however, to Mr. Macaulay, we are bound to confess that age and experience have somewhat improved him. And the growing wiser and better as one grows older, which Mr. Macaulay seems to have done, is proof enough that he was all along sound and good at heart: for thoroughly bad men, as they grow older, always grow worse; which is more frequently exemplified in human life, than to need any illustration or proof.

As a specimen of Mr. Whipple's candor, when touching on English politics, we extract the following from his article on Sheridan; wherein, after a merited castigation of Sheridan's debaucheries and infidelities, the writer adds:—

"Admitting him to have been as bad as his nature would allow, we believe he was a much better man than many of his contemporaries who are commonly praised as virtuous. The man who brings misery upon himself and family by intemperance and sloth, is justly condemned, but he is innocent compared with one who, from bigotry and lust of power, would ruin or injure a nation. George the Third is praised as a good king; but the vices of Sheridan's character were mere peccadilloes compared with the savage vices that raged and ruled in the heart of his majesty. In a moral estimate, which includes all grades of sin, Sheridan would compare well with Lord North, William Pitt and Spencer Perceval, with all their social and domestic merits."

Now the ground of this fearful censure, so far as we can learn from the context, is, that the King and Lord North, with the most mistaken policy indeed, but with the concurrence of a large majority of the English people, engaged in the American war, managed it badly, and miserably failed; and that the King, Pitt and Perceval, with the concurrence of at least four-fifths of the nation, including the larger and better portion of the Whig party headed by Burke, began and continued the war with France;—a war which, conducted through the greatest discouragements to the noblest triumphs, has brought

more of glory upon glorious old England than almost the whole of her previous history; and which we never think upon without feeling more of respect for the nature whereof we are partakers. England has indeed committed sins enough; but for that one war we bless and will bless her as long as the breath is in our body! But suppose this war had failed as signally and as deservedly as it succeeded: what has this to do with the moral character of its authors? unless we are to suppose that nothing but a criminal bigotry, or a lust of power, can cause one to differ from us in opinion. Why may we not think Pitt, Burke and the King to have been as upright, patriotic and wise in urging the war, as Fox and Sheridan were in opposing it? especially since the anticipations of the former were substantially verified by the event, while those of the latter were completely reversed. Moreover, in 1787, while the French government was proceeding as fast as practicable in the work of reform and giving no provocation to England, Mr. Fox with all the energy and vehemence of his nature urged an immediate declaration of war against France, mainly because of the "natural hereditary enmity between the two nations," and because England had experienced all her greatest glories and prosperities while at war with that power. In 1793, however, when that deluge of atheistical and revolutionary fanaticism and ferocity had overspread France and declared war on England, this same Mr. Fox with equal energy and vehemence urged Parliament to meet that declaration only with proposals and supplications for peace. Pitt, Burke, the King, the parliament, the people of England, were opposed to Mr. Fox in both these cases. Doubtless, we are bound in charity to suppose Mr. Fox honestly mistook that atheistical fanaticism for the spirit of liberty; but if we thus save his virtue at the expense of his sagacity, can we not do as much for the others, granting them to have been equally in error? Furthermore; Mr. Pitt has been justly censured for virtually appealing as he did from the parliament to the people in 1784: but the people supported him, and continued to support him with an overwhelming majority. In 1793 Mr.

Fox still more culpably attempted a similar appeal, and, failing in this, endeavored by every means in his power to bring the constitution of parliament into discredit with the people. If we attribute the greater fault of Fox to honest error, may we not attribute the less fault of Pitt to the same cause?

Now Mr. Whipple will probably agree with us, that there is no worse morality than that which seeks to confound errors with crimes. Observe, then, the difference: the things for which he censures Sheridan were such as all men know and Sheridan himself knew to be sins; whereas those for which he censures the King and his ministers as being far more wicked even than Sheridan, are matters about which the wisest and best of men have differed, and do differ; and wherein if a man err, it is no impeachment of his virtue. No one indeed doubts that a lust of power is wrong; but surely we have proof enough at home, that men without power are quite as apt to lust after it as those that have it: and that Pitt and Perceval advocated the war with France, because they wanted political power, not a particle of evidence has been or can be shown except the mere fact that they did the one and had the other. The truth is, we have just as much reason to suppose that Fox's opposition to the war, as that Pitt's advocacy of it, sprung from lust of power. Even granting Pitt to have been wrong and Fox right in his opinions, still this does not affect the virtue of the men: and to assume that either of them acted from criminal intents, is neither charitable nor wise, because such an assumption can be justified only on principles that would convict all men who have power, except hereditary kings, of lusting after it, and of committing crimes to obtain it.

Our opinion, therefore, is somewhat different from Mr. Whipple's. We believe that George the Third was a very good man, and in the main a pretty good governor; and so we shall continue to believe until something else than errors of judgment and policy is made out against him. That "savage vices raged and ruled in his heart," we have never seen or heard any proof, except the aforesaid errors; and to charge him with such things on such grounds, we fear would go nearer to con-

vict ourselves than him. If we may believe the concurrent testimony of accredited English historians, though by no means a very great or very wise man, he was a man of good practical sense, of the most blameless purity in private and social life, of simple habits and humane feelings, and withal a thorough gentleman; fond of encouraging liberal arts and institutions; "a patriot even in his amusements;" and though he reigned longer than any other king of England, no one ever died more deeply beloved by the great body of the people. Burke, after having spent most of his life in opposing the king's policy, pronounced him "a mild and beneficent sovereign;" and the historian Miller, who was so rabid a Whig and admirer of Fox as to hold Burke responsible for the "absurd and mischievous" writings of Thomas Paine, and to regard his wonderful "Reflections" as "serving to prove that learning and eloquence may subsist in the highest perfection without being accompanied by a single particle of wisdom;" informs us, however, that when on a certain festival occasion the King, though then old and blind and in the fiftieth year of his reign, "rode through the assembled thousands of his subjects, he was indeed the object of veneration and love." Had "savage vices raged and ruled in the heart of his majesty," that the English people were either so stupid as not to discover them in all this time, or so wicked as not to hate him, is more than we are prepared to believe.

Moreover, we look upon Mr. Pitt as one of the greatest statesmen and noblest characters that ever adorned the British senate. It was his indomitable spirit and far-reaching policy which, surviving their author, and gathering new strength over his untimely grave, and backed up by English wealth and English manhood, carried the nation through that long "agony of glory," until the great scourge and curse of Europe and of humanity was chained for life to the rock of St. Helena. That he did not live to see the triumphs of his policy, but died of a broken heart at its temporary failure, having first worn himself gray in the service of his country before he had reached the prime of manhood, only augments our admiration of his young, great, heroic soul; and when we remember that had not his provisions been broken in upon and de-

feated, the national debt of England would long since have been cancelled, we cannot but regard his premature death as a part of the price his country was to pay for that vast, vast heritage of glory, which may indeed be envied but cannot be obscured. In short, we are willing to believe that the King and Lord North were as upright and patriotic, though not so wise, in urging on the American war, as Burke was in opposing it; that Burke was not more upright and wise in opposing this war than in advocating the subsequent one with France; and that the King was not more honest nor more mistaken in the former than Mr. Fox was in the latter: whereas Sheridan, whatsoever public measures he might espouse or oppose, was a reckless, faithless, heartless libertine and debauchee. This is one exception, and we believe the only one, to the healthy moral tone of Mr. Whipple's writings. Happily in this case the mistake is so great and the sophistry so thin, that nobody can be injured by it.

In conclusion, we have a word or two to say respecting the strange, peculiar sort of democracy that seems to have sprung up in these latter times, and captivated the hearts and fancies of a good many people. Perhaps we cannot better indicate the nature of this democracy than by describing it as exactly the reverse of that so nobly expressed by Burke, where, speaking of the harmony or rather identity of long prescription and popular election, he says: "And this is a choice not of one day, or one set of people, not a tumultuary and giddy choice; it is a deliberate election of ages and of generations; it is a constitution made by what is ten thousand times better than choice; it is made by the peculiar circumstances, occasions, tempers, dispositions, and moral, civil and social habitudes of the people, which disclose themselves only in a long space of time. It is a vestment which accommodates itself to the body. Nor is prescription of government formed upon blind, unmeaning prejudices, —for man is a most unwise and most wise being. The individual is foolish. The multitude for the moment is foolish, when they act without deliberation; but the species is wise, and when time is given to it, as a species it almost always acts right." Now this, we confess, is the kind of democracy which we like: it is the democracy

which forms the strength and beauty of our own stupendous government, as of all other governments that are or have been beautiful and strong: nor is there anything on earth that we more deeply respect than the sense and will of the people as thus embodied and expressed. But the new democracy of which we are speaking always deems any act of the people to be wise and right in proportion as it contradicts the sober, settled, uniform sense and reason of mankind, in all nations and ages: whatsoever is done under some transient, epidemical frenzy, or delirium, or paroxysm, or fanaticism, this is its especial delight: in a word, it never begins to respect the voice of the people until that voice ceases to be respectable; nor does it usually spare any efforts, however mean and wicked, to put the people in a proper state for doing what it so much admires. Of which democracy Mr. Hallam presents a fine example in his remarks on Algernon Sidney:—"Having proposed one only object for his political conduct, the establishment of a republic in England, his pride and inflexibility, though they gave a dignity to his character, rendered his views narrow and his temper unaccommodating. It was evident to every reasonable man, that a republican government, being adverse to the prepossessions of a great majority of the people, could only be brought about and maintained by the force of usurpation. Yet for this idol of his speculative hours, he was content to sacrifice the liberties of Europe, to plunge the country in civil war, and even to stand indebted to France for protection." This democracy of course greatly delights in the indiscriminate abuse and slaughter of that whole class of men who, by the accident of birth, by the prescription of ages, by the laws of their country, and by the will of the people, have had the misfortune to be kings. Though sometimes hugely averse to the lawful execution of lawfully-convicted criminals, it greatly relishes the lawless butchery of kings and bishops, thus regarding murder with peculiar favor, provided it be graced with treason and sacrilege. Accordingly, one of the sweetest morsels it has found in all history, is the murder of Charles the First. Yet of this very act the judicious author last quoted observes:—"But it was, as we

all know, the act of a bold but very small minority, who, having forcibly expelled their colleagues from Parliament, had usurped, under the protection of a military force, that power which all England reckoned illegal. I cannot perceive what there was in the imagined solemnity of this proceeding, in that insolent mockery of the forms of justice, accompanied by all unfairness and inhumanity in the circumstances, which can alleviate the guilt of the transaction; and if it be alleged that many of the regicides were firmly persuaded in their consciences of the right and duty of condemning the king, we may surely remember that private murderers have often had the same apology." To the self-same tune sounds every other sober writer who has spoken on the subject. And indeed the people, however they may relish a different strain on this point, will never consent to remember for any length of time any writer who has not more of wisdom and sobriety than to speak otherwise. With these writers we entirely agree; and one of our strongest reasons for doing so is, because a vast majority of the English people, both at the time and ever since, have looked upon that act with its accompaniments and consequences with the deepest aversion; and from the temporary sequestration of the Church and crown, and from the temporary reign of Puritanical and Cromwellian freedom, have only cherished the greater love and reverence for the former, and the utmost dread and horror of the latter. We respect that awful voice of the people; and we respect it the more, forasmuch as it has stood the wear and tear of two hundred years, thus approving itself to be "a choice not of one day, or of one set of people, not a tumultuary and giddy choice;" but "a deliberate election of ages and of generations."

Wherefore, from the kind of democracy in question we must be excused altogether. We must be allowed to respect the sober, deliberate, continued choice of the people, whether that choice determines in a king or a president, a monarchy or a republic. And even because we respect the true voice of the people, therefore, in speaking of kings and presidents, we shall never feel at liberty to cast off, as the manner of some is, the common regards of truth,

charity and humanity: on the contrary, remembering that they also are men of like passions with ourselves, we would speak of them with great caution and care, lest by doing otherwise we should discourage that general wholesome respect for authority without which good government has never been, will never be found practicable. We believe that the celebrated Long Parliament did some wise and good things at first, and many foolish and wicked things afterwards, partly because such has been the settled conviction of the English people ever since. And for the same reason, we believe that Charles the First committed many arbitrary, oppressive and illegal acts, but was afterwards far "more sinned against than sinning;" that his enemies and murderers acted far more from lust of power than from love of liberty; and that if his fate be an awful warning to kings against tyranny, it is, or should be, a still more awful warning to the people against revolutionary fanaticism, and against that whole class of agitators who show that they mean the people no good by endeavoring to make them mad. We believe that the English people are far more indebted for their present liberties to the National Church than to any dissenters therefrom, partly because themselves have long been persuaded of the same, as appears from that cry, "the Church is in danger," which has been so often and so successfully raised. We believe that Pitt was a wiser and better man than Fox, for this reason among others, that through an administration of twenty years, he retained to the last the confidence of the English people; which confidence Fox never had and never could get. We believe, also, that George the Third was "a mild and beneficent sovereign," partly because the longer the English people had him, and the better they knew him, the more they loved and revered him. And finally, we believe that as kings have no divine right to misrule the people, so neither have people any divine right to misrepresent kings. The truth is, virtue in kings and governors and public men, though by no means rare, is not so plenty, however, as that we can well afford to see any of it vilified and defamed: on the contrary, for the sake of others if not of themselves, we

would rather something "extenuate" than "set down aught in malice;" because, since men are apt to have a greater influence by as much as they are more conspicuous, it is better for us every way—has more of profit as well as more of charity, to fancy virtue in them where it is not, than to overlook or underrate it where it is.

Moreover, we dislike all extremes, in all things preferring

"the golden mean and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife."

We are therefore no more opposed to the divine right of kings than to the divine right of everybody but kings. And forasmuch as the old doctrine on this subject seemed to infer, that kings might justly

rule without or against law, we therefore rejoice that it has been exploded; and for the same reason we do not wish to see it revived in reference to the people. Besides, we have as little sympathy with the indiscriminate abuse as with the indiscriminate praise of kings; and because they have sometimes been foolishly raised to the rank of gods, we do not seem likely to mend the matter much by sinking them below the rank of men. In all these things, indeed, it is characteristic of wise men, that from being betrayed or seeing others betrayed into extremes, they learn to avoid all extremes; whereas, unwise men, finding themselves or others in one extreme, generally fly off into the opposite and equally vicious extreme.

SONNET.

HALF-SOULED, in you I found my full completion,—

In you my complement and perfect fine,

O beauteous Soul! self's fairer repetition,

In whom rests all that is, yet is not, mine!

Now am I perfect through your life, and see

What virtue is, in mortal shape revealed;

Life's star, dear aim, unlooked for destiny!

Bright hope, in darkest future long concealed!

Who gave me life, gave infinite desires;

But most, the need of sacred confidence,

That, always, to implicit trust aspires;—

Love, only, could fill up the void immense:

Love! parent of sweet confidence, be thou

Our bond! none holier can mere mortals know.

HISTORICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL TRADITIONS OF THE ALGONQUINS;

WITH A TRANSLATION OF THE "WALUM-OLUM," OR BARK RECORD OF THE LINNI-LENAPE.*

THE discovery of America, in the fifteenth century, constitutes a grand era in the history of the world. From it we may date the rise of that mental energy and physical enterprise, which has since worked so wonderful changes in the condition of the human race. It gave a new and powerful impulse to the nations of Europe, then slowly rousing from the lethargy of centuries. Love of adventure, hope, ambition, avarice,—the most powerful incentives to human action,—directed the attention of all men to America. Thither flocked the boldest and most adventurous spirits of Europe; and half a century of startling events sufficed to lift the veil of night from a vast continent, unsurpassed in the extent and variety of its productions, abounding in treasures, and teeming with a strange people, divided into numberless families, exhibiting many common points of resemblance, yet differing widely in their condition, manners, customs, and civil and social organizations.

Along the shores of the frozen seas of the North, clothed with the furs of the sea-monsters whose flesh had supplied them with food, burrowing in icy caverns during the long polar nights, were found the dwarfed and squalid Esquimaux. In lower latitudes, skirting the bays and inlets of the Atlantic, pushing their canoes along the shores of the great lakes, or chasing the buffalo on the vast meadows of the West, broken up into numerous families, subdivided into tribes, warring constantly, and ever struggling for ascendancy over each other, were the active and fearless Hunters, falling chiefly within the modern extended denominations of the Algonquin and Iroquois families. Still lower down, in the mild and fertile regions bordering

the Gulf of Mexico, more fixed in their habits, half hunters, half agriculturists, with a systematized religion, and a more consolidated civil organization, and constituting the connecting link between the gorgeous semi-civilization of Mexico and the nomadic state of the Northern families, were the Floridian tribes, in many respects one of the most interesting groups of the continent. Beneath the tropics, around the bases of the volcanic ranges of Mexico, and occupying her high and salubrious plains, Cortez found the Aztecs and their dependencies,—nations rivalling in their barbarous magnificence the splendors of the oriental world,—far advanced in the arts, living in cities, constructing vast works of public utility, and sustaining an imposing, though bloody religious system. Passing the nations of Central America, whose architectural monuments challenge comparison with the proudest of the old world, and attest the advanced condition and great power of their builders,—Pizarro found beneath the equator a vast people, living under a well-organized and consolidated government, attached to a primitive Sabianism, fixed in their habits and customs, and happy in their position and circumstances. Still beyond these to the southward, were the invincible Aurucanians, together with numerous other nations, with distinctive features, filling still lower places in the scale of advancement, and finally subsiding into the squalid counterparts of the Esquimaux in Patagonia.

These numerous nations, exhibiting contrasts so striking, and institutions so novel and interesting, it might be supposed, would have at once attracted the attention of the learned of that day, and insured at their hands a full and authentic account of

* This paper was read before the New York Historical Society, at its regular meeting in June last. It has not been thought necessary to materially alter its original form, although as a general rule, the use of the first person is objectionable.

their government, religion, traditions, customs and modes of life. The men, however, who subverted the empires of Montezuma and the Incas, were bold adventurers, impelled for the most part by an absorbing avarice, and unfitted by habit, as incapable from education and circumstances, of transmitting to us correct or satisfactory information respecting the nations with which they were acquainted. The ecclesiastics who followed in their train, from whom more might have been expected, actuated by a fierce bigotry, and eager only to elevate the symbol of their intolerance over the emblems of a rival priesthood, misrepresented the religious conceptions of the Indians, and exaggerated the bloody observances of the aboriginal ritual, as an apology, if not a justification, for their own barbarism and cruelty. They threw down the high altars of Aztec superstition, and consecrated to their own mummeries the solar symbols of the Peruvian temples. They burned the pictured historical and mythological records of the ancient empire in the public square of Mexico; defaced the sculptures on her monuments, and crushed in pieces the statues of her gods. Yet the next day, with an easy transition, they proclaimed the great impersonation of the female, or productive principle of Nature, who in the Mexican, as in every other system of mythology, was the consort of the Sun, to be no other than the Eve of the Mosaic record, or the Mother of Christ; they even tracked the vagrant St. Thomas in the person of the benign Quetzalcoatl, the Mexican counterpart of the Hindoo Buddha and the Egyptian Osiris!

All these circumstances have contributed to throw doubt and uncertainty over the Spanish accounts of the aboriginal nations. Nor were the circumstances, attending European adventure and settlements in other parts of the continent, much more favorable to the preservation of impartial and reliable records. The Puritan of the North and the gold-hunter of Virginia and Carolina, looked with little interest and less complacency upon the "wilde salvages" with which they were surrounded, and of whom Cotton Mather wrote, that "Although we know not *when* nor *how* they first became inhabitants of this mighty continent, yet we may guess the devil

decoyed these miserable salvages hither, in hopes that the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ would never come to destroy his absolute empire over them."

The Jesuits and other enthusiasts, the propagandists of the Catholic faith among the Northern tribes, were more observant and correct, but their accounts are very meagre in matters of the most consequence, in researches concerning the history and religion of the aborigines. All treated the religious conceptions and practices and transmitted traditions of the Indians with little regard. Indeed it has been only during the last century, since European communication with the primitive nations of Southern Asia, and a more intimate acquaintance with Oriental literature, have given a new direction to researches into the history of mind and man, that the true value of the religious notions and the recorded or transmitted traditions of various nations, in determining their origins and connections, and illustrating their remote history, has been ascertained. And even now there are few who have a just estimation of their importance in these respects. It may however be claimed, in the language of an erudite American, that "of all researches which most effectually aid us to discover the origin of a nation or people, whose history is either unknown, or deeply involved in the obscurity of ancient times, none are perhaps attended with such important results, as the analysis of their theological dogmas, and their religious practices. To such matters mankind adheres with the greatest tenacity, and though both modified and corrupted in the revolutions of ages, they still preserve features of their original construction when language, arts, sciences and political establishments no longer retain distinct lineaments of their ancient constitutions."

The traveller Clarke, maintaining the same position, observes, "that by a proper attention to the vestiges of ancient superstition, we are sometimes enabled to refer a whole people to their original ancestors, with as much if not more certainty, than by observations made upon their languages, because the superstition is engrafted upon the stock, but the language is liable to change." However important is the study of military, civil and political history, the science is incomplete without

mythological history, and he is little imbued with the spirit of philosophy, who can perceive in the fables of antiquity nothing but the extravagance of a fervid imagination.* It is under this view, in the absence of such information derivable from early writers, as may form the basis of our inquiries into the history of the American race, its origin, and the rank which it is entitled to hold in the scale of human development, that the religious conceptions and observances, and authentic traditions of the aboriginal nations, become invested with new interest and importance. And although the opportunities for collecting them, at this day, are limited, and much care and discrimination is requisite to separate that which is original from what is derivative, still they perhaps afford the safest and surest means of arriving at the results desired. Not that I would be understood as undervaluing physical or philological researches, in their bearings upon these questions; for if the human mind can ever flatter itself with having discovered the truth, it is when many facts, and these facts of different kinds, unite in producing the same result.

Impressed with these views, I have, in pursuing investigations in another but cognate department of research, taken considerable pains to collect from all available sources, such information as seemed authentic, relating not only to the religious ceremonies and conceptions, but also to the mythological and historical traditions of the aborigines of all parts of the continent. An analysis and comparison of these have led to some most extraordinary results, which it would be impossible, in the narrow scope of this paper, to indicate with necessary fullness. It may be said generally, that they exhibit not only a wonderful uniformity and concurrence in their elements and more important particulars, but also an absolute identity, in many essential respects, with those which existed among the primitive nations of the

old world, far back in the monumental and traditional periods.

Among the various original manuscripts which, in the course of these investigations, fell into my possession, I received through the hands of the executors of the lamented NICOLLET, a series by the late Prof. C. S. RAFINESQUE,—well known as a man of science and of an inquiring mind, but whose energies were not sufficiently concentrated to leave a decided impression in any department of research. A man of unparalleled industry, an earnest and indefatigable collector of facts, he was deficient in that scope of mind joined to severe critical powers, indispensable to correct generalization. While, therefore, it is usually safe to reject his conclusions, we may receive his facts, making proper allowances for the haste with which they were got together.

Among these MSS. ("*rudis indigestaque moles*,") was one entitled the "*Walum Olum*," (literally, "*painted sticks*,")—or painted and engraved traditions of the Linné-Lenape,—comprising five divisions, the first two embodying the traditions referring to the Creation and a general flood, and the rest comprising a record of various migrations, with a list of ninety-seven chiefs, in the order of their succession, coming down to the period of the discovery. This MS. also embraces one hundred and eighty-four compound mnemonic symbols, each accompanied by a sentence or verse in the original language, of which a literal translation is given in English. The only explanation which we have concerning it, is contained in a foot note, in the hand of Rafinesque, in which he states that the MS. and wooden originals were obtained in Indiana in 1822, and that they were for a long time inexplicable, "until with a deep study of the Delaware, and the aid of Zeisberber's manuscript Dictionary, in the library of the Philosophical Society, a translation was effected." This translation, it may here be remarked, so far as I have been able to test it, is a faithful one, and there is slight doubt that the original is what it professes to be, a genuine Indian record. The evidence that it is so, is however rather internal and collateral than direct.*

* "The existence of similar religious ideas in remote regions, inhabited by different races, is an interesting subject of study; furnishing as it does, one of the most important links in the great chain of communication which binds together the distant families of nations."—*Prescott's Mexico*, vol. . p. 59.

* Since the above was written, a copy of

The traditions which it embodies coincide, in most important respects, with those which are known to have existed, and which still exist, in forms more or less modified, among the various Algonquin tribes, and the mode in which they are recorded is precisely that which was adopted by the Indians of this stock, in recording events, communicating intelligence, etc., and which has not inaptly been denominated *picture-writing*.

The scope of this system of picture-writing, and the extent to which it was applied, have not been generally understood nor fully recognized. Without, however, going into an analysis of the system, its principles and elements,—an inquiry of much interest,—it may be claimed, upon an array of evidence which will admit of no dispute, that under it the Indians were not only able to communicate events and transmit intelligence, but also to record chants and songs, often containing abstract ideas,—allusions to the origin of things, the power of nature, and to the elements of their religion. "The Indians," says Heckewelder, "have no alphabet, nor any mode of representing words to the eye, yet they have certain hieroglyphics, by which they describe facts in so plain a manner, that those who are conversant with their marks, can understand them with the greatest ease,—as easily, indeed, as they can understand a piece of writing."* This writer also asserts that the simple principles of the system are so well recognized, and of so general application, that the members of different tribes could interpret with the greatest facility the drawings of other and remote tribes. Loskiel has recorded his testimony to the same effect. He says: "The Delawares use hieroglyphics on wood, trees and stones, to give caution, for communication, to commemorate events and preserve records. Every Indian understands their

meaning, etc."* Mr. Schoolcraft also observes of the Ojibwas, that "every path has its blazed and figured tree, conveying intelligence to all that pass, for all can understand these signs, which," he adds, "are taught to the young as carefully as our alphabet." Testimony might be accumulated upon this point, to an indefinite extent, were it necessary to our present purpose.

Most of the signs used in this system are representations of things: some however were derivative, others symbolical, and still others entirely arbitrary. They however were not capable of doing more than to suggest classes of ideas, which would not be expressed in precisely the same words by different individuals. They were taught in connection with certain forms of expression, by which means they are made essentially *mnemonic*—a simple or compound sign, thus serving to recall to mind an entire sentence or a series of them. A single figure, with its adjuncts, would stand for the verse of a song, or for a circumstance which it would require several sentences to explain.

Thus the famous *Métai song* of the Chippeways, presented by Mr. Catlin, although embracing but about thirty signs, occupied, in the slow, monotonous chant of the Indians, with their numerous repetitions, nearly an hour in its delivery. James observes, respecting the recorded Indian songs,—“They are usually carved on a flat piece of wood, and the figures suggest to the minds of those who have learned the songs, the ideas and the order of their succession. The words are not variable, but must be taught; otherwise, though from an inspection of the figure the idea might be comprehended, no one would know what to sing.” Most of the Indian lore being in the hands of the priests or medicine-men, the teaching of these songs was almost entirely monopolized by them. They taught them only to such as had distinguished themselves in war and the chase, and then only upon the payment of large prices. Tanner states that he was occupied more than a year in learning the great song for “medicine hunting,” and then obtained his knowledge only at the expense of many

Rafinesque's "American Nations," published in 1836, has fallen under my notice. It is a singular jumble of facts and fancies, and it is perhaps unfortunate for the MS., spoken of in the text, that it falls in such a connection. The only additional information we have respecting it, is that it was "obtained by the late Dr. Ward of Indiana, of the remnant of the Delawares on the White River."

* *Hist. Acct. of the Indian Nations*, p. 118.

* *Hist. United Brethren in America*, p. 25.

beaver skins. After the introduction of Christianity, among some of the Western tribes, prayers were inscribed on pieces of wood, in mnemonic symbols, in the making and teaching of which to their followers, some of the Christian chiefs obtained a profitable monopoly.

Admitting then, as we must do upon this evidence, that the Algonquins had the means of imperfectly recording their traditions, songs, etc., we can readily understand how these might be taught by father to son, and perpetuated in great purity through a succession of priests,—the sages of the aboriginal races. The fact that they were recorded, even in the rude way here indicated, would give them a degree of fixedness, and entitle them to a consideration which they would not possess if handed down in a simple oral form.*

The MS. under consideration seems to be a series of Indian traditional songs, in the original mnemonic signs, with the words attached to them, written out from the recitations of the Indians, by some person conversant with the Indian tongue, precisely as we find some of the songs recorded by James, in his Appendix to Tamer's Narrative. As already observed, it has strong internal evidence of being what it purports to be,—evidence sufficiently strong, in my estimation, to settle its authenticity. I may however add, that, with a view of leaving no means unemployed to ascertain its true value, I submitted it, without explanation, to an educated Indian chief, (Kah-ge-gah-bowh,) George Copway, who unhesitatingly pronounced it authentic, in respect not only

to the original signs and accompanying explanations in the Delaware dialect, but also in the general ideas and conceptions which it embodies. He also bore testimony to the fidelity of the translation.

In submitting, therefore, the following paraphrase of these singular records, I feel I am not obtruding the coinage of a curious idler, nor an apocryphal record, but presenting matter deserving of attention, and of important bearing upon many interesting questions connected with the history of our aboriginal nations.

It will be readily understood that I have, in numerous instances, been compelled to adopt forms of expression, not common to the Indian languages; so far as practicable, however, the words have been literally rendered, and the Indian form of expression preserved; and I feel some confidence in saying that no violence has been done to the original in the paraphrase.

For the sake of convenience, I have divided the MS. into two parts; the first embracing the traditions referring to the Creation, etc., and the second those which may be regarded as historical. It will be observed that there are various interruptions or pauses in the narrative, which indicate the individual traditions.

In illustration of the manner in which the MS. is written, the first two songs or chants are presented as they appear in the original. We have first, the original sign; second, the suggested verse or sentence in the Delaware dialect; and third, a literal translation of the same in English.

SONG I.—THE CREATION.



1. Sayewitalli wemiguma wokgetaki.†
At first there all sea-water above land.

* "Were it not," says Dr. Barton, in his paper on the 'Origin of the American Nations,' published in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society,— "Were it not for the traditions of many of the American nations, we might for ever remain in doubt concerning their real origin. These traditions are entitled to much consideration; for, notwithstanding the rude condition of most of the tribes, they are often perpetuated in great purity, as I have discovered by much attention to their history."

† The terminal *aki* is a contraction of *hakki*, land, and frequently denotes place, simply.



2. Hackung-kwelik owanaku wakyutali Kitanitowit-
Above much water foggy (was) and (or also) there Creator
essop.*
he was.



- 3.† Sayewis‡ hallemiwis§ nolemiwi Kitanitowit-essop.
First-being, Eternal-being, invisible Creator he was.



4. Sohalawak kwelik hakik owak
He causes them much water much land much air (or clouds)
awasagamak.
much heaven



5. Sohalawak gishuk nipanum alankwak.
He causes them the Sun the moon the stars.



6. Wemi-sohalawak yulik yuch-aan.
All he causes these well to move.



7. Wich-owagan kshakan moshakwat kwelik
With action (or rapidly) it blows (wind) it clears up great waters
kshi-pelep.
it ran off.



8. Opeleken mani-menak delsin-epit.
It looks bright made islands is there at.



9. Lappinup Kitanitowit manito manitoak.
Again when Creator he made spirits or makers.



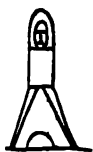
10. Owiniwak Angelatawiwak chichankwak wemiwak
First beings also and Angels Souls also and all.

* Written *Getanitowit* by Heckewelder, p. 422

† Figure 3 is a representation of the sun, which was the Algonquin symbol of the Great Spirit

‡ The termination *wiss* or *ies* makes, according to Mr. Schoolcraft, whatever precedes it persons (*Algic Res.* vol. i. p. 201.) The better translation would therefore be, "The First," "The Eternal," &

§ *Allowini*, more, and *wulik*, good, enter into most designations of the Supreme. Heck, p. 42



11. Wtenk-manito 'jinwis* lennowak mukom.
After he made beings men and grandfather.



12. Milap netami-gaho owini-gaho.
He gave them the first mother first-being's mother.



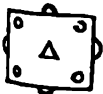
13. Namesik-milap tulpewik awesik cholensak.
Fishes he gave him turtles beasts birds.



14. Makimani-shak sohalawak makowini n'akowak
Bad Spirit but he causes them bad beings black snakes
amangamek.
monsters (or large reptiles).



15. Sohalawak uchewak sohalawak pungusak.
He causes them flies he causes them gnats.



16. Nitisak wemi-owini w'delsinewuap.
Friends all beings were then.



17. Kiwis, wunand wishi-manitoak essopak.
Thou being good God good spirits were there.



18. Nijini netami lennowak nigoha netami okwewi
The beings the first men mothers first wives
nantinewak.
little spirits (fairies).

* In the Chippeway, according to McKenzie and Long, *ninne* or *inini* means *man*. Mr. Schoolcraft states that *inines* is the diminutive form of the word, signifying *little-men*, as Puck-wudj-*ininee*, "vanishing little men," the fairy-men of Algonquin story. The cognate term of the text seems to have a slightly different meaning: it is translated *beings*, and is written *nijini* or *'jini*, beings; *owini*, first beings, *mako-wini*, evil beings, etc. In the Delaware dialect *lenno* or *lenna* meant man, and is so translated in the text. The true designation of the Delawares was "Linni-Lenape," which is usually understood to mean "Original" or "True men." It is not impossible that it is compounded of *nijini*, "beings," and *lenno*, men; literally, *men-beings*. This compound may have been suggestive of something superior to men in general or collectively.



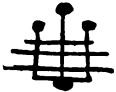
19. Gattamin netami mitzi nijini nantiné.
Fat fruits the first food the beings little spirits.



20. Wemi wingi-namenep wemi-ksin elandamep
All willingly pleased all easy thinking
wullatemanuwi.
happy.



21. Shukand eli-kimi mekenikink wakon powak
But then while secretly on earth snake-god* priest-ans
init'ako.
worship snake.



22. Mattalugas pallalugas maktatin owagan
Wickedness crime unhappiness actions.
payat-chikutali.
coming there then.



23. Waktapan-payat wihillan mboagan.
Bad weather coming distempers death.



24. Wonwemi wiwunch-kamik atak-kitahikan netami-
This all very long aforetime beyond great waters first lan

PARAPHRASE OF THE ABOVE SONG.

1. At the first there were great waters above all the land,
2. And above the waters were thick clouds, and there was God the Creator :
3. The first being, eternal, omnipotent, invisible, was God the Creator.
4. He created vast waters, great lands, and much air and heaven ;
5. He created the sun, the moon and the stars ;
6. He caused them all to move well.
7. By his power he made the winds to blow, purifying, and the deep waters to run
8. All was made bright and the islands were brought into being.
9. Then again God the Creator made the great Spirits,
10. He made also the first beings, angels and souls :
11. Then made he a man being, the father of men ;
12. He gave him the first mother, the mother of the early born,
13. Fishes gave he him, turtles, beasts and birds.
14. But the Evil Spirit created evil beings, snakes and monsters :
15. He created vermin and annoying insects.

* The snake among the Algonquins was symbolical of a malignant force.

16. Then were all beings friends :
17. There being a good God, all spirits were good—
18. The beings, the first men, mothers, wives, little spirits also.
19. Fat fruits were the food of the beings and the little spirits :
20. All were then happy, easy in mind and pleased.
21. But then came secretly on earth the snake (evil) God, the snake-priest and snake worship :
22. Came wickedness, came unhappiness,
23. Came then bad weather, disease and death.
24. This was all very long ago, at our ear y home.

The grand idea of a Supreme Unity, a Great, Good, Infinite and Eternal Creator, so clearly indicated in the foregoing song, may be regarded by many as the offspring of European intercourse, or as a comparatively late engraftment upon Algonquin tradition. Without denying that the teachings of the early missionaries had the effect of enlarging this conception, and of giving it a more definite form, it may at the same time be unhesitatingly claimed that the idea was an original one with the Indian mind. The testimony of the earliest travellers and of the earliest missionaries themselves, furnishes us abundant evidence of the fact. "Nothing," says Charlevoix, "is more certain than that the Indians of this continent have an idea of a Supreme Being, the First Spirit, the Creator and Governor of the world."* And Loskiel, not less explicit in his testimony, observes, "The prevailing opinion of all these nations is, that there is one God, a great and good Spirit, who created the heavens and the earth; who is Almighty; who causes the fruits to grow, grants sunshine and rain, and provides his children with food."† Says Schoolcraft, "They believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, who created material matter, the earth and heavens, men and animals, and filled space with subordinate spirits, having something of his own nature, to whom he gave part of his power." From this great and good being, it was believed, no evil could come; he was invested with the attribute of universal beneficence, and was symbolized by the sun. He was usually denominated *Kitchi-Manitou* or *Gitchy-Monedo*, literally, Great, Good Spirit. Various other names were

employed to designate him under his various aspects, as *Waskeand*, Maker; *Wassemigöyan*, Universal Father.

Subordinate to this Supreme, Good Being, was an Evil Spirit, *Mitchi-Manitou*, or *Mudje-Monedo*, (Great Bad Spirit,) who, according to Mr. Schoolcraft, was a subsequent creation, and not co-existent with the *Kitchi-Manitou*. This seems implied in the song, where he is first spoken of after the creation of men and beings. Great power was ascribed to him, and he was regarded as the cause and originator of all the evils which befall mankind. Accordingly his favor was desired, and his anger sought to be averted by sacrifices and offerings. The power of the *Mitchi-Manitou* was not, however, supposed to extend to the future life.* He is represented in the text as the creator of flies and gnats, and other annoying insects, an article of belief not exclusively Indian. While the symbol of the Good Spirit was the *Sun*, that of the chief of the Evil Spirits was the *Serpent*, under which form he appears in the Chippeway tradition of his contest with the demi-god *Manabozho*.

The idea of a destruction of the world by water seems to have been general amongst the Algonquin nations. The traditionary details vary in almost every instance where they have been recorded, but the traditionary event stands out prominently. The catastrophe is in all cases ascribed to the Evil Spirit; who, as already observed, was symbolized as a great Serpent. He is generally placed in antagonism to *Manabozho*, a powerful demi-god or intermediate spirit, whose nature and character have already been indicated.† These two mythological

* Canada, vol. ii, p. 141.

† United Brethren in America, p. 24.

* Carver's Travels, p. 381.

† See American Review, vol. ii., p. 392.

characters have frequent conflicts, and the flood is usually ascribed to the final contest between them. In these cases the destruction of the world is but an incident. As recorded in the "*Walum-Olum*," it originates in a general conflict between the Good Spirits, "the beings," and the Evil

Spirit, *Maskinako*. The variation is, however, unimportant, for in this as in all the other versions of the tradition, *Manabozho* appears in the character of Preserver. The concurrence in the essential parts of the several traditions, is worthy of remark.

SONG II.—THE DELUGE.



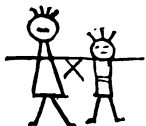
1. Wulamo maskan-ako-anup lennowak makowini essopak.
Long ago powerful snake when men also bad beings had become



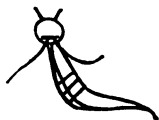
2. Maskanako shingalusit nijini-essopak shawalendamep
Strong snake enemy beings had become became troubled
ekin-shingalan.
together hating.



3. Nishawi palliton, nishawi machiton, nishawi matta.
Both fighting, both spoiling, both not
lungundowin
peaceful (or keeping peace.)



4. Mattapewi wiki nihanlowit mekwazuan.
Less men with dead keeper fighting.



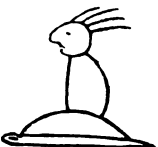
5. Maskanako gichi penauwelendamep lennowak owini
Strong snake great resolved men beings
palliton.
to destroy (fight).



6. N'akowa petonep, amangam petonep akopehella
Black snake he brought, monster he brought rushing snake water
petonep.
he brought.



7. Pehella-pehella, pohoka-pohoka, eshohok-eshohok,
Much water rushing, much go to hills, much penetrating,
palliton-palliton.
much destroying.



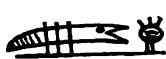
8. Tulapit menapit Nanaboush, maska-boush,
At Tula (or turtle land) at that island Nanabush (strong)
owinimokom linowimokom.
of beings the grandfather of men the grandfather.



9. Gishikin-pommixin tulagishatten-lohxin.
Being born creeping at Tula he is ready to move and dwell.



10. Owini linowi wemoltin pehella gahani pommixin
Beings men all go forth flood water creeping (floating?)
nahiwi tatalli tulapin.
above water which way (where) turtle-back.



11. Amangamek makdopamek alendguwek metzipannek.
Monsters of the sea they were many some of them they did eat.



12. Manito-dasin mokol-wichemass palpal payat payaf
Spirit daughters boat helped come, come coming coming
wemichemap.
all helped.



13. Nanaboush, Nanaboush, wemimokom wini-
Nanabush, Nanabush, of all the grandfather, of beings the
mokom linnimokom tulamokom.
grandfather, of men the grandfather, of turtles the grandfather.



14. Linapima tulapima tulapewi tapitawi.
Man then turtle then turtle they altogether.



15. Wishanem tulpewi pataman tulpewi paniton
Frightened (startled?) turtlehe praying turtle he let it be
wuliton.
to make well.



16. Kshipehelen penkwihilen kwamipokho sitwalikho
Water running off it is drying plain and mountain path of cave
maskan wagan palliwi.
powerful or dire action elsewhere.

PARAPHRASE.

1. Long ago came the powerful Serpent, (*Maskanako*), when men had become evil.
2. The strong serpent was the foe of the beings, and they became embroiled, hating each other.
3. Then they fought and despoiled each other, and were not peaceful.
4. And the small men (*Mattapewi*) fought with the keeper of the dead (*Nihanolowi*).
5. Then the Strong Serpent resolved all men and beings to destroy immediately.
6. The Black Serpent, monster, brought the snake-water rushing,

7. The wide waters rushing, wide to the hills, everywhere spreading, everywhere destroying.
8. At the island of the turtle (*Tula*) was Manabozho, of men and beings the grandfather—
9. Being born creeping, at turtle land he is ready to move and dwell.
10. Men and beings all go forth on the flood of waters, moving afloat, every way seeking the back of the turtle (*Tulapin*).
11. The monsters of the sea were many, and destroyed some of them.
12. Then the daughter of a spirit helped them in the boat, and all joined, saying, Come help!
13. Manabozho, of all beings, of men and turtles, the grandfather!
14. All together, on the turtle then, the men then, were all together.
15. Much frightened, Manabozho prayed to the turtle that he would make all well again.
16. Then the waters ran off, it was dry on mountain and plain, and the great evil went elsewhere by the path of the cave.

The allusion to the turtle, in the tradition, is not fully understood. The turtle was connected, in various ways, with the mythological notions of the upper Algonquins. According to Charlevoix and Hennepin, the Chippeways had a tradition that the mother of the human race, having been ejected from heaven, was received upon the back of a tortoise, around which matter gradually accumulated, forming the earth.* The Great Turtle, according to Henry, was a chief Spirit of the Chippeways, the "Spirit that never lied," and was often consulted in reference to various undertakings. An account of one of these ceremonies is given by this author.† The island of *Michilimakanak* (literally, Great Turtle) was sacred to this Spirit, for the reason, probably, that a large hill near its centre was supposed to bear some resemblance, in form, to a turtle.‡ The Turtle tribe of the Lenape, says Heckewelder, claim a superiority and ascendancy, because of their relationship to the "Great Turtle," the Atlas of their mythology, who bears this great island (the earth) on his back.§

With these few illustrative observations, which might be greatly extended, I pass to the second or historical portion of the traditional record, with the simple remark that the details of the migrations here recounted, particularly so far as they relate to the passage of the Mississippi

and the subsequent contest with the Tallegwi or Allegwi, and the final expulsion of the latter, coincide, generally, with those given by various authors, and known to have existed among the Delawares.

The traditions, in their order, relate first to a migration from the north to the south, attended by a contest with a people denominated Snakes or Evil, who are driven to the eastward. One of the migrating families, the *Lowaniwi*, literally Northlings, afterwards separate and go to the snow land, whence they subsequently go to the east, towards the island of the retreating Snakes. They cross deep waters, and arrive at *Shinaki*, the Land of Firs. Here the *Wunkenapi*, or Westerners, hesitate, preferring to return.

A hiatus follows, and the tradition resumes, the tribes still remaining at *Shinaki* or the Fir land.

They search for the great and fine island, the land of the Snakes, where they finally arrive, and expel the Snakes. They then multiply and spread towards the south, to the *Akolaki* or beautiful land, which is also called shore-land, and big-fir land. Here they tarried long, and for the first time cultivated corn and built towns. In consequence of a great drought, they leave for the *Shillilakiny* or Buffalo land. Here, in consequence of disaffection with their chief, they divide and separate, one party, the *Wetamowi*, or the Wise, tarrying, the others going off. The *Wetamowi* build a town on the *Wisawana* or Yellow River, (probably the Missouri,) and for a long time are peaceful and hap-

* Charlevoix, Vol. ii., p. 143; Hennepin, p. 55.

† Henry's Travels, p. 168

‡ Ib. 37, 110.

§ Heckewelder, p. 246.

yy. War finally breaks out, and a succession of warlike chiefs follow, under whom conquests are made, north, east, south and west. In the end *Opekasit* (literally East-looking) is chief, who, tired with so much warfare, leads his followers towards the sun-rising. They arrive at the *Mississippi*, or Great River, (the *Mississippi*.) where, being weary, they stop, and their first chief is *Yagawanend*, or the Hut-maker, under whose chieftaincy it is discovered that a strange people, the *Tallegwi*, possess the rich east land. Some of the *Wetamowi* are slain by the *Tallegwi*, and then the cry of *palliton! palliton!! war!! war!!* is raised, and they go over and attack the *Tallegwi*. The contest is continued during the lives of several chiefs, but finally terminates in the *Tallegwi* being driven southwards. The conquerors then occupy the country on the Ohio below the great lakes,—the *Shawneepekie*. To the north are their friends, the *Talamatun*, literally *not-of-*

themselves, translated Hurons. The Hurons, however, are not always friends, and they have occasional contests with them.

Another hiatus follows, and then the record resumes by saying that they were strong and peaceful at the land of the *Tallegwi*. They built towns and planted corn. A long succession of chiefs followed, when war again broke out, and finally a portion under *Linkewinnak*, or the Sharp-looking, went eastward beyond the *Talegachukung* or Alleghany Mountains. Here they spread widely, warring against the *Mengwi* or Spring-people, the *Punge-lik*, Lynx or Eries, and the *Mohegans* or Wolves. The various tribes into which they became divided, the chiefs of each in their order, with the territories which they occupied, are then named,—bringing the record down until the arrival of the Europeans. This latter portion we are able to verify in great part from authentic history.

SONG III.—MIGRATIONS.

1. After the flood the true men (*Lennapewi*) were with the turtle, in the cave house, the dwelling of Talli.
2. It was then cold, it froze and stormed, and
3. From the Northern plain, they went to possess milder lands, abounding in game.
4. That they might be strong and rich, the new comers divided the land between the hunters and tillers, (*Wikhichik*, *Elowichik*.)
5. The hunters were the strongest, the best, the greatest.
6. They spread north, east, south and west ;
7. In the white or snow country, (*Lumowaki*.) the north country, the turtle land and the hunting country, were the turtle men or *Linapiwi*.
8. The snake (evil) people being afraid in their cabins, the snake priest (*Nakopowa*) said to them, let us go away.
9. Then they went to the East, the snake land sorrowfully leaving.
10. Thus escaped the snake people, by the trembling and burned land to their strong island, (*Akomenaki*.)
11. Free from opposers, and without trouble, the Northlings (*Lowaniwi*) all went forth separating in the land of snow, (*Winiaken*.)
12. By the waters of the open sea, the sea of fish, tarried the fathers of the white eagle (tribe?) and the white wolf.
13. Our fathers were rich ; constantly sailing in their boats, they discovered to the eastward the Snake Island.
14. Then said the Head-beaver (*Wihlamok*) and the Great-bird, let us go to the snake land.
15. All responded, let us go and annihilate the snakes.
16. All agreed, the Northerlings, the Easterlings, to pass the frozen waters.
17. Wonderful! They all went over the waters of the hard, stony sea, to the open snake waters.
18. In vast numbers, in a single night, they went to the eastern or snake island ; all of them marching by night in the darkness.

19. The Northerlings, the Easterlings, the Southerlings, (*Shawanapi*), the Beaver-men, (*Tamakwapi*), the Wolf-men, the Hunters or best men, the priests, (*Powatapi*), the *Wiliwapi*, with their wives and daughters, and their dogs.
20. They all arrived at the land of Firs, (*Shinaking*), where they tarried; but the Western men (*Wunkenapi*) hesitating, desired to return to the old Turtle land, (*Tulpaking*.)

It may be suggested that the account of the second migration, across frozen waters, is so much in accordance with the popular prejudice, as to the mode in which the progenitors of the American race arrived in America, that it throws suspicion upon the entire record. It is not impossible, indeed, that the original tradition may have been slightly modified here, by the dissemination of European notions among the Indians. McKenzie, however, observes of the traditions of the northern Chippeways:—"The Indians say that they originally came from another country, inhabited by a wicked people, and had traversed a great lake, which was shallow, narrow and full of islands, where they suffered great hardships and much misery, it being always winter, with ice and deep snows. * * *

They describe the deluge when the waters spread over the whole earth, except the highest mountain, on the top of which they were preserved."*

The preceding songs have something of a metrical character, and there is in some of the verses an arrangement of homophones which has a very pleasing effect. For instance, the last verse of the above song is as follows:

*Wemipayat guneunga shinaking
Wunkenapi chanelendam payaking
Allowelendam kowiyey-tulpaking.*

How far this system was carried it is difficult to say, but it is not unlikely that most of the transmitted songs or chants had something of this form.

The next song resumes, after the lapse of an indefinite period, as follows:—

SONG IV.—THE CHRONICLE.

1. Long ago our fathers were at *Shinaki* or *Firland*.
2. The White Eagle (*Wapalanewa*) was the path-leader of all to this place.
3. They searched the great and fine land, the island of the Snakes.
4. The hardy hunters and the friendly spirits met in council.
5. And all said to *Kalawil* (Beautiful-head) be thou chief (*Sakima*) here.
6. Being chief he commanded they should go against the Snakes.
7. But the Snakes were weak and hid themselves at the Bear hills.
8. After *Kalawil*, *Wapagokhas* (White-owl) was *Sakima* at *Firland*.
9. After him *Jantowil* (Maker) was chief.
10. And after him *Chilili* (Snow-bird) was *Sakima*. The South, he said
11. To our fathers, they were able, spreading, to possess.
12. To the South went *Chilili*; to the East went *Tamakwi*, (the Beaver.)
13. The Southland (*Shawanaki*) was beautiful, shore-land, abounding in tall firs.
14. The Eastland (*Wapunaki*) abounded in fish; it was the lake and buffalo land.
15. After *Chilili*, *Agamek* (Great warrior) was chief.
16. Then our fathers warred against the robbers, snakes, bad men, and stony men, *Chikonapi*, *Akhonapi*, *Makatapi*, *Assinapi* (Assiniboins?)
17. After *Agamek* came ten chiefs, and then were many wars, south, east and west.
18. After them was *Langundowi* (the Peaceful) *Sakima*, at the *Aholaking*, (Beautiful land.)
19. Following him *Tasukamend*, (Never-bad,) who was a good or just man.
20. The chief after him was *Pemaholend*, (Ever-beloved,) who did good.
21. Then *Matemik* (Town-builder) and *Pitwihalen*.
22. And after these, in succession, *Gunokeni*, who was father long, and *Mangipitak*, (Big-teeth.)

23. Then followed *Olumapi*, (Bundler-of-sticks,) who taught them pictures, (records.)
24. Came then *Takwachi*, (Who-shivers-with-cold,) who went southward to the corn land, (*Minikaking*.)
25. Next was *Huminiend*, (Corn-eater,) who caused corn to be planted.
26. Then *Alko-ohit*, (the Preserver,) who was useful.
27. Then *Shiwapi*, (Salt-man,) and afterwards *Penkwonowi*, (the Thirsty,) when
28. There was no rain, and no corn, and he went to the East, far from the great river or shore.
29. Passing over a hollow mountain (*Oligonunk*) they at last found food at *Shililaking*, the plains of the buffalo-land.
30. After *Penkwonowi*, came *Mekwochella*, (the Weary,) and *Chingalsawi*, (the Stiff.)
31. After him *Kwitikwund*, (the Reprover,) who was disliked and not willingly endured.
32. Being angry, some went to the eastward, and some went secretly afar off.
33. The wise tarried, and made *Makaholend* (the Beloved) chief.
34. By the *Wisawana* (Yellow river) they built towns, and raised corn on the great meadows.
35. All being friends, *Tamenend* (the Amiable, literally *beaver-like*) became the first chief.
36. The best of all, then or since, was *Tamenend*, and all men were his friends.
37. After him was the good chief, *Maskansini*, (Strong-buffalo,) and
38. *Machigokhos*, (Big-owl,) and *Wapikicholen*, (White-crane.)
39. And then *Wingenund*, (the Mindful or Wary,) who made feasts.
40. After him came *Lapawin*, (the White,) and *Wallama*, (the Painted,) and
41. *Waptiwapit*, (White-bird,) when there was war again, north and south.
42. Then was *Tamaskan*, (Strong-wolf,) chief, who was wise in council and
43. Who made war on all, and killed *Maskensini*, (Great-stone.)
44. *Messissuwi* (the Whole) was next chief, and made war on the Snakes, (*Akowini*.)
45. *Chitanwuti* (Strong-and-good) followed, and made war on the northern enemies. (*Lowanushi*.)
46. *Alkowwi* (the Lean) was next chief, and made war on the father-snakes, (*Towakon*.)
47. *Opekasi* (East-looking) being next chief, was sad because of so much warfare,
48. Said, let us go to the sun-rising, (*Wapagishek*;) and many went east together.
49. The great river (*Messissipu*) divided the land, and being tired, they tarried there.
50. *Yagawanend* (Hut-maker) was next *Sakima*, and then the *Tallegwi* were found possessing the east.
51. Followed *Chitanitis*, (Strong-friend,) who longed for the rich east-land.
52. Some went to the east, but the *Tallegwi* killed a portion.
53. Then all of one mind exclaimed, war, war!
54. The *Talamatan* (Not-of-themselves,) and the *Nitilowan*, all go united (to the war.)
55. *Kianhepend* (Sharp-looking) was their leader, and they went over the river.
56. And they took all that was there, and despoiled and slew the *Tallegwi*.
57. *Pimokhasuwi* (Stirring-about) was next chief, and then the *Tallegwi* were much too strong.
58. *Tenchekensit* (Open-path) followed, and many towns were given up to him.
59. *Paganchihilla* was chief, and the *Tallegwi* all went southward.
60. *Hattawulatou* (the Possessor) was *Sakima*, and all the people were pleased.
61. South of the lakes they settled their council-fire, and north of the lakes were their friends the *Talamatan*, (Hurons?)
62. They were not always friends, but conspired when *Gunitakan* was chief.
63. Next was *Linniwalamen*, who made war on the *Talamatan*.
64. *Shakagapewi* followed, and then the *Talamatan* trembled.

SONG V.—THE CHRONICLE CONTINUED.

1. All were peaceful, long ago, at the land of the *Tallegwi*.

2. Then was *Tamaganend* (Beaver-leader) chief at the White river, (*Wapalaneng*, Wabash.)
3. *Wapushuvi* (White-lynx) followed, and much corn was planted.
4. After came *Walichinik*, and the people became very numerous.
5. Next was *Lekhihitin*, and made many records, (*Walum-Olumin*, or painted-sticks.)
6. Followed *Kolachuisen*, (Blue-bird,) at the place of much fruit or food, (*Make-liming*.)
7. *Pematalli* was chief over many towns.
8. And *Pepomahemen*, (Paddler,) at many waters, (or the great waters.)
9. And *Tankawon* (Little-cloud) was chief, and many went away.
10. The *Nentegos* and the *Shawanis* went to the south lands.
11. *Kichitamak* (Big-beaver) was chief at the White lick, (*Wapahoning*.)
12. The good prophet (*Onowatok*) went to the west.
13. He visited those who were abandoned there and at the south-west.
14. *Puwanami* (Water-turtle) was chief at the *Talegahanah* (Ohio) river.
15. *Lakwelend* (Walker) was next chief, and there was much warfare.
16. Against the *Towako*, (father Snakes,) against the *Sinako*, (stone or mountain Snakes,) and against the *Lowako*, (north Snakes.)
17. Then was *Mokolmokoni* (grandfather of boats) chief, and he warred against the Snakes in boats.
18. *Winelowich* (Snow-hunter) was chief at the north-land, (*Lowashkin*.)
19. And *Linkwekinuk* (Sharp-seer) was chief at the Alleghany Mountains, (*Talegac-hukang*.)
20. And *Wapalawikwan* (East-settler) was chief east of the *Tallegwi* land.
21. Large and long was the east land;
22. It had no enemies, (snakes,) and was a rich and good land.
23. And *Gikenopalot* (Great-warrior) was chief towards the north;
24. And *Hanaholend* (Stream-lover) at the branching stream, (*Saskwihanang* or *Susquehanna*.)
25. And *Gattawisi* (the Fat) was Sakima at the Sassafras-land, (*Winaki*.)
26. All were hunters from the big Salt Water (*Gishikshapipek*, Chesapeake, or literally Salt Sea of the Sun,) to the again (or other) sea.
27. *Makliuawip* (Red-arrow) was chief at tide water, (*Lapihaneng*.)
28. And *Wolomenap* was chief at the Strong Falls, (*Maskekitong*, Trenton?)
29. And the *Wapenend* and the *Tumewand* were to the north.
30. *Walipallat* (Good-fighter) was chief and set out against the north—
31. Then trembled the *Mahongwi*, (the Iroquois?) and the *Pungelika*, (lynx-like, or Eries.)
32. Then the second Tamenend (Beaver) was chief, and he made peace with all.
33. And all were friends, all united under this great chief.
34. After him was *Kichitamak* (Great-good-beaver) chief in the Sassafras-land.
35. *Wapahakey* (White-body) was chief at the Sea-shore, (*Sheyabi*.)
36. *Elangonel* (the Friendly) was chief, and much good was done.
37. And *Pitemunen* was chief, and people came from somewhere.
38. At this time from the east sea came that which was white, (vessels?)
39. *Makelomush* was chief and made all happy.
40. *Wulakeningus* was next chief, and was a warrior at the south.
41. He made war on the *Otaliwako*, (Cherokee snakes or enemies,) and upon the *Akowetako*, (Coweta? snakes.)
42. *Wapagamoski* (White-otter) was next chief, and made the *Talamatans* (Hurons) friends.
43. *Wapashum* followed, and visited the land of *Tallegwi* at the west.*

* "At present," says Loekiel, "the Delawares call the whole country as far as the entrance of the river Wabash into the Ohio, *Alligewi-nengk*, that is, a land into which they came from distant parts."
—*Hist. United Brethren*, p. 127.

44. There were the *Hiliniki*, (Illinois,) the *Shawanis*, (Shawanoes,) and the *Kenowiki*, (Kenhawas?)
45. *Nitispayat* was also chief, and went to the great lakes.
46. And he visited the *Wemiamik*, (Beaver-children, or Miamis,) and made them friends.
47. Then came *Packimitzin*, (Cranberry-eater,) who made the *Tawu* (Ottawas) friends.
48. *Lowaponskan* was chief, and visited the noisy-place, (*Ganshowenik*.)
49. And *Tashawinsso* was chief at the Sea-shore, (*Shayabing*.)
50. Then the children divided into three parts, the *Unamini*, (Turtle tribe,) the *Minisimini*, (Wolf tribe,) the *Chikimini*, (Turkey tribe.)
51. *Epallahkund* was chief, and fought the *Mahongwi*, but failed.
52. *Laugomwi* was chief, and the *Mahongwi* trembled.
53. *Wangomend* was chief, yonder between. (?)
54. The *Otakwi* and *Wasiotowi* were his enemies.
55. *Wapachikis* (White crab) was chief and a friend of the shore people.
56. *Nsachipai* was chief towards the sea.
57. Now from north and south came the *Wapagachik*, (white-comers,)
58. Professing to be friends, in big-birds, (ships.) Who are they?

Here stop the pictured records. There is, however, a fragment in the original MSS., which may be taken as a continuation, and concerning which Rafinesque says nothing more than that it "was translated from the Lenape by John Burns." The references, so far as I am

able to verify them, are historically correct. It is here given in its original form, with no attempt at paraphrase. It resumes with an answer to the question which concludes the last song, "who are these *Wapsinis*?"

SONG VI.—THE MODERN CHRONICLE.

1. Alas, alas! we now know who they are, these *Wapsinis*, (East-people,) who came out of the sea to rob us of our lands. Starving wretches! they came with smiles, but soon became snakes, (or enemies.)
2. The *Walumolun* was made by *Lekhibit*, (the writer,) to record our glory. Shall I write another to record our fall? No! Our foes have taken care to do that; but I speak what they know not or conceal.
3. We have had many other chiefs since that unhappy time. There were three before the friendly *Mikwon* (*Miquon* or Penn) came. *Mattanikum** (not strong) was chief when the *Winakoli* (Swedes) came to *Winaki*; *Nahumen* (Raccoon) when the *Sinalwi* (Dutch) came, and *Ikwahon* (Fond-of-women) when the *Yankwis* (English) came. *Miquon* (Penn) and his friends came soon after.
4. They were all received and fed with corn; but no land was ever sold to them: we never sold any land. They were allowed to dwell with us, to build houses and plant corn, as friends and allies. Because they were hungry and we thought them children of *Gishaki*, (or sun-land,) and not serpents and children of serpents.
5. And they were traders, bringing fine new tools, and weapons, and cloth, and beads, for which we gave them skins and shells and corn. And we liked them and the things they brought, for we thought them good and made by the children of *Gishaki*.
6. But they brought also fire-guns, and fire-waters, which burned and killed; also baubles and trinkets of no use, for we had better ones before.
7. After *Mikwon*, came the sons of *Dolajo-Sakima*, (King George,) who said, more land, more land we must have, and no limit could be put to their steps.

* Note by Rafinesque. " *Mattanikum* was chief in 1645. He is called Matta-horn by Holm, who by a blunder, has made his name half Swedish. Horn is not Lenapi. Mattawikum means Not-horned, without horns, emblem of having little strength."

8. But in the North were the children of *Lowi-Sakima*, (King Louis,) who were our good friends, friends of our friends, foes of our foes; yet with *Dolojo* wished always to war.
9. We had three chiefs after Mikwon came,—*Skalichi*, who was another *Tamenend*, and *Sasunam-Wikwikhon*, (Our-uncle-the-builder,) and *Tutani*, (Beaver-taker,) who was killed by a *Yankwako*, (English snake,) and then we vowed revenge.
10. *Netatawis* (First-new-being) became chief of all the nations in the west. Again at *Talligewink* (Ohio, or place of Tallegwi) on the river Cuyahoga, near our old friends the *Talamatans*. And he called on all them of the east (to go to war).
11. But *Tudeskung* was chief in the east at *Mahoning*, and was bribed by *Yankwis*; then he was burnt in his cabin, and many of our people were killed at *Hickory* (Lancaster) by the land-robber *Yankwis*.
12. Then we joined *Lowi* in war against the *Yankwis*; but they were strong, and they took *Lowanaki* (North-land, Canada) from *Lowi*, and came to us in *Talegawink*, when peace was made, and we called them *Kichikani*, (Big-knives.)
13. Then *Alimi* (White-eyes) and *Gelelenund* (Buck-killer) were chiefs, and all the nations near us were friends, and our grand-children again.
14. When the Eastern-fires began to resist *Dolojo*, they said we should be another fire with them. But they killed our chief *Unamiwi* (the Turtle) and our brothers on the Muskingum. Then *Hopokan* (Strong-pipe) of the Wolf tribe was made chief, and he made war on the *Kichikani-Yankwis*, and became the friend of *Dolojo*, who was then very strong.
15. But the Eastern-fires were stronger; they did not take *Lowinaki*, but became free from *Dolojo*. We went to *Wapahani* (White river) to be further from them; but they followed us everywhere, and we made war on them, till they sent *Makhiakho*, (Black-snake, General Wayne,) who made strong war.
16. We next made peace and settled limits, and our chief was *Hacking-pouskan*, (Hard-walker,) who was good and peaceful. He would not join our brothers, the *Shawanis* and *Ottawas*, nor *Dolojo* in the next war.
17. Yet after the last peace, the *Kichikani-Yankwis* came in swarms all around us, and they desired also our lands of *Wapahani*. It was useless to resist, because they were getting stronger and stronger by joining fires.
18. *Kithitkand* and *Lapanibit* were the chiefs of our two tribes when we resolved to exchange our lands, and return at last beyond the *Masispek*, near to our old country.
19. We shall be near our foes the *Wakon*, (Osages,) but they are not worse than the *Yankwisakon* (English-snakes) who want to possess the whole Big-island.
20. Shall we be free and happy, then, at the new *Wapahani*? We want rest, and peace, and wisdom.

So terminate these singular records. It is unfortunate that they lack that kind of authentication, which depends upon a full and explicit account of the circumstances under which they were found, transcribed and translated. Rafinesque was not particular in these matters, and his carelessness and often extravagant assumptions, have rendered his name of little weight in matters of research. Still, upon neither of these grounds may we reject these records. As already observed, they have the internal evidence of genuineness, and are well supported by collateral circumstances. Some of these

set, and need not be recapitulated. Rafinesque himself has anticipated, and thus disposes of one objection, not among the least formidable: "That so many generations and names can be remembered, may appear doubtful to some; but when symbolical signs and paintings are accompanied with songs, and carefully taught from generation to generation, their retention and perpetuation is not so remarkable." To this may with propriety be added the subjoined observations of Loskiel: "The Delawares delight in describing their genealogies, and are so well versed in them, that they mark every branch of the family with the greatest

precision. They also add the character of their forefathers: such an one was a wise and intelligent counsellor; a renowned warrior, or rich man, etc. But though they are indifferent about the history of former times, and ignorant of the art of reading and writing, yet their ancestors were well aware that they stood in need of something to enable them to convey their ideas to a distant nation, or preserve the memory of remarkable events. To this end they invented something like hieroglyphics, and also strings and belts of wampum, etc.*

I have alluded to the general identity of the mythological traditions here recorded, with those which are known to have been, and which are still current among the nations of the Algonquin stock. The same may be observed of the traditions which are of a historical character, and particularly that which relates to the contest with the people denominated the *Tallegwi*. The name of this people is still perpetuated in the word *Alleghany*, the original significance of which is more apparent, when it is written in an unabbreviated form, *Tallegwi-henna*, or *Tallegwi-hanna*, literally "River of the *Tallegwi*." It was applied to the Ohio, (the present name is Iroquois, and literally rendered by the French *La Belle Riviere*), and is still retained as the designation of its northern or principal tributary. The traditional contest between the Lenape and the *Tallegwi* is given by Heckewelder, and is adduced in further illustration of the general concurrence above mentioned. The details vary in some points, but I am inclined to give the first position to the tradition as presented in the *Walum-olam*; it being altogether the most simple and consistent. It must be observed, that Mr. Heckewelder's diffuse account is much condensed in the following quotations, and that part which refers to the wars with the *Cherokees*, etc., is entirely omitted:—

"The *Lenape* (according to the traditions handed down to them from their ancestors) resided many hundred years ago, in a very distant country, in the western part of the American continent. For some reason which I do not find accounted for, they determined on migrating to the eastward, and accordingly set

out together in a body. After a very long journey, and many nights' encampment, ('nights' encampment' is a halt of a year in a place) they at length arrived on the *Namaesi-Sipu*,* where they fell in with the *Mengwi*, (Iroquois,) who had likewise emigrated from a distant country, and had struck upon this river higher up. Their object was the same with that of the *Delawares*; they were proceeding to the eastward, until they should find a country that pleased them. The spies which the *Lenape* had sent forward for the purpose of reconnoitering, had long before their arrival discovered that the country east of the *Mississippi* was inhabited by a very powerful nation, who had many large towns built on the great rivers flowing through the land. These people (as I was told) called themselves *Tallegwi* or *Talligewi*. Col. John Gibson, however, a gentleman who has a thorough knowledge of the Indians, and speaks several of their languages, is often of opinion that they were called *Alligewi*." * * * * *

"Many wonderful things are told of this famous people. They are said to have been remarkably tall and stout, and there are traditions that there were giants among them. It is related, that they had built to themselves regular fortifications or entrenchments, from whence they would sally out, but were generally repulsed. * * * When the *Lenape* arrived on the banks of the *Mississippi*, they sent a message to the *Alligewi*, to request permission to settle themselves in their neighborhood. This was refused them; but they obtained leave to pass through the country, and seek a settlement further to the eastward. They accordingly commenced passing the *Mississippi*, when the *Alligewi* discovering their great numbers became alarmed, and made a furious attack upon those who had crossed. Fired at their treachery, the *Lenape* consulted on what was to be done; whether to retreat, or try their strength against their oppressors. While this was going on the *Mengwi*, who had contented themselves with looking on from a distance, offered to join the *Lenape*, upon condition that they should be entitled to a share of the country, in case the combination was successful. Their proposal was accepted, and the confederates were able, after many severe conflicts, to drive the *Alligewi* down the *Mississippi* river. The conquerors divided the country between themselves; the *Mengwi* selecting the lands in the vicinity of the Great Lakes, and on their tributary streams, while the *Lenape*

* This differs from the foregoing record, and is undoubtedly incorrect. It is difficult to derive *Mississippi* from *Namaesi-Sipu*, which is made up of *Namaes*, a fish, and *Sipu*, river. The etymology is clearly *Messu*, *Messi*, or *Michi*, signifying great, or as Mr. Gallatin suggests, the whole, and *Sipu*, river.

took possession of the country below them. For a long period of time, some say many hundreds of years, the two nations lived peaceably, and increased their numbers with great rapidity. Ultimately some of the most adventurous among them crossed the mountains towards the rising sun, and falling on streams running to the eastward, followed them to the great Bay River, (Susquehanna,) and thence to the Bay (Chesapeake) itself. As they pursued their travels, partly by land and partly by water, sometimes near and sometimes on the great-salt-water Lake, (as they call the sea,) they discovered the great river which we call the Delaware; and still further to the eastward, the *Shenickbi* country, now called New Jersey. Afterwards they reached the stream now called the Hudson. The reports of the adventurers caused large bodies to follow them, who settled upon the four great rivers, the Delaware, Hudson, Susquehanna and Potomac, making the Delaware, which they call "*Lenapevihiluck* (the river of the Lenape) the centre of their possessions.

"They add that a portion of their people remained beyond the Mississippi, and still another portion tarried between the Mississippi and the Mountains. The largest portion, they supposed, settled on the Atlantic. The latter were divided into three tribes, two of which were distinguished as *Unamis*, or Turtle, and *Wualachigo*, or Turkey. These chose the lands lying nearest the coast. Their settlements extended from the *Mohicanituck* (river of the *Mohicans*, or Hudson) to beyond the Potomac. * * * The third great tribe, the *Minisi*, (which we have corrupted into *Monseys*), or tribe of the wolf, lived back of the others, forming a kind of bulwark, and watching the nations of the *Mengwi*. They were considered the most active and warlike of all the tribes. They extended their settlements from the *Minisink*, where they had their council-fire, quite to the Hudson on the east, and westward beyond the Susquehanna, and northward to the head waters of that stream and the Delaware. * * * From the above three divisions or tribes, comprising together the body of the people called Delawares, sprung many others, who, having for their own convenience chosen distinct spots to settle in, and increasing in numbers, gave themselves names, or received them from others. * * * Meanwhile trouble ensued with the *Mengwi*, who occupied the southern shores of the Lakes, and resulted in fierce and sanguinary wars. The reverses of the *Mengwi* induced them to confederate, after which time the contests with the Lenape were carried on with vigor until the arrival of the French in Canada."

It will be seen that there is a difference between the traditions, as given by Heckewelder, and the *Walum-olum*, in respect

to the name of the confederates against the Tallegwi. In the latter the allies are called *Talamatan*, literally Not-of-themselves, and which, in one or two cases, is translated Hurons, with what correctness I am not prepared to say.* Heckewelder calls them *Mengwi*, Iroquois. This must be a mistake, as the *Mengwi* are subsequently and very clearly alluded to in the *Walum-olum*, as distinct from the *Talamatan*.

It is remarkable that the traditions of almost all the tribes, on the eastern shore of the continent, refer, with more or less distinctness, to a migration from the westward. "When you ask them," says Lawson, speaking of the Carolina Indians, "whence their fathers came, that first inhabited the country, they will point to the westward and say, 'Where the sun sleeps, our fathers came thence.'"[†] Most of the nations speak of the passage of the Mississippi river. The Natchez, who assimilated more nearly to the central American and Peruvian stocks, (the *Toltec* family,) informed Du Pratz that they once dwelt at the south-west, "under the sun."[‡] The Muscogulges or Creeks, according to Bartram's manuscript, assert that they formerly lived beyond the Mississippi, and that they relinquished that country in obedience to a dream in which they were directed to go to the country where the sun rises. They claim that they crossed the river in their progress eastward, about the period that De Soto visited Florida. The Cherokees (a cognate tribe) have a similar tradition. They assert that "a long time ago all the Indians travelled a great distance and came to a great water. Upon arriving there, and immediately before or immediately after crossing, it is not remembered which, a part went north and another part south. Those who went northwards settled in two towns called *Ka-no-wo-gi* and *Nu-ta-gi*; the others at *Ka-ga-hi-u*, or old town, and because they took the lead in the journey were

* In Heckewelder we find the Hurons sometimes called *Delamattenos*, which is probably but another mode of writing *Talamatan*. Although speaking a dialect of the Iroquois language, the Hurons seem to have generally maintained friendly relations with the Lenape.

† Lawson's Carolina, p. 170.

‡ Louisiana, v. 293.

considered the grandfathers of the Indians."* Roger Williams informs us that the south-west, or *Sawaniwa*, was constantly referred to by the Indians of New England. "From thence, according to their traditions, they came. There is the court of their great God, *Cawtantowit*; there are all their ancestors' souls; there they also go when they die, and from thence came their corn and beans, out of *Cawtantowit's* field."†

It will thus be seen that the general tenor and some of the more important details of the traditions of the Indians of the Algonquin stock, as they have been pre-

sented to us by various authorities, are the same with those of the foregoing remarkable records. These records are peculiar, chiefly as giving us a greater number of details than we before possessed. Whatever their historical value, they possess the highest interest, as coming to us through the medium of a rude system of representation, which may be taken as the first advance beyond a simple oral transmission of ideas, and from which we may trace upwards the progress of human invention to its highest and noblest achievement, the present perfected form of written language.

A PLAN FOR IMPROVING THE NATIONAL FINANCE.

BY AMMIEL J. WILLARD, ESQ.

It is due to the author of the following "plan," to inform our readers that it was given to the Editor for publication in November, 1848, but was soon after withdrawn by Mr. W. for revision. The recent appearance of the Comptroller's Report to the New York Legislature, in which some features of the "plan" suggested by Mr. W. are shadowed forth, seemed to render this statement necessary. —Ed.

THE disordered condition of the finance of the country demands the earliest attention of the Whig Administration, which has been called by the people to correct the blunders of its predecessors.

It has been the misfortune of our country, that for several years her councils have been directed by theorists, rather than practical statesmen. Opinions deemed popular or likely to become so, recommended partly by this, and partly by their own extravagance, have been followed in preference to the conclusions of grave experience. The civilization of the age has been pronounced irrational, its expedients have been condemned, its conclusions falsified, and the interests of the present and

the future committed to a philosophy not less absurd than Utopian.

The principles upon which the fabric of society has stood for centuries, have suddenly been found to be in a rotten condition, and the work of ages must be taken down to rebuild from the foundation. It is idle to continue to improve and beautify the edifice while its timbers and braces are decayed and tottering. In every existing institution the disciple of radicalism finds marks of this sad dilapidation, and evident misconstruction. Church and state teem equally with ruinous absurdities. The relations of social and domestic life are forced and unnatural. The fireside, with its sympathies and its associations, is the nursery of error, while not even the principles and the expedients of commerce are exempt from the taint of unsound philosophy.

A new philosophy, springing not from

* J. H. Payne, MSS.

† Key to the Indian Languages of America, &c VOL. III. NO. II. NEW SERIES.

the nature of things as they are, but from a state of mind termed radicalism, has promised a cure for all these evils, and the birth of a golden age. We have listened to its seductive promises, and have committed some of our most cherished interests to it, happily, however, to awake from the dangerous dream of delusion, before it is too late to return to reason and sound philosophy.

We are now suffering from having departed from the rational and the practical, to amuse ourselves with the sublime and the fanciful.

As a country we enjoy, at the present moment, advantages which should place us in a state of the highest prosperity. We are the only nation of advanced civilization, exempt from internal commotions. We are the only leading power of either hemisphere, not threatened with external war. We are the granary of Europe, whose agriculture is neglected and decayed in the commotions that distract her. We offer secure and profitable investment to capital, which it is our policy to invite and welcome to our shores. The times are auspicious for our becoming the manufacturers of the great bulk of products consumed in our own country, and large exporters to foreign countries. And yet our factories are closed or running at ruinous loss, our great staples are accumulating for want of buyers, the rate of interest is at an extraordinary height, and as a necessary consequence, our merchants are threatened with bankruptcy. Not a few have already been compelled to succumb to the disasters of the times, and many are looking to a speedy amelioration of the present state of things to rescue them from ruin.

Why is this? We answer, the prevalence of the policy which overthrew the tariff of 1842, and established the sub-treasury, is its legitimate cause.

The idea of the sub-treasury could have originated under no other circumstances than those that occasioned it. Produced as it was out of a state of universal distrust and bankruptcy, following as the necessary reaction from the speculations of 1836, it committed the fatal mistake of supposing that such a state of things should be permanent. As a powerful depletive suited to draw off the feverish humors from the body commercial, it was proposed

at a time when restorative tonics were the remedy required.

The project never was in a true sense popular. From the Whig party it met undivided opposition—from its own side it received cold support. A distinguished Southern Democrat, the late Mr. Legaré, openly opposed the scheme, which he conceived was intended to aim a blow at the entire credit system. The downfall of its distinguished projector was prophesied by his political associates from the moment it was ascertained that with it he intended "to sink or swim."

The election of General Harrison for a time deferred the adoption of the sub-treasury; nor would it have been revived under any other administration than such an one as the present. We have fairly tried the sub-treasury. If it had been calculated to produce a single good result, that result should appear by this time; but we look in vain to the effects of that system, to see the principles which condemn it falsified. We do not propose to discuss the merits or demerits of the sub-treasury scheme. Its character and tendencies have ceased to be matters of opinion, and have become fixed facts, to be shaken only by discrediting experience. We now see what we then foretold, that it must drain the banks of specie, and cramp the operations of regular business; that it must do as it has done, enhance the rate of interest on money, enrich the capitalist, and impoverish the producing classes.

It is the immediate object of this essay to present for the consideration of the country a system of finance which, if it is not free from imperfections, incident to all human systems, has at least the merit of uniting in itself those qualities which experience has tested and found to be valuable.

The great object which the plan proposed has in view is to furnish a sound currency for the nation—safe for government and safe for individuals. It promises to solve in a satisfactory manner the great problem—how can a sound paper currency be established, possessing an undiminished value throughout the country, and based upon an actual property foundation?—while it is obnoxious to few of the objections urged against great centralized banking institutions.

In order clearly to present the plan proposed, it is necessary to glance at the banking system now in successful operation in the State of New-York, to which it is closely allied in principle, and in the probable result of its operation. Independent, however, of its bearing upon the object which we have immediately in view, it is of interest to the country to know the character of the different systems of banking tried in the several States, and the results which have been found in practice to flow from them.

The New-York system has justly been termed the Free Banking System, from the fact that it opens the business of banking to the free competition of individuals and associations. The right to issue circulating notes is there no longer incident to the franchise of incorporation, derived from the favor of the legislature; but it is the right of any individual or association of individuals complying with certain conditions, and submitting to certain restrictions. In this respect it harmonizes with the genius of our people.

That system proposes as its object, the security of the bill-holder and of the public at large. It subjects the bank to examination, by a legally constituted commission; it requires the bank to hold at all times an amount of specie, deemed sufficient for the redemption of its notes, and subjects it to other necessary restrictions tending to this result.

It is not appropriate to our purpose to enter into an exposition of the general features of this system. We have only to do with the method which it employs for the security of the bill-holder; in this respect it is beyond all question the most valuable improvement effected in modern banking.

Any individual or association of individuals is allowed to deposit with the Comptroller of the State, any amount of the stock or public debt of the State, not less, however, than \$100,000, which deposit is held by the Comptroller in trust, to be applied to the redemption of the notes of such individual or association, should the payment of their notes be refused on presentation.

Upon making such deposit the depositor becomes entitled to receive from the Comptroller an amount of engraved bills in blank, complete with the exception of the signatures of the officers of the bank, equal

to the market value of the stock deposited; but in no case to exceed the par value of the stock.

The Comptroller is authorized to provide bills for delivery to banks as follows: He is required to cause circulating notes to be engraved and printed of the different denominations authorized by law, to be issued. These bills must be countersigned by registers appointed for the purpose, and must be numbered and registered.

All bills of the same denomination are required to have a *common similitude*, and to bear the uniform signature of one of the registers. Under this provision, while the bills of each bank have their distinct identity, a general similitude of appearance runs through all bills of a particular denomination, issued under the free banking system, forming an admirable check upon attempts to alter notes from one denomination to a higher.

The notes thus issued to the banks are required to be payable on demand without interest, and thus secured they may be put in circulation as money. If, upon demand, payment is refused, the note is protested, and with the protest attached, returned to the Comptroller. He notifies the defaulting bank of the fact, and requires immediate payment of the protested note. If payment is not made within ten days, he gives notice by advertisement that the entire issue of the bank will be redeemed out of the avails of the trust fund in his hands, consisting of the securities deposited with him by that bank. He is clothed with ample power as the trustee of all parties, to proceed in the redemption in the manner best adapted to secure the object of the deposit.

The securities deposited as the basis of circulation, may, at the option of the bank, consist wholly of stocks, or partly of stocks, and partly of bonds and mortgages; but the proportion of bonds and mortgages cannot exceed one half of the whole deposit. The nature of the security which is pledged for the redemption of each note, is expressed upon its face, whether consisting exclusively of State stocks, or in part of stocks and in part of bonds and mortgages. None but stocks and mortgages producing 6 per cent. interest, annually, are received in deposit.

The depositor is allowed to receive the

interest upon the stocks and mortgages deposited, until a failure to redeem its notes, when the proceeds go into the common fund, to be applied to the redemption of the circulation predicated upon such deposit. Beyond the amount realized from the securities deposited, the State guarantees no note.

We have now glanced briefly through that part of the free banking system of New-York, which gives to it the character of a guaranty system, not unlike in principle the admired Scotch system. We find that under its operation, any individual or number of individuals may found a bank. To secure to himself the banking privilege, he has but to procure an amount of the stocks of the State of New-York, or of stocks and mortgages jointly, equal to the circulation which he may desire, or be able to issue, and to make the required deposit with the Comptroller. No chartered privileges are sought from the capricious favor of the Legislature. The privilege of one citizen is the privilege of all. The sole qualification demanded is ability to meet his engagements. It is not a hard condition, when annexed to so liberal a grant, that the bill-holder shall be placed upon a safe footing. The bank enjoys the confidence of the community—the community should enjoy security, while they yield confidence. The bank has no reason to complain, for no portion of its means is unproductive, while its specie capital is employed in the legitimate operations of banking.

Without further reviewing the merits of the guaranty system at this stage of our inquiry, we pass to its application to the finances of the general government.

According to the plan proposed, any bank or banking association enjoying banking privileges under the laws of any of the States or territories, will be enabled on complying with conditions tending to secure the government, to have the whole or a portion of its *duly issued* circulation received as money, in the receiving offices of the United States Treasury.

As the sole condition of this important privilege, the bank desiring it shall deposit public stocks of the United States to an amount equal to that of the circulation for which it is desired, with public officers designated by government, in trust

to redeem the currency having this privilege.

With a view to identify the circulation thus privileged, the officer with whom the deposit is made shall cause an amount of the bills of any bank, equal to the par value of the stock deposited by it, to be registered, and authenticated under the signatures of government officers.

Notes thus guaranteed and authenticated, would be issued by the banks in the course of their ordinary business, and would be received and paid as money in all transactions with the public Treasury. They would receive a wide circulation through the transfers of funds from place to place, to meet the exigencies of the Treasury.

Following the plan of the New-York system, the depositor of stock would be entitled to receive the interest of his stocks, until a failure to meet his engagements should throw the interest into the redemption fund.

As simple as this agency appears, its influence upon the business of the country would be great. It proposes to create no bank,—it encourages no monopoly—its benefits are as common to all as the liberty we enjoy.

In the relation which the system proposed bears to the Treasury, the public, and the banks, it will be found fulfilling the true objects of such a financial plan.

It is not a necessary part of the plan proposed, to alter materially the existing organization of the Treasury department. It may still have its sub-treasuries and its frowning vaults, but the latter will no longer be the tombs of the energies of the country. The Treasury may receive, hold, and pay out its own money. Nothing need be loaned to banks or individuals, in order to counteract the evil tendencies of the hoarding propensity. For instead of specie, government will hold in its vaults the paper representative of values employed in the business of the country, guaranteed by securities in its own hands, retaining only so much specie as may be indispensably necessary in the transaction of its business. In point of safety, no security can be furnished superior to that of the stocks of the United States. Based upon the entire wealth of the nation, it is the sum of all the securities which that wealth can furnish.

Besides security for its funds, the public Treasury requires the means of making cheap, safe, and speedy remittances. To say that for this purpose specie is the best medium of transfer, betrays the wildest extravagance. To say that it is about the worst, would be near the truth. For specie is almost the only commodity, for the transportation of which, from place to place, there is little or no demand occasioned by its consumption.

A currency standing upon the footing of pledged public securities, will furnish the government with the greatest facilities in the transfer of its funds. At the points where payments are made into the treasury, a demand will exist for such bills, giving them a par value, while the further they are carried from those points, the more valuable they become for the purpose of remittance to the sea-board.

In these respects, as in perhaps others, the interests of the Treasury will be subserved by the new currency. There are other interests, however, of paramount consequence, for the sake of which governments, with their complex machinery of armies, navies, and treasuries exist—these are the interests of the public. How stands this system in its relation to the wants of the community at large?

As governments are instituted for the sake of promoting the welfare and happiness of mankind, the means which they make use of are valuable in proportion as they aid to produce this result. The arbitrary institutions of every state should always accord with the spirit of the people, and with their manners and customs. The ascendancy of the influence of Rome in her better days, was maintained by a wise policy, which forbore to shock the prejudices of her vassals, by imposing laws, customs, or observances foreign to their tastes and associations. How strongly then will a government seeking only the interests of its subjects, rivet the bond of affection between them, by exhibiting a delicate sense of the obligations imposed by those tastes and prejudices.

The sub-treasury is chargeable not only with a want of sympathy with the business interests of the country, but with direct hostility to those interests. The substitute proposed has at least the merit of falling in with the opinions of the

great mass of the people, while instead of opposing obstacles to the transaction of ordinary business, it promises to furnish valuable facilities. It is difficult then to conjecture from what quarter to look for opposition. It harmonizes with the objects which business men have constantly in view. They will find it a valuable aid to their exertions, and a powerful stimulant to their enterprise.

The sub-treasury has aimed, not without some success, to attain results in its operation upon the commercial interests of the country. If that influence has been shown to be inimical to its prosperity, it is because a false principle is imbedded in its foundation. This is the burden of the scathing accusation, under which the defenders of the sub-treasury shrink from the vindication of their favorite measure; an accusation sustained by its practical operation.

We confess, that we are treading upon ground, where abstract theory is an illusive guide. We can trust no guide here but practical experience. The knowledge which is derived of a financial measure, from experiencing its effects, is the surest, while it is the only that is satisfactory. The science of finance has its principles, capable of clear perception and application. But that which distinguishes it as pre-eminently an uncertain science, is the variety and complexity of the disturbing influences, which bear upon every result deduced from those principles. For this reason the light of experience guides safely, where theory, unaided by it, wanders from the truth.

We are not left to grope our way through this intricate subject, unaided by this valuable guide. Commercial men are interested to know to what cause to attribute the unusual stringency which has occurred in our monetary affairs, during the past year. Their penetration, stimulated by their interest, has traced this extraordinary state of things to the influence of the sub-treasury. Nor is there room for difference of opinion on this subject. The banks, which are the great reservoirs of specie, necessarily graduating the accommodation which may be afforded their customers, by the amount of specie in their vaults, are the first to feel an unusual demand for specie. If specie is de-

manded for the payment of duties, it *must* come from the banks. It is far from being a matter of indifference to the community, whether its specie lies in the vaults of the sub-treasury, or in the banks. In the one case it is commercially dead; a mass of hoarded treasure, as valueless to the public, as if again returned to its native veins. In the other case it is, in its paper representative, flowing through exchanges, enlivening trade, and sustaining enterprise. Thus credit is, as it were, the soul of money, and gold and silver its unwieldy carcass.

Upon the faith of this specie, which has now to be transferred to the sub-treasury, credit has been extended to business men, to an extent equal to about three times the amount of specie. An equivalent amount of accommodation must be withheld from merchants, whatever may be the exigencies of business, to compensate for the loss of specie. As the contraction in accommodation is, upon this estimate, three times as great as the loss of specie, we look to it as to the point of an index, moving through a considerable space, however small or almost imperceptible the contraction may be which occasioned it.

Looking to this index, we find in the experience of the last year, startling proofs of the defects of our present system of finance. Contractions have been sudden, followed rapidly by equally sudden relaxations. The value of money, seldom less within that time than ten per cent., has suddenly mounted to an alarming height, and before wonder has ceased, has again fallen to its starting point. The question is asked, why this extraordinary stringency? And the uniform answer is returned, large amounts of specie have been in demand for the sub-treasury.

Loss of confidence and speculation are the twin birth of such a state of things. The regular operations of business are paralyzed. The banks, looking forward to the probable demands of the sub-treasury, can only partially foresee the changes before them. An unexpectedly heavy importation of merchandise may change the entire aspect of affairs within a few days, and render unlooked for contraction necessary. Merchants, equally uncertain as to the extent of accommodation which they may be

able to command a month hence, are driven to the alternative of contracting their regular business engagements, or to indulge in speculative expectations of the chances of the week or month. To tempt more strongly to the latter and more seductive course, prices of every description of merchandise rise and fall with every undulation of the tide upon which they float.

These tendencies again reacting upon the banks, placing them at the mercy of a double enemy, on the one hand the sub-treasury spoiling them of their specie, and on the other hand their customers, whose soundness may by possibility be affected by the mischances of such a state of things, render it necessary in self-defence that they should draw a tighter rein upon their customers. Again a disposition to import largely from abroad, has manifested itself as one of the legitimate fruits of the tariff of '46. From this source a further drain upon the specie of the country has been occasioned, against which the banks have been compelled to contend by the employment of restrictive measures. They have loaned their money with caution, and to such persons as are least likely to want their bills to be converted forthwith into specie at their own counters to pour into the lap of the sub-treasury.

Clearly as the sub-treasury is the cause of this monetary anarchy, there are those who deny its agency for evil in this matter. Blindness of the eyes is a pitiable misfortune, but blindness of the understanding is a punishable vice. It is self-induced, not natural, and therefore receives neither commiseration nor indeed toleration. We will be pardoned, then, for having little sympathy with those who look upon the condition of business during the past year as salutary and desirable. For such there are—mere experimentalists it is true—tyros in the science of which they claim to be professors. These dreamers regard commercial expansion as the worst of evils, and, reasoning with wonderful acuteness, they conclude that contraction, its antipode, is a healthful medicine for the body commercial, not only as a curative but also as a preventive of disease.

The same arguments which prove undue expansion to be hurtful, establish the hurtfulness of its antagonist, contraction. A

steady currency fostering steady business, is the desideratum demanded by commerce. But this can only be attained under a system suffering the fewest disturbing forces to act upon the currency. Such a system the sub-treasury is pre-eminently the antagonist of.

We have charged the sub-treasury with want of sympathy with individuals in respect to their private interests. In this view of the sub-treasury moral as well as economical questions are involved. In the method of conducting their financial concerns, those who undertake for the government have adopted different principles and maxims from those respected by individuals in their private transactions. The latter aim to preserve credit in a sound condition, the former to destroy it; the former are not content to apply their own doctrines to their own concerns, but aim to enforce them upon others, while the latter ask nothing but non-interference from their meddling neighbors. The government tries to throw impediments in the way of private individuals, under the pretence of keeping them in a sound condition. The government cramps the banks by withholding their specie, in order to prevent them from over-trading—not by restricting them to a limited amount of business, proportioned to their capital, for such a restriction on the part of the general government would be held by the strict construction friends of the sub-treasury to be an unconstitutional interference with the rights of the States; but by robbing them of their means of over-trading. On the other hand, the banks resort to restrictive measures, to check the influx of specie into the sub-treasury. The perpetual war thus kept up, soon awakens in the combatants a feeling, before long ripened into a conviction, that they have hostile interests and are natural enemies. In a republic, where respect and forbearance knit the bond of affection between the State and the citizens, and are virtues to be sedulously cultivated, such a collision is pre-eminently to be avoided.

It would require a very broad interpretation of the powers of the general government to allow it the prerogative of declaring that the commercial system adopting credit as its basis, which is in practice in all of the States of the Union as well as among all civilized people, is false in prin-

ciple, and must be coerced and straitened into accordance with the theory as it is propounded at Washington. Although it is within the power as it is the duty of the general government to arrange its own finances so as to give the greatest facilities to commercial transactions in the States, yet it is beyond the scope of its legitimate powers to legislate so as to overturn or impair the local institutions of the States. One implies the right to annul to some extent the force of the internal laws of the State regulating a subject not within the direct powers of the general government, while the other assumes, that it may with propriety give facilities to the operation of established institutions within the States.

The government may without doubt say, that it will receive nothing but gold and silver in payment of debts due to it; but when it sets on foot a system professedly aiming to modify or check the systems of internal commerce approved and in operation under the laws of the States, it is difficult to justify such interference, on grounds either of constitutionality or of necessity. Such an attempt should be looked upon with jealousy by the States; but above all should be condemned by State rights men.

It is a subject of common, almost universal complaint, that as a nation, we are without a national currency. An impression has existed, that such a currency is an inseparable incident of a national bank. Unless the operation of the proposed system is different from what its principles, as well as the experience of the past has demonstrated, a national currency can be obtained without a national bank.

It is not worth our while to stop to examine the reasons for affirming that a currency predicated upon a pledge of government stocks, and receivable as money at the different points in the United States, where receiving agencies of the Treasury are established, will have a wide and truly national circulation. The fact is self-evident, and results from the necessary laws of trade. Such a currency is offered. Not, however, in the form of the bills of one, or a limited number, of favored banking institutions, basking in the sunshine of government patronage, and outstripping the competition of less favored institutions, but as the currency of the nation, rising under impartial and undistinguishing pro-

tection to a uniform value. Let this distinction be borne in mind: the object of the guaranty system is not to create or extend the existing circulation within the States, but to place it upon a national footing. It is not proposed to build banks, and utter paper money, but to foster and protect those institutions which exist among us. One condition however is the price upon which this protection is granted: they must have a substantial property basis.

In the absence of such a currency, the bills issued in the great commercial cities only have the semblance of such a universal value, and even then, subject to so many qualifications and exceptions, that the banks that issue them enjoy but little advantage from that fact, and the people on their part are but slightly accommodated by them. Bills payable at a great commercial centre, such as New-York, have indeed a par value at every point from which the current of trade sets towards its centre; but it is otherwise with bills issued at points more or less remote from these centres. The standard of their value is the price they bring at the centre of trade, varied of course by other causes, but influenced chiefly by that. For this reason it would seem that the banks of New-York enjoy an advantage over the other institutions in the country, New-York bills having everywhere a par value, and sometimes a premium value for remittance, yet the fact is otherwise. As a desirable means of remittance, they are drawn from circulation, at every point remote from New-York, and are hurried back to the bank from which they issued.

The want of a national currency—by which name we call a currency fit for the nation—is indicated by the vast amount of depreciated paper which reaches our commercial cities, burdening trade, and ultimately resulting in the loss of the country consumer. Establish a national currency, and not only the issues of our commercial cities will be relieved and allowed a fair circulation, but even the circulation of the interior will be benefited. The sub-treasury would become a means of disseminating a sound currency throughout the country, which falling into the channels of trade would come back to us in the place of the depreciated issues of remote and

unknown banks. The country dealer will be enabled to procure a cheap and safe means of remittance, without either buying specie at an exorbitant advance, and incurring the expense and risk of transmission, or of sending the local currency of his neighborhood to be sold at a ruinous discount in the markets of the seaboard. It may be safely concluded that the tendency of the sub-treasury to disseminate the guarantied currency throughout the country would reduce the rates of exchange.

Under such a system we may look forward to the realization of that almost Utopian dream which has bewitched the imaginations of statesmen—a *sound national currency*. But this very soundness of the currency will draw down upon the system the indignation of a class who make up in *feeling* what they lack in reason. They distrust and dislike the entire credit system. They desire to prove the whole system to be rotten, and would be sadly disappointed should they find their opinions mistaken. From arguments levelled at all credit, and springing from a spirit that would have universal distrust one of the attributes of their paradise, it is impossible to shield any system ultimately based upon credit.

By the elevation of the guarantied currency, and the assurance which will be afforded of the ability of the banks uttering it to make good their engagements, sound banking will be encouraged. On the other hand the tendency of a sound currency to displace less trustworthy issues will tend to discourage mere speculative banking. It is with banks as with individuals—one that has much to lose will be careful in his operations, while the worthless are usually the speculative and the reckless of society. This principle will necessarily operate with the banks who have become depositors, to confine their operations to a safe business. While for the same reason the confidence of the community will be centred in such institutions, and the field of their operations correspondingly increased.

It is impossible to discover any tendency in the proposed system to favor undue expansion. Indeed it is difficult to comprehend how taking securities from the banks for the fulfilment of their engage-

men can act injuriously on any interest of society. On the contrary, we may conclude that by thus strengthening the banks speculative feeling will be in some measure restrained, although no system can prevent men who have become infatuated in the chase of sudden wealth from sacrificing any other interest to the ruling passion of the moment.

The plan proposed possesses an additional feature not to be overlooked. A variety of opinion exists in regard to loaning the public money to banks or individuals. Those who urge the propriety of such loans, found their opinion upon the fact that by that means specie will be prevented from becoming locked up, and made subservient to the purposes of trade. There is force in these arguments, and if the question lay simply between locking up the public moneys, and loaning them upon good security, they would carry the day. But on the other hand it is urged with much truth that such loans are apt to become a source of political influence, and to have a controlling influence upon the elections. Without attempting to weigh between the arguments stated, it is enough to say that a system which shall retain the specie of the country in its legitimate channels, without allowing of any considerable degree of favoritism, will be the choice of all who hold either of these opinions in moderation.

We have already seen too much of the disadvantages of locking up the specie of the country, to want proof that its release will be hailed as a public blessing. We need not again allude to this branch of the subject.

It is of some consequence to know what will be the effect of this system upon the banks. If they were to be largely the losers by measures adopted for the benefit of the public, it might be deemed inequitable to impose such burdens upon them. True, it will require capital in order to procure stock to be deposited; but that capital is well employed, drawing a remunerating interest, and the bank certainly ought not to complain if it is allowed privileges more than sufficient to compensate for the outlay necessary to bring it within the advantages offered by the system. It

is optional with every bank whether it will avail itself of the privileges secured by the proposed system; but it is evident that banks enough will be found ready to comply with the conditions upon which they acquire such marked advantages. There are not many of our banks who would prefer that the sub-treasury should drain their specie rather than their bills.

In bringing a system like the one proposed into working condition, there are more or less important questions to be solved. Some such as the following are suggested as worthy of grave consideration, viz.:—

Should the total amount of deposits be limited, and the circulation founded on them correspondingly curtailed, or the whole left free to be settled by the laws of trade and competition?

It may be safe to say, that in the adjustment of such inequalities as the imposition of limitations is intended to correct, the uniform law of trade usually works a sufficient cure. On these points there is abundant room for difference of opinion, though fortunately the decision of the question either way does not involve any very formidable results.

A question may arise in respect to the operation of the system, in conjunction with the Free Banking System of New-York. No serious difficulty could occur if banks already furnishing security under the State system, should be called upon to furnish additional securities, in order to come within the provisions of the U. S. system. It would certainly require an ample capital, but if they possess that capital, or can procure it, they lose nothing by the investment. But the free banking system might, without difficulty, give way to the more general application of its own principle. In that case, so far as the banks or individuals are concerned, it would be but a change of the deposit of securities from the hands of the Comptroller to those of the sub-treasurer. The Comptroller might be empowered, upon receiving a certificate of the deposit of stocks with the sub-treasurer, to issue bills in the same manner as if the deposit had been made with himself.

HON. JACOB COLLAMER,

OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ALTHOUGH there is perhaps no country where private wealth has so numerous and so valuable and important uses, there are few where its possession confers so little political or social influence, and certainly none where the accidental advantages of family and fortune are so powerless in compensating for the want of natural gifts, of diligent application, or of a virtuous life, as in the United States of America. Indeed there is no one circumstance more strongly or more favorably characteristic of our republican institutions, than the great frequency of the instances, in which persons who began life with no external advantages have been able, by the persevering exercise of uncommon moral faculties or intellectual powers, to raise themselves from the obscurest walks of life to stations of the highest honor, and the most commanding influence. And these cases have been so numerous, that they have come to be considered as but familiar exemplifications of a *rule*, paradoxical indeed, but almost inflexible, while the occasional success of one who starts from the seeming vantage-ground of hereditary wealth and powerful patronage, is regarded as a rare and even almost discreditable *exception*. Unhappily it is not true, that the elevation of our political men is always an homage to virtue, or an acknowledgment of the claims and the worth of exalted intellect, but it is unquestionably the *opinion* of intellectual power, which constitutes the most available title to popular favor. Contemporaneous public opinion is far from infallible, even in the most enlightened communities, and there is no more frequent error than that of mistaking *action* for *power*. There are persons, conspicuous *enough in their day*, whose supposed

energy consists merely in a nervous ability to remain in repose, who busy selves in outward action, barely because they are without internal resource who

Harangue the drowsy Senate loud and long
Because, forsooth, they cannot hold their tongue

The bustling and uneasy vanity, expends itself in frequent imbecilities, for a time eclipses the quiet and conscious power, which reserves itself for worthy occasions, to be then exerted in well considered efforts, whose effect is not felt, and whose inherent worth is not remembered, long after the crisis which they are then forth is passed over.

Among those who have, by their efforts, raised themselves to opulent distinction, there is a large class popularly known as "self-made men," an appellation designating not so much those who, in spite of external disadvantages, have acquired multifarious knowledge or intellectual discipline, as those whose assiduous application and sedulous attention to some humble end have enabled them to dispense with the learning and the talents which others rise, and who, having accomplished their own selfish purposes without such aid, think themselves justified in despising the knowledge and the talents which are the fruits of a well-ordered education; and are generally more ready for contempt of authority, and obstinacy with which they adhere to their own crude notions, than for ability to defend them, or power to move out of their narrow range of thought or action which habit has familiarized them.

But there is another side to the picture, and our country is fortunately able to

numerous examples of a far more creditable character than those to which we have hitherto referred. We are with reason proud of the energy and the virtues which have raised from obscurity to eminence so many of our ablest jurists and statesmen; and we take pleasure in presenting to our readers a highly favorable specimen of that class of distinguished Americans, who have earned for themselves the honorable position which the sober judgment of their countrymen has awarded to them, in the following biographical notice of a gentleman, whose public acts have already acquired for him a wider and more enduring reputation than he could receive from any commendation of ours. We refer to the Hon. Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, who, after a service of six years in the Congress of the United States, is now, to the great regret of all, to whom his public services are known, about to withdraw from political life.

The subject of this sketch had none of the early advantages which parents, mistakenly perhaps, are usually so solicitous to secure for their children, and owes nothing to adventitious circumstances of birth or fortune; though, if ancestral virtue is a just cause of pride, there are few who can boast a nobler escutcheon, for his *propositus* was one of the old Puritan stock, who preferred religious liberty in the wilderness to enforced conformity in a palace. Judge Collamer was born at Troy, New-York, and is a son of Samuel Collamer, a native of Scituate, in Massachusetts, and a soldier of the Revolution. In his childhood he removed with his father's family to Burlington, Vermont, and was graduated at the University there at an early age, in 1810. He immediately commenced the study of the law, made the frontier campaign of 1812 as a lieutenant of artillery in the detached militia in the service of the United States, and was admitted to the bar in 1813, having accomplished his course of preparatory, collegiate, and professional study, without any other pecuniary means than such as his own industry supplied him. From the time of his admission to the bar until the year 1833, he practised his profession in the counties of Orange and Windsor, with marked ability and success, under all the disadvantages of a competition with the eminent counsel by

which the bar of those counties was then distinguished. In the last named year (having in the mean time been often an active and influential member of the Legislature of Vermont) he was, without solicitation or expectation on his part, elected an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and was continued upon the bench, discharging his judicial duties with much credit, and to the general satisfaction of the profession, until the year 1842, when he declined a re-election. In 1843, he was elected to represent the second Congressional District of Vermont in the Congress of the United States, was re-elected in 1844 and 1846, and in 1848, much to the regret of his constituents, upon whom the eminent ability of his parliamentary career had reflected so great credit, he declined to be again a candidate.

The forensic life of a lawyer unhappily leaves few memorials, and there is, perhaps, no profession which demands the exercise of so great and so varied intellectual powers, and at the same time preserves and perpetuates so little of the mental effort it calls forth. The rarest dexterity in the conduct of a cause, the most masterly argumentation, the most persuasive eloquence, are often displayed before very obscure forums, and of these there remains no other record than a newspaper notice, or the reporter's meagre skeleton of the points taken by the counsel, and notes of the authorities cited, and which of course, like the subtle and ingenious pleadings in the case, are Greek to the "lay gents," and neither interesting nor intelligible to any save those who are of the same mystery. We are therefore unable to characterize the professional life of Judge Collamer further than by saying that he was conscientiously laborious in the preparation of his cases, and as diligent in the more general and systematic study of the law, as is practicable for a gentleman engaged in the active duties of that engrossing profession. His success, however, is well attested by the extent of his practice, the satisfaction of his clients, and the general voice of the Vermont Bar. As a judicial officer, Judge Collamer was able, industrious and courteous, and discharged the duties of that laborious station, sitting both at *nisi prius* and in bank, to the general acceptance of the legal pro-

fession and of the public. Of this no better proof is needed than the fact already adverted to, that he was annually re-elected for nine successive years, without opposition or objection, and he might doubtless have remained upon the bench as much longer as it suited his inclination to serve.

An inspection of the legal opinions delivered by him on solemn argument, as recorded in the Vermont Reports, will show that he has aimed to present the points adjudged in as lucid, orderly, and condensed a form as practicable, not embarrassing the resolutions of the court with hypothetical cases, or *obiter dicta*, but striving to rest on what my Lord Coke in his quaint Latin-English somewhere calls the ancient *sincerity* of the law, which is certainly in great and growing danger of being irrecoverably sophisticated by the torrents of diffuse and verbose legal learning with which our many American tribunals are deluging the land, to the confusion of the student, and the sore embarrassment of his exchequer. As specimens of Judge Collamer's judicial style, condensation and method, we refer to *Wheeler vs. Wheeler*, 11 Vermont Reports, 60, and *Carpenter vs. Hollister et al.*, 13 V. R. 552; in both of which, he pronounced judgment, in opinions encumbered by no unnecessary parade of authority, but remarkable for clear, concise, and logical argument.

As a *nisi prius* justice, Judge Collamer was successful in the rapid dispatch of the heavy dockets of his circuit by Confining the counsel to the true points at issue, and by the prompt decision of the law of the case, at the same time affording every facility for testing the soundness of his ruling, by exception.

While on the bench he was elected a member of a convention called for the purpose of revising and amending the constitution of the State, and it is mainly to his efforts that Vermont is indebted for an amendment to the constitution providing for a *Senate* as a co-ordinate branch of the law-making power, a necessary check upon legislation, which before was wanting.

The congressional life of Judge Collamer is so well known to the readers of this Review, that it is not necessary to particularize his parliamentary services in detail.

We may, however, enumerate his printed speeches, which are remarkable for great conciseness, clearness and simplicity of method, as well as for sound and lawyer-like logic. His first speech, on the right of members elected by certain States to the House of Representatives in the twenty-eighth Congress by general ticket, contrary to a law of the twenty-seventh Congress, was very well received, and had a marked influence on the course of the debate, and, as it is believed, on the subsequent action of some of those States, all of which now elect by districts, in compliance with the law of 1842. His next speech was on wool, woollens, and the policy of the tariff of 1842, and was very widely circulated and highly commended. He also spoke against the annexation of Texas, and against the Tariff bill of 1846, with much ability, but without effect; argument, however cogent, being powerless against the decrees of the Baltimore Convention. His remaining parliamentary efforts are a speech on the Mexican war, and another upon the message announcing the termination of that unhappy conflict. We dwell the less upon these performances, although they have great merit, because the discussions of which they formed a part, excited, from the nature of their subjects, a wide and general interest, and they have been so extensively read that further special notice of them is superfluous. It is in another field of much intrinsic importance, but the relations of which to the great interests of the Union are not well understood, that Judge Collamer's labors have been, perhaps, most valuable and hitherto most effective. We refer to the administration of our most splendid national patrimony—the public land. There has been no instance in the history of free nations, in which so vast a fund of material wealth has been committed to a people, and no government had ever before the pecuniary means of doing so much for the physical and moral improvement of the condition of its subjects, without impoverishing them by burdensome imposts or taxation. But this is not the place to dwell on the selfish and ungenerous schemes, through which certain sections of the Union are seeking to monopolize for themselves the entire advantages of this great source of national wealth, or

the mistaken philanthropy, the financial folly, or the profligate demagoguism which would renounce this noble inheritance, and throw it open to occupancy by combinations of speculators or the hordes of half-civilized bores, whom so inviting a prospect would lure hither from the darkest and most depraved quarters of Europe. Suffice it to say, that as a member of the Committee on Public Lands in the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth Congresses, and as chairman of that committee in the thirtieth, Judge Collamer has steadfastly and successfully resisted all these projects, whether openly proposed as donations without consideration, or insidiously clothed in the disguise of graduation bills, though supported by all the official, and, to the shame of the present administration be it said, *personal* influence of the cabinet. The defeat of the graduation bill of 1846 is in a great measure to be ascribed to Judge Collamer's powerful and unanswerable arguments in a speech on the floor of the House, which was unfortunately never prepared for the press, and his report on that subject at the first session of the present Congress has done as much to disabuse public sentiment, and disseminate correct information in regard to the public lands, as any document that has ever emanated from the House of Representatives.

Besides these more public labors, Judge Collamer has suggested various improvements in the conduct of this branch of the public service, which have received the high approbation of the department, and among which we may specify particularly the construction of maps of all the public lands, on a plan which not only shows the locality of every quarter section, but indicates at a glance, whether it has been opened to entry, is sold, or remains in market.*

* The following letter from the Commissioner of the Land Office will show the estimation in which Judge Collamer's services are held by that bureau:—

GENERAL LAND OFFICE,
Washington City, January 1, 1849. }

SIR:—Understanding that you declined being a candidate for re-election to a seat in the National Legislature, and that, consequently, your legislative duties will terminate with the present session of Congress, I cannot, consistently with my feelings, suffer our official relations to be dissolved without an expression of the high estimate enter-

In regard to Judge Collamer's position as a member of the House of Representatives, we may say with truth that it is even higher than public opinion has ascribed to

tained by this Department, of the public services you have rendered, while presiding as Chairman over the Committee on Public Lands, in the House of Representatives of the United States.

Among the highest and most important duties devolving upon a Representative of the people in the American Congress, is his co-operation by wise legislation, in the proper and judicious management of our wide-spread public domain, stretching as it now does from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, ranging through climates of every temperature, and embracing an empire area of more than fourteen hundred and forty-two millions of acres.

The machinery of our public land system is now operating upon the greater part of the politically organized portions of this extensive domain; but beautiful, and comparatively perfect and efficient as that land system is, it necessarily requires, and indeed it is a principle of the system itself, that it should be adapted, by the wisdom and skill of the enlightened legislator, to the new and increasing exigencies or events which are ever arising, as the peaceful armies of this mighty Republic are advancing westward towards the shores of the Pacific, with axe in hand to fell the forests, lay the foundations of cities, and rear enduring monuments to the triumphs of Republican civilization.

Coming, as you did, from an elder member of the Confederacy, you have not been brought into those intimate relations with the frontier States, which a residence among them would naturally produce.

But, sir, permit me, in the name and behalf of the people of the new States, and of our Territory, to thank you for bringing, in the discharge of your various, complicated, and most arduous public duties, to the aid of a strong, well-improved, and comprehensive intellect, your sympathies upon those subjects which most concern them; for the lively interest which you have ever manifested in their welfare; and for the energy and efficiency with which, as a legislator, you have caused measures, the best calculated to protect and promote their interest, to assume the form and force of legal enactments.

It is proper, also, to remark, that while you have been thus liberal to the new States, you have not been unmindful of your duty to the old.

The rapidity of emigrations and settlements has been such, that almost everywhere, and in every direction, the march of the pioneer has been in advance of the public surveys. Looking to this fact, with the eye not only of a wise and considerate legislator, but also that of a true philanthropist, you have always manifested not only a willingness, but an anxious desire to protect their improvements, and to secure to them their homes, by a proper extension of the pre-emption system to the unsurveyed lands, as fast as the Indian title is extinguished, and at the same time to

him. His formal efforts have been comparatively so few, that his name appears much less frequently in the Congressional Globe than those of many members of far

make liberal donations of land, for the education of their children.

Among the important measures you have proposed and advocated, and which have been adopted by the House of Representatives, at your suggestion, is the Resolution of the last session, authorizing the construction, under my superintendence, as Commissioner, of sectional maps of the twelve land States, showing the progress of the public surveys, and disposition of the public lands by sales and otherwise, from the commencement of the land system, up to the present period.

To the statesmen of the present day, and to those who are to succeed you and your co-legislators, this well-devised work, now in a course of successful progress, will prove eminently valuable, as it will exhibit in a condensed and systematic form, an authentic and comprehensive history of the survey and disposition of the public lands, until the whole shall have been disposed of. It will also be a highly useful acquisition to the new States in which these lands are situated, as well as to the whole country.

Tendering to you my official and personal acknowledgments for the kind and respectful consideration which you have at all times bestowed upon the measures recommended by this Department, and for the very able manner in which you have uniformly advocated the best interests of the whole country, in reference to a proper disposition of the public domain, I am, dear sir,

Yours, most respectfully,

RICHARD M. YOUNG, Commissioner.

HON. JACOB COLLAMER, of Vermont, Chairman of the Committee on the Public Lands, United States House of Representatives.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }
Jan. 10th, 1849. }

DEAR SIR:—I acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 1st inst., in which you are pleased to express in terms of undeserved approbation, your views of my course as Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands. Such an opinion from one so competent to decide, I gratefully appreciate.

The more intimately the performance of my duty on the committee has acquainted me with the operation of our general land system, the more I have admired it. It is the child of experience crowned with success. It is successfully leading out the human family to possess their broad patrimony, under the sanction of law and the protection of government, attended with a degree of individual and social prosperity unparalleled in the history of man. It is to be hoped that this successful experiment, advantageous alike to the settlers and the nation, may not be put in jeopardy by any restless spirit of innovation, rapacity or agrarianism. Nor should the system be changed for any partial or local evils, but I entirely concur with you in the opinion that such

inferior standing; and as he keeps no letter-writer in pay, he has received fewer newspaper puffs than some "notabilities" who are very conspicuous in the *Fog City Daily News*, but are never heard of at Washington. Nor has he aspired to the dignity of a party leader, and all his speeches have been as remarkable for candor and courtesy to his opponents as for ability; though a certain gentleman from the South, who, upon his fifth repetition of a speech against the protective policy, was suddenly extinguished by Judge Collamer, will be able to testify that he understands how to wield the *argumentum ad hominem* with dexterity and effect. Whilst therefore he has no especial weight as a mere partisan, we risk nothing in saying that no member of the House of Representatives is more attentively and respectfully listened to by both sides of the House, and none certainly is possessed of more general and available influence, than Judge Collamer.

As a popular speaker he is extremely acceptable, and few speeches have been more effective before a New-England audience than his addresses during the late political campaign. He is eminently successful in making intelligible to common apprehension the more obscure principles of our system, and developing the true theory of our constitution as a strictly popular government, distinguished from despotism and aristocracy on the one hand, and mobocratic anarchy on the other. His discussions of the use and abuse of the veto

cases should be provided for by judicious legislation, adapted thereto, so far as the same can be done without interfering with or compromising the essential features of the general system. Such a course is, indeed, the true way to sustain and perpetuate that system.

If I have been enabled to perform any valuable service to the public in relation to this great branch of the national interests, it is in a great degree owing to the courtesy and aid which has been extended to me, in all my official intercourse with the department, more especially since it has been under your own personal, able and efficient administration.

As our official relations and intercourse are now soon to cease, you will permit me to take this occasion to return you my sincere thanks for the *personal* as well as official courtesy I have ever received from yourself and the officers of your department. I am, sir, respectfully,

Your humble servant,

J. COLLAMER.

HON. R. M. YOUNG, Commissioner of the General Land Office.

power, and his exposures of the corrupt practices of this administration in debauching the legislation of the country, enlivened as they have been by much good-humored sarcasm and apposite and felicitous illustration, have been especially serviceable in retaining within her proper orbit, from which disorganizers fondly hoped to wrest her, that noble member of our political constellation, whose constancy to Whig principles has long since become proverbial—and they are believed to have borne fruit also even in New Hampshire.

The social and domestic history of political men does not become public property until after their decease, and upon this theme therefore we can enter no further than to remark, that the private life of Judge Collamer has been as exemplary as his public career has been honorable. His integrity as a man and as a statesman has never been assailed, and his life, in all its relations, has attested the sincerity of his faith in that religion of which he has long been a consistent professor and a firm supporter.

SONNET.

Or your sweet looks I ne'er had surfeited,
 Debarred of closer union by cold eyes,
 The stars that warred against our destinies :
 Affection waned not, by such lustre fed ;
 For hope the ethereal sympathy bested.
 But form is usher, only, to that guest
 Love looks for ; nor is beauty, to his mind,
 More than a torturing mistress of unrest,
 That real, in the unreal, asks to find.
 And though, in hours renunciant, we bind,
 With vows effectual seeming, the free thought,
 Of finer tissue is Love's nature wrought,
 Than virtue wots of ;—and elusive glides,
 Her rude bands slipping from his rosy sides.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.*

BOTH Houses of Congress assembled and were organized on Monday, Dec. 4. On Tuesday they listened to the reading of the President's Message—a document whose somewhat peculiar merits have already attracted such general attention as to make further reference to it here unnecessary. On Thursday, in the Senate, Mr. King of Alabama announced the death of his colleague, the Hon. Dixon H. Lewis, which took place in the city of New-York, on the 25th October last, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

Mr. Lewis was a native of Georgia, and was educated at the college of South Carolina. Having studied law and been admitted to practise in the courts of Alabama, he for a time devoted himself to that profession, with the promise of attaining great eminence therein. But the inclination of his mind leading him to engage in politics, he obtained a seat in the State Legislature, where he soon acquired a commanding influence. About the year 1829 he was elected a representative in Congress, where he continued to serve with much distinction until the spring of 1844—securing the respect and confidence of all parties by his talents, firmness, and urbanity. At the latter period he was selected to fill a vacancy from his State in the U. S. Senate, and was last winter re-appointed for the full term of six years.

Mr. Lewis was a consistent member of the "party of negotiations," and in the words of Mr. King, "while a member of the Legislature, rendered himself conspicuous by an able advocacy of resolutions denying to Congress the power to establish a national bank, to impose a tariff for protection, or to execute works of internal improvement;" to which principles he adhered throughout the whole of the stormy and changeful period of his service in the National Councils.

One incident attending the selection of his final resting-place—remote from all the hallowed associations of home—is of so touching a nature that we cannot refrain from quoting it from the remarks of Senator Dix of this State, on the above occasion:—

"It is said, (with what truth I do not that Mr. Lewis, when he first visited wood, intimated a wish, if he should die in that neighborhood, that his remains might be deposited there. I have before me a letter from one of his most intimate friends in New-York who says: 'A year ago, he visited Greece and was enchanted with it. He often repeated this visit, and spoke of the cemetery as a place others suited to be the last resting-place. It was, therefore, with melancholy pleasure we selected it for him!'"

After eloquent and somewhat extensive remarks upon the character and history of the deceased, by Messrs. King of Alabama, Dix and Dickinson of New York, the adjourned over till Monday, Dec. 11; on that day the Vice-President laid before it the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury; this we learn that the receipts for the year ending June 30, 1848, were—

From customs,	\$31,757
From public lands,	3,328
From miscellaneous sources,	351
From avails of loans and treasury notes,	21,256

Total receipts,	\$56,692
Add balance in the treasury, July 1, 1847,	1,701

Total means,	58,394
The expenditures during the same fiscal year were	58,241

Leaving balance in the treasury, July 1, 1848, 15

The Secretary's estimates of receipts and expenditures for the next two years, based on the present condition of our resources, show a balance in the treasury at the end of the term, viz. July 1, 1850, of \$5,040,542 1/2, thus preventing the necessity for further loan, and providing for the reduction of the public debt. From this satisfactory conclusion he proceeds to a review of the operation of the tariff and a comparison of it with that of 1847.

* Under this head it is our intention to publish, from month to month, an abstract of the proceedings in Congress on those questions of general and permanent interest which may come under its consideration, passing over all such as are only of a private or local bearing. This abstract, for economy of space, and other obvious reasons, will necessarily be mostly confined to the discussions in the House of Representatives, though whenever any shall occur in the other House of great interest, we shall endeavor to insert them in our summary.

comes an elaborate revamping of the old arguments on the beauties and blessings of free trade, whither we cannot follow him without transcending our limits. We are so struck, however, with the force of imagination displayed in one paragraph, that we must be permitted to quote it:—

*The earth, the sun, and countless systems wheeling through universal space, move onward in perfect order and beauty. * * * * The natural laws which control trade between nations, and regulate the relation between capital and profits on the one hand, and wages and labor on the other, are perfect and harmonious, and the laws of man which would effect a change are always injurious. *The laws of political economy are fixed and certain. Let them alone*, is all that is required of man; let all international exchanges of products move as freely in their orbits as the heavenly bodies in their spheres, and their order and harmony will be as perfect, and their results as beneficial, as is every movement under the laws of nature, when undisturbed by the errors and interference of man."

"In the absence of tariffs, the division of labor would be according to the laws of nature in each nation," he remarks a little further on; all which will be delightfully true and incontrovertible when the millennium shall have supervened to reduce the erratic tendencies of poor human nature to that order and harmony of the spheres, which it is doubtless the intention of Providence they shall finally assume. From this he proceeds to a magniloquent estimate of the value of our acquisitions on the Pacific, indulging in rapturous visions of the future wealth and glory to result from the establishment of a trade thence with Asia; instancing the examples of Tyre, Sidon, &c., (would he have us emulate also the corruption and debasement which rendered them at last, as our Bibles tell us, monuments of Divine wrath?) as incentives to our ambition. The recommendation for reciprocal free trade with the Canadas is renewed, and a similar reciprocity with Mexico recommended. Several millions of dollars were added to our revenues by the tariff imposed upon Mexico during our recent contest there—a prudent example, which the Secretary recommends to all future belligerents. The necessity for the establishment of a branch mint at New York is again set forth, and fortified with arguments of irresistible force—especially should the operation of the "constitutional treasury" be made permanent; which operation the Secretary proceeds to explain and commend. He next felicitates himself upon the success of a ruse he practised upon the capitalists of the country, which consisted in withholding the proposals for the loan authorized by the law of last March until the moment when all hearts should be elated with news of the definitive termina-

tion of the war his superior had been waging—realizing thereby, for the government, in the shape of premium, the pretty little sum of \$187,168 66. The total amount of public debt is stated at \$65,404,450 41. The coast survey has been making great and rapid progress. In addition to very extensive operations upon the Atlantic and Gulf coast, the work has already been commenced on the Pacific.

A motion was made for the printing of 20,000 extra copies of the above report, on the ground that it was looked upon by the mover as embodying a new system of finance—which, however, had been long enough in operation to be tested by the people. Upon this an animated debate sprung up; Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, contending that the people had, upon a fair presentation of the question, decided against that system, and that it was chiefly through the opposition thereto that the candidate of the Democratic party had been defeated at the late election. Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, thought the question of the tariff had not entered very largely into the late contest; on the contrary, it had turned mainly upon the question as to which of the nominees was the most genuine free soil man, and the country had decided that question in favor of General Taylor. The motion was further opposed as an unnecessary and useless waste of public money, and supported on the ground that the country needed enlightenment in regard to its financial interests, and finally passed.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, presented the memorial of Wm. H. Aspinwall and others in relation to the construction of a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama. This memorial sets forth that the time seems to have arrived for this country to achieve an enterprise which for more than three centuries, under some aspect, has been contemplated and proposed by all the great powers of Europe; that the Pacific Mail Company, comprising the memorialists, immediately upon assuming their contract for the transportation of the U. S. mails from Panama to California, fitted out an expedition for an examination and survey of the isthmus, with a view to the construction of a wagon or plank road; that the result of that survey had satisfied them this would be a work of far greater magnitude than they had expected; that in the meantime a treaty having been negotiated between the United States and New Grenada, securing to the former a free and uninterrupted right of way across the isthmus, the memorialists, having in their possession all the maps, drawings and other information procured by the Pacific Mail Company, had obtained from the republic of New Grenada an exclusive grant or privilege of ninety-nine years for the construction of a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama. The memorialists ask no pecuniary aid in the construction of the work, but a contract for the transportation

thereon, for a period of twenty years, of the mails, troops, and naval and military stores of the United States, and its public agents, at a sum not exceeding that now specified by law to be paid for the transportation of the mails alone from New York to Liverpool; provided that the memorialists shall commence the said railroad within one year and complete it within three years.

Mr. Douglas also introduced a bill for the admission of California as a State into the Union; stating, as his reasons for doing so, that the discovery of vast mineral wealth in that territory, and the establishment of facilities for communication therewith, has invited so great a tide of emigration thither, as to give reason to believe that it will soon possess a population far exceeding that requisite for her admission into this confederacy as a State; and that he despaired of any territorial bill being passed at this session of Congress, three different bills presented for that purpose having already been rejected. His bill provides for the erection of all the territory acquired from Mexico into one State, by the name of the State of California, Congress reserving the right at any time to form new States out of any portion of said territory lying east of the Sierra Nevada mountains; the State to be divided into two judicial districts.

SLAVERY IN NEW MEXICO.

Wednesday, Dec. 13, Mr. Benton presented a petition from citizens of New Mexico, praying for the organization of a territorial government, protesting against the dismemberment of their territory in favor of Texas, and containing the following clause on the subject of slavery:—

"We do not desire to have domestic slavery within our borders, and until the time shall arrive for our admission into the Union as a State, we desire to be protected by Congress against their introduction among us."

A motion having been made by Mr. Benton, and seconded by Mr. Clayton, of Delaware, for the printing and reference of this petition, Mr. Calhoun rose, not to oppose the motion, but to express his opinion that the people of New Mexico had not made a respectful, but on the contrary a most insolent petition. That people were conquered, he said, by the very men they wish to exclude from that territory, and he protested against being governed by a consideration presented under such circumstances. Mr. Benton disclaimed for the petitioners any intention to be violent or impertinent, denying that there was anything of that kind on the face of the paper. Mr. Calhoun said that he looked upon the rights of the *Southern States*, proposed to be excluded from

this territory, as a high constitutional principle. He said their right to go there with their property was unquestionable, and guaranteed by the Constitution, and repeated that he considered the petition to be insolent. Mr. Rush, of Texas, asserted the title of Texas to all the territory lying this side of the Rio Grande. As an act of justice, a territorial government should be established in New Mexico, but he protested against including therein any territory belonging to, and which had cost the blood and treasure of Texas. When the latter had concluded, Mr. Benton rose to say that he had brought in the petition in such a manner as he thought would avoid discussion, for which this was not the proper time; but since an imputation of insolence had been made and persevered in, he would say that if any part of that paper could be considered insolent, it must be that relating to slavery. If so, he would say that, perhaps without knowing it, these petitioners have used the very words of the petition of the General Assembly of Virginia to George the Third, before the breaking out of the Revolution; and though George the Third did not grant their petition, he never heard that he said it was insolent in the General Assembly to present it. Mr. Calhoun denied the justness of the comparison the Senator had made—the two cases were antagonistic. "These memorialists are a conquered people—conquered by the arms of the United States, and especially by troops drawn from the Southern States; and for them to turn round and propose to exclude us, it is the very height of insolence, if the Senator from Missouri does not see it." Mr. Benton asserted that only the constitutional rights of these people had been represented in this proceeding; that, conquered or unconquered—a portion of New Mexico or Texas—they had a constitutional right to present their petition there; that he was quite sure that every subject these memorialists had presented was a fair subject of legislation, and they had presented them in respectful terms; and that he would not hear the term "insolent" applied to them, without saying and repeating, in a manner such as should be heard, that the assertion was unfounded and gratuitous. Mr. Calhoun complained that the Senator had misunderstood him; he did not say the petition was unconstitutional, but that it undertook to exclude nearly one-half the Union from territory that belongs to the States collectively.

Mr. Westcott, of Florida, endeavored to show from *prima facie* evidence that the document under consideration, instead of being an expression, as it purported to be, of the sentiment of the people of New Mexico, was the production of a mere gathering of a few people about Santa Fe, and as such undeserving of notice. There were but fourteen signatures to the paper, "three Yankees and eleven Mexicans,"

and it bore no evidence on its face that these had been in any way authorized to act for the people of New Mexico. Moreover, he discarded the notion that the people of a newly annexed territory have any right to the control of this question, or that, before the territory becomes a state, the inhabitants can be regarded as "a people" in the political and constitutional sense of the term. Mr. Benton replied that upon its face the document was the petition of an organized convention, representing the whole body of the people, and if there was any abuse or imposition, it was in the attempt to represent it as the unauthorized act of a few individuals.

Mr. Clayton regretted exceedingly that this debate had occurred. He would not make any further remarks if he did not think that some of the observations of the Senators from Florida (Mr. Westcott) and South Carolina (Mr. Calhoun) would unjustly prejudice the object of these petitioners. In reply to the first, he stated that the petition came accredited to the Senator from Missouri and himself by letters from persons residing in New Mexico, and they believed, by every evidence laid before them, that it was a genuine petition of a great number of persons, assembled at Santa Fe for the purpose of obtaining protection as a people. They are now without law and protection, and they humbly ask this Congress to give them the protection of civil government. He thought the gentleman from South Carolina would, on reflection, reconsider the charge of insolence with respect to this petition. "If it was insolent it must be disrespectful, and if it was so towards any portion of the Senate, he would admit that it ought not to be received. But there was nothing disrespectful in it. "These gentlemen say they are opposed to the introduction of slavery there. I care not whether they are abolitionists or not—have they not a right to say that? Suppose a petition to be presented here by other citizens of that territory, praying that slavery should be introduced there, would any gentleman say such a petition was disrespectful to half the country—to the great North, who maintained throughout the great political campaign which the country has just passed through, that there should be no slavery in New Mexico or California?" Mr. Calhoun replied by reiterating and reinforcing his former position; and after the debate had been considerably prolonged, mainly in relation to the genuineness of the document, and the philosophy of conventions in general, the question on the printing and reference to the appropriate committee, was carried by a large majority.

RAILROAD ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

On Thursday, 13th, Mr. Benton, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill authorizing and directing the Secretary of the

Navy to enter into a contract, for a period not exceeding twenty years, with William H. Aspinwall, John L. Stephens, and Henry Chauncey, of New-York, for the transportation by steam of the mails, naval and army supplies, &c., over a railroad to be constructed across the Isthmus of Panama, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, at a sum not exceeding three fourths of the amount now stipulated by law to be paid for the transportation of the mails alone from New-York to Liverpool. After some little debate—Mr. Benton urging speedy action in order that the work might be commenced during the present dry season at the isthmus, and Mr. Cameron desiring delay for the purpose of giving an opportunity for competition in what must prove so profitable an undertaking—the bill was made the special order of business for Monday next.

Monday, Dec. 18th, the above bill coming up for consideration, Mr. Benton remarked that the persons named are practically acquainted with what they undertake to do. One of them, Mr. Stephens, is known throughout the reading world for his travels in a part of South America, lying near the country over which this road is to run. He has besides examined every inch of the ground in company with skilful engineers, to ascertain for himself not only the practicability but the cost of the work. He has knowledge upon the subject, without which it is in vain for anybody to undertake it. The company who apply for this privilege have capital to accomplish it, and an interest in its completion. They are the contractors for the transportation of the mails on the other side of the isthmus, and have already put afloat three steamers for that purpose at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars. They are thus directly interested in providing the means of accomplishing, in the shortest possible time, the transit across the isthmus of the "persons and things" on the transportation of which their success on the other side depends. Mr. Benton stated as another reason why they should have this contract, that they are already in possession of the privilege from the government of New Grenada of opening this road, and read a letter in confirmation thereof from General Herran, minister of that government at Washington. Their contract with New Grenada gives them eight years to accomplish that work; but they are ready to make extraordinary efforts, and to accomplish it within less than half that time.

Mr. Breese hoped that the Senator from Missouri would not attempt to precipitate action upon this bill. He rose to state that he had received information upon which he could implicitly rely, that a far more beneficial proposition would soon be presented to the Senate. If he understood anything about it, this road would be about fifty miles in length, which, at fifty thousand dollars per mile, would cost a

little more than two millions of dollars. This bill proposes to pay to them for twenty years six millions of dollars for government transportation of all kinds, leaving a profit of four millions, independently of the tolls levied on the commerce that may pass over the route.

Mr. Hale's impressions were all very strongly against this bill, and he wished to be informed about it. He thought that by the 35th article* of the treaty with the Government of New Grenada, the Government of the United States were empowered to prescribe the mode and manner and terms upon which the citizens of the United States are to enjoy the privilege of constructing a railroad; and it is not competent for any such citizens to go in and buy a contract with the Government of New Grenada, subsequent to this treaty, and say to this Government, "Your hands are tied; you cannot accomplish your object except by contracting with us." One of the reasons assigned for the passage of this bill is, that these gentlemen have already very vast contracts on the other side of the isthmus. He (Mr. Hale) supposed that this must be on the principle that to those who have much much shall be given. If this bill should lie over, he would propose an amendment, instructing the Secretary of the Navy to issue proposals to the whole people of the United States, and see if there cannot be three other gentlemen found every way as well qualified as these to construct this railroad.

Mr. Benton did not wish to take any vote upon this bill to-day. He was willing to put it off from day to day, until Senators could have an opportunity to examine it. The only way by which this subject could be understood was to leave it open and discuss it. When Congress established the mail line of steamers for connecting these two parts of America, it was stipulated that the gentlemen who have the contract on this side should carry the mails as far as Chagres, and that those on the other side should carry them from Chagres across the isthmus to the Pacific coast. There is, then, in the hands of these gentlemen at this time, not merely the privilege, but the obligation to carry the mails from Chagres across

the isthmus. They have already dispatched a small steamer, both for their own advantage and, from considerations of humanity, to provide against the detention of passengers at Chagres, which the Senator described as a place inhabited by a people with whom it could not be desirable for any one to stay over night. As to the amount to be paid, there is nothing stipulated for any sum or for any time. The Secretary is only authorized to contract at a rate not exceeding certain rules, and for a period of time not exceeding a certain number of years. He may make the rate and the time as much below that as he can bring down the parties.

Mr. Allen wished to know whether the intention of this bill was to transfer the right of transit acquired by treaty, from the Government and the people of the United States to a company in New-York; or whether everybody in the United States shall have the right to go there and make a road, canal, railroad, or anything else. Mr. Benton replied, that as concerned the railroad, the right was exclusive for a limited time; the grant was for ninety-nine years. But as to transit, every person could go according to his choice—on foot through the woods, on mules, or in any manner he may please.

Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, objected that the bill not only *authorized* but *directed* the Secretary of the Navy to enter into this contract. It gives him no option at all, but compels him to enter into such a contract as this bill prescribes; and with no other limitation of the amount to be paid than that it shall not exceed three fourths of that now paid for the transportation of the mails from New-York to Liverpool, equal to three hundred thousand dollars per annum. This amount the Secretary is compelled to give, if these gentlemen refuse to contract for anything short of it. He then repeated and enforced the statement of Mr. Breese, as to the disproportionate profit on the cost of construction this would give them. He had another objection. He had not seen the contract into which these gentlemen were said to have entered with the Government of New Grenada. He had understood that by its terms they might fix any amount of toll for the transportation of passengers and merchandise across the isthmus. The only other route is around the cape, and by charging five per cent. less than the cost on this route, they would get the whole travel. Nobody could tell what an immense profit this would bring to the company. If we pass this bill as it stands, we place in the hands of these gentlemen four millions of dollars, and a charter—for it is literally a charter—under which they may impose millions and millions more, not only for twenty years, but for the whole period that their road may last. As to the suggestion that these particular gentlemen

* That article is as follows:—

"The Government of New Grenada guaranties to the Government of the United States that the right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama upon any modes of communication that now exist, or that may hereafter be constructed, shall be open and free to the Government and citizens of the United States for the transportation of any articles of produce, manufacture, merchandise, and commerce belonging to the citizens of the United States; and that no other tolls or charges shall be levied on the citizens of the United States or their merchandise, than are *levied upon the citizens of New Grenada.*"

would have a decided advantage over others in such an undertaking, why, he (Mr. Johnson) would be very glad to undertake it without a dollar of capital belonging to himself, for whoever has the certainty of receiving the six millions from the United States Government will be greatly facilitated in obtaining the one and a half or two millions necessary to accomplish the work.

Mr. Benton could not join the Senator from Maryland in his calculations. They could not set up their opinion as to the cost of the construction of the road, in opposition to the estimate of competent engineers. The receipts for transportation could not be considered in the light of profits to the company. There would have to be continually a large outlay on the road after transportation had commenced upon it, which would absorb those receipts. If we were to go upon the assumption that all the receipts are clear profits, we might well be astonished to see how rapidly fortunes could be made.

Mr. Breese wished to correct a slight misunderstanding which seemed to prevail in regard to one of the sections of the bill. It appeared to him from the language of that section, that they would receive the six millions of dollars whether they construct a railroad the whole distance or not. As they have sent a steamboat to ply upon the Chagres river, the whole land travel will not exceed twenty-five miles, which would make their outlay not more than one million of dollars.

The Senate here adjourned; and the following day, the subject having been resumed, Mr. Benton stated that he had obtained the contract made between the New Grenadian Government and the company which held the grant originally. It was in Spanish, and of considerable length. He therefore moved that it be translated and printed. Mr. Cameron desired, also, the printing of the contract originally made with a French company, upon which the present one was based. Mr. Westcott could not see any necessity for the introduction of this contract. They had no right to legislate with reference to such arrangements. The only questions for their consideration were, whether these parties have the exclusive road, and whether they have the power and ability to perform the services they have engaged to perform upon certain conditions. Mr. Foote said, it had been intimated to him that there were clauses in the contract which could not be carried into execution without serious detriment to certain substantial interests of a portion of the citizens of this republic. He thought it must therefore be evident to the Senator from Florida and others, that the original contract should be brought before them, in order to avoid some serious blunder, and the possible production of much mischief to great public interests.

Mr. Allen would oppose any proposition

which had for its object to confer on a select body of men a monopoly of the transit commerce of the two hemispheres across the Isthmus of Panama. If any gentlemen have agreed with the Government of New Grenada for the right to construct a road there, let them make it. They need no legislation of ours, to enable them to make it; and the only question with him was, why come they here? The right of transit which we have acquired by treaty implies also the right to make the means of transit. This, viewed as a national right, is a privilege worth more to the people of the United States than that of passing over an equal distance anywhere else on the surface of the globe, and he would as soon think of granting a monopoly of the navigation of the globe as of the transit commerce across the Isthmus of Panama. The whole of our transportation, as a Government, will not perhaps amount to ten thousand dollars worth of freight yearly; whilst our transportation as a nation will amount, perhaps, within ten or fifteen years, to the value of a hundred millions annually. We want this right of transit for all; and the only way to secure it is to keep it out of the hands of monopolists and under the control of the Government, so that the whole people, if they choose, can construct roads and canals across, and use them as they please. Mr. Allen, in reply to a question from Mr. Foote, subsequently stated, that he believed the Government of the United States had not only a constitutional right, but it would become its imperative duty, to open a passage across the isthmus.

Mr. Cameron stated that he desired the production of all the papers in relation to this matter, in order to see whether these gentlemen had actually made a contract. His impression was that they had made a conditional contract with New Grenada, to be complete upon the contingency of their forming an agreement with this Government. He was utterly opposed to connecting the public treasury with the interests of individuals. It had been practised in his State, and ended by involving it in a debt of forty millions of dollars. He did not consider this work of sufficient magnitude to require the assistance of Government. In his State the Portage Railroad, across the Alleghany mountains, had been constructed, with its expensive inclined planes and machinery, at a cost not exceeding two millions of dollars; and we are told that the Panama road, which is but a small affair in comparison, will cost fifteen or twenty millions. The profits of the trade which would pass over the road would of itself be sufficient to induce men of capital and of enterprise to undertake the work, without a guaranty of three hundred thousand dollars per annum from the Government for twenty years. But if a contract were entered into, he desired to have the tolls so regulated by law as to prevent any imposition being practised upon our citizens. We

ought also to have some guaranty against their selling the road after it shall have been made, and that it shall be constructed in a proper manner, with all the guards and securities which experience and science can furnish.

Mr. Douglas could not comprehend the argument against this measure on the ground that it is creating a monopoly which ought not to be submitted to or tolerated. He understood the fact to be that our treaty secured to us the right of way across the Isthmus of Panama, upon any road now made or hereafter to be made by authority of the Government of New Grenada, on the same terms as those imposed upon her own citizens; the sovereignty of the country remaining with New Grenada, while the right of way is secured to us. It would seem, therefore, that this Government has nothing to do with the terms upon which this road shall be made, or upon which passengers and freight shall be transported upon it. These individuals have secured the exclusive right to make the road, the Government of New Grenada retaining no right to authorize this Government or other individuals to make it. If there be any monopoly, therefore, these gentlemen have it already, and it is one which we cannot control. The proposition they make to us is to relieve us from that monopoly, if there be any, by making a contract with us in advance in regard to the rate at which our freight shall be carried. He was sorry to see it assumed that we are to pay six millions of dollars, We have not yet determined what amount shall be paid. They are proposing to carry such freight as shall be agreed upon, at such rate as shall be agreed upon. In a few years we shall have a large empire on the Pacific, and it is reasonable to suppose that we shall have occasion for five or ten times as much transportation as we have now; and if we now make a contract to last for twenty years, it may be that we shall secure an enormous amount of transportation at a very little cost. Mr. Douglas afterwards added that the word "directed" should be stricken out of the bill.

Mr. Foote remarked, in regard to the provision of the treaty, that no higher rate should be charged the citizens of the United States than was levied on those of New Grenada, that so far as our information at present extended, the latter would have very little use for this road, and it might turn out that an arrangement would be hereafter made with that Government by which the company might be enabled to charge the citizens of the United States whatever they pleased for the whole period of ninety-nine years. He would therefore oppose the measure unless the company would submit to a reasonable tariff of rates. As to our right of way also, what would become of it under the contract now proposed? It might be that the company who propose to establish this road might occupy the only

ground available for such a purpose. In that case the right of way would still remain, but it could only be enjoyed by the favor of this company, thus making it in fact a nullity. He conceived it to be our highest duty to adopt only such legislation upon this subject as would keep this right of way open for ever, both to the Government and to the citizens of this country, free from all obstructions whatsoever. He differed with the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) in supposing that we should have continual and increasing need of this railway during all that period of twenty years, for the transportation of Government stores. In his judgment, when our frontier on the Pacific shall become supplied with the means of defence, the growing population of that country will render it wholly unnecessary for any such purpose.

The paper presented by Mr. Benton* was then ordered to be translated and printed.

CESSION OF THE EVERGLADES OF FLORIDA.

On Wednesday, Dec. 20, the Senate took up the bill to authorize the draining of the Everglades of Florida, and to grant the same to the State of Florida for that purpose.

Mr. Westcott, of Florida, stated that the entire territory proposed to be granted to the State is now utterly valueless to the United States. Nearly the whole region is covered with water during all seasons, from three to six feet deep. This water is chiefly supplied from Lake Okechobee, at the northern end of the proposed grant. It is proposed to cut large and deep canals from this lake to the waters of the Gulf on the west side, and to the waters of the Atlantic on the east side, and smaller canals or drains through the rim of soft limestone rock by which the everglades are separated from the Gulf and the Atlantic ocean. There must also be local improvements made by the purchasers of the drained lands or by the State, with the sole view of enhancing the value of the lands for agricultural purposes. If the work is successfully accomplished, some hundreds of thousands of acres of the most valuable sugar lands in the country, now annually overflowed by the Kissimmee river, will be reclaimed, all of which lying outside and north of the proposed grant, the benefit of their reclamation would enure to the United States. The bill prescribes to the State, on the acceptance of the grant, the following conditions: 1. That the work specifically described shall be commenced before 1st January, 1851, and finished within ten

* This paper, as we understand it, was neither the French contract, for which Mr. Cameron had called, nor the present contract with Messrs. Aspinwall & Co., (which latter, Mr. Douglas stated could not then be procured on account of the absence of the gentlemen from the city,) but a prior one upon which both these were based.

year, and that, if practicable, a communication for vessels shall be made by the proposed canals between the Gulf and Atlantic waters. 2. That the State shall not in any way dispose of any of the lands, except to secure the faithful fulfilment of the first condition, and shall appropriate the entire avails exclusively to the completion of the work. 3. Until the works are completed, no sale of any of the lands shall be made for less than one dollar and a quarter per acre. 4. No encroachment to be made until authorized on the lands of the Seminole Indians within the grant. 5. Appropriates certain portions of the lands to schools. 6. Reserves certain portions to the United States for Government purposes, and provides that private rights already required shall not be affected by the grant. 7. Residue of avails of lands after completion of the work, to form a permanent fund for purposes of education in the territory granted. 8. No tolls to be paid by the United States for transportation of mails, public property, &c., through canals. The entire area conveyed by this grant is 7,800,000 acres, of which 1,000,000, mostly worthless pine barrens, have been surveyed, one half of which is reserved by the bill to the United States, and 2,500,000 unsurveyed sand barrens, and low lands occasionally covered with water, mostly of little value; the remainder, 4,300,000 acres, includes the everglades, large and small lakes, rivers, lagoons, &c., of which it is not expected that more than one million of acres can be reclaimed.

Mr. Yulee, of Florida, approved the object of this bill, but found it objectionable to his mind, on account of its being clogged with conditions which it would be impolitic in Congress to prescribe, and inexpedient in the State to accept. In fact, the conditions would make the grant utterly valueless. He thought the simple course should be, by a single section to cede to the State of Florida these lands, leaving her to reclaim them in such manner as she might deem most consistent with her interests. Such a grant would be altogether profitable and politic on the part of the Federal Government. These lands are not only utterly valueless to the United States, but leave the military defences of the country in a very precarious condition, from the fact, that over nearly the whole extent between the line of coast on either side of the Gulf and the Atlantic, the surface is always covered with water, and not traversable even by boats with much facility or any degree of certainty. Should these lands

be reclaimed and reduced to use, the military defences of the country would be greatly strengthened and its wealth increased by the population which would by this means be added to the peninsula. The clauses of this bill were all objectionable, but especially that one which restricts the price at which the lands may be sold to the minimum of \$1.25 per acre.

Mr. Westcott was surprised at the extraordinary objections of his colleague to this bill. His object in this bill was not to fill the treasury of his State by the sale of these lands; he would regard any such measure as a curse upon the State. If these lands are reclaimed, and should be worth millions upon millions, not a dollar goes into the State treasury of Florida; all belongs to the citizens on the lands, and are to be devoted to educational purposes there and nowhere else. The object is to secure the reclaiming of the lands, and nothing else. The conditions were inserted to prevent any possible effort to divert or pervert any part of their proceeds to any purpose but that of reclaiming them, and inducing their speedy settlement. The restriction of sales to one dollar and a quarter per acre till the work is completed, is a good one. This is a fair price in that region for even the poorest land, if at all fit for cultivation, on account of the timber on it; and before the completion of the work it is necessary to prevent jobbers and speculators from obtaining them under a fair price. The United States ought not to allow the sales of lands contiguous to its own at less than its own minimum price. As to an unconditional grant of such lands, he would always oppose it, and no such bill could pass Congress. The Senator from Missouri (Mr. Benton) had sought for twenty-five years to get such a law passed in regard to worthless sunken lands in Missouri; and the same thing had been tried without success by Senators from Arkansas, South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana. It was not alone for the benefit of Florida that these lands should be reclaimed. The Union is deeply interested in the navigation through the canal across the peninsula which the bill secures; in the tropical productions the reclaimed region, and none other in the United States, can rear; and in the increase of strength in a frontier position important in a naval and military point of view.

The further consideration of the bill was postponed until the next day; and here, for want of space, we are compelled abruptly to break off our summary.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE cholera is diminishing in London ; from its first breaking out there in September, until the 23d of December, the deaths had amounted to 449, but of these 265 had occurred on the southern side of the Thames, though for the last four or five weeks the average had increased in the eastern portion of the metropolis. This clearly demonstrates that cleanliness is the greatest protection from this scourge. In Southwark and the eastern portion of London, the streets are narrow and inhabited by the lower classes of the population. The same fact was observed at Paris in 1832, when the cholera committed such dreadful havoc there. Upwards of 30,000 persons fell victims to it, the greater number of whom resided in the narrow and filthy streets in the quarter called La Cité. Cleanliness cannot, therefore, be too strictly observed.

Things in Ireland remain *in statu quo*. Mr. Duffy's trial has not yet terminated. A dreadful catastrophe had occurred. On Friday, the 2d December, the steamer Londonderry left Sligo for Liverpool, having on board, according to some of the reports, 165, but others state, 150 passengers, many of whom were intending to emigrate to America. A violent storm arose, and the whole of the passengers were crowded down into the forward cabin, a small place not capable of containing more than thirty with any comfort. A tarpaulin was nailed over the companion way to prevent the water from rushing down. In the morning it was found that seventy-two of these unfortunate persons had died from suffocation. The steamer put into Londonderry, and a coroner's inquest being held, a verdict of manslaughter was pronounced against the captain, mate and second mate, who were immediately imprisoned ; the former, after remaining some days in prison, was admitted to bail. The trial is to come on at the approaching assizes.

The most important intelligence which has been received from France since that of the revolution in February last, arrived on Saturday, the 13th instant, by the America, Cunard steamer. Although prepared for the event by former advices brought by the Washington, which stated that at her departure Louis Napoleon had already obtained a majority more than sufficient to secure his election, there were few who could have calculated that it would have been so immensely increased. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is now the President of the French Republic, and has been raised to that

dignity by, one might almost say, universal acclamation, for the number of votes he received very nearly treble those of the whole of his competitors.

Louis Napoleon received . . .	5,534,520
General Cavaignac, . . .	1,448,303
Ledru Rollin, . . .	371,431
Raspail, . . .	36,964
Lamartine . . .	17,914
General Changarnier, . . .	4,687

Total number of votes, . . . 7,413,818

It must be observed that General Changarnier's name had been added to the list of candidates without his sanction.

It had been expected that the proclamation of Louis Napoleon as President, would not have taken place until after the arrival of the official returns of the election from four departments, which had not been received ; but the Minister of the Interior presented himself to the Committee appointed by the National Assembly to make up the statement of the votes, and informed the members of it that the minds of the people appeared much excited, and that the proclamation of the President might produce some dangerous commotion. He therefore conjured the Committee to hasten their report, and terminate it, if possible, in the course of the day, that the people might not know the precise time at which the President was to be proclaimed. He placed in the hands of the Committee the result of the elections in the four departments, which he had received by telegraphic dispatch.

General Changarnier, Commander-in-chief of the National Guard of Paris, also presented himself to the Committee, and gave them information as to the intentions of the disturbers of public order, who wished to take advantage of the proclamation of the President, to overthrow the Constitution.

The Committee, at the head of which was M. Marrast, President of the Assembly, immediately agreed to adopt the advice which had been given to them ; the majority for one of the candidates being so considerable, there could be no doubt as to his election, and the report was therefore drawn up and presented the same afternoon to the National Assembly. General Cavaignac, as head of the Executive power, having been informed by General Changarnier of the determination of the Committee, resigned to him the command of all the troops assembled in Paris and its neighborhood. General Chan-

garnier immediately took measures for the preservation of order, and at the same time to render to the President of the Republic all the honors which were due to him.

Louis Napoleon having been informed of these circumstances, proceeded to the National Assembly in a private carriage, from which he alighted in the inner court-yard.

He entered the Assembly while the report of the Committee was being read. He was dressed in a plain black coat, but wore the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. He seated himself by the side of M. Odilon Barrot. All eyes were directed towards the new President, who remained perfectly calm and self-possessed.

M. Marrast then read the resolutions prepared by the Committee, and put them to the vote, which being adopted by the Assembly, he proclaimed the President of the Republic in the following terms :—

"Whereas Citizen Charles Louis Napoleon, born at Paris, possesses all the conditions of eligibility required by Article 43 of the Constitution ;

"Whereas, in the vote by ballot, taken throughout the entire extent of the Republic, citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has obtained an absolute majority of votes ;

"In pursuance of Articles 47 and 48 of the Constitution :

"The National Assembly proclaims him President of the French Republic from this present day until the second Sunday in the month of May, of the year 1852."

M. Marrast then invited M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to ascend the tribune, and take the oath required by the Constitution, in the following terms :—

"In the presence of God, and before the people of France, represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfil all the duties required of me by the Constitution."

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte in a firm voice replied :—" I swear it !"

We are thus particular in giving the minute details of this imposing ceremony, as it is impossible to predict the changes which may occur in France between this time and the expiration of Louis Napoleon's presidency. We wish our readers to have in their possession a record of the pledges given, to which they may refer, to judge the manner in which those promises shall have been fulfilled.

After taking the above oath, Louis Napoleon pronounced the following discourse :—

"CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES,—

"The votes of the nation, and the oath which I have taken, trace out to me my future conduct. I shall follow as a man of honor. I shall

consider as enemies of the Republic all those who shall attempt to change by illegal means that which the whole of France has established. Between yourselves and me there cannot exist any real difference of opinion. Our desires, our wishes are the same. I wish as you do, to place society on its veritable basis, in order to relieve the miseries of that generous and intelligent people, who have just given me so striking a proof of their confidence.

"The majority which I have obtained not only fills my heart with gratitude, but will contribute to give to the new government that moral strength without which no authority can exist. With order and peace, our country may recover, heal its wounds, bring back those men who have erred, and calm all passions. Animated by a sincere spirit of conciliation, I have called around me capable and patriotic men, who notwithstanding the diversity of their political origin, are ready to devote themselves with you to the fulfilment of the Constitution, the amelioration of the laws, and the glory of the Republic.

"A government on coming into power owes a debt of gratitude to its predecessors, when they deliver over to it intact the power which had been confided to them. I owe it particularly to General Cavaignac to say that his conduct is worthy of the generosity of his character, and of that principle of duty which is the first qualification of a statesman.

"Citizen Representatives, we have a great mission to fulfil, that of founding a republic for the interest of all, and a firm and peaceful government, animated by a sincere desire for improvement, without being either re-actionary or Utopian. Let us be the men of the country, not men of party, and with the help of God we shall at least do good, if we are not permitted to accomplish great achievements."

On descending from the tribune Louis Napoleon walked straight to General Cavaignac and offered him his hand. The National Assembly on perceiving this, hailed the action with continued plaudits. General Cavaignac appeared surprised, and hesitated for a moment, but at length grasped the hand of his political opponent and shook it cordially, amid the loud and continued shouts of the whole assembly.

Louis Napoleon then retired, and the military honors due to his new position were then paid to him. He was accompanied to the palace of the Elysée, which is to be his residence, by an escort of cavalry.

At six o'clock in the evening, the President of the National Assembly received the following message from the President of the Republic :—

"I beg that you will announce to the National Assembly that in conformity with article 64 of the Constitution I have by a decree of this day appointed M. Odilon Barrot, Minister of Justice and charged to preside in the Council of Ministers in the absence of the President of the Republic ; M.

Drouyn de Lhuys, Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. Leon de Malleville, Minister of the Interior; M. Rulhieres, General of Division, Minister at War; M. de Tracy, Minister of the Marine and Colonies; M. Leon Faucher, Minister of the Public Works; M. Bixio, Vice President of the National Assembly, Minister for Agriculture and Commerce; M. Hippolite Passy, Minister of Finance.

(Signed) LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
(Countersigned) ODILON BARROT,
Minister of Justice.

Thus has been consummated the great work of electing the first President of the French Republic. The position of General Cavaignac, although he never could have withstood the enthusiastic outbreak of the population of France in favor of the nephew of their demigod, was rendered much more critical by the famous, or rather infamous, lists of persons proposed to receive a national recompense from the Republic. These lists contained the names of persons sullied with every description of crime; men who had conspired to assassinate Louis Philippe, and guilty of other enormous atrocities. The lists had been drawn up by a committee appointed for that purpose, and were presented to the National Assembly with the concurrence of the Executive Government. It was in vain that General Cavaignac denied all knowledge of the names thus presented—he was at the head of the government and ought to have known them. He no doubt had relied implicitly on the committee, and was occupied with matters of such serious import as not to be able to give his attention to minute details. But the blow was struck, and there is no doubt he lost many thousand votes from this untoward event. It has been currently reported in Paris, that Louis Napoleon intends to confer on him the dignity of Marshal of the French Empire. This will be a slight alleviation to the bitter disappointment he has experienced, and to the agony he has endured from the attacks directed against him on account of the fatal lists.

But the astounding majority of Louis Napoleon must not be wholly attributed to the fascination which accompanied his name; for people of all parties voted for him. Orleanists and Legitimists gave him their suffrages, because they thought that he would prove the stepping stone towards a return to monarchical principles, which would certainly have been retarded for four years had Cavaignac succeeded. The Legitimists in Paris consider that the chances of their adored Henry V. have advanced at least fifty per cent. since the occurrences of last February. Many of the red Republicans, stung to the quick by the energetic opposition of Cavaignac to their mad and culpable efforts in the month of June, voted for Louis Napoleon rather than for Ledru Rollin and Raspail, in order to insure the defeat of the

enlightened Republican. All parties consider the advent of Louis Napoleon to be but as a state of transition, whether terminated by an Emperor, a King, or a republican form of government, time can disclose.

Since our last number, portentous changes have taken place in Austria. The Emperor Ferdinand has resigned the crown, as has his brother, the Archduke Francis Charles, in favor of the son of the latter, the Archduke Francis Joseph. His Majesty in the proclamation he issued, assigned the following reasons for the step he had taken—it is dated 2d December:—

“The pressure of events and the imperious want of a comprehensive reformation of our State, and which we, in the month of last, endeavored to meet and promote, have now more and more convinced us that more youthful energies are needed to complete this great work. Mature deliberation, and a full conviction of the imperative necessity of this measure, we most solemnly resolved to resign the imperial crown of Austria.”

The late Emperor has left Olmutz for Innsbruck in Bohemia.

A manifesto was also issued by the emperor, who is only eighteen years of age, on his accession to the throne, in which he presses his conviction of the value and necessity of free institutions, and says: “I enter with confidence on the path of a new constitution of the monarchy. He concludes his address by stating his firm reliance on the loyalty of his troops, on the loyalty of his people, and on the immediate re-establishment of order in Austria.” He adds, “it is an awful duty at which we ascend the throne of our fathers. Great are the duties of our age, and great its responsibility. May God protect us! He signs his manifesto, “Francis Joseph.”

The finances of Austria were in a crippled state, but the young Emperor has determined not to infringe upon the constitution made by his predecessor. He had not yet entered Vienna, where the state of siege was still maintained.

Jellachich had been appointed Civil and Military Governor of Dalmatia.

The young Emperor was expected to enter Vienna on New Year's day.

In Prussia, the King has dissolved the Constituent Assembly, and has granted a new constitutional charter. The state of siege in Berlin was likely to be continued to the end of the year. Meetings preparatory to the election were being held, and there was some talk of the state of siege being suspended for a few days. The magistracy had already divided the city into electoral districts, of which there were twice as many as during the last election. Against this the democrats loudly protested, saying it divided their strength and

opposition. The government is putting the fortresses on the frontier in a state of armament, which would induce it that it has no great confidence in a state of peace in Europe. The Parliament at Frankfurt, it is said, has determined on an Emperor for Germany, and the Prussia, the Austrians having seceded from the central government, is spoken of as the likely person to be raised to this dignity to the discomfiture of Bavaria and the German States.

In our last number, affairs have taken a serious turn in Rome. The sovereign has fled from the Papal States, and taken refuge at Gaeta, in the kingdom of

After the assassination of Rossi, that he was a mere prisoner in his own hands, he determined on releasing himself from this degrading state of subjection. He consulted the diplomatic corps who were still to visit him in order to protect him from violence and insult; they arranged for his escape, which was successfully effected on the 24th November. The Count de Spaur, the Bavarian minister, accompanied him, and remained in conversation with him for some time, the door of the room being kept open in order not to excite the suspicions of the persons placed in the Quirinal to watch his movements. Some other members of the diplomatic body entered the ante-chamber and engaged those persons in conversation. During this time the Pope retired into a room and arrayed himself in a suit of the Bavarian minister's livery, whose carriage being afterwards announced, and two of the foreigners having gone into the inner room, he descended the grand staircase as the attendant of Count de Spaur, and mounted the carriage with the coachman. The carriage drove to the Bavarian minister's hotel, where he assumed another disguise, being the chaplain or almoner of the ambassador. The latter had some time before announced his intention of going to Naples; his carriage had been prepared, and all was in readiness, the post-horses and travelling carriage being in the court yard. Into this they entered, and were soon out of Rome. At the frontier station on the frontier of Naples, the guard insisted on seeing the passport of the almoner as well as that of the Ambassador. The guard had been drawn out to honor him due to a foreign minister. After a moment's hesitation, Pope Pius IX. said, *benvenuti, sono il Papa*—"My children, welcome the Pope." Upon which the almoner, and the whole guard threw themselves upon their knees, and he gave them his blessing. They made no attempt to detain him at the frontier as soon crossed, and they followed him to Gaeta. The King of Naples, and the royal family, on hearing of the ar-

rival of the Pope in the Neapolitan territory, immediately proceeded in a steamer to Gaeta, to congratulate him on his fortunate escape. Another steamer was dispatched with a regiment of guards, to serve as a guard of honor to the Pope during his stay.

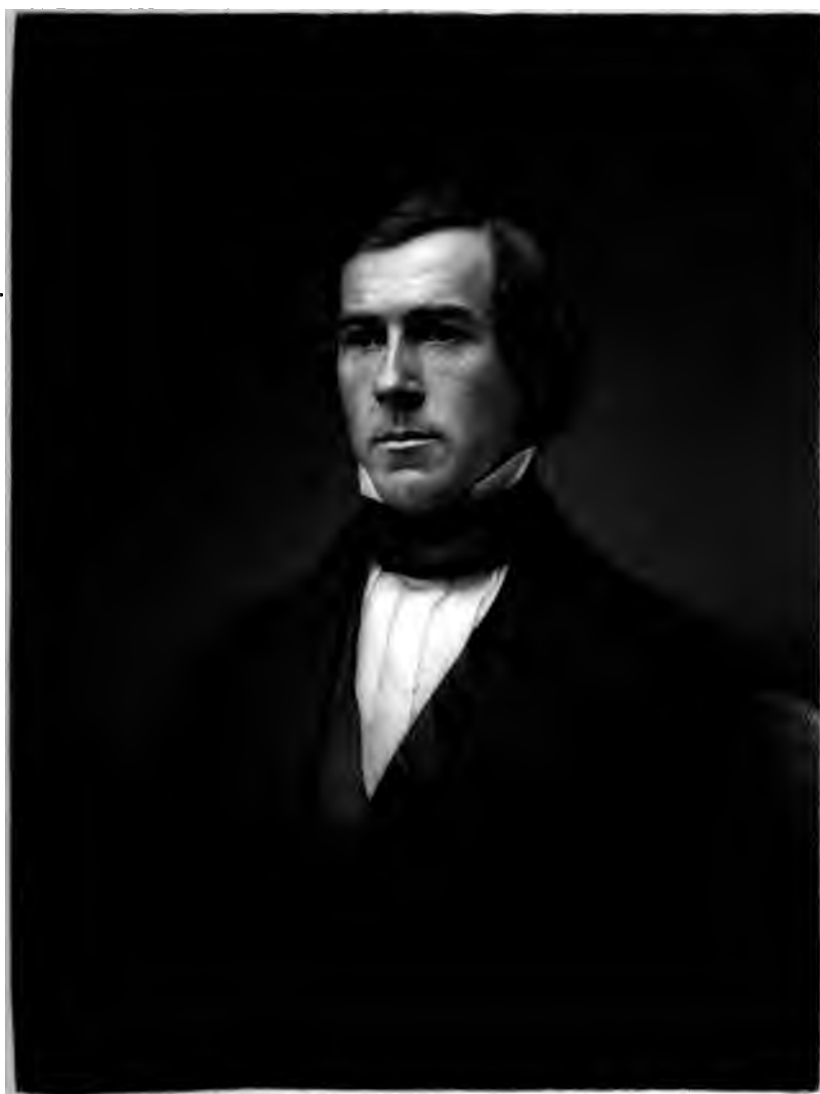
The whole of the Cardinals immediately left Rome, and the diplomatic body repaired to Gaeta.

In the meantime all at Rome was in confusion. It was some time before the intelligence of the escape had transpired, and the insurrectionary government adopted the most energetic measures to prevent commotion. They issued a proclamation, stating that the Pontiff, yielding to *deplorable advice*, had left Rome, and urging all classes of the citizens to maintain order. A deputation from the two Chambers was then appointed to repair to Gaeta, to entreat his Holiness to return. But the Pope refused to receive this deputation. On learning the refusal of the Pope, and his resolution to adhere to the commission of government he had appointed, (for on the 3d of December, one of the Cardinals who had remained at Rome, received a rescript from his Holiness, by which Pius IX. annulled all the acts of the new ministry, ordered the dissolution of the Chambers, and confided the administration of affairs to a committee, to consist of Cardinal Castracane, M. Roberto Roberti, the Princes of Roviano and Barbini, the Marquises Bevilacqua, Recci, and General Zucchi,) the President of the Chamber of Deputies convoked an extraordinary sitting of the assembly, and it was decided that the rescript of his Holiness should be considered of no effect.

Gen. Zucchi and Count Mastai, the brother of his Holiness, were at Bologna, at the head of the national guard, and were daily joined by throngs of partisans opposed to the acts of the government. There was also much agitation at Rome among the Trasteverini who awaited only the approach of General Zucchi with a single regiment to overthrow the administration of Messrs. Mamiani, Galetti and Campello.

The Pope, according to the last advices, still remained at Gaeta, although there was some idea of his removing to Civita Vecchia. The conditions he had laid down before returning to the capital are, that the present Ministry shall be dismissed, the chambers dissolved, the liberty of the press suspended, the national guard dissolved, and the clubs suppressed. These are very sweeping measures, and it is not likely they will be submitted to. On the other hand the ultra-liberals are talking of erecting Rome into a Republic, placing at its head Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, as President. This would be a really singular coincidence—two nephews of the Emperor Napoleon Presidents of France and Rome.

An event has occurred in Egypt which at



W. Hunt

any other moment would have excited the attention of all Europe—now it appears to have passed by almost unheeded amid the stirring events hourly occurring on that continent. The disappearance from the worldly stage of such a man as Ibrahim Pasha, whose position was so exalted and his career so remarkable, receives but the obituary notice bestowed upon all whose names have been public property. His father Mehemet Ali has long been in a state of utter dotage, and on the 1st of September last Ibrahim was formally nominated by the Sultan to the Pachalic of Egypt. His actual governorship has been but of short duration, although for a long period he has had the administration of affairs.

Ibrahim Pasha has left three sons of whom will succeed him as Viceroy. His successor is Abbas Pasha, son of Pasha, Mehemet's second son, who died of plague in 1816. The right of succession from that of European potentates is upon the eldest surviving male of Ali's family. But little is known of the act of the new Viceroy, he having kept himself completely aloof from communicating with Europeans: it is however to be hoped that his interests of Europe and of Egypt will follow up that course of policy towards them by which Mehemet Ali has rendered their names so illustrious and conferred so many benefits on Egypt.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Sacred Poets of England and America for Three Centuries. Edited by RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. Illustrated with steel engravings. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is an elegant octavo volume most beautifully printed, which should prove one of the most acceptable gift-books of the season.

The editor has done little more, he says, than re-arrange and combine the materials furnished in "The Gems from the British Sacred Poets," recently published by a member of the University of Oxford. But he has added some thirty authors, including many of our own. It is therefore a very rich collection, although we miss some favorite strains—Coleridge's magnificent "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni," for instance. The authors are arranged in chronological order, with a short biographical notice of each.

The editor says in his "Advertisement"—"There is no poetry so rare as the poetry of devotion. It would be as difficult, however, for a true poet, as for a true philosopher, not to be imbued with a spirit of piety, and we find that sacred songs are among the finest

productions of nearly all the great poets, whether they were technically religious or not.

Poems of John G. Whittier. Illustrated by H. BILLINGS. Boston: Benjamin Scribner & Co.

This splendid edition of the poet's works will be highly acceptable to his numerous admirers. Although there are many pieces not familiar to the general reader, the poetry is of the highest quality, and the editor has done well to select the best of the poet's work. The pieces are arranged in chronological order, and the editor has given a fine and complete form for constant reference. The poetry is of the highest quality, and the editor has done well to select the best of the poet's work. The pieces are arranged in chronological order, and the editor has given a fine and complete form for constant reference. The poetry is of the highest quality, and the editor has done well to select the best of the poet's work. The pieces are arranged in chronological order, and the editor has given a fine and complete form for constant reference.

ERRATUM.—The reader will perceive that there is an error in the paging of a portion of the work. At page 261 read 161, &c.



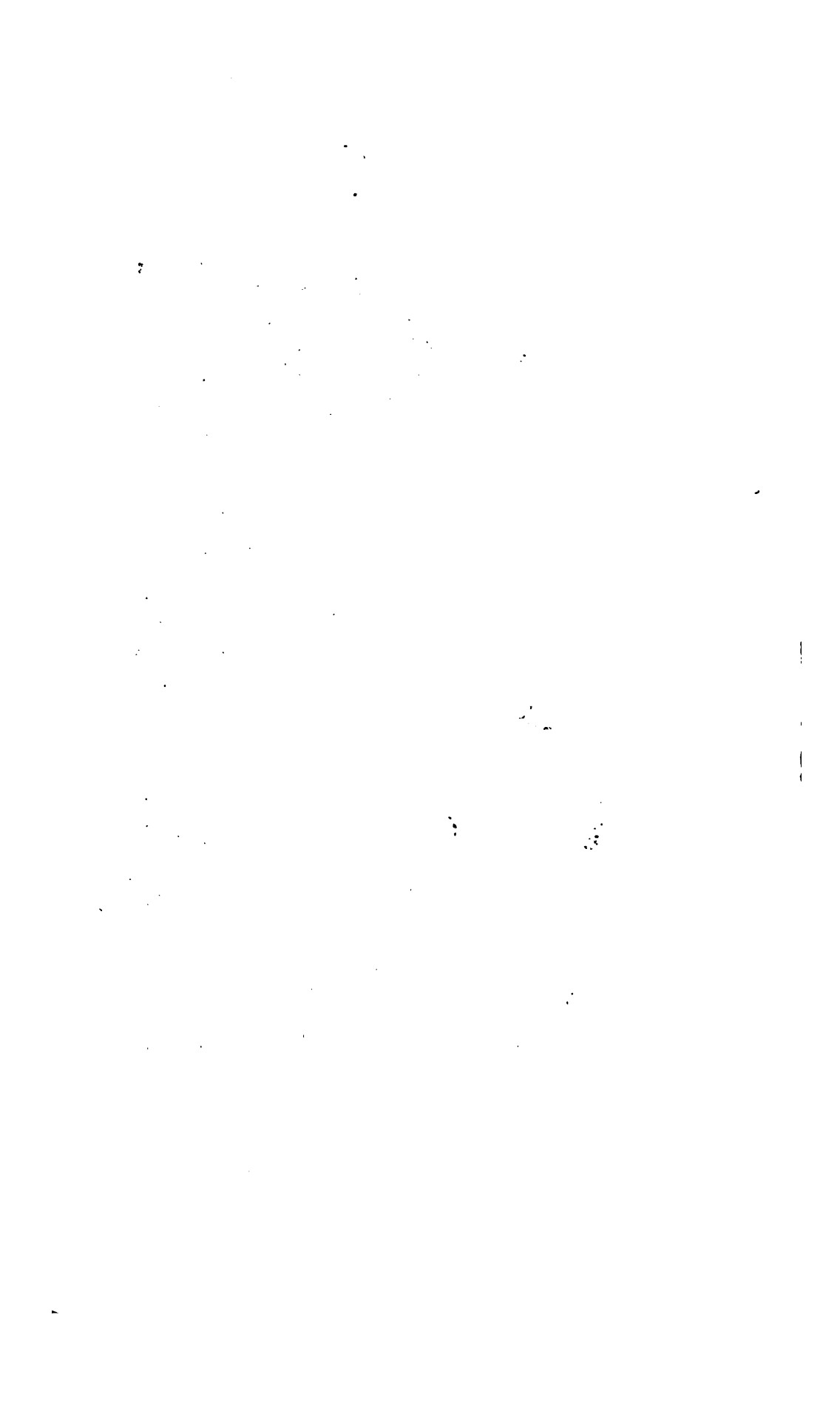


WILLIAM HUNT — — — BY H. A. BROWN

W. Hunt

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WILLIAM HUNT



holders for the extension of slavery, is met in the North by a more settled resolution on the part of the radical party, to attack the institution of slavery with every weapon that offers; not sparing to wrest the Constitution itself, if that were possible, and to direct the forces of the nation upon the liberties of the Southern States. Ultra abolitionists are as eager for a dissolution of the Union, as the most devout admirer of Mr. Calhoun could desire, even to the end of seeing him made president of a Southern republic; for it is their first desire to remove the Southern States from under the guaranties of the Constitution, in order that they may be set off in a relation of hostility, and afford a perfect justification for such secret or open measures for the liberation of slaves, as might be taken by the agents of fanatical associations. Nor would the Northern States, in case of such separation, hesitate to protect the runaway slave. A border line, dividing the North from the South, would become a boundary, over which the slave would have but to set his foot, to become a free-man. The soil of the Northern States, like the soil of England, would thus confer freedom upon the negro; a condition which would very soon resolve the problem of the continued existence of slavery in the northern tier of slave States, and soon after in those next to them.

Southern statesmen have not, perhaps, considered with sufficient care with what a degree of kindness and forbearance these things are looked at by intelligent and sober citizens of the North. Well assured, as they might be, of the certainty of an extinction of slavery to follow upon the division of the Union, their regard for the safety and prospects of the nation, but especially of the South and West, forbids them to allow that consideration to operate in their minds against the spirit of union and brotherhood.

Agreeably to a previous notice, eighteen southern members of the Senate of the United States, and fifty-one southern members of the House of Representatives, met in the Senate-chamber at Washington at seven o'clock on the evening of December 23d, 1848. The object of this meeting, understood to be called and organized under the advice and influence of Mr. Calhoun, was to adopt a series of resolutions,

and to address a warning to the Northern citizens of the Union, expressing opinion of the delegates in regard to the long agitated question of slavery, to inform their constituents regarding its constitutionality, and to declare its power of Congress in legislation, and the institution of slavery.

General Thomas Metcalfe, Senator from Kentucky, was elected president; Gayle, of Alabama, first vice-president; Mr. Atchison, of Missouri, second vice-president, and Mr. Venable, of Carolina, secretary of the meeting. Bayly, of Virginia, presented a paper on resolutions. The resolutions declared a firm determination to support the institution, and, constitutionally, the Union—declares their attachment to the Union, as they understand its objects, as they understand them, to secure liberty and union to themselves and their posterity. That the government of the United States is one of limited powers, limited by the plain intention of its Constitution, and that all powers not delegated by the Constitution to the general government, but prohibited to the States, are, in express terms of the instrument, reserved to the States respectively, or to the people—that no authority is conferred by the Constitution to impair or destroy property in slaves, either in the District of Columbia, the territories of the United States, or in any other place whatsoever, nor to prohibit the transfer of slaves from one place to another, nor the power delegated to it over the foreign slave trade, which has been exercised—that an act of Congress impairing property in slaves, or prohibiting the importation of slaves, would be a violation of the Constitution; and that, moreover, with power conferred or insisted on, the institution could not have been maintained—that the recent efforts to interfere with domestic slavery in the District of Columbia and the territories, and to prevent the transfer of slaves between different parts of the Union are to be regarded as dangerous, and, if persisted in, must lead to a dissolution of the Union. That there is a necessity for a speedy and effectual interposition to arrest the

—that there is a perfect equality of rights among the States, and that as the districts and territories of the Union are the common property of all the States, that equality would be violated were any conditions or restrictions with regard to property to be imposed upon the citizens of some of those States, passing into the territories, which were not imposed on other citizens.

That a law of Congress, prohibiting citizens of any of the States from holding any property they may possess, in the territories, could not by free men be submitted to with honor.—That in cases like the present, threatening the rights of States and their citizens, it is proper, where their representatives in Congress have exhausted their power of resistance in vain, for the States whose people are aggrieved to propose the means of redress. After which follows, presented by Mr. Calhoun, from a committee of fifteen, "THE ADDRESS OF THE SOUTHERN DELEGATES IN CONGRESS TO THEIR CONSTITUENTS."

The resolutions adopted at this meeting, expressing the sense of a body respectable for its character, its numbers, the importance of the interest which it represents, and the occasion which assembled it, are given to the country as an expression of deliberate opinion, and as a ground and reason of the intended future conduct of the members of that body, and of, at least, a respectable portion of the citizens whom they represent. It is necessary, therefore, for all those who make the proceedings of public bodies a subject of inquiry and of remark, to consider carefully and weigh accurately the open, and, if possible, the implied and hidden meaning of their resolutions; not for the purpose of predicting consequences rashly, not for the purpose of exciting public indignation or its contrary, not to excite the passions of one part of the nation against another, not to blow up the fires of rebellion, not to express the contempt of an individual; but, if possible, to ascertain how far they are really, by their real force, to affect the policy of the nation, to sway its counsels, and to urge it toward evil or toward good. It is necessary also, at the same time, to separate the ostensible from the real in these resolutions; to show, if it can be shown, what there is in them of prejudice, of sophistry and of falsehood, (if there be

any of these,) and to make every allowance in this estimate for the influences of birth, of education, of remoteness, and of institution.

In the first resolution we find the members of the body assembled expressing a firm determination to defend and maintain the Constitution of the Union. It is perhaps fair, and does not savor of a too jealous disposition, to infer from this expression that the adopters of the resolutions feel that they are engaged in a line of conduct which draws upon them the ill opinion and perhaps the just suspicions of those who value the integrity of the nation above all other considerations—above all price. To guard themselves against the ill-will of such, they have simply said, that they intend no hostility against the present order of things, with this reservation, that their own opinions and designs are more sacred and absolute in their own thoughts, than the existence of the nation itself. They love the Union, but they love it temperately, judiciously, and with a well-weighed and interested affection.

They "most solemnly declare a warm attachment to the union of the States." Upon the construction of those few words—"the union of the States"—hang conclusions of infinite moment; for we have now to inquire whether by the union of the States is meant a union of the *States*, or a union of the individuals who compose the nation. What is a State, in the meaning of the Constitution? Is a citizen of this nation a citizen merely by virtue of his allegiance to his State, or is he a citizen by virtue of a principle—of a nationality—over which State sovereignty has no control, into which State sovereignty cannot look? State sovereignty cannot alter—cannot confer or take away—the rights of individuals. State sovereignty cannot say to this man, do this and do that; possess this, resign that, merely because it is sovereignty? The rights of individuals are based upon the ancient laws—laws which take their origin from the decrees of God. "Thou shalt not steal," is a command laid not only upon individuals, but upon sovereignties. "Thou shalt not deprive thy neighbor of his property without an equitable reason." These are principles, these are laws, older,

more venerable,⁷ than State sovereignties; they cannot be violated. But greater than these, and necessary to their accomplishment, is the right of the citizen, by his allegiance, to his nationality. State sovereignty, a member of the great system of powers, cannot impair the validity of ⁸that great first contract—the contract of allegiance and protection between the citizen and his nation. It cannot even look into and examine the grounds of this contract. The resolvers declare that it is their “duty to watch over and oppose every infraction of those principles which constitute the only basis of the Union, because a faithful observance of them can alone secure its existence, and the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity.” But it is also the duty, in a free nation, of every citizen to whom nature has accorded the power of thought and of speech, and who believes that governments are moral organizations, to watch over the laws and liberties which protect him; and especially to notice and comment on the movements of public bodies which assemble to declare intentions and express opinions affecting the existence of his nation. With humility, but with earnestness and sincerity, he is permitted to speak in defense of what is dear to him. A citizen of the North is bound to every citizen of the South, if not by the sacred and pathetic ties of kindred and of friendship, yet by the bonds of a common language, a common origin, a common principle, a common country, and, above all, by a common nationality. This tie, which connects every citizen with every other, which binds every citizen with every other, is maintained and represented by one superior power, able to protect and bound to protect every citizen *against* every other. This is the end of government, that the one shall be protected against the many, that the minority shall be protected against the majority. But if, renouncing, in a heat, their allegiance, the minority remove themselves, or attempt to remove themselves, from under the protection of the nation, and at the same time endeavor, by assuming the power of State sovereignty, to be what it is not—to break and divide the bonds of the nationality of others, their fellow-citizens; threatening by the mere act of a provincial sovereignty,

to separate large bodies of citizens from the nation of which they are integral parts and members; in what light are those who endeavor this to be regarded by the sincere and patriotic citizen?

The resolvers declare that the government of the United States is one of delegated powers, limited by the plain sense and intention of the Constitution, which is the only legitimate source of them; and all powers not delegated by it to the general government, nor prohibited to the States, *are by the express terms of the instrument reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.*

On casting an eye over the Constitution of the United States, we find no such “express terms.”* The first terms of that instrument are, that “we, the people of the United States,” for several reasons, “do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.” The PEOPLE of the United States are in mass a power superior to any one State, else would they not have the power to establish a Constitution for all the States, or rather for such State or States as may by the act of union concede this power to the NATION. The nation is thus possessed of a power in its sphere, fully equal to all the exigencies and necessities of the nation; but, more than all other powers, with that of maintaining the unity, the existence of the nation as a whole, or, in other words, of guarantying to every citizen his nationality. In the fourth section of the fourth article we find the Constitution guarantying to every State in the Union a republican form of government. This power of guaranty implies a power of protection against internal changes or external force, possessed and to be exercised by a third party, superior, by the terms of the

* The only “express” reservation of power to the States is for their appointment of militia officers. On the other hand, not only by no express terms, but by no terms whatsoever, are any legislative or executive powers reserved to the “people.” The people sanctioned and adopted the Constitution, and in that Constitution they have laid certain commands upon the State governments, and *restricted* their powers within certain well-ascertained boundaries. They have guarantied them their liberties. Is it not possible that the gentlemen who drew up these resolutions had no copy of the Constitution near them at the time?

guaranty, to either of the contesting parties. By this guaranty the people bind themselves in their united capacity as a nation to exercise that imperial power, conferred upon them by their nationality, over rebellious elements. The Constitution, therefore, has, conferred upon it, a power of the most exalted kind—a power of enforcing by command, by threat, and, when necessary, by force of arms—compelling the establishment in permanence of a particular form of government. Such a power carries with it all the conditions necessary to its exercise. By no presumption of authority, by no conditions while the guaranty is maintained, can a single citizen be withdrawn by the act of other citizens from under the protection of such a power.

Nor do we find “by the express terms of the instrument” a reservation of powers to the States respectively on the one hand, and on the other to the nation; as though the States as a body were set off against the people as a body, and had made, as equal powers, a certain equal division of equal rights. The rights of a State arise of necessity, as do those of the nation; but the necessities which give rise to State rights, though absolute and imperative within their sphere, like those of the nation, are yet inferior in extent to these, and do not stand upon the same level with them;—just as, from the height of his individuality looking downward, the duties of a man are perfect and his rights perfect, yet differ in degree and in rank from those of his neighbor, so the rights and duties of the State are perfect in their sphere, though inferior to those of the general government. Neither were the rights of the States established, as might be inferred from the words of our resolvers—no vague are the terms of these important resolutions by a concession from the people to the States—in that imaginary division of equal powers between equal parties. Previously to its establishment by Constitution, the government of this nation existed potentially, only, as the necessity of things made a place for it. Its elements did not lie distributed among the States—the powers of the general government are exercised over all persons and over all States equally, but the powers of a State did not ever extend beyond its geographical boundaries, nor

did they embrace any of those conditions of nationality upon which, and for which, merely, the general government was established. The general government, therefore, is inspired (so to speak) with another soul; the soul of the whole people, and not with that subordinate, provincial soul, as inferior in grade and dignity, though it be as free and inviolate in its functions, to the national soul, if we may be pardoned the mysticism, as the soul of a lower grade of spirits might be to a seraphic grade.

It is usual to speak of a social contract; but there is a contract of a nature not to be violated by the will of the contracting parties—that natural and unwritten contract, which, being founded in a physical and moral necessity, unites man with man in the observance of common humanity and of common justice, in the various relations of life. It is a contract which no agreement can dispense with. Men cannot agree to be enemies, nor to live in a state of barbarism, or of mutual distrust. Almost every action of our lives is wholly, or in part, affected by an unexpressed consciousness of the unity of society, and of the soul of justice and of honor, of faith and of forbearance, which creates and maintains that unity. Society is in this sense, indeed, a contract. The terms of its agreement, coming out from the past, reach forward through succeeding generations. Divisions, feuds, the separation of interests, these are but violations of that great unwritten contract which is the life of a nation, of which its constitution, its laws, its history, are but a documentary evidence. The aim of this contract, nay, its very essence, is nationality; the union of as many as can be bound by the ties of kindred, country, language and a common destiny. It is therefore the first and greatest of crimes to attempt lightly, or without causes unspeakably pressing, to create civil war, or to draw lines of division cutting the body of the state along those vital parts where nature has made an union, which must, in ceasing, let out the life and soul of the nation, and reduce it from an organized and perfect whole to a number of convulsed and antagonizing members.

Whoever attempts without reasons of the most sacred character to impair the unity of a nation, commits a sin against humanity, both in the past and in the fu-

ture; for he not only subverts what has been established by the best efforts and the wisest care, by the blood and toil of all good men who have gone before us; but he extinguishes in hope, nay, stifles in their birth, the future generations of his race; since not only the pride of a people, but its power, its growth, its advance in wealth, in knowledge, and in morality, depend almost entirely on the preservation of its nationality and its unity.

Our resolvers declare that no authority is conferred by the Constitution of the United States upon the Congress to impair or destroy the right of property in slaves (for we are come now to the issue) in any place whatsoever, nor to prohibit the transfer of slaves from one place to another, except in the power delegated to it over the foreign slave trade; and that any act of Congress designed to impair the right of property in slaves, or to prohibit the transfer of slaves, would be a violation of the Constitution. Not to repeat here what has been already said in regard to the power of Congress over territory acquired by the United States,* we can only declare that we see no impropriety nor unconstitutionality in an act of Congress forbidding or pronouncing contraband any species of property which may be transported into the new territories, and which in the view of the majority of Congress may tend to impede the settlement of those territories

* While the territories remain unorganized or are in process of occupation, the people of the United States as a nation possess a threefold interest and right in them.

First, as the imperial control over all national affairs has been acquired by the act of union or naturalization, which confers upon the general government the powers enumerated and implied by the Constitution.

Second, as particular states or foreign sovereigns have ceded their chartered or legitimate sovereignty over their several territories. By these acts of cession, all the powers of a king or a sovereign state over its territory were necessarily transferred to the people or nation of the United States.

Third, as owners of the soil the people exercise certain rights.

It appears by this examination that the authority of the government of this nation is perfect over the territory which they have acquired, for it originally includes the threefold power of imperial control, of State sovereignty, and of ownership.—*Am. Review for August, 1848: Article on Oregon Bill.*

by the free citizens, whose arms and whose taxes have secured it to the nation. The question of the population of these territories is between the negro and the white man. Shall it be possessed by the negro, to be rendered back at last like St. Domingo to its original barbarism, or shall the free white southern emigrant possess it in common with his brothers of the North and with the naturalized citizen?

The object of the resolvers is to secure to themselves and to a portion of their constituents, the valuable privilege of introducing into the new territory a species of property, which must have the effect of excluding almost every other species; of colonizing a soil which is the rightful property of the white man, with the inferior race of Africa; of excluding the adventurous free emigrant from the new and untried country of his hopes, and of extending an institution incomparably inferior, not only in moral dignity, but in all its economical and social effects, to those of pure republics. We do not mean here to contend, that in countries suited by their climate to the temper and habits of the African race, the institution of slavery may not be preferable to that of negro or Mexican barbarism. The institution of slavery, as it exists in our southern climates, presents the singular spectacle of a republic of landholders, governing with a despotic power a nation of slaves. To the slave, the white man is an aristocrat, an hereditary lord paramount. Republicanism founded upon slavery is the purest and most exclusive form of aristocracy, or, in other words, a predominance of a superior over an inferior race. The Saxon governs the Celt with an imperfect, hardly acknowledged, superiority—the South Carolinian governs the negro with an unquestionable, a confessed, an undisturbed predominance. We have now neither time nor inclination to enter upon a discussion of the merits of Southern slavery, compared with other institutions of slavery. Whether the caste of India, the helotage of Sparta, the serfdom of Saxon England, the bond service of the Mexican Indian, the despotism of the Turk, the social, intellectual, subordination of the Chinese, the vassalage of the land-laborer, or the legalized penury of the English pauper; whether these, or any

other form of human subordination, be better or worse than another, it is not now our intention to inquire: suffice it, that to ourselves the condition of the negro seems far better than that of any of those classes whom we have named, and that the institution of slavery, as it exists among ourselves, seems to be not wholly intolerable. Institutions become wrong and immoral only when others more profitable and more conducive to human happiness can be directly substituted for them. Nothing directly wrong or immoral can be predicated of form or institution of government; and before any change can be effected, the necessity for a change must become imperative, not only in the minds of the governors, but of the governed. The only valuable liberty is perhaps that which we ourselves have seized and possessed; for political liberty is not, like religion, a thing given by authority of another, but is a something possessed and held with perpetual vigilance. Let us beware therefore how we rush into fanatical extremes. Is not the disposition to meddle with the affairs of our neighbors, and to set up a political standard for them, a trait of vulgar and intolerable conceit? Wisely therefore did the fathers of the Constitution commit the regulation of domestic servitude, of the relation of the superior and capable to the inferior, and as yet incapable, race to the sovereignties of the States. They knew how near and perfect an acquaintance with any institution is required in those who are to be its reformers.

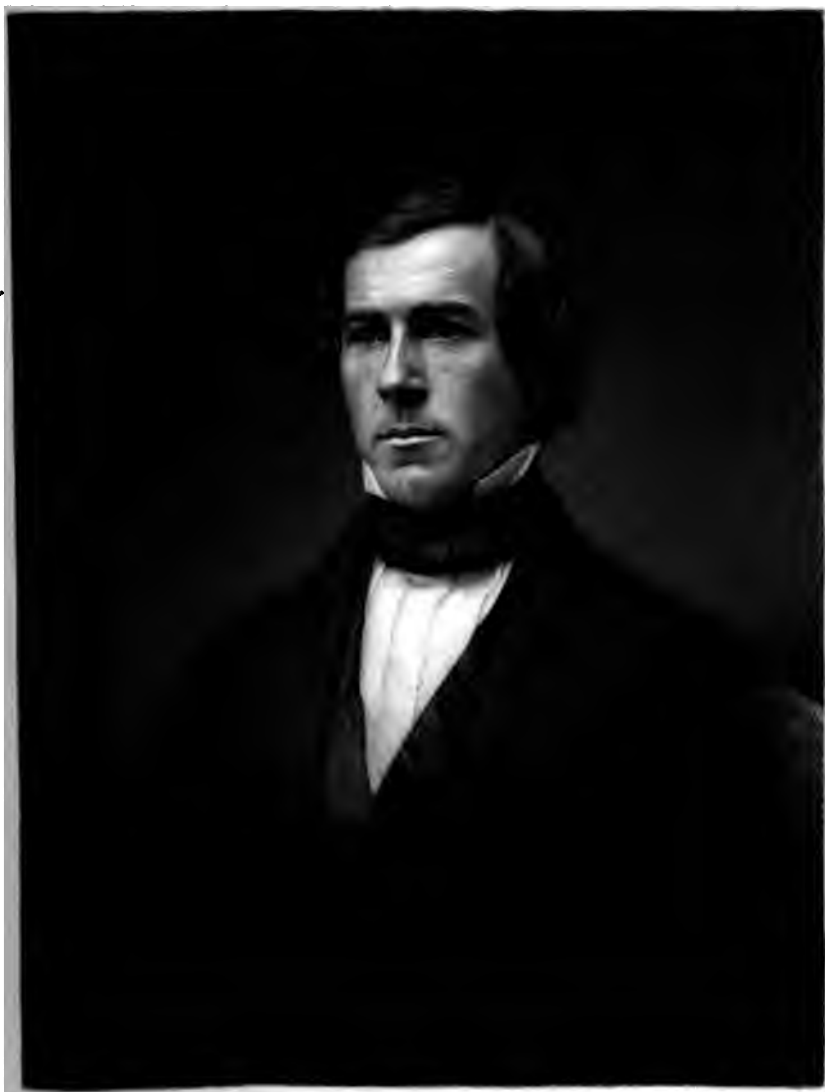
Domestic reform, under the free act of the State legislatures, has moved southward over one-half the continent. Already the Northern tier of slave States begin to feel sensibly the disadvantages and encumbrances which impede their moral and economical progress; but it is not the power of a moral fanaticism which informs the slaveholder—it is rather a conviction of the political, the economical, and, above all, the social disadvantages of his position, which drives him upon considering whether he does not pay too dearly for the ease and honors of mastership.

We hold it to be an unjust imputation, a violent and ill-considered reproach, when our resolvers throw upon the body of the Northern citizens the imputation of a des-

potic encroachment upon the rights of the Southern sovereignties. There is, indeed, a phase in human character—it may be, perhaps, a disease in the moral nature of man, infesting a certain portion of society, but more especially of that portion of the human family which are now the acknowledged masters of the earth—the phasis or epidemic of Propagandism, which affects different ages in different degrees, and sometimes moves whole communities and nations to engage in enterprises of the most unjust and ruinous character. It excites but little attention in the South to learn that an army of infatuated mystics have moved off into the western wilderness, led by a false prophet, to perish of cold and hunger in the passes of the Rocky Mountains; but had this army of fanatics, led by a prophet of a different caste, moved southward over the cotton fields of Carolina, inspired with religious rage against an institution as offensive perhaps, in idea, to a Northern Democrat as the paganism of the Ammonites to the pious Democrats of Israel, would it have been a movement more surprising or more inexplicable to those who make a study of human motives? Is there not, therefore, a mixture of thoughtlessness—of thoughtlessness, do we say?—nay, even of blind, unthinking audacity, in the counsels of our resolvers, who, removing themselves from under the grand and imposing shadow of the Constitution—stepping out from that asylum and city of refuge, within whose bounds their institutions, however odious to the sectaries, and even to the upright and forbearing citizens of the North, remain inviolate—draw themselves off in an attitude of hostility, inviting the hostility which they deprecate, and removing the last barrier between their own unpopular privileges and the exasperated sense of Radicalism, spurred on by fanaticism. The imputation of treason cannot seriously light upon the resolvers, when we consider that it is not so much the ruin of the State, as their own ruin, they are resolutely bent on completing.

Under the protection of a government the firmest, the most unchangeable in the world, or that has ever existed, they may with security maintain their ancient privileges; but they are not satisfied with holding what they already possess—they





W. Hunt)



THE M E R I C A N R E V I E W,

No. XV.

FOR MARCH, 1849.

MARKS ON THE RESOLUTIONS AND MANIFESTO OF THE SOUTHERN CAUCUS.

In no questions of policy does the
over and character of the Conservative
Whig Party appear more conspicuously,
than in those affecting the institutions of
the South, where the spirit of those insti-
tutions puts their supporters for the mo-
ment in an attitude of hostility to the
federal government, or to the free States.
By the most liberal concessions, by the
most judicious compromises, and by a
conduct at once temperate, firm and
patriotic, the Whig Party in the South
have succeeded in preserving and con-
firming the Union, and maintaining a true
respect and feeling for it in the breasts
of their constituencies. The contrast of
feeling and principle in the two parties
is remarkably displayed in the two mani-
festoes lately issued by Mr. Calhoun and
Mr. Berrien, and their friends; both hold-
ing the same views in regard to the
subjects agitated; but one, that of Mr.
Calhoun, addressed to the South, and
threatening at a division of the Union; the
other, Mr. Berrien's, addressed to the na-
tion, calling upon all good citizens to make
common cause with the oppressed. Not-
withstanding that we are compelled to dis-
sent, in most particulars, from the views
expressed by Mr. Berrien, yet we cannot
fail to express the respect which we feel is
due to him for having observed such an
important distinction in his manifesto.

The extremes of party feeling in regard
to slavery lie outside the lines of the Whig

party. Mr. Calhoun, in the South, repre-
sents the positive; the radical anti-slavery
Democrats of the North, the negative ex-
treme. In the Whig ranks, on the con-
trary, though there are vast differences
of opinion as to the good and evil of the
Southern institutions, there is but one
opinion as to the paramount importance
of the Union. On this first point of policy
the Whigs of all the States are essentially
and profoundly conservative.

When our Southern friends hear of abo-
lition movements, and of propositions for
the dissolution of the Union made by abo-
litionist orators, or of propositions for
amending the Constitution, so as to bring
its powers to bear upon the liberties of the
State sovereignties, they know very well
upon what species of partisans to lay the
blame of such proceedings. And with
equal certainty the Whigs of the North
attribute the spirit which originates threat-
ening manifestoes to its proper party in
the South. A proposal for extending the
institution of slavery over new regions,
could not originate with the conservative
Whig party of the South, nor could any
plan of encroachment upon the domestic
rights of the Southern States proceed from
the conservative Whig party of the North
and West. Propositions of this character
must proceed from the radical and dis-
organizing party, and, being antagonist
propositions, they divide that party against
itself. A manifesto of southern slave-

holders for the extension of slavery, is met in the North by a more settled resolution on the part of the radical party, to attack the institution of slavery with every weapon that offers; not sparing to wrest the Constitution itself, if that were possible, and to direct the forces of the nation upon the liberties of the Southern States. Ultra abolitionists are as eager for a dissolution of the Union, as the most devout admirer of Mr. Calhoun could desire, even to the end of seeing him made president of a Southern republic; for it is their first desire to remove the Southern States from under the guaranties of the Constitution, in order that they may be set off in a relation of hostility, and afford a perfect justification for such secret or open measures for the liberation of slaves, as might be taken by the agents of fanatical associations. Nor would the Northern States, in case of such separation, hesitate to protect the runaway slave. A border line, dividing the North from the South, would become a boundary, over which the slave would have but to set his foot, to become a freeman. The soil of the Northern States, like the soil of England, would thus confer freedom upon the negro; a condition which would very soon resolve the problem of the continued existence of slavery in the northern tier of slave States, and soon after in those next to them.

Southern statesmen have not, perhaps, considered with sufficient care with what a degree of kindness and forbearance these things are looked at by intelligent and sober citizens of the North. Well assured, as they might be, of the certainty of an extinction of slavery to follow upon the division of the Union, their regard for the safety and prospects of the nation, but especially of the South and West, forbids them to allow that consideration to operate in their minds against the spirit of union and brotherhood.

Agreeably to a previous notice, eighteen southern members of the Senate of the United States, and fifty-one southern members of the House of Representatives, met in the Senate-chamber at Washington at seven o'clock on the evening of December 23d, 1848. The object of this meeting, understood to be called and organized under the advice and influence of Mr. Calhoun, was to adopt a series of resolutions,

and to address a warning to the southern citizens of the Union, expressing opinion of the delegates in regard to the long agitated question of slavery, and to inform their constituents regarding what is and is not constitutional or within the power of Congress in legislation, affecting the institution of slavery.

General Thomas Metcalfe, Senator from Kentucky, was elected president; Mr. Gayle, of Alabama, first vice-president; Mr. Atchison, of Missouri, second vice-president, and Mr. Venable, of North Carolina, secretary of the meeting. Mr. Bayly, of Virginia, presented a preamble and resolutions. The resolutions express a firm determination to support the Constitution, and, constitutionally, the government—declares their attachment to the Union, as they understand its objects—to cause a faithful observance of its principles, as they understand them, can also secure liberty and union to themselves and their posterity. That the government of the United States is one of delegated powers, limited by the plain sense and intention of its Constitution, and that all powers not delegated by the Constitution to the general government, nor prohibited to the States, are, by the express terms of the instrument reserved to the States respectively, or to the people—that no authority is conferred by the Constitution to impair or destroy the right of property in slaves, either in the State, the District of Columbia, the territories of the United States, or in any other place whatsoever, nor to prohibit the transfer of slaves from one place to another, except in the power delegated to it over the foreign slave trade, which has been exhausted—that an act of Congress impairing property in slaves, or prohibiting the transfer of slaves, would be a violation of the Constitution; and that, moreover, with such power conferred or insisted on, the Constitution could not have been adopted—that the recent efforts to interfere with domestic slavery in the District of Columbia and the territories, and to prevent the transfer of slaves between different parts of the Union are to be regarded as alarming and dangerous, and, if persisted in, must lead to a dissolution of the Union. That there is a necessity for a more effectual interposition to arrest these efforts.

that there is a perfect equality of rights among the States, and that as the districts and territories of the Union are the common property of all the States, that equality would be violated were any conditions or restrictions with regard to property to be imposed upon the citizens of some of those States, passing into the territories, which were not imposed on other citizens.

That a law of Congress, prohibiting citizens of any of the States from holding any property they may possess, in the territories, could not by free men be submitted to with honor.—That in cases like the present, threatening the rights of States and their citizens, it is proper, where their representatives in Congress have exhausted their power of resistance in vain, for the States whose people are aggrieved to propose the means of redress. After which follows, presented by Mr. Calhoun, from a committee of fifteen, "THE ADDRESS OF THE SOUTHERN DELEGATES IN CONGRESS TO THEIR CONSTITUENTS."

The resolutions adopted at this meeting, expressing the sense of a body respectable for its character, its numbers, the importance of the interest which it represents, and the occasion which assembled it, are given to the country as an expression of deliberate opinion, and as a ground and reason of the intended future conduct of the members of that body, and of, at least, a respectable portion of the citizens whom they represent. It is necessary, therefore, for all those who make the proceedings of public bodies a subject of inquiry and of remark, to consider carefully and weigh accurately the open, and, if possible, the implied and hidden meaning of their resolutions; not for the purpose of predicting consequences rashly, not for the purpose of exciting public indignation or its contrary, not to excite the passions of one part of the nation against another, not to blow up the fires of rebellion, not to express the contempt of an individual; but, if possible, to ascertain how far they are likely, by their real force, to affect the policy of the nation, to sway its counsels, and to urge it toward evil or toward good. It is necessary also, at the same time, to separate the ostensible from the real in these resolutions; to show, if it can be shown, what there is in them of prejudice, of sophistry and of falsehood, (if there be

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They "most solemnly declare a warm attachment to the union of the States." Upon the construction of those few words—"the union of the States"—hang conclusions of infinite moment; for we have now to inquire whether by the union of the States is meant a union of the States, or a union of the individuals who compose the nation. What is a State, in the meaning of the Constitution? Is a citizen of this nation a citizen merely by virtue of his allegiance to his State, or is he a citizen by virtue of a principle—of a nationality—over which State sovereignty has no control, into which State sovereignty cannot look? State sovereignty cannot alter—cannot confer or take away—the rights of individuals. State sovereignty cannot say to this man, do this and do that; possess this, resign that, merely because it is sovereignty? The rights of individuals are based upon the ancient laws—laws which take their origin from the decrees of God. "Thou shalt not steal," is a command laid not only upon individuals, but upon sovereignties. "Thou shalt not deprive thy neighbor of his property without an equitable reason." These are principles, these are laws, older,

more venerable,* than State sovereignties; they cannot be violated. But greater than these, and necessary to their accomplishment, is the right of the citizen, by his allegiance, to his nationality. State sovereignty, a member of the great system of powers, cannot impair the validity of that great first contract—the contract of allegiance and protection between the citizen and his nation. It cannot even look into and examine the grounds of this contract. The resolvers declare that it is their “duty to watch over and oppose every infraction of those principles which constitute the only basis of the Union, because a faithful observance of them can alone secure its existence, and the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity.” But it is also the duty, in a free nation, of every citizen to whom nature has accorded the power of thought and of speech, and who believes that governments are moral organizations, to watch over the laws and liberties which protect him; and especially to notice and comment on the movements of public bodies which assemble to declare intentions and express opinions affecting the existence of his nation. With humility, but with earnestness and sincerity, he is permitted to speak in defense of what is dear to him. A citizen of the North is bound to every citizen of the South, if not by the sacred and pathetic ties of kindred and of friendship, yet by the bonds of a common language, a common origin, a common principle, a common country, and, above all, by a common nationality. This tie, which connects every citizen with every other, which binds every citizen with every other, is maintained and represented by one superior power, able to protect and bound to protect every citizen *against* every other. This is the end of government, that the one shall be protected against the many, that the minority shall be protected against the majority. But if, renouncing, in a heat, their allegiance, the minority remove themselves, or attempt to remove themselves, from under the protection of the nation, and at the same time endeavor, by assuming the power of State sovereignty, to be what it is not—to break and divide the bonds of the nationality of *others*, their fellow-citizens; threatening by *the mere act* of a provincial sovereignty,

to separate large bodies of citizens from the nation of which they are integral parts and members; in what light are those who endeavor this to be regarded by the sincere and patriotic citizen?

The resolvers declare that the government of the United States is one of delegated powers, limited by the plain sense and intention of the Constitution, which is the only legitimate source of them; and all powers not delegated by it to the general government, nor prohibited to the States, *are by the express terms of the instrument reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.*

On casting an eye over the Constitution of the United States, we find no such “express terms.”* The first terms of that instrument are, that “we, the people of the United States,” for several reasons, “do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.” The PEOPLE of the United States are in mass a power superior to any one State, else would they not have the power to establish a Constitution for all the States, or rather for such State or States as may by the act of union concede this power to the NATION. The nation is thus possessed of a power in its sphere, fully equal to all the exigencies and necessities of the nation; but, more than all other powers, with that of maintaining the unity, the existence of the nation as a whole, or, in other words, of guarantying to every citizen his nationality. In the fourth section of the fourth article we find the Constitution guarantying to every State in the Union a republican form of government. This power of guaranty implies a power of protection against internal changes or external force, possessed and to be exercised by a third party, superior, by the terms of the

* The only “express” reservation of power to the States is for their appointment of militia officers. On the other hand, not only by no express terms, but by no terms whatsoever, are any legislative or executive powers reserved to the “people.” The people sanctioned and adopted the Constitution, and in that Constitution they have laid certain commands upon the State governments, and *restricted* their powers within certain well-ascertained boundaries. They have guarantied them their liberties. Is it not possible that the gentlemen who drew up these resolutions had no copy of the Constitution near them at the time?

guaranty, to either of the contesting parties. By this guaranty the people bind themselves in their united capacity as a nation to exercise that imperial power, conferred upon them by their nationality, over rebellious elements. The Constitution, therefore, has, conferred upon it, a power of the most exalted kind—a power of enforcing by command, by threat, and, when necessary, by force of arms—compelling the establishment in permanence of a particular form of government. Such a power carries with it all the conditions necessary to its exercise. By no presumption of authority, by no conditions while the guaranty is maintained, can a single citizen be withdrawn by the act of other citizens from under the protection of such a power.

Nor do we find "by the express terms of the instrument" a reservation of powers to the States respectively on the one hand, and on the other to the nation; as though the States as a body were set off against the people as a body, and had made, as equal powers, a certain equal division of equal rights. The rights of a State arise of necessity, as do those of the nation; but the necessities which give rise to State rights, though absolute and imperative within their sphere, like those of the nation, are yet inferior in extent to these, and do not stand upon the same level with them;—just as, from the height of his individuality looking downward, the duties of a man are perfect and his rights perfect, yet differ in degree and in rank from those of his neighbor, so the rights and duties of the State are perfect in their sphere, though inferior to those of the general government. Neither were the rights of the States established, as might be inferred from the words of our resolvers—so vague are the terms of these important resolutions by a concession from the people to the States—in that imaginary division of equal powers between equal parties. Previously to its establishment by Constitution, the government of this nation existed potentially, only, as the necessity of things made a place for it. Its elements did *not* lie distributed among the States—the powers of the general government are exercised over all persons and over all States equally, but the powers of a State did not ever extend beyond its geographical boundaries, nor

did they embrace any of those conditions of nationality upon which, and for which, merely, the general government was established. The general government, therefore, is inspired (so to speak) with another soul; the soul of the whole people, and not with that subordinate, provincial soul, as inferior in grade and dignity, though it be as free and inviolate in its functions, to the national soul, if we may be pardoned the mysticism, as the soul of a lower grade of spirits might be to a seraphic grade.

It is usual to speak of a social contract; but there is a contract of a nature not to be violated by the will of the contracting parties—that natural and unwritten contract, which, being founded in a physical and moral necessity, unites man with man in the observance of common humanity and of common justice, in the various relations of life. It is a contract which no agreement can dispense with. Men cannot agree to be enemies, nor to live in a state of barbarism, or of mutual distrust. Almost every action of our lives is wholly, or in part, affected by an unexpressed consciousness of the unity of society, and of the soul of justice and of honor, of faith and of forbearance, which creates and maintains that unity. Society is in this sense, indeed, a contract. The terms of its agreement, coming out from the past, reach forward through succeeding generations. Divisions, feuds, the separation of interests, these are but violations of that great unwritten contract which is the life of a nation, of which its constitution, its laws, its history, are but a documentary evidence. The aim of this contract, nay, its very essence, is nationality; the union of as many as can be bound by the ties of kindred, country, language and a common destiny. It is therefore the first and greatest of crimes to attempt lightly, or without causes unspeakably pressing, to create civil war, or to draw lines of division cutting the body of the state along those vital parts where nature has made an union, which must, in ceasing, let out the life and soul of the nation, and reduce it from an organized and perfect whole to a number of convulsed and antagonizing members.

Whoever attempts without reasons of the most sacred character to impair the unity of a nation, commits a sin against humanity, both in the past and in the fu-

ture; for he not only subverts what has been established by the best efforts and the wisest care, by the blood and toil of all good men who have gone before us; but he extinguishes in hope, nay, stifles in their birth, the future generations of his race; since not only the pride of a people, but its power, its growth, its advance in wealth, in knowledge, and in morality, depend almost entirely on the preservation of its nationality and its unity.

Our resolvers declare that no authority is conferred by the Constitution of the United States upon the Congress to impair or destroy the right of property in slaves (for we are come now to the issue) in any place whatsoever, nor to prohibit the transfer of slaves from one place to another, except in the power delegated to it over the foreign slave trade; and that any act of Congress designed to impair the right of property in slaves, or to prohibit the transfer of slaves, would be a violation of the Constitution. Not to repeat here what has been already said in regard to the power of Congress over territory acquired by the United States,* we can only declare that we see no impropriety nor unconstitutionality in an act of Congress forbidding or pronouncing contraband any species of property which may be transported into the new territories, and which in the view of the majority of Congress may tend to impede the settlement of those territories

* While the territories remain unorganized or are in process of occupation, the people of the United States as a nation possess a threefold interest and right in them.

First, as the imperial control over all national affairs has been acquired by the act of union or naturalization, which confers upon the general government the powers enumerated and implied by the Constitution.

Second, as particular states or foreign sovereigns have ceded their chartered or legitimate sovereignty over their several territories. By these acts of cession, all the powers of a king or a sovereign state over its territory were necessarily transferred to the people or nation of the United States.

Third, as owners of the soil the people exercise certain rights.

It appears by this examination that the authority of the government of this nation is perfect over the territory which they have acquired, for it originally includes the threefold power of imperial control, of State sovereignty, and of ownership.—*Am. Review for August, 1848: Article on Oregon Bill.*

by the free citizens, whose arms and whose taxes have secured it to the nation. The question of the population of these territories is between the negro and the white man. Shall it be possessed by the negro, to be rendered back at last like St. Domingo to its original barbarism, or shall the free white southern emigrant possess it in common with his brothers of the North and with the naturalized citizen?

The object of the resolvers is to secure to themselves and to a *portion* of their constituents, the valuable privilege of introducing into the new territory a species of property, which must have the effect of excluding almost every other species; of colonizing a soil which is the rightful property of the white man, with the inferior race of Africa; of excluding the adventurous free emigrant from the new and untried country of his hopes, and of extending an institution incomparably inferior, not only in moral dignity, but in all its economical and social effects, to those of pure republics. We do not mean here to contend, that in countries suited by their climate to the temper and habits of the African race, the institution of slavery may not be preferable to that of negro or Mexican barbarism. The institution of slavery, as it exists in our southern climates, presents the singular spectacle of a republic of landholders, governing with a despotic power a nation of slaves. To the slave, the white man is an aristocrat, an hereditary lord paramount. Republicanism founded upon slavery is the purest and most exclusive form of aristocracy, or, in other words, a predominance of a superior over an inferior race. The Saxon governs the Celt with an imperfect, hardly acknowledged, superiority—the South Carolinian governs the negro with an unquestionable, a confessed, an undisturbed predominance. We have now neither time nor inclination to enter upon a discussion of the merits of Southern slavery, compared with other institutions of slavery. Whether the caste of India, the helotage of Sparta, the serfdom of Saxon England, the bond service of the Mexican Indian, the despotism of the Turk, the social, intellectual, subordination of the Chinese, the vassalage of the land-laborer, or the legalized penury of the English pauper; whether these, or any

other form of human subordination, be better or worse than another, it is not now our intention to inquire: suffice it, that to ourselves the condition of the negro seems far better than that of any of those classes whom we have named, and that the institution of slavery, as it exists among ourselves, seems to be not wholly intolerable. Institutions become wrong and immoral only when others more profitable and more conducive to human happiness can be directly substituted for them. Nothing directly wrong or immoral can be predicated of form or institution of government; and before any change can be effected, the necessity for a change must become imperative, not only in the minds of the governors, but of the governed. The only valuable liberty is perhaps that which we ourselves have seized and possessed; for political liberty is not, like religion, a thing given by authority of another, but is a something possessed and held with perpetual vigilance. Let us beware therefore how we rush into fanatical extremes. Is not the disposition to meddle with the affairs of our neighbors, and to set up a political standard for them, a trait of vulgar and intolerable conceit? Wisely therefore did the fathers of the Constitution commit the regulation of domestic servitude, of the relation of the superior and capable to the inferior, and as yet incapable, race to the sovereignties of the States. They knew how near and perfect an acquaintance with any institution is required in those who are to be its reformers.

Domestic reform, under the free act of the State legislatures, has moved southward over one-half the continent. Already the Northern tier of slave States begin to feel sensibly the disadvantages and encumbrances which impede their moral and economical progress; but it is not the power of a moral fanaticism which informs the slaveholder—it is rather a conviction of the political, the economical, and, above all, the social disadvantages of his position, which drives him upon considering whether he does not pay too dearly for the ease and honors of mastership.

We hold it to be an unjust imputation, a violent and ill-considered reproach, when our resolvers throw upon the body of the Northern citizens the imputation of a des-

potic encroachment upon the rights of the Southern sovereignties. There is, indeed, a phase in human character—it may be, perhaps, a disease in the moral nature of man, infesting a certain portion of society, but more especially of that portion of the human family which are now the acknowledged masters of the earth—the phasis or epidemic of Propagandism, which affects different ages in different degrees, and sometimes moves whole communities and nations to engage in enterprises of the most unjust and ruinous character. It excites but little attention in the South to learn that an army of infatuated mystics have moved off into the western wilderness, led by a false prophet, to perish of cold and hunger in the passes of the Rocky Mountains; but had this army of fanatics, led by a prophet of a different caste, moved southward over the cotton fields of Carolina, inspired with religious rage against an institution as offensive perhaps, in idea, to a Northern Democrat as the paganism of the Ammonites to the pious Democrats of Israel, would it have been a movement more surprising or more inexplicable to those who make a study of human motives? Is there not, therefore, a mixture of thoughtlessness—of thoughtlessness, do we say?—nay, even of blind, unthinking audacity, in the counsels of our resolvers, who, removing themselves from under the grand and imposing shadow of the Constitution—stepping out from that asylum and city of refuge, within whose bounds their institutions, however odious to the sectaries, and even to the upright and forbearing citizens of the North, remain inviolate—draw themselves off in an attitude of hostility, inviting the hostility which they deprecate, and removing the last barrier between their own unpopular privileges and the exasperated sense of Radicalism, spurred on by fanaticism. The imputation of treason cannot seriously light upon the resolvers, when we consider that it is not so much the ruin of the State, as their own ruin, they are resolutely bent on completing.

Under the protection of a government the firmest, the most unchangeable in the world, or that has ever existed, they may with security maintain their ancient privileges; but they are not satisfied with holding what they already possess—they

are not satisfied with the full sovereignty, and the guaranty of that sovereignty by the nation, over their ancient and undisputed territory, though they are perfectly aware that a vast majority of the nation regard their privileges as of a character inconsistent with, almost repugnant to free institutions—the idea of the Democratic Republic requiring that the utmost degree of moral and physical liberty should extend to every accountable adult man; they are not content with holding, in the face of the opinion of all enlightened nations, privileges which, notwithstanding this opinion, no prudent statesman will ask them to lay aside until they can do so with perfect safety to themselves and to the State; they are not satisfied with maintaining and defending their sovereignties—they seek, in the face of a large majority of the nation, to extend what the majority among themselves, even, admit to be an evil and undesirable form of government over new and vast regions; they wish to devote the Southern half of the new continent to the black race of Africa, or to a contaminated and inferior blood, between the white man and the negro. By what motives are we to think they are impelled? Is it possible, is it judicious, to charge upon them any other impulses than those of a heated and misguided imagination? Dare we call them by any worse name than that sufficiently odious one of political sectaries?

Southern gentlemen and senators cannot be accused of mercenary motives: the danger of a fall in the price of slaves, or a hope of a rise in that commodity, could not be supposed to shake the resolution or exasperate the obstinacy of the senator of South Carolina, or of that heroic and indefatigable band of orators who cly around him in the Senate and echo him in the House. Power and opinion must have a moral as well as an economical basis and argument, when they rise against the existence of the most settled, the most dignified, and the most powerful government that the world has ever seen; a government so excellent in its principles, so removed in its Constitution above human frailty and the fluctuations of interest and passion, it can support and defend in its own bosom—not merely tolerate, but support and defend—institutions perfectly op-

posite, and adverse to its own spirit; a Constitution so wise, so just, so patient and full of sublime hope, it is able, like a Divine Providence, to entrust the working out of its principles to the inevitable laws of economy and necessity.

What then are the moral motives which impel our resolvers to place themselves in their present attitude of threat and of defiance? "In every political proposal we must not leave out of the question, the political views and object of the proposal; and these we discover not by what he says, but by the principles which he lays down." The principles laid down by our resolvers, is, that there is a perfect equality of rights among the states, over the territories of the Union; but the territories of the Union are not possessed by the states in their capacity as sovereignties, else would Congress be merely a committee of management over the joint possessions of the sovereignties; but Congress is no more a committee of management for the common property of the union, than it is a board of directors for the management of the common taxes. The taxes of the nation are not apportioned by the State legislatures, they are laid, on the contrary, directly upon the people, or upon commerce, or upon some other source of revenue, without regard to a division of states. These taxes originate in the House of Representatives, which stands not for the states as an aggregate, but for the body of the people as an indivisible nation. A territory purchased by taxes originated in this manner, is a territory purchased by the nation, and not by the States in aggregate. Our resolvers have therefore assumed as a fundamental principle of the Union, the existence of an equality of rights which have no existence. They have assumed that to be the common property of the aggregate of States, which was purchased by taxes laid upon commerce, and therefore upon the whole body of people, without distinction of States.

They assume, also, that Congress in forbidding the transport of slave property into new territories, has imposed a condition and a restriction upon the citizens of some States which it has not imposed upon the citizens of others. The absurdity of this assumption is evident on a moment's reflection, for this

declaration of contraband upon a certain species of property, extends to every citizen of the Union; the Connecticut farmer is as strictly forbidden by it from converting his money into slaves to be transported into the new territories, as is the Georgian banker or manufacturer from converting his monied capital into negroes for the same purpose. It is certainly in the power of Congress to forbid the importation of ardent spirit into the new territories, in order to prevent an injurious traffick with the Indians, and yet the owners of this species of property in the North might with as great propriety exclaim that the equal rights of the States entitled them to supply the Indians with ardent spirits, or with poisons, or with arms and ammunition, notwithstanding the interdiction of Congress, as might the southern slaveholders, or any citizens possessing, or intending to possess, slaves, protesting against the interdiction of their transportation into the new territories. The interdiction is imposed equally upon every citizen of the Union, and it is highly ridiculous to suppose that because a citizen happens at the time to be in possession, in his own State, of a quantity of the interdicted article, be it slaves, ardent spirits, or scalping-knives, that he is therefore, in the words of our resolvers, "placed in a condition of inequality, inferiority and degradation incompatible with the essential principle of the Union." The absurdity of this supposition does not seem in the least degree to have struck the excited imaginations of the resolvers, for immediately upon stating it, they add, not that the assertion of a *just right* is demanded of them, but that by a principle of *honor*, they would be bound to violate any such interdiction. How or under what circumstances, or by what delicate sense of honor, a southern gentleman could be converted into a slave smuggler, the most plastic imagination cannot shape to itself.

Our magniloquent resolvers declare that it would be impossible for freemen to submit with *honor* to a law of Congress, prohibiting the territory of the white man, purchased with the blood and treasure of all the free citizens of the Union, to be colonized by negroes. Now let us, if we choose in terms of law, assort the negro with the cattle, and other movable pro-

perty of his master; he is nevertheless, a man; with all the affections, passions and powers of a moral being; it is his stupidity and brutality of character, that makes him a slave; he is then a colonist, he is an inhabitant, he occupies land, he imparts his character to the country he inhabits; left to himself, he makes it a wilderness; under the guidance of a white master, he makes it something better; but still, excepting in situations peculiarly adapted to him by nature, the labor of the negro raises the soil but one degree in the stages of improvement. A country occupied in great part by negroes, is a country doomed to semi-barbarism. To the black race, labor is peculiarly hateful, and in their distribution upon the face of the globe, we find them occupying regions where nature pours out with a lavish hand the means of subsistence over the surface of the earth. A wise foresight would, therefore, very justly exclude from our new and vast possessions, a race of inferior beings, the most prolific, idle, and consuming, of the human family, and, from the relation in which they necessarily stand to the white man, excluding the possibility of a true gradation among the free population, and throwing the political power of the country into the hands of a few influential persons, distinguished by the extent of their dominion over the inferior race.

Although the impartial observer cannot fail to discover in this form of government—we mean the despotism of an aristocratic republic over an enslaved population—some singular and great advantages; although mastership is most evidently conducive to an audacious freedom of soul, a superiority of character, a defiance of encroachment, and to all those noted qualities which mark the Southern gentleman; yet, it is not an obligation imposed upon the national legislature to try experiments upon humanity for the cultivation of a few superior persons, or the production of a few remarkable instances of character. Although it is clearly impossible for the nation, as it regards its own integrity and existence, to interfere with the domestic institutions of the States further than to guaranty to them a republican form of government—a guaranty tacitly excluding all persons who were not already free at the time of the adoption of the Constitution—

it is yet bound to do everything for the new territories, so long as they remain under its guardianship, that the majority of Congress may deem necessary for securing the rights of its own citizens of all conditions, but especially those of the South, as being nearest, in the occupation of these new territories. If in the deliberations of Congress it seems proper, from considerations of climate or the existing condition of the population of a territory, to allow the introduction of every species of property, under the conviction that a negro population, under the control of white masters, will be best suited to any part of the new territory, then the majority will either pass a law with full constitutional powers, permitting the introduction of negroes, and providing the necessary protection of courts and a military force for the establishment of the institution of slavery; or, if the contrary appears to the majority of Congress, then it has full powers to forbid such introduction. For we will not go so far as to say that the permission of slavery by Congress, in the territory of the people, would be, in spirit, unconstitutional; though a very strong argument, with very good grounds, might be raised to show this. For instance, if the greatest dangers which this nation has to endure proceed from the institution of slavery, should it not, from a principle of self-preservation, seek to prevent the increase of such an influence? If the genius of constitutional liberty is opposed to the institution of slavery, should not all true republicans oppose its extension with might and main, be they slaveholders or not? Is not that an unconstitutional permission or passivity in Congress which allows a few States to extend their *private* institutions over the *public* territory?

On both sides of this question we find the inquiry as to constitutionality conducted in the most careless and prejudicial style. The objection on the ground of constitutionality raised against that exasperating measure, the "Wilmot proviso," were based only on the asserted want of authority in the nation to control its own territory, and no one seems to have thought of asking whether the Proviso might not be objected to on other and more tenable grounds. It appeared, tacked to a bill of appropriation for money to be

spent in a war for the acquisition of territory by force of arms: thus the principle of the Proviso itself was more injurious than the evil which it professed to oppose; for it was not understood, at that time, that we were to *purchase* the territory for which we were then making war. The Proviso admitted a greater evil for the suppression of a less; it carried the appearance of a weak and undignified opposition—it exhibited a great dislike to a certain institution, but carried no force of reason with it. It not only tacitly admitted the constitutionality of the war, but it did more and worse—it attempted, by an act of Congress for this year, to trammel the Congresses of succeeding years. It incorporated in the grave body of a law the hostility of a faction; it gave money to the Executive loaded with a condition, in the manner of supplies voted to a king on condition of his good behavior; which it was surely inexpedient for a body representing both the nation and the States. It betrayed a want of confidence in the power of the General Government over the territories of the nation; for this power once acknowledged, as it must inevitably be by all who look into the nature and position of that government, it was not, surely, a course dictated by confidence in it, to forestall its legitimate action by a proviso attached to a bill, anticipating the possibility of its being called into action, in the management of territory unlawfully acquired. This was a complication of absurdities.

The Proviso, however, had its intended effect; it served as a point of concentration for the excitement of both North and South; it created parties of passion, and not parties of deliberation.

We have remarked, in the above paragraphs, in a somewhat irregular and cursory way, upon the salient points of the resolutions as they meet the eye of a constitutional inquirer. It remains only to add a few words, addressed more particularly to our Southern friends, on the address of the Southern delegates to their constituents. As a tolerably full account of the proceedings of Mr. Calhoun's sectional caucus is given in our Congressional Summary for this month, we need only refer our readers to that summary, and proceed as though they had read it.

The address represents that the body politic is subject to a disease which threatens its existence, and proceeds to describe this disease: a true diagnosis being supposed necessary as a first step towards effecting a cure. Now as the description given in the address is not of the disease itself, or of its causes, but only of its effects or symptoms, sympathetic and constitutional, being a brief history of the pro and anti-slavery movements in and out of Congress, since the formation of the Constitution, it may as well, perhaps, be intimated, once for all, that the sole recognized and world-wide "disease," incompatibility, or defect, in the system of American society, is domestic slavery itself. It is a disease affecting the white population of the South—impairing their wealth, hindering their prosperity, and forcing them into a false political position in regard to other parts of the Union. The cure of this defect, or if a cure could not in time be effected, its palliation, was committed to the State sovereignties, or reserved by the State sovereignties themselves. The majority of them have extirpated the evil, and many more are well advanced toward a healthier condition. With several of those, however, who are the most deeply affected by it, certain symptoms appear, of a nature not at all surprising, when we consider the character of the disease. These are, *first*, a strong and steady purpose appearing in a certain party of the South, of which Mr. Calhoun is the ostensible leader, not only to maintain and nourish the so-called disease in his own State, for which that State alone is responsible, but to force it out over the new territories of the Union, under the idea of satisfying certain *rights*, real or fictitious. The sympathetic and attendant symptom of this first one is, that in the North and West an extreme abolition party is created, consisting of a number of enthusiastic persons, who use various indiscreet and boisterous expressions, in regard to the cure of the disease, which betray a profound ignorance, not only of the true character and extent, but of the effects of the remedies they propose—remedies more likely to kill the patient than to cure the malady.

We should think that, however, to be a very unscientific diagnosis, which should class among the morbid effects of a disease,

the efforts of constitutional practitioners to suppress its ravages and prevent its extension. We therefore cannot reckon among these the various acts, resolutions, and compromises in Congress—by which slavery has been confined as far as possible within its ancient limits, and excluded from the North and West—as being symptoms of a diseased action in the body politic; on the contrary, they seem to indicate a very liberal, just, and healthy action, such as we have already urged. If the great danger of the Union is from contests about this institution of slavery, the less it extends itself, the better it will be for the safety and peace of the whole.

The address enters very largely into a detail of grievances, suffered in the violation of the law for the escape of fugitive slaves.

The Constitution provides that all persons held to service or labor, escaping from their bonds into another State, shall be delivered up, carefully avoiding to mention the word slave. In many of the States, the feelings and education of the people being such, that the idea of slavery is so intensely odious to them, they cannot forbear regarding persons who have escaped from actual slavery as proper exceptions to this provision of the Constitution; the nature of their bonds seeming to justify the violation of them. In the case of apprenticeship or other regular forms of bondage according to the old Saxon law, they would make no difficulty. There seems to be a radical difficulty in this, to be overcome, which requires on the side of the South the greatest discretion, and on that of the North the most exact and self-denying observance of the Constitution, without regard to those misguiding impulses of pity, or that prejudice in favor of those who are supposed to be oppressed. But this manifesto of Mr. Calhoun's is rather calculated to aggravate than to abate the evil, and in case an actual disunion be accomplished, slave property, excepting in the extreme South, must lose all value, and become a mere incumbrance.

The manifesto farther argues that all agitation in the North against slavery, by societies, newspapers, debating clubs, and the like, is a manifestation of hostility, not to be endured by the South—that it is a sound maxim in law and morals, no one

has a right to do that indirectly which they cannot do directly. This is really an astonishing stretch of confidence! The writer of this manifesto wishes to control the expression of opinion in the North, and thinks it a political sin against the South for a moral philosopher to write against the institution of slavery. "Slavery," he says, "is a domestic institution," and therefore no man must meddle with it. But it is of the very essence of despotism that is domestic. But is that a domestic in-

tution which allows a man to be transported across the continent, and sold for money? On the contrary, it is a political, a purely political institution, and comes under the especial care of government; and it is only because they were able and competent to the duty, that the State sovereignties are the proper and natural guardians of such institutions within their own limits. The signers of the manifesto profess to regard the movement of the Northern politicians against slavery in the territories as preparatory steps to the emancipation of slavery in the States. As far as we are acquainted with the spirit of the Whig party in the North, there is no such interference intended. All that the North looks to is, that this "*domestic*" institution be not converted into a national one. Beyond that, they leave everything as it stands, leaving the rest to the force of circumstances, and the wisdom of Southern legislation. It is unnecessary to do more than merely *deny* the imputation of the manifesto, unless we add, in retaliation, that the desire to interfere with slavery in the South, is no more actuate with Northern Whigs, than the desire of Southern Whigs to extend it over the common territory. The people of the free States, who are opposed to the extension of slavery, think that it is inconsistent with their rights to allow its existence upon territory of which they are, as citizens, joint owners: they think, perhaps, that slavery is a "*domestic institution*," and they think that in legislating for the national territory, representatives of the nation should not attempt to make it a national one; that it would be an unjustifiable interference for any legislator to attempt to do so. But upon this point we must leave everything to the free opinion of representatives. Congress has full

power over the national territories, and if a bill for the exclusion of slavery from them is stopped in the Senate by a Southern vote, every good citizen will acquiesce quietly in the decision of that great conservative body, supposing that they have deemed it more expedient to allow the boundaries of slave institutions to be fixed by natural causes, and by popular opinion in the territories themselves; and that with these causes in view, they are unwilling to exasperate the South by any measures betraying a sectional hostility.

The complaints and representations of the manifesto against the action of the Northern members of the House upon the question of slavery in the District of Columbia, are of such a spirit as may well excite a smile. It warns the South of terrible movements going on in the District of Columbia for the suppression of the internal slave-trade; while to the movements in Kentucky, and other Southern States, by large bodies of citizens in those States, it makes no such allusion. It is surely in the highest degree natural and proper that there should be a difference of opinion expressed in Congress by members from different parts of the Union, and it seems to be equally proper and natural that if the majority of the senators and representatives of the Republic of North America are ashamed of seeing a large traffick in negroes conducted within sight of the Capitol, they should prevent it. If they have not power to do that, their functions are not as respectable as the rest of the world suppose them to be. The manifesto states that the District would become a refuge for fugitive slaves; but against that evil there is full provision in the Constitution. The general government, composed in large part of southerners, would not be likely to allow the Constitution to be disregarded, in that point at least.

The manifesto declares "that the great body of the North are united against Southern institutions." Now, we venture to affirm, that the great body of the North are industrious, respectable persons, who mind their own business, and wish very much to see their neighbors attend to theirs. But, at the same time, it must be admitted, the North is very generally averse to slavery, and have abo-

lashed it from their statute books. It is certain that the North will not go to war, except where its own liberties and interests are at stake. *But all the States would rise up in arms against the central government, should it attempt any abridgment of the sovereignty of any State of the Union.*

Among the most important features in this manifesto is the history which it gives of the Missouri question. We subjoin it in full.

"We now return to the question of the admission of Missouri into the Union, and shall proceed to give a brief sketch of the occurrences connected with it, and the consequence to which it has directly led. In the latter part of 1819 the then territory of Missouri applied to Congress, in the usual form, for leave to form a State constitution and government, in order to be admitted into the Union. A bill was reported for the purpose, with the usual provisions in such cases. Amendments were offered, having for their object to make it a condition of her admission, that her constitution should have a provision to prohibit slavery. This brought on the agitating debate which, with the effects that followed, has done so much to alienate the South and North, and endanger our political institutions. Those who objected to the amendments, rested their opposition on the high grounds of the right of self-government. They claimed that a territory, having reached the period when it is proper for it to form a constitution and government for itself, becomes fully vested with all the rights of self-government; and that even the condition imposed on it by the Federal constitution, relates not to the formation of its constitution and government, but its admission into the Union. For that purpose it provides as a condition, that the government must be republican.

"They claimed that Congress has no right to add to this condition, and that to assume it would be tantamount to the assumption of the right to make its entire constitution and government; as no limitation could be imposed, as to the extent of the right, if it be admitted that it exists at all. Those who supported the amendment denied these grounds, and claimed the right of Congress to impose, at discretion, what conditions it pleased. In this agitating debate, the two sections stood arrayed against each other; the South in favor of the bill without amendment, and the North opposed to it without it. The debate and agitation continued until the session was well advanced; but it became apparent toward its close, that the people of Missouri were fixed and resolved in their opposition to the proposed condition, and that they would certainly reject it, and adopt a constitu-

tion without it should the bill pass with the condition.

"Such being the case, it required no great effort of mind to perceive that Missouri, once in possession of a constitution and government, not simply on paper, but with legislators elected, and officers appointed, to carry them into effect, the grave questions would be presented, whether she was of right a State or Territory; and if the latter, whether Congress had the right, and if the right, the power, to abrogate her constitution, disperse her legislature, and to remand her back to the territorial condition. These were great, and, under the circumstances, fearful questions—too fearful to be met by those who had raised the agitation. From that time the only question was, how to escape the difficulty. Fortunately, a means was afforded. A compromise (as it was called) was offered, based on the terms, that the North should cease to oppose the admission of Missouri on the grounds for which the South contended, and that the provisions of the ordinance of 1787, for the government of the northwestern territory, should be applied to all the territory acquired by the United States from France, under the treaty of Louisiana, lying north of 36° 30' except the portion lying in the State of Missouri. The Northern members embraced it; and although not originating with them, adopted it as their own. It was forced through Congress, by the almost united votes of the North, against a minority consisting almost entirely of members from the Southern States.

Such was the termination of this, the first conflict under the Constitution, between the two sections, in reference to slavery in connection with the territories. Many hailed it as a permanent and final adjustment, that would prevent the recurrence of similar conflicts; but others, less sanguine, took the opposite and more gloomy view, regarding it as the precursor of a train of events which might rend the Union asunder, and prostrate our political system. One of these was the experienced and sagacious Jefferson. Thus far time would seem to favor his forebodings. May a returning sense of justice, and a protecting Providence, avert their final fulfillment!

Now under favor we conceive that the manifesto misrepresents the whole spirit of the Missouri Compromise. The compromise line extended westward to the Pacific, but no one anticipated at that time the sudden extension of our Southern boundaries. California was not at that time in process of settlement by free white men, and it was not even imagined that a vast republic, to be the centre of the commerce of Asia, and source of the precious metals for all the world, was to be founded

there. Very naturally the North entertains at present a very justifiable jealousy of the extension of territory by Southern volunteers acting under the central government, and paid by Northern taxes, for the extension of an institution which the Constitution does not name, and the vast majority of taxpayers disapprove.

The manifesto declares that the general government has no power to extend slavery, nor to abolish it, and yet the fact remains unquestionable that notwithstanding a citizen may be in possession of a certain commodity, Congress, under the rule of *Salus Populi*, has full power to declare it contraband.

"So far from maintaining the doctrine which the issue implies, we hold that the Federal Government has no right to extend or restrict slavery, no more than to establish or abolish it; nor has it any right whatever to distinguish between the domestic institutions of one State or section and another, in order to favor the one and discourage the other. As the federal representative of each and all the States, it is bound to deal out, within sphere of its powers, equal and exact justice and favor to all. To act otherwise, to undertake to discriminate between the domestic institutions of one and another, would be to act in total subversion of the end for which it was established—to be the common protector and guardian of all. Entertaining these opinions, we ask not, as the North alleges we do, for the extension of slavery. That would make a discrimination in our favor as unjust and unconstitutional as the discrimination they ask against us in their favor. It is not for them nor for the Federal government, to determine whether our domestic institution is good or bad, or whether it should be repressed or preserved. It belongs to us, and us only, to decide such questions. What, then, we do insist on, is, not to extend slavery, but that we shall not be prohibited from immigrating, with our property, into the territories of the United

States, because we are slaveholders; or, in other words; that we shall not on that account be disfranchised of a privilege possessed by all others, citizens and foreigners, without discrimination as to character, profession, or color. All, whether savage, barbarian or civilized, may freely enter and remain; we only being excluded."

We conclude this somewhat irregular discussion of the manifesto, with an illustration of the mode in which the powers of the general government over its territory are ascertained, and we then dismiss the subject, as the one of all others which we had the least inclination to discuss, and to which we mean if possible never to return.

"At the peace of 1763, France ceded to Spain 'all the country known under the name of Louisiana.' In 1800, by a treaty between the Republic of France and the King of Spain, in consideration of the Republic enlarging the territories of the Duke of Parma, Spain ceded to the French Republic 'the colony or province of Louisiana, with the same extent which it now has in the hands of Spain, and which it had when France possessed it, and such as it should be, according to the treaties subsequently made between Spain and other states.' And in 1803, the same territory was 'ceded to the United States, in the name of the French Republic, for ever, and in full sovereignty, with all its rights and appurtenances, fully and in the same manner as they have been acquired by the French Republic, in virtue of the above-mentioned treaty with his Catholic majesty.'"

The above is from the Democratic Review for June, 1845. Now it is worth an inquiry whether, if all powers of sovereignty were ceded to the nation as an organized body, they do not remain in the nation at this day, to be exercised at will.

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

IN THE ISLAND OF ST. DOMINGO.

NUMBER ONE.

Embosomed within the tropical seas—its territory the scene of the earliest events in the history of European discovery and adventure in the New World—its capital the first city built by Spanish enterprise on this side of the Atlantic—lies the little independent state called the Dominican Republic. Except to a few of the commercial classes in our large sea-port cities, and to the authorities at Washington, or perhaps we should say to the archives of the State Department, the existence of this republic—as such distinct from and independent of the State with which it is conterminous—is almost wholly unknown to the American people. The idea is nearly universal that the boundaries of the black republic of Hayti are co-extensive with the island of that name, or, as it is indifferently called, St. Domingo; whereas the limits of that State are confined to about a third part of its entire area in the west—the larger and remaining portion in the east forming, with several small contiguous inlets, the territory of the republic whose name stands at the head of this article.

The writer of the following pages spent the spring and half the summer of each of the succeeding years 1847 and 1848 in that republic, mostly at the capital, the city of St. Domingo; and, besides having access to the best official, documentary, and other authentic sources of information, he was so situated as to be able to avail himself of the advantages derivable, for this and other purposes, from personal acquaintance and intercourse with the higher public functionaries and other intelligent citizens; means which the interest he felt in the history and condition, social and political, of that people, and in the practical operation of their recent experiment of republican self-government, naturally made him eager

to avail himself of. And besides these, he possessed during a portion of his residence those facilities and opportunities of observing the national character, the habits, ideas, passions, general traits and genius of the people, which the contact of practical business intercourse with the masses, united with a knowledge of their language, affords in a degree superior to any other circumstances. The season of the year during which he resided there was also favorable for acquiring information and observing the state and progress of public affairs, embracing, as it did, the greater portion of the period of the annual session of the national Legislature, whose proceedings awaken as lively an interest and elicit as earnest discussion in the circles of the capital, as do those of the larger and more imposing representative assemblies of other greater and more prominent nations.

The writer trusts that these few observations of a somewhat personal nature will be excused in consideration of the facts which have induced them—the little that is known and the still less that has been written on the subject of which these papers treat, and the consequent inability in the case of most readers, however well informed generally, to compare his statements with facts within their own knowledge, or with the statements of already published and generally accessible documents.

That the reader may understand the origin of the people, in respect to caste, their character, social condition and actual political position, as distinguishing them in these respects from the people of the west end of the island, who constitute the population of the Haytian republic, it will be necessary to revert, somewhat in detail, to the history of the Spanish colony of St. Domingo.

That history dates its commencement

from the era of the founding of the city of St. Domingo—or as it is invariably pronounced in the Spanish, in full, *Santo Domingo*—the ancient *capital* of the colony, as it is now of the Dominican republic, which took place in the year 1496,* four years after the first discovery. This was the first permanent settlement made by the Spaniards in the New World; their first attempt at colonization, on the north side of the island, having failed from the destruction of the little colony by the natives, and their second, at Isabella, on the same side, having been abandoned by order of Columbus, and the colonists removed to the south side of the island by his brother Bartholemew, who with them founded the city of St. Domingo, the year above mentioned.

As the history of the capital is mainly, for a long period, that of the colony, we will briefly trace its progress and fortunes, and describe its present state and condition. Standing at the mouth of a river—the Ozama—in which is the harbor, the only accessible spot for landing for leagues along the coast, and approached through a very narrow channel, while the sea-side of the town is protected by the barrier of a bold, rocky shore, against which the waves and swellings of the sea are eternally dashing in a long line of breakers, the city when built and fortified was one of the strongest places in the New World.

With the attraction of the neighboring gold mines, and the stimulus they gave to colonization, it increased rapidly, and soon contained many imposing edifices, both public and private, some of which are still remaining in various states of preservation or stages of decay; and when the celebrated English Admiral, Sir Francis Drake, the scourge of the Spanish seas, appeared before the town with his hostile fleet, in the year 1586, it contained, according to the quaint chronicler of the expedition, “seven hundred chimneys,” albeit literally there never was any such appendage to any of its buildings. The English rover having succeeded in capturing the city, proceeded systematically and ruthlessly to burn and destroy its buildings. In this laudable occupation the English spent the morn-

ings of each day, as the same historian, who seems to have participated in the labor, narrates, “in firing the outmost houses, by which they did not, however, succeed in destroying, after several days’ hard working, more than a third part of the place;” when, “wearied with firing,” coolly continues the worthy narrator, “we were content to accept of five-and-twenty thousand ducats of five shillings and sixpence the piece, [£6,875,] for the ransom of the rest of the towne.”* Having accepted this sum—a very moderate exaction, whether we consider the size of the place, or the very meritorious and quite unsolicited services by which it was earned, but which the ungrateful inhabitants were finally slow in paying over, until quickened in their proceedings to that effect, as is said, by the seizure on the part of their visitors of a luckless monk, who was dragged with a rope round his neck, instead of waist, to the foot of a temporary gallows, under the threat of instant death to the poor fellow in case of further

* Edwards's History of West Indies, Vol. 4 page 185-6.—Oviedo, the Spanish historian, who resided in the city, according to this author, about thirty years after its foundation—long before Sir Francis' visit—speaks of it as a city whose streets were laid out by compass and line. As quoted by a quaint old English translator, he mentions its cathedral “well buylded of stone and lyme, and of good workemanshypp;” and of “three monasteries bearyng the names of Saynt Dominike, Saynt Francis, and Saynt Mary of Mercedes, the whiche are well buylded, although not so curioslye as they of Spayne;” and of the mansion of the Viceroy Don Diego Colon the nephew of Columbus, as built “altogether of stone,” and so spacious and elegant that his majesty might well lodge therein. This was commenced but not completed by Christopher Columbus.

Blunt, in his “Coast Pilot,” speaks of the edifices of the city, constructed of a kind of marble found in the vicinity. This is a mistake. There never was a single block of any kind of marble used in these buildings. Two or three edifices only were constructed wholly of granite, while most of the principal churches and monasteries the fortress and the walls that enclose the city are constructed of lava rock, of a very porous honey-comb like formation, and which constitute the substratum of the site of the city and vicinity if not of the whole island. The walls of the roofs of the buildings—except the slight wooden structures in the outskirts near the city walls—are of a mixture of mortar and gravel, or earth, formed into one solid mass by the natural process of sun drying, after having been laid and pounded down in proper shape.

* Irving's Life of Columbus.

delay—the “gallant admiral” of her most Christian English Majesty sailed away on his royally appointed mission in quest of fresh adventures and further plunder of the hated Spaniards.

In the day of its prosperity, the city must have been, if we may judge from present appearances and relics, really beautiful, and in fact splendid. Even now, after the lapse of centuries, and when, from the combined effects of time, human neglect and decayed prosperity, it presents, as one approaches it from the sea, or traverses its grass-covered or gullied streets, an almost antediluvian aspect of decay—it bears traces of what it once was. And to the American who feels an interest in the historical associations and events of the early settlement of the New World, and who cherishes a feeling of respect for the mementoes connected therewith, it is in a manner classic ground; and as he stands in the midst of its monuments of the olden time, their historical associations—though in many respects in painful contrast with the actual present—awaken emotions akin to those inspired by the presence of the classic and consecrated scenes and associations which history has embalmed among the records of the Old World. The spot where he stands was selected by Columbus himself as the seat of the new Castilian empire in the hemisphere which he had given to the world, and which he fondly and proudly anticipated would one day rival or surpass in extent and power the old kingdoms of Europe; anticipations destined to be one day fulfilled, though in a somewhat changed locality, and under other national auspices. Here arose a beautiful city, its marts and streets teeming with the activity and busy hum of commercial life—here European civilization was planted, and here existed European social refinement and elegance, luxury and taste, a century before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock, or the Cavaliers established a home on the banks of the James River, or ere the primeval forests and Indian camp-fires had disappeared from the sites of the future New York and Boston. And yet, the contrast!

Though now numbering within its walls not more than eight or nine thousand inhabitants, as near as one can form an estimate, the city is said to have contained in

its most flourishing days a population of thirty thousand, which it might very well have done.

Among its monuments of the olden time, foremost stands its Cathedral, before mentioned; externally a vast, uncouth pile, without regularity or symmetry of design, but within presenting a beautiful specimen of combined Gothic and Grecian architecture. Its foundations were laid, as an inscription over its choir records, in the year 1514, and the edifice completed in 1540. Within its walls and beside its grand altar the remains of Columbus reposed for many years—from 1536, when they were conveyed to St. Domingo from Spain, as he had requested should be done, and deposited in the new church, until the year 1795, when they were finally removed to the Havana;* while in one of its niches stands the huge wooden cross which, it is said, was planted in the ground on which the Cathedral stands, when the spot was first chosen for the site of the future city. Besides this, there are several other churches, large and small, in good preservation, together with several monasteries and convents, some in ruins, others standing, though their cloisters and cells are tenantless. Connected with one of the former was in former times the University, an institution of learning in great repute throughout the Spanish West Indies and on the main. Here, too, stands in partial ruin the spacious Jesuit College, within whose walls was placed, it is said, the first machinery of Inquisitorial device for the purposes of conversion or punishment, that was introduced into the New World: while, overlooking the harbor, stand the massive granite and roofless walls of the once strong castle of the viceroy, already mentioned.

Most conspicuous among the ecclesiastical ruins of the city are the monastery of San Francisco, said to have once contained a community of about three hundred monks; and the convent, in better preservation, of Santa Clara, which might well have contained within its extensive enclosures an equal number of nuns. But ruin and desolation sit within their walls; their cloisters and cells have long since

* Irving and local tradition.

been untenanted by the cowed monk and veiled nun; and the stupid jackass and the goat seek food or a shelter from the torrid sun within the precincts once interdicted even to the unhallowed tread or gaze of man. The wild vine creeps unchecked over their dilapidated and time-blackened buttressed walls, on whose broad and crumbling tops rank shrubbery, and in some instances trees of considerable size having taken root, shoot up their emulous branches still higher towards heaven. Rank weeds and grass and bushes over-spread their corrals or court-yards, and choke up the openings to their fountains; the unconscious horse makes his stable in their desecrated chapels, while the lizard and other less innocuous reptiles bask in the sunshine on their mouldering, painted ceilings, or sport unmolested over their profaned altars—all, the embodied, inevitable decree which the unerring hand of time sooner or later records upon the monuments of such institutions of man as violate the laws of his social organization.

For about a century and a half, the Spanish colony was the only one on the island,* and its settlements were confined to the central and eastern portions. The bucaners, who were in the habit of making descents upon the north-west side, for the purpose of hunting the cattle that roamed in herds over the plains, at length formed permanent settlements in that quarter, and hence arose the colony at the west end, formed of colonists mostly of French origin.

By the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697,† Spain ceded to France the west end of the island, embracing a third of its entire territory.

Thus there arose, at widely separated intervals of time, two separate and entirely distinct colonies on the island; the older a dependence of Spain, in which the Castilian tongue was the vernacular language, and the other a dependence of France, with the French as the national idiom. And such their respective relations continued to be, down to the period of the memorable revolt, in 1791–2, of the blacks and mixed races in the latter colony. At this period the French colony, now in the last days of its existence as such, had attained a high degree of prosperity, far eclipsing

that of the neighboring Spanish one in the east; which latter, from the fact that many of its gold-seeking inhabitants had at an early period abandoned it for the more promising mines of Mexico, but still more on account of the composition and inherent character of the colonists as a people, had languished for centuries in that feeble state which a general neglect of agriculture and kindred pursuits necessarily produces.

Though African slavery had existed from early times in the Spanish colony, which indeed had been the locality of its first introduction into the New World, the revolt in the west, which finally ended in the entire destruction or expulsion of the white race, did not spread in any material degree among the servile or free-colored classes in the Spanish portion. Less numerous here than in the former colony, and living, it would seem, under a more mild system of treatment, they could not be induced to join them, to any serious extent, in their insurrectionary movements. Hence the relations of the various classes of the inhabitants remained substantially the same they had always been, notwithstanding the sanguinary scenes that were transpiring across the frontier.

Such was the state of the Spanish colony, when, towards the close of the last century, by the treaty of Basle,* Spain ceded to France her colonial possessions in the east, which gave the latter at least the nominal sovereignty of the whole island.

The French possession of the eastern or Spanish portion, after the loss of her own colony in the west, continued until the year 1809,* when the Spanish inhabitants rose upon and expelled the French from the capital, and finally from the territory. This repossession was subsequently, by the peace of Paris, ratified and confirmed in favor of the Spanish crown; and the colony continued thenceforward to be ruled by Spanish governors appointed by the crown, until the latter part of the year 1821, when the inhabitants of the capital rose against the royal authority, deposed and sent home the governor—or permitted him to escape—and established a provisional government of their own.

This new order of things was not, however, of long duration. Through the in-

* Edwards. † Amer. Encyc. Art. "Hayti."

* Dominican Revolutionary Manifest.

trigues and rivalries of opposing factions, a state of anarchy and confusion soon ensued; when the inhabitants, or a faction of them at least—for there seems to have been a want of unanimity in the proceeding—invited the celebrated Haytian chief and president, Boyer, who had recently united under his sway the two rival black states that had arisen in the west, to come in and take possession of the eastern portion also; which he would probably have done without an invitation. Accordingly, in the following year, 1822, having marched across the country with his army, and presented himself before the capital, its gates were opened to him and he entered the city, under the stipulations and guaranties that the territory should become a component part of the Haytian republic; the inhabitants, however, to be left in the enjoyment of their ancient rights, laws, usages, and customs.*

As the possession thus obtained, and continued for the space of twenty-two years, is the foundation of the present claim of the republic of Hayti to the eastern portion of the island, and for the recovery of which military expeditions are periodically planned in the west, though never as yet carried into execution, it may be well to examine briefly into the manner in which Boyer and the Haytian government fulfilled the terms, in consideration of which the annexation was made.

When Boyer found himself securely planted with his army within the walls and fortress of the capital, one of his first acts of power was a proclamation of universal and unconditional emancipation to the slaves, and the perfect political equality of all classes. On being remonstrated with by some of the astounded Spanish creole inhabitants for the act, the cunning chief replied, that he would respect their rights of property as he had stipulated, but that he did not recognize the existence of any such right as that of property in human beings.

Now, whatever degree of assent one might be inclined to yield to the sable casuist's proposition, viewed simply as one of pure abstract right and natural law, yet if civil institutions and legal rights under them, existing for ages, possess any valid-

ity whatever, it then admits of no question that Boyer, in the very outset, violated essentially one of the fundamental stipulations of the compact for annexation. Nor was this all. By a law passed soon after, July 8, 1824, the Haytian government confiscated to its use the property of the religious corporations in the Spanish part, and also the private property of those individuals who either were absent from the country at the time of the Haytian occupation, or who absented themselves from it afterwards on account of the same, and had not *already* returned, and that, too, at a still anterior date, namely, by the 1st of June, 1823.

Odious and oppressive distinctions were made, to the prejudice of the Spanish creole whites, who were seldom appointed to offices of honor or trust; and many of the wealthy families were compelled to emigrate, their property being thereupon confiscated to the State. The vernacular language was forbidden to be used in the courts of justice, or in any law proceedings or records, and the French was prescribed to be used in its stead, and was so used during the period of the Haytian occupation, though to most of the native inhabitants this latter was a strange and unknown tongue. Thus were they deprived, to adopt the energetic language of the Dominican Revolutionary Manifest, "contrary to natural right, of the sole privilege that remained to them as Spaniards—the use of their native tongue."*

This state of things continued until the year 1843, when the Haytians themselves having risen against the tyrant Boyer, expelled him from the island, and established a reformed government under the auspices of Rivière. Many of the oppressive measures of the late government, as well against the Spanish as the Haytian portion of the island, were now abrogated, though that

* From the above mentioned document, which will be again alluded to in its proper historical connection, the writer has derived the above, which are but a part of its allegations against the Haytian government, besides some of the foregoing facts in relation to the political history of Spanish St. Domingo. The statements were published to the world on an important and solemn occasion, by a body of intelligent men, as a vindication of the separation from Hayti; and, besides, were of easy refutation, had any of the facts been distorted or falsified.

* Local authority.

in regard to the Dominican absentees, (who were of the white class,) was only so far modified as to allow them the space of three years in which to return, and thus save their estates from confiscation. This act is, however, believed to have contained no provision of indemnity to those whose estates had already been disposed of under the old law.

The high hopes indulged on the accession of Rivière, were, it seems, soon dispelled; and only an opportunity was wanting to induce the inhabitants of the Spanish portion to make an attempt to effect a separation. It should, however, be remarked, that the writer has been assured on the authority of intelligent persons of both parties—the favorers and the opponents of the Haytian supremacy—that many of the white Spanish inhabitants were opposed to any revolutionary movement. These were found generally among the landed proprietors, who dreaded the effects of commotion, political convulsion, and change. In this class, too, were embraced many of the older and therefore more cautious and prudent citizens. But these were far outnumbered by the advocates of a change, to whom the favorable opportunity, for which they were watching, presented itself just at the close of the year 1843.

Some emergency in the west had withdrawn most of the Haytian forces from the capital and vicinity, of whom there were left but a few hundred within its walls. On a preconcerted night, which had been designated by a Central Junta, composed of disaffected influential citizens, who had in secret organized the revolutionary movement, the inhabitants rose on the garrison, took possession of the posts and stations on the walls and in the streets of the city, and besieging the garrison within the cuartel, compelled it to capitulate on the terms of their being allowed to return to Hayti proper.

Soon afterwards, on the 16th of January, 1844, a large assembly, composed of citizens of the capital and representatives from other parts, met at the former place, and adopted and published a Manifest, of the nature of a declaration of independence—an instrument which did great credit to the committee that drafted it, and which was, we believe, composed of the

members of the first Central Junta. This instrument also provided for a provisional government, or Executive Junta, as it was afterwards called, to consist of eleven members.

On the 1st of March following, this Junta published an address to the resident Haytians, inviting them to remain, and guarantying to them inviolability of person and property on condition of their submitting to the new government, in which case their property was of course confiscated. Though most of them, impelled by fear and distrust, fled to the Haytian territory, in the case of the few who remained, the guaranty thus given has never, we believe, in any instance been violated.

On the 9th of the same month, the same body forwarded an address, accompanied with copies of the Manifest, to the president of Hayti, deprecating any hostile collision on account of their separation, and inviting conciliation and amity; but at the same time declaring their fixed determination, if assailed, to maintain their new position at all hazards and sacrifices.

The Haytian government, however, was not disposed to submit quietly to a separation of a large portion of its territory from the republic; and accordingly sent an army towards the frontier, with the object of invading the territory of the seceding people, and coercing them into submission. These troops were met on the frontiers by the Dominican forces, under Gen. Don Pedro Santana, which the new government had taken the precaution to raise, and advance thither, notwithstanding the conciliatory tone they had adopted; and several engagements were fought during the months of February and March, in which the Dominican arms were signally victorious, though opposed to greatly superior numbers, and the Haytians repulsed from the frontier. Their independence, or the Separation, as they style it, is dated from the 27th of February, 1844.

Still later in the season, on occasion of a small faction, composed of young creole Spaniards of the capital, who were opposed to the Executive Junta, having attempted to proclaim one of their number president, Gen. Santana marched thither with his army, which was com-

posed of all classes, irrespective of color, and was proclaimed president of the new Dominican republic, while the factionist leaders and their president were banished from the country. Subsequently the constituent Congress which had been summoned by the Executive Junta, for the purpose of framing a constitution of government, agreed upon an instrument of that kind, which was published by order of the president with great pomp and ceremony at the capital, on the 24th of November of the same year.* By this instrument the perfect political equality of all classes of the inhabitants (that is, irrespective of color) is affirmed and ratified. Before proceeding, however, to analyze its provisions, or entering into the details of the political state and condition of the new republic, it will be proper here, at the threshold of its history as an independent state, to give some account of the peculiar natural features of its territory, its agricultural capabilities and condition, and the general character of its population.

Assuming the area of the entire island of St. Domingo to be 30,000 square miles,† which cannot be far from correct, that of the Dominican republic may be stated at 20,000. This territory presents an exceedingly diversified surface. Indeed, its lofty mountains, its hills, undulating table-lands, its valleys and plains, with its rivers to some extent navigable, and its smaller streams, all unite to characterize the island as a miniature continent; and these features are all shared by the portion under consideration. The Cibao mountains, which extend longitudinally through the interior of the island from east to west, divide the territory into two principal slopes, one towards the north, and the other towards the south, terminating in broad table-lands, or plains, along the sea-shores of each side, except at the eastern extremity of the island, whence, for a considerable distance towards the west, the face of the country is one broad plain, extending through the whole breadth of the island from north to south.

The plain on the south side, and on which stands the capital, was known in the Spanish times as *Los Llanos*—the plain;

it consists in great part of broad savannahs, and is from eighty or ninety miles in length, by some twenty-five to thirty in breadth. That on the north, of about the same extent, and principally consisting of table-lands, was, and still is, known as the *Vega Real*, or royal (table-land) plain. The principal river on the south is the *Ozama*, already mentioned, a stream that might be navigated by any vessels that can enter the port to a distance of several leagues inland, and by boats much further; while the northern slope is drained principally by the *Yuna*, which discharges its waters into the immense bay of *Samaná*, a second *San Francisco*.

Much of the mountainous and hilly country is covered with a heavy growth of pine and other timber trees, while the lower lands and plains—and, it may be, the mountains also—contain an abundant supply of the best mahogany and other kinds of valuable wood. Marble of a beautiful variety is found in the interior, and the ores of iron and beds of coal are also said to exist there. Its gold mines have been celebrated from the earliest periods of its history.

Its extensive plains and savannahs are covered with a luxuriant tropical vegetation, and afford pasturage for numerous and immense herds of cattle and other domestic animals, that roam in a half wild state over their surface.

The soil of very much of the territory is exceedingly fertile, and a large portion of it is in a still virgin state, having never yet been disturbed since its aboriginal possessors were swept from its surface; while still another considerable portion, which was reclaimed in the colonial times, has again returned to its primitive state.

The plain on the north, known as the *Vega*, is undoubtedly one of the most fertile districts in the world, while that on the south, though less so, still possesses generally a high degree of productive capacity. Speaking of this feature of the two districts just mentioned, in reference to the sugar-cane, Edwards, the historian of the West Indies, says in substance, that they are probably capable of producing more than all the British West Indies together.*

* Official Documents.

† American Encyclopedia.

* Though the correctness of this supposition

Of the number of inhabitants within the territory of the republic, it is exceedingly difficult to form anything like an accurate estimate. In the absence of any data furnished by a regular census, we will venture to state it at sixty-five or seventy thousand. We have heard a somewhat lower and also a considerably higher estimate made; but the above, it is thought, cannot be far out of the way.*

cannot be directly tested, the author above mentioned has furnished a table, which may be made a basis of an approximation to such a test. In vol. 4, page 136, as our MS. note quotes him, he says of the French part of the island:

"The quantity of land in cultivation is 763,923 *carreaux*, equal to 2,289,480 English acres;" from the produce of which the annual average amount of exports for each of the years 1787, '88, and '89 was:—

		Livres of St. Domingo.
" Sugar,	145,192,043 lbs. valued at	75,669,480
Coffee,	71,663,187 "	" 71,663,187
Cotton,	6,693,858 "	" 12,397,716
Indigo,	951,617 hds.	" 8,564,463
Molasses,	23,061 "	" 2,767,320
Rum,	2,600 "	" 312,000
Raw hides,	6,500 No.	" 52,000
Tanned do.	7,900 "	" 118,500
		171,544,666

equal to £4,956,750 sterling," or \$24,783,900; that is to say, \$10 82 in value to the acre; besides supplying the domestic consumption of these same kinds of articles called for by a population of 531,831 souls, of all colors; or one person to every 4 1-4 acres nearly.

Now the aggregate area of the two above mentioned districts in the Dominican territory is, as their extent has been above estimated, about 5000 square miles; and if two-thirds of this—about equal in acres to the number given in the above table—were under cultivation, they would furnish for exportation—their yield and the population to supply being the same—products to the same amount as the French part. And if, of the remaining lands of the Dominican republic, the one-tenth part, or 1500 square miles, were under cultivation, and two-thirds as productive as the before-mentioned districts, the result would be nearly \$32,000,000, as the total amount of the exports of the republic, after supplying a population, estimated on the same basis, of above half a million of souls.(1) We shall hereafter see how this well founded calculation of the agricultural capabilities of the state correspond with the actual condition of things.

* By executive decrees, under the new government, issued in 1845, the regular army is

It is also very difficult to classify this population in respect to color, and to show the respective proportions in number of the several principal grades, whites, black, and mixed; more so, undoubtedly, than in regard to the inhabitants of any of the other West India Islands. From the fact that slavery existed here for a long period, it would naturally be inferred that the three classes of whites, slaves and free people of color—which last term is used throughout in its West Indian sense, designating the free mixed races, not blacks—existed in about the same proportion at the time of the emancipation as in the other part of the island and the West Indies generally. But we think that such was not altogether the case, for reasons that will be stated; corroborated, too, by the present state of society in this respect, for which they alone seem adequate to account.

From the fact that this colony never possessed a firm and enduring basis of prosperity, which, in the case of one like it, composed mostly of a rural population, can only be established by an efficient prosecution of agricultural pursuits, but only attained that illusive and ephemeral kind which resulted from the discovery and working of the gold mines of the territory, when these became comparatively unproductive under their rude system of mining, the mass of the population, little disposed perhaps to agricultural toil from national character, and still more indisposed to it from long disuse, sunk back into indolence and poverty. The consequent diminution of trade and commerce gradually isolated them from the rest of the world, with its interests, its stimulating competitions and rivalries, its various incentives to ambition and emulous exertions,—in a word, from its progress; the pride of caste gradually disappeared; the social barriers between

placed on a footing of 9643, rank and file. This is a large number for the above estimate, but the peculiar regulation existing in regard to actual service, which allots alternate seasons of service and relief for agricultural pursuits, admits of the consistency of the above two statistical numbers. Indeed, the writer knows that a very large portion of the adult male population belongs to the army under this organization. The number of electors (a body hereafter noticed) assigned to the city and province of St. Domingo, seems to corroborate the above estimate.

(1) Our estimate, and indeed that of Edwards, is substantially confirmed, as far as it may so be, as we have found on reference since making out the above, by a statement of Alison.—Hist. of Mod. Europe. ch. 37.

the lower classes of whites and the higher classes of the colored population became weakened—a result which the mild system of servitude that prevailed naturally promoted, by fostering a sympathy of feeling, as poverty had already done of tastes, between these castes; until finally a practical system of social as well as sexual amalgamation grew up between them. To this circumstance, and the still further one of the natural and gradual progress upward in the social scale of this demolition of the social barrier between the races that followed, and which was still further promoted by the subsequent emancipation of the slaves by Boyer, is it, we conceive, owing that the present general mixture of races and castes has been produced, which renders it difficult to make any classification of them.

Of the pure black race scarcely a remnant is left; a few of the old liberated slaves and their immediate offspring, with some naturalized Haytians and the American blacks* and their children, represent this class, whilst the mass of the people is composed of the class whose hybrid origin we have above traced; so much so that the national complexion of skin and general physiognomical traits may well be described as being a light brown, approaching the copper color of the North American aborigines, straight and black hair—in the case of the females long, glossy, and in luxurious profusion; and a combination of features resulting (in appearance, we mean) from about an equal blending of the African,

* This last class were natives of the United States, and emigrated thither about the year 1824, soon after the incorporation with Hayti, on the invitation of the Haytian government, whose motive in the act was to revive the languishing agricultural condition of that country. The expenses attending their passage and settlement were defrayed by that government, which also gave them land gratuitously for cultivation. They were settled partly in the Spanish portion, and partly in Hayti proper. Their number we cannot state. There are now left of them in the capital and its vicinity, perhaps a hundred, or nearly that number, and more in other parts, though many of the original settlers there, through apprehension followed the Haytians in their retreat to the west end of the island at the time of the separation. They are very generally a most worthy and respectable class of people. They emigrated principally from Baltimore, Philadelphia and Richmond, and the adjacent sections of the country.

Caucasian and Indian physiognomies. The very visible traces of this latter would seem to indicate, though we are not aware of the existence of any other evidence of it, that the aboriginal race, instead of having been entirely exterminated, had been partially amalgamated with the imported African race. Of course there are various shades of color in this predominant characteristic class, from the dark mulatto, to the bright yellow so near approaching the white complexion of the tropics as to be only distinguishable by the practiced eye—the *mus-tees* and *postees* of other islands. These two classes, in all their varieties and shades, comprise, we should judge, about three-fourths of the entire native population.

The remainder is composed of the representatives of the pure white race. This class is considerably increased by foreign residents, naturalized citizens or otherwise, mostly found in the capital and the other towns, who are principally Germans, Frenchmen and European Spaniards, and belong generally to the commercial and trading class.

The creoles of this pure blood are found more or less scattered among and mingled with all classes of the population, though the caste is more generally represented by the descendants of the early Spanish gentry of the colony—the old *hidalgo* blood, and by the landed proprietors of the provinces, in part of the same origin. From the former is mostly supplied the ecclesiastical body, whose members are generally, if not wholly, of the pure white blood—a relatively large order in the State—generally intelligent, frequently learned, and universally influential, not only in their more appropriate sphere, but also in the State. From this same class, also, are supplied most of the talent and civil learning and experience by which the political affairs of the State are directed, and the legal and other learned civil professions and pursuits, including the judicial and most of the other high functionaries of the republic, and a large part of the commercial and trading classes. Of the landed proprietors above spoken of, many are the possessors of immense estates, measured only by leagues, and their boundaries defined by rivers and mountains. Their extensive surface is covered with the primitive growth of forest trees, or overspread with a luxuriant tropical

verdure—the natural pasture of the herds of domestic cattle, which constitute the principal wealth of their indolent proprietors, and from the sale of whose hides many of them realize the principal means of supplying the few wants which the very limited and meagre cultivation of the soil leaves unprovided for. Further than this, they would disdain to condescend to traffic. Though there are exceptions among them, they may be characterized generally as a class who live secluded from the world—even the little world of their sea-girt isle; who possess all the pride—in this practical age, Quixotic—of the ancient hidalgos, beyond whom they have not advanced one whit, in the onward march of the world, while they have essentially retrograded in regard to most of those traits and characteristics which gave position and prominence to their ancestry. Ignorance, indolence physical and intellectual, and bigotry coupled with superstition in religion, and an inveterate dislike and jealousy of all foreign innovations and of foreigners themselves, except as visitors, are, it is to be feared, the terms that will most truthfully and succinctly characterize them.

These peculiar traits of character and sentiment are shared to a considerable degree by the lower classes of the proprietary rural population, whether of pure or mixed blood, in whom they often manifest themselves in a manner and in ways sufficiently ludicrous and amusing to a stranger.*

Among the mercantile and trading population of the capital and other towns, there is a good degree of intelligence, industry, and enterprise. Indeed, the shopkeepers of the middle classes are probably as much characterized for efficiency in their calling as the same class in any other tropical country.

The great mass of the rural population, however, may be characterized as very in-

dolent, thriftless, and disinclined to regular, efficient and systematic occupation, especially such as a proper cultivation of the soil everywhere requires. These characteristic traits result undoubtedly from a combination of causes—the original composition of the body of the colonists, together with the influences and circumstances already alluded to, that from the earliest period in a great measure moulded the character and habits of the people, the deteriorating influence on the physical energies, and consequently on the habits, of a tropical climate where incentives to provident industry and thrift are not furnished by an ever-conscious necessity of providing a substantial dwelling, a good supply of clothing, and an ample stock of provisions against a season of periodical cold and of consequent temporary unfruitfulness of the soil.

All these causes exerted a baneful influence on the agricultural interests of the country from the early times; and the disastrous effects resulting therefrom were still farther and signally aggravated by the emancipation of the slaves by Boyer.

The fuller discussion of these topics will more appropriately belong to a future connection.

We will now pass to a consideration of some of the leading features and provisions of the Constitution of the republic—framed as we have before mentioned—and of some of the laws passed in accordance with its provisions.

The essential features of this Constitution are derived from that of the United States and from the French Charter of 1830, with such differences as the peculiar character of the people suggested. It commences by declaring that “the Dominicans constitute themselves into a free, independent and sovereign nation, under a government essentially civil, republican, popular, representative, elective and responsible.” It declares the territory of the Dominican republic to consist of the Spanish part of the island of St. Domingo and its adjacent islands; and its limits to be the same that in 1793* divided it on the west side from the French part, and which are definitively fixed. It divides this territory into five provinces, and these it again sub-

* The custom, which is almost universal among all classes of the rural population, of wearing a sword on all occasions, appears sufficiently odd and antique in any instance; but when it is coupled, as it very frequently is, in the lower classes, with the circumstance that the wearer is unshod, and with a bare sufficiency of rude apparel to satisfy the demands of propriety, the picture is grotesque; and indescribably so when the wearer is seen jogging along, seated on a rude pack-saddle, astride his little “burro,” or donkey.

* That is, two thirds; and so Alison, ch. 37.

divides into communes whose number and distribution is to be regulated by law.

Dominicans are defined to be, first, those who at the moment of the publication of the present Constitution enjoy that character, which as subsequently defined in the instrument embraces all without distinction, servitude being declared to be forever abolished, and all placed on a footing of political equality and admissibility to public employments; second, the absentees who were born in the country of Dominican parentage; third, all those Spanish Dominicans and their descendents who, having emigrated in 1844, have not borne arms or committed any other act of hostility against the Dominican republic; and, fourth, all those descendents of persons of Dominican origin, born in foreign countries, who shall come and fix their residence in the republic.

Those capable of becoming Dominicans are declared to be: all foreigners who either acquire in the republic real estate (*bienes raíces*) of the value of six thousand dollars, or who, by their personal labor, (*trabajando personalmente*), form an agricultural establishment in the republic, under title of proprietors. These foreigners are not to be admitted to the enjoyment of political rights, (that is, become adopted citizens,) until after a residence in the territory of six years, which period is, however, abridged to three years, in favor of those of them who either marry a Dominican wife, or form in the republic a permanent agricultural establishment of a capital value of at least twelve thousand dollars.

This privilege of becoming citizens by naturalization is not to extend to foreigners who belong to a hostile nation. All other foreigners than those of this class are declared to be admissible into the territory of the republic if they profess any art, science or useful industry, and to the enjoyment of civil rights; and from the moment that they step upon its soil they are declared to be under the safeguard of national honor, and in the enjoyment of protection to person and property, so long as they are obedient to the laws.

The enjoyment, suspension and forfeiture of political rights, as well as the exercise of those of a civil kind, are to be regulated by law. Individual liberty is secured. No one can be prosecuted by

law except in the cases for which it has made provision, and in the form which it prescribes, nor be imprisoned except on the warrant of a judge, unless in case of apprehension in the criminal act; with all the other provisions for security and inviolability of person and property which are similar to our constitutional provisions, and therefore familiar to all. So, too, of the liberty of the press, (of which, however, the only one at present in operation in the republic is the government one at the capital;) the abuses of which, legally cognizable, are particularly defined by a subsequent organic law, and are similar to those generally punishable under our law, with the exception of that of "publishing maxims or doctrines that tend directly to destroy or subvert the religion of the State," which is defined and made punishable by imprisonment in the same category with the like offenses against the Constitution of the republic.

Public instruction is to be instituted, common to all classes of citizens, and gratuitous in all the elementary branches. Schools for this purpose are to be established throughout the territory of the republic; the details to be regulated by an organic law. Accordingly, the Congress passed a law the following year, establishing one elementary school in each of the communes of the republic, and two in each of the provincial capitals. These last are to be transformed into high schools, if expediency suggests it. In these elementary schools are to be taught the principles of religion, the Castilian grammar, and the usual branches of a common school education. Provision is made for the payment of the teachers out of the public treasury; and the general superintendence of education is placed under the Minister of Public Instruction.

The apostolic Roman Catholic religion is declared to be the religion of the State; its ministers, in respect to the exercise of the ecclesiastical ministry, depending solely on the prelates canonically appointed. The article stops here; nor does the Constitution any where say anything in regard to religious toleration, or make any allusion to other forms of faith or modes of worship.*

* In the Revolutionary Manifest, adopted and

The legislative power is vested in a national congress, consisting of two houses; an upper, called the Conservative Council, which is composed of five members—one for each of the provinces of the republic—chosen for six years, (by electors, as hereinafter provided for) and renewed integrally; and a lower house, called the Tribunal, consisting of fifteen members—or three for each of the provinces—who are likewise chosen by the same electors, and for the same period; only, the body is to be renewed by third parts every two years, the term of service of the several classes into which the first body is for that

published the 16th of January previous, as has been before stated, and which foreshadowed most of the essential provisions of this Constitution, it had been declared that the "Roman Catholic religion would be protected as that of the State; but that no one would be persecuted or punished for his religious opinions;" this latter clause having been added mainly to quiet the apprehensions of the American black citizens, who were Protestants of the Methodist persuasion, and having immigrated into the country under a guaranty by the Haytian government of entire religious liberty, had always exercised the right by worshipping in their own manner, in the various parts of the country where they had settled. A rumor that the revolutionary government were going to deprive them of this liberty had been the principal cause of the emigration of many of them to the Haytian part on the separation, and the remainder, as a body, were preparing to follow them, when the revolutionary Junta, who were anxious to retain this really very valuable portion of the citizens, gave them, verbally at first, through one of their number who had held a judicial station under the deposed government, and has since been retained in his post by the new, an assurance of the same purport as is embodied in the above clause. This quieted their apprehensions, and they remained. But subsequently, when the Constitution came up from the Committee before the constituent Congress for discussion, the friends of toleration wished to have the above or a similar clause added to the Article, while the opponents of the principle—the ecclesiastical portion, as the writer has been, he believes, well informed, and the actual majority—were inclined to add in its stead a clause prohibitory of any other than the Roman Catholic form of worship. Considerations of policy, or the fear of consequences, seem to have induced them not to press the point. At any rate the present compromised form was adopted; the friends of declared toleration, who were all—and the only—laymen, did not, of course, deem it politic to urge their point. Still, when left to stand in its present form, the Americans *did* take a fresh alarm, though renewed assurances of religious toleration and protection finally satisfied them.

purpose divided, to be determined as respects each individual by lot. Naturalized foreigners are not eligible to the Tribunal, or house of representatives, until ten years after their naturalization.

This lower house has, as well as the executive and the Conservative Council, the initiative of all laws, and exclusively those relative to imposts in general, the annual contingent for the departments, or civil appropriations; the organization of the army and navy in time of peace; the civic guard, elections, and the responsibility of the secretaries of state, (that is, all the ministry,) and other agents of the executive power. And, beside these legislative functions, to this body is assigned the duty of presenting to the upper house the lists of candidates for judicial appointments, previously presented to them by the electors hereinafter provided for; and also of denouncing to the same house the president of the republic and the secretaries for any treason or malversation, either *ex-officio* or as the organ of the legally supported accusations of private citizens.

It is the province of the Conservative Council to sanction in a prescribed form the acts passed by the lower house; or, in case it disagrees with it, to reduce its reasons therefor to writing, which last are sent back to the lower house for consideration, and if it rejects them, they are returned to the Council again. If this house still persists in its previous objections, the president of this latter body shall within twenty-four hours convoke the two houses for the purpose of conjoint deliberation on them as one body, the president of the Council acting as the president of the Congress. The same formalities are observed in case of the bill having originated in the upper house. This house, also, decrees the accusation of the president or ministers, in virtue of the denunciation of the lower house, if it determines them to be well founded—which decree produces the suspension of the accused from the exercise of his official functions; sits as a judicial tribunal to judge the members of the Supreme Court, in cases of impeachment; and elects the members of this as well as the other courts from among the lists presented them by the Tribunal.

The session of the Tribunal opens the first of February of each year, and contin-

ves for three months, which may be prolonged a month longer. The Conservative Council must open and close its session two weeks, at latest, after the Tribunalate.

The members of the Council receive three hundred dollars a month during their legislative or judicial sessions; those of the Tribunalate, two hundred dollars per month during the legislative session.

Naturalized citizens are not eligible to the upper house until fifteen years after their naturalization.

The national Congress meet as one body, whenever the nature of their functions requires it. These are: to proclaim the choice of president of the republic; to pass judgment upon this functionary in virtue of the decree of accusation passed by the Conservative Council; to fix the amount of the annual estimates, furnished by the executive; contract debts on the national credit; regulate the currency; interpret the laws in cases of doubt or obscurity; declare offensive war, in view of the motives which the executive may present, and to require him to negotiate peace whenever it may be necessary; to give or withhold its assent to any treaties the executive may have negotiated; to commute capital punishment on grave considerations; with some other enumerated powers, and among them that of revising this Constitution whenever the lower house shall, by a vote of two-thirds of all its members, determine and designate the articles and dispositions which they deem it expedient to have revised.

The members of both houses of the Congress are required to be the proprietors of real estate.

The executive power is vested in a president, who is chosen for the period of four years, and is ineligible to re-election until after an interval of four more. But it is provided that the first incumbent, who is to be chosen by the sovereign constituent Congress, (that is, the body who were framing the present Constitution, but who would, in reality, only ratify the selection already proclaimed by the army and citizens of the capital,) shall hold his office for two terms, or eight years. His regular powers and duties are theoretically similar to those of the President of the United States, and he is chosen (after the elections are assembled) in the same manner.

His veto power is restricted in a similar manner as is provided in our national Constitution, and he is liable, as we have seen, to impeachment. But the Congress is empowered, in time of war, to confer upon him extraordinary powers, specifying for what purposes and limiting the period of their duration. And further, a concluding article of the instrument empowers him "during the existence of the actual war [with Hayti] and until peace is established, to freely organize the army and navy, mobilize the national guards, and take all the steps he may think proper, for the defense and security of the nation, and consequently to give any orders and make any decrees for that effect, without being subject to any responsibility."*† The president receives an annual salary of twelve thousand dollars.

The Constitution provides for a council of four ministers, called Ministers Secretaries of State and Despatch—of justice and public instruction, of the interior and police, of finance and commerce, and of war and the navy. The department of foreign relations is for the present to be intrusted to any one of the foregoing whom the executive may designate. In case of the vacation of the presidential office from any cause, or the temporary inability of the incumbent to discharge its duties, the executive power devolves on the council of ministers; who, except in the latter case, are to issue, within twenty-four hours, a decree convoking the Congress and the electoral colleges, in order to proceed to the election of a new president; which several bodies are to assemble, at latest, within the space of thirty days.

These secretaries, or ministers, have the right to present themselves in either house, and in the combined houses, or the Congress, and be heard whenever they require it; and on the other hand, they are required so to present themselves whenever

* He cannot, however, place himself at the head of the army, except by the express authorization of the Congress.

† We shall probably have occasion, hereafter, to allude to this feature of the Constitution, premising however, in this place, to prevent misapprehension, that there were not many serious abuses of this power committed by the late incumbent, (who voluntarily resigned the office some few months since.)

summoned to answer interrogatories and inquiries touching any of the acts of their administration. They are responsible not only for their own exclusive acts, but also for those of the president which they individually may have countersigned; no act of the president being executory or authoritative, without being first so countersigned by some one of them. Each of these officers receives a salary of three thousand six hundred dollars per annum.

The power of applying the laws in civil and criminal cases, is declared to pertain exclusively to the tribunals, except so far as the law may otherwise direct in respect to certain political rights. Their sittings are to be open and public, except in cases where the public order or good morals would be prejudiced by publicity, when the sittings may be held with closed doors. But these secret sessions are never to be permitted in prosecutions for political crimes, nor in those relating to the press.

By the Constitution and an organic law under it, the judiciary department consists of the jurisdiction of the *alcalde* or *alcaldes* in the respective communes, sometimes called for particular purposes the Court of Conciliation; * a *Justicia Mayor*, or superior tri-

bunal of justice, composed of five judges, at the capital of each province; a Court of Appeals, composed of the same number of judges, (as yet rather a theoretical, not well defined, and certainly a very unnecessary tribunal,) and finally, a Supreme Court of Justice for the whole republic, whose sittings are at the capital.

To each of these three tribunals there is attached an officer, called a *procurador fiscal*, a sort of district attorney, or attorney general, who, however, also acts (and is the lowest one of the three principally) as the law adviser of the tribunal, of which he is an indispensable element, and whose opinion, as far as our experience and observation have enabled us to judge, is pretty sure to prevail in all purely legal questions and points that arise.

Besides its attributes as a court of appeal from the inferior tribunals, and the corrector of their abuses, the Supreme Court has the sole cognizance of causes or criminal prosecutions against the members of the Conservative Council, and of the Tribunal, after a decree of accusation has been passed against the delinquent by the house of which he is a member, and also against the ministers. The cognizance of questions arising under the law of nations, and others of a similar kind, belongs also to this tribunal, while the members of this court are themselves responsible and subject to judicial trial and sentence, by the Conservative Council, for the crime of treason against the State, and for official malversation.

The judges of the several courts are chosen for the period of five years.*

Provision is also made prospectively for councils of war, and in case of high political offenses the president has accordingly had conferred upon him the power of summoning and constituting temporary commissions and tribunals for their cognizance.

Each of the provinces is presided over by a magistrate, styled the Superior Polit-

* This excellent provision of the civil law has been incorporated into the organic judiciary act of May 18, 1845, by which it is provided, that before carrying up to the competent tribunal any one of the causes which admit of arbitration, (*en que se puede transjir*.) the plaintiff shall exhibit to such tribunal an act of non-conciliation; for which end the litigant parties shall first have presented themselves in person (for an advocate is not allowed to appear professionally in the conciliation court) before the *alcalde*, accompanied by his *reputable man*, (*hombre bueno*.) when each party states his case. It is the duty of the magistrate, assisted by the two respective friends of the parties, to induce them, if he can, to settle their difference amicably, on the spot. All the proceedings are reduced to writing; and in case an amicable settlement cannot be effected, an act of non-conciliation is drawn up in form and signed by all parties. The case has now to go before two arbitrators, chosen respectively by the litigant parties, and named in the body of the act. These are required to make their decision in three months, and if they cannot agree between themselves, they are empowered in the agreement in the nature of a bond, which the parties execute, to appoint a third. Either party has the right of appeal, as above. The only objectionable feature in the law is, the long time the arbitrators are allowed for forming a decision, and the still further delay of successive periods of three

months in case of their failing to come to a decision in the prescribed time.

* Their salary is fixed by a subsequent law; but we have lost our note, or failed to furnish ourselves with one in regard to its amount. It is, however, in part at least, on a somewhat less liberal footing than the compensation in the other departments. If we recollect rightly, each of the members of the *Justicia Mayor* receives five hundred dollars a year; those of the higher tribunals a proportionally higher stipend.

chief, to be appointed by the executive intended by the Constitution to be a civil functionary; but during the civil war the military officers appointed to this post may exercise, at once, both civil and military functions which may be conferred upon them by the executive. They are appointed for four years, may be reappointed, and they receive a salary of one hundred dollars.

Connected with this office there is a provincial deputation or council, composed of members and presided over by the executive.

This council is renewed integrally every two years, but its members are reappointed and the holding of this office is incompatible with that of any other office, civil or administrative. The members of these provincial deputations is, preside over the general interests of the respective provinces. Among their duties we may particularize those of supervising the executive or the Tribunal of Justice, of power, or malversation of any kind; of the Political Chief, and the right of proposing the removal of the executive; of requesting of the Ecclesiastical authority the removal of the parochial priests whose conduct is reprehensible and prejudicial to the interests of their flocks; of apportioning by themselves or by means of the Ayuntamientos, the contributions decreed by the Tribunal; promoting, as far as lies within their power, the interests of agriculture and public instruction; and of preparing, or by means of the Ayuntamientos, the censuses of the population and general statistics of the provinces.† These bodies are in session of at least two weeks' duration every six months.

The superior political chief has the right to preside to the acts of this body, over which he presides; but if, on a consideration of his objections, it decides against

them, he is obliged to put the acts in execution.

The post of provincial deputy is an honorary one, and no citizen is at liberty to excuse himself from discharging its duties when chosen by the electoral college.

There is to be an Ayuntamiento or local council for each commune, where there was one in the year 1821, (that is, before the Haytian occupation,) and others are to be established by law. These are presided over by the alcalde or alcaldes, whom the members choose from among their own number; while they are themselves chosen directly by the people in their primary assemblies.

To entitle a person to vote in these assemblies, it is necessary, first, that he be a citizen in the full enjoyment of civil and political rights; and secondly, that he either be the proprietor of real estate, or a public employé, or an officer of the army or navy, or possessed of a license to exercise some industry or profession; or a professor of some science or art; or a lessee for the term of at least six years of a rural establishment in active cultivation.

These primary assemblies meet in each commune the first Monday of November of each year that they are called upon to exercise the attributes conferred upon them by the Constitution or by law.

These attributes are, to choose the number of electors which each commune is entitled to send to the electoral college of the province; and, secondly, to choose the regidores or members that compose the respective Ayuntamientos.

These electoral colleges, which according to the first appointment (which is made by the Constitution) consist in the aggregate of forty-two members, choose directly most of the officers of the State; namely, the president of the republic, the members of both houses of Congress, and those of the respective provincial deputations. They also form separate lists of the individuals who, in their respective provinces, possess the essential qualities required for judges of the respective courts of justice. Each electoral college assembles at its respective provincial capital the first Monday of December of the years in which it is to exercise its appropriate functions.

The Constitution provides that no im-

archbishop, as he is generally called, and canonically styled, but for the fact that the Holy See has not yet recognized the Dominican metropolitan see; for effecting which the steps have, however, been taken by the Dominican Government, (1) as the Constitution in another place empowers him to do. (2) No such census has yet been made we are aware of it.

post shall be established under any pretext except by a law; nor can any contribution be levied upon a province or commune, except by the express consent of the respective provincial deputation or Ayuntamientos.

Every year, in the month of January, the general accounts of the previous year shall be printed and published under the responsibility of the secretary of the treasury, with the verification of a council appointed by law to examine them.

The armed force is declared to be the defender of the State and the guardian of the public liberties, and to be essentially obedient and passive. No body of it can act as a deliberative assemblage. It is divided into the (regular) army, the navy, and the civic guard. The mode of enlistment into the army, and the organization of the civic guard, is to be regulated by law. All laws at present in force, and not contrary to this Constitution, are by it declared to be in force until abrogated by new ones.

Such are the principal features of the Constitution of this new republic. The organization contemplated by its provisions has mostly been put in operation, with the exception of the Justicias Mayores—provincial or “county courts”—

which have not as yet, we believe, been organized in all the provinces. Nor has the system of education, which that instrument and the organic law contemplate, been put in operation throughout the republic, owing to the limited means of the government; though it is in tolerably efficient operation at the capital.

The jurisprudence of the republic is based on the civil law. The French codes, civil and criminal, commonly known as the “Codes Napoleon,” have been adopted in a body so far as they are applicable to the civil and political condition of the State and people. This system had been introduced by the Haytians, in the somewhat modified form in which they had adopted and published it; but, on the separation, the new republic replaced this Haytian digest by the original codes. These, together with such laws as the Congress may from time to time enact, form the body of their written laws.

The practical operation of this constitutional form of government, the state of the republic, and of the agricultural interest under it—its financial resources and condition, and its position and prospects as an independent State, with other kindred topics, will form the subject of another article.

S. A. K.

IDIOMS AND PROVINCIALISMS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.*

THE Anglo-Saxon or Germanic race, it is well known, constitutes the basis of the population of the United States.

To this we owe the enterprise, the vigor, the indomitable energy, the perseverance and love of liberty which characterize it. Frenchmen, Spaniards and Mexicans mingle with us on our borders, and for a generation or two may vary in a slight degree the main stock upon which they have grafted themselves, but the modification is slight, and the second generation exhibits no physical change. With language the case is different. The English, it is true, triumphs, and like Aaron's rod, wallows all the rest, but the several nations alluded to on our borders, speaking different languages, affect the English in a greater or less degree, adding new words, which become permanent. In Canada is found a French population. Missouri and Louisiana also contribute their portion of the Gallic race. Florida, Texas and Mexico preserve the remains of Spanish colonies, and the Indian tribes, now limited chiefly to our western frontier, make up the remainder. Into the domains of these several people our ever-inquisitive countrymen are perpetually making inroads, and mingling with the inhabitants; some prompted by the love of gain, but the majority by that laudable spirit of inquiry which cynics stigmatize as curiosity, and the love of adventure. Some of these remain and mingle with the foreign race, while others return, bringing with them some of the customs of those

among whom they have sojourned, and many of their spoken words. The customs may linger for a short time and then disappear, but the words, in many cases, are engrafted upon our language.

In a thousand snug spots in our very midst, and in countless out-of-the-way nooks and corners, clans of nearly every nation of Europe are settling themselves down, bringing with them their own language, manners and customs, which they only lose as any soluble substance may be said to be lost in a glass of water, completely mixing with its heterogeneous neighbor, and becoming one body by distributing its own substance thoroughly and intimately.

Thus, our new settlers give their French, Dutch, &c. to us in homœopathic doses, receiving in return our English in like quantities, until after the lapse of a few years the same language (English with variations) is common to all.

As such things are constantly taking place—these admixtures and adulterations not being confined to any one spot, but thanks to our shifting, migratory population, taken up, carried to remote regions, and others again left in their places—it might be a curious and interesting question to the philologist to ascertain how much time would elapse ere our tongue would be as unintelligible to the denizens of our fatherland as that of France or Germany, were it not for two reasons.

First, our universal system of common-school education. Whether these primary

* Dictionary of Americanisms: A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. By JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT, Corresponding Secretary of the American Ethnological Society, &c. &c. New York: Bartlett & Welford. 1848.

A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Obsolete Phrases, Proverbs, and Ancient Customs, from the Fourteenth Century. By JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F. R. S. &c. &c. 2 vols. London: John Russell Smith. 1848.

Promptorium Parvulorum sive Clericorum, Lexicon Anglo-Latinum Princeps. Auctore Fratre Galfrido Grammatico Dicto e Predicatoribus Lenne Episcopi Northfolciensi. A. D. Cric. MCCCL. Olim e Pynsonianis editum nunc ab integro, commentariolis subjecta, ad fidem codicum recensuit ALBERTUS WAY. London: Camden Society.

institutions of learning be fostered by the State governments or not, so well is our country supplied with them, that a child of ten years of age, of American parentage, who cannot read, has become a curiosity. In these schools the same primary books are employed. North, South, East and West, Noah Webster reigns supreme, in the timbers of Maine and the prairies of Texas.

Cheap newspapers, periodicals and books are within every one's reach, and in every one's hand. Thus, our original language is preserved, although many new words receive the sanction of print.

Second, the almost weekly communication that now exists between America and England, by means of which a regular and increasing system of exchange of our respective books and papers is kept up with nearly as much certainty and rapidity as such an interchange could have been conducted between the sister states of our own land but a few years since.

Thus, although our language is constantly undergoing a change both here and abroad, yet those new additions that are admitted to the honor of print soon find their way across the Atlantic from either side.

Beside the change which is taking place from the large admixture of foreigners among us, through whose means foreign words are being constantly recoinced and remodded into quasi English, every section of our land is busily at work inventing new words and comparisons to suit its own immediate wants, and twisting and turning old ones into significations that those very respectable gentlemen, Messieurs Johnson, Walker, "*et id genus omne*," could never have dreamed of.

Some few of these new formations are finally and fully incorporated in our language; but the larger portion by far, after enjoying a year or so's airing in the public prints, gradually disappear, and are heard of no more.

As a specimen of those words that really succeed in achieving at least cisatlantic immortality, we will quote "*Loaf-er*," a word at first considered to be decidedly vulgar; then demi-respectable, and finally universally admitted to the freedom of the language as a matter of pure necessity. In all of our cant sayings and odd

comparisons which are truly indigenous, may be traced that singular and exaggerated style of humor which is peculiarly American.

Nature in America seems cast in a monstrous mould; our forest trees tower "huge giants of the woods;" our rivers, immense sheets of water—elongated seas, compared with which those of Europe shrink into comparative insignificance; the Thames becoming, as it were, nothing more or less than a respectable trout stream, (were its waters not too uncleanly for so aristocratic a fish,) and the once famed Tiber a muddy brook, not worthy the dignity of turning the wheels of a cotton mill. Our cataracts are the wonder of the world; our men, especially those of the South and West, a race of Titans; and it is not strange that our national style of humor should follow so universal an example.

The origin and perpetuity of many of our queer and out-of-the way phrases, may be traced to the semi-annual meetings of gentlemen of the bar at the courts of our southern and western States.

These gentlemen, living as they do in the thinly inhabited portion of our land, and among a class of persons generally very far their inferiors in point of education, rarely enjoying anything that may deserve the name of intellectual society, are too apt to seek for amusement in listening to the droll stories and odd things always to be heard at the country store or bar-room. Every new expression and queer tale is treasured up, and new ones manufactured against the happy time when they shall meet their *brothers-in-law* at the approaching term of the district court.

If ever pure fun, broad humor, and "Laughter holding both his sides," reign supreme, it is during the evening of these sessions. Each one empties and distributes his well-filled budget of wit and oddities, receiving ample payment in like coin, which he pouches, to again disseminate at his earliest opportunity.

Although we may lay down as a general rule, that the same words and phrases prevail through the South and West, yet almost every State has its local peculiarities; Texas, for instance, the large admixture of Spanish words; Louisiana, of French; Georgia and Alabama borrow many from the Indians. North Carolina is notorious

for a peculiar flatness of pronunciation in such words as *crap* for "crop," *carn* for "corn," *peert* for "pert," &c. "I allow," meaning "I think," "I consider," is, we believe, of Alabama origin, and so is that funny expression, "*done gone*," "*done done*," implying "already gone," and "already done." In Virginia, many of the lower class pronounce *th* as *d*—*dat* for "that," *dar* for "there," *dis* for this.

These and other similar derelictions may be traced to the fact that all children are inclined to make companions of the negroes, listen to queer rambling tales, accompany them upon their "coon hunts," &c., and thus acquire a negro style of pronunciation, and many negro words that nothing, save a good education, can eradicate, and even that does not always perfectly succeed.

There are two great and distinct classes in the United States, the Yankee and the Virginian; the former occupying the New England States, and thence spreading in almost every direction, claiming a great portion of the State of Ohio, and even a share of Indiana and Illinois, although in these two last-mentioned States the southern peculiarities of speech are more common; the latter properly commencing at that imaginary division, "Mason and Dixon's line," and thence running south and west." The intermediate States are divided between the two. Although New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey have been well inoculated with a solid basis of Dutch and Swedish in their infancy, yet save here and there some stray neighborhood of ancient Hollanders or sturdy Swedes, whose manners, customs and language our intrusive Yankees have been unable to corrupt, a few terms and phrases that have crept into general usage alone give token that a foreign tongue once reigned over so large a section of our land.

The distinction between these two great classes (the Yankee and the Virginian) is so wide and so clear drawn as to be visible and palpable to every casual observer. Should one, however, ever hesitate as to the place of nativity of one of our free and enlightened citizens, there exists a test, which, potent as the spear of Ithuriel, will dispel all clouds of doubt that may overshadow his mind. Let the person in question be requested to give an opinion upon any subject. Should he *guess*, write him

down a Yankee; does he *reckon*, you may swear him a Southron. The Yankee *guesses*, the Southron *reckons*, which our New England friend never does, except by and with the aid, assistance and advice of that estimable arithmetician and pedagogue, Nathan Daboll, Esq. Per contra, however, the Yankee *calculates*, and pretty shrewdly also, while the Southron *allows*. The one *wouldn't wonder* if some expected event should take place, while the other, more ardent and careless of assertion, "*goes his death upon it*" that it will. To the latter, drawing his comparison from his idolized rifle, a thing is "*as sure as shooting*," while to the former, more pious or more hypocritical, it is "*as sartin as preachin*." The one will be "*darned*," and the other "*derned*," both evading an oath in nearly the same manner, the only difference being the substitution of one vowel for another. Should this asseveration require additional force, the Northern man will be "*gaul darned*," and the Southron "*dod derned*"—a curious perversion of sacred names to ease the conscience, while giving vent to one's temper. In fact, it is almost impossible, among the many corruptions of language of which both are guilty, to cite an expression in which some slight but marked difference does not exist.

To the Northern man, every silicious mass is a *stone*, be it large enough to weigh a ton, while the Southern ignores the word *in toto*, and calls everything of that description a *rock*, though no larger than a midge's wing. The application of this word is extremely ludicrous, to one whose ears are unaccustomed to it, and we remember laughing heartily at the idea of picking up a *rock* to throw at a *bird*. When man or boy, biped or quadruped, bird or beast is pelted, the unfortunate recipient of projectile favors is said to be *rocked*, unless indeed wood be put in requisition, and then he is said to be *chunked*.

In Arkansas, however, the term *donock* usurps the place of either rock or stone. That touching and popular Southern ballad, yept "Rosin the bow," concludes in these pathetic words:

"Then fetch me a couple of *donocks*,
Place one at my head and my *toe*,*
And do not forget to write on it,†
The name of old Rosin the bow."

* He seems to have been singularly provided for in this respect. † Quere, on the *toe*!

No shadow of doubt can possibly remain in the mind of any unprejudiced person, but that the sovereign State of Arkansas may lay just and true claim to the honor of having given birth to the interesting individual in question.

The farther south you travel, the more rude, wild and energetic the language you will hear. Our newly acquired State of Texas excels all others in additions and corruptions. The old Texan has no farm, it is a *ranche*. A rope he knows not; every thing in that *line* is either a *larriat* or a *caberos*, the one being made of raw-hide twisted or plaited, and the latter spun by hand from the hair of horses or neat cattle. He never seeks or looks for anything, but always *hunts* it. He *hunts* bees, cattle, a missing pair of oxen, (he calls them *beeves*,) or a doctor. Nothing leaves a *mark* to him, he only sees *sign*, whether of bird or beast, friend or enemy. You hear of *turkey sign*, *bear sign*, *hog sign*, *cow sign*, *Indian sign*, &c. &c. When he wishes to leave, he does not say with the Yankee, "Well, we'd better be a goin'," but "*Let's vamos*," or "*Let's vamos the ranche*." He never asks about the situation of the grass on the prairie, but inquires about the summer or winter *range*. A fish spear is to him a *groin*; a boat, a *dugout*; a halter, a *bosaal*; a whip, a *quirt*; a house, no house, but a *log-pen*; a drove of horses is a *caviarde*, and when a universal fright among them occurs, it is a *stampede*. He does not kill his game; he *saves*, or *gets it*, or *makes it come*. Apropos to this we will record an anecdote, for the authenticity of which we will vouch:

The noted Judge W., better known as "*three-legged Willie*," once attended a barbecue for the purpose of addressing the assembled multitude, and soliciting their votes for Congress. His opponent had slain a man in a duel or street-fight, and was endeavoring to apologize and explain the circumstances connected with the act. Willie listened attentively with a sneer upon his countenance, and when he had finished arose and remarked: "The gentleman need not have wasted so much breath in excusing himself for having *saved* a notorious rascal; all of you know that I have shot three, and two of them I *got*."

The monosyllable "*there*," or, in the

backwoodsman's language, *thar*—has its original meaning so singularly perverted and enlarged, and lays claim to so many and such peculiar significations, that it is worthy our especial notice.

A man who accepts an invitation to a frolic or a fight, a wedding or a funeral, probably answers, *I'm thar*. A person wishing to imply that he is perfectly at home in anything, says he is *thar*; a good hunter or fisher is also *thar*. A jockey once sold a draft-horse with this recommendation: "He ain't no petikeler beauty, stranger, to boast on, but when you get to the bottom of a hill with a heavy load he's *thar*, I tell you." The poor man, however, found out that his new purchase under such circumstances, certainly *was thar*, and *thar* he was likely to remain, as neither words nor blows could induce him to budge a foot.

An amusing story is told in the South, which illustrates very well one of the many uses of this word. The king of beasts, it is said, invited all his subject to a ball, and all attended in compliance with the princely invitation, with the exception of the poor donkey, who remained outside, solacing himself with the music of the violins, that were merrily keeping time to the very fantastic toes of the jocund dancers. Several messengers in vain were sent to press his entrance, and finally his majesty himself condescended to seek the sage, and insist upon his returning with him. "Your majesty," replied Jack "I'm not much of a hand at dancing, but if there's any singing to be done, wh *I'm thar*."

The avidity with which a name or event seized upon to coin a new phrase is truly curious. An actor, popular with the many-headed, enacts the part of a fireman, who enjoys the euphonious name of Mose, and an actress, at the same time, takes the character of a demoiselle called Lize. The piece meets with almost unprecedented success among a certain class, and straightway every fireman becomes a Mose, and every incipient modiste a Lize.

A Mr. Swartwout, whose moral ideas were somewhat confounded, owing perhaps to not properly understanding the correct acceptance of *meum* and *teum*, and else laboring under the erroneous supposition that as a large amount of the *res p*

come of the S. P. Q. A. were in his possession, his right to them was superior to any other of the large number of owners, having made rather free with the money in creating cities in Texas, buying water-lots in Oregon, and building-lots in the moon, suddenly,

"When the light of other days had faded,"

and ere

"The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walked o'er the dew of our high eastern hills,"

"*Abiit, evasit, erupit, excessit*;" or, in our vernacular, ran away between two days and achieved immortality; not in consequence of having given his name to a collection of log huts upon the banks of the Rio Trinidad, but from the very fact of his "*absquatulation*," as the papers of the day termed it.

More fortunate than that ambitious rascal who, to obtain a wide-spread notoriety and an undying name, committed arson on the Ephesian temple, no decree was fulminated against him, and all running away under similar circumstances was thenceforth denominated *swartwouting*, until an Ohio postmaster, Moses by name, following the example of his illustrious predecessor, suddenly made his exit O. P. with the P. O. funds in his pocket. As his name was more vulgar and more easily to be pronounced than the other, it soon obtained a notoriety which threatened to impair the brilliance of the other, and *mo-seying* is now universally admitted to signify running away under any circumstances. We believe, however, that the matter has been finally adjusted, the first expression being used to imply aristocratic, and the latter democratic performances in that line.

It really appears that all classes of society combine to give circulation to slang terms, especially those that can lay any claim to wit. The lawyer employs them in addressing a jury; the stump-speaker makes free use of them in his political canvass; and although it has never been our lot to hear an intentional application of them in the pulpit, yet we are assured that the following is a fact.

Dr. C., a celebrated divine, lecturing before a class of young ladies, in speaking of Nebuchadnezzar, said: "Yes, Nebucha-

donozar, that old fool, had to *go to grass* to find out who made him."

Playing upon the same expression was the remark of Mr. G. before the Hibernian Society. "While France boasts her lily, England her rose, and Scotland her thistle, poor Ireland must *go to grass* for an emblem."

A wide difference exists between rude and vulgar language. We use the term *rude* in contradistinction to polished or refined; *coarse* or *rough* were inappropriate. Mr. Crabbe thus draws the distinction between these three:

"*Coarse* language is used by persons of naturally coarse feelings. 'The fineness and delicacy of perception which the man of taste requires may be more liable to imitation than the *coarser* feelings of minds less cultivated.'—CRAIG.

"*Rough* language is used by those whose tempers are either naturally or occasionally rough.

'This is some fellow

Who having been praised for bluntness doth affect

A saucy roughness.'—SHAKESPEARE.

"*Rude* language is used by those who are ignorant of any better. 'Is it in destroying and pulling down that skill is displayed? The *rudest* hand is more than equal to the task.'—BURKE."

Rudeness of language must always exist among a class of adventurers like those of our Southern and Western States. The opportunities of acquiring the veriest rudiments of an English education are within the reach of nearly all; but nothing more. Their rudeness of language, however, is almost entirely exempt from any resemblance to vulgarity. On the contrary, it is bold, energetic, expressive, almost Indian in its character, delivered and enunciated in a blunt, open, clear and straight-forward manner, which exhibits at once the daring spirit and decisive mind of the speakers.

For pure vulgarity you must seek in thronged cities and densely populated counties—not in the woods and wilds of a new country. A comparison drawn between the *patois*, if we may be allowed the expression, of the North and South, must result vastly in favor of the latter.

The drawling, nasal tone, indicative of Eastern origin, strikes the ear of a foreigner with a much more disagreeable

feeling than the rude, blunt, but clearly spoken words of the South.

But if English tourists can find enough of faults in our Yankee dialect to accuse us of downright vulgarity, what can they say of their own cockneyism, as reported by their own authorities? Illustrative of this we shall transcribe one or two specimens from Mr. Pegge's amusing book, entitled "Anecdotes of the English Language, chiefly regarding the Local Dialect of London and its Vicinity:"

"You have often, no doubt, sir, heard luxuriant orators in Parliament talking *about it*, and *about it*, without your being able to understand the jet of the argument. Let me then introduce you to a true mercantile Cockney of the House of Commons; one who has regularly risen from sweeping the shop and snoring under the counter, to ride in his coach and doze in St. Stephen's chapel, and who affects no language but such as, he would tell you, his father *learnt* him; he would show a sovereign disdain of rhetoric and elocution, and give his reasons in his own words, thus:

"On a motion to adjourn, in order to get rid of the question, Mr. —, member for Hanly-down, said, 'I rise, Mr. Speaker, to say a word on the motion now *afore* the House, and *that there is this here*. The point is, *shall us* adjourn, or *shall us not*? Now, sir, I never *knowed* no good that ever *com'd* from hasty decisions, and therefore I shall support the motion, but upon a different ground from that on which the honorable gentleman stood when he made it. I would first *ax* the honorable gentleman, whether, if he had not *seed* that his question *mought* have been lost, he would have *went* so far as to have moved the adjournment; but that is *his'n* affair, and I shall wote for it and *because why*! Delays are not always so dangerous as the honorable gentleman may think. When I shall be *axed* by my constituents what *went with* such a question? can I, without blushing, say it was lost for want of due consideration; therefore, sir, I wote that we adjourn; and it being now early in the day, and none of us perhaps either *a-dry* or *a-hungry*, we shall thereby have an opportunity of *fetching a walk for a few while*, and each may consider with *his-self* on the main question, and how far it is attended with profit or loss to his country.'"—Pegge, fol. 168.

Now we do not imagine that this identical speech was ever delivered in the House; but we do imagine, and have every right to believe, that something very like it would be heard from such a person under similar circumstances.

The following little dialogue is have passed between a citizen servant:

"Citizen. Villiam, I wants my vig.

Servant. Vich vig, sir?

Citizen. Vy, the vite vig in the vox box, vich I vore last Vednesday at the w
Pegge, fo

The late Mr. Matthews used scribe very humorously the distr citizen who, on the deck of a l steamer, had lost his hat and wig:

"Citizen. O Lor, missus, my hat : overboard.

Wife. My eye and Betty Mar there's a wale!

Passenger. A whale! where? wh give a fi' poun' note to see a whale.

Captain. There an't never no wheres, sir; it's the gen'elman's misp fication, sir; it's his wife's wail vot sl over her vig, sir, that's all."—Pegge, :

There are two peculiarities language which attract the especia tion of foreigners visiting America, will barely mention them ere we to the legitimate purpose of this The first is the clearness and disti of enunciation of Americans genei different from the clipping, smc style of many of the English, wh determined never to send a word i world in all its full and just prop Should a word commence with a instance, it is decapitated *sans ce* and should it terminate with *th*, th extremity is equally liable to suffer tation, the remainder being wound a ball by the tongue and rolled o miserably dilapidated condition.

To others, again, they must make additions; for instance, in the proverb—"Give him an inch, will take an ell;" they add an ad letter to both *inch* and *ell*; thus the one into *hinch*, and the other place never to be mentioned to e lite. We believe that all candid travellers have admitted the superi

* With cockney gourmands great's the d whether

At home they stay, or forth to Paris For as they linger here, or wander thit The flesh of calves to them is *wcal* :

pronunciation of the lower classes of this country over that of their own countrymen of the same caste.

The second reflects but little credit upon our good sense: we refer to the ridiculous mock-modesty and affectation with which we eschew and avoid all those words which, harmless and pure in themselves, may have received a vulgar and improper meaning from vulgar and improper persons.

Upon this subject we dare say but little for fear of offending the over-fastidious reader, and shall merely quote from memory a capital take-off upon our weakness in this respect, from a farce written, we believe, by an English author:

"*Traveller.* Betty, which way is the wind?

Betty. I don't know, sir. Our *weather rooster* is out of order.

Traveller. Weather rooster?

Betty. Ye-es, sir. The wooden he-hen on top of the barn.

Traveller. Oh, the he-hen, eh?

Betty. Yes, sir. When he's in order he always turns his west side to where the wind comes from."

We present at the head of this article three remarkable books; the first glossary (with the exception of Mr. Pickering's vocabulary) of the cisatlantic English language, the last and incomparably the best of the transatlantic, and a reprint, or rather re-compilation, of the first dictionary of the tongue ever compiled. The production of these works, all of an expensive description, and all evincing deep research, profound study, and great mental labor, proves conclusively the great and increasing interest which literary characters of the present day, in England and America, are taking in their native language. The first two of these productions are so replete with amusement and interest, and so full of humor, that they will bear reading in course; which we take to be one of the highest compliments that can be bestowed upon any work of a lexicographic character.

In that rare and curious novel, "*Uppike Underhill*," the first work of the kind we believe ever written in America, is recorded the case of a young lady who endeavored to read herself into the good graces of the schoolmaster-hero of the

tale. After reading, or pretending to read, nearly through his somewhat meagre library, she at length unfortunately borrowed a dictionary, which was returned in a few days, accompanied by a note, stating that she had read it through, and found it *very amusing, but rather disconnected*. Had a more fortunate fate placed in her hand either of the two books now before us, her note would not have appeared so ridiculous. In fact we can see no reason why men who exhaust their days at *work upon words* should not occasionally *play* upon them.

The most difficult part of Mr. Bartlett's task was to distinguish between those provincialisms of English origin which are current here, and those of undoubted home production. After his list of words had expanded so as to embrace a large number of terms of this description that are used in our common conversation, he then examined thoroughly the dialects of those parts of England whence our colonies had principally emigrated. Upon comparing these with our familiar words, especially those of the New England States, he discovered a striking similarity not only in them, but in the tone and accent with which they are usually spoken, and that, in fact, nine-tenths of the colloquial phrases peculiar to this section are derived directly from Great Britain, and the same words are frequently found in the writings of well accredited authors of the period of our colonization.

"It may be insisted, therefore, that the idiom of New England is as pure English, taken as a whole, as was spoken in England at the period when these colonies were settled. In making this assertion, I do not take as a standard the nasal twang, the drawing enunciation, or those perversions of language which the ignorant and uneducated adopt. Nor would I acknowledge the abuse of many of our most useful words. For these perversions I make no other defense or apology, but that they occur in all countries, and in every language."

He was next called upon to decide whether he should confine himself strictly to words of undoubted American origin, or embrace in his vocabulary all the perversions of language in common use among us; and he wisely chose the latter course, inserting many words found in other au-

thorities, and in all such cases giving credit to whomsoever it was due. All words of strictly American origin he has illustrated by copious extracts from books and the public journals, when such illustrations could be found. The humorous writings of Judge Haliburton; the works of Judge Hall, Mrs. Kirkland and Charles F. Hoffman; the highly colored tales of Porter, Robb, and Field; the amusing letters of the *soi-disant* Messieurs Major Downing and Major Jones; Longstreth's laughable Georgia Scenes; Sherwood's Gazetteer of Georgia; Crockett's Life, &c. &c., have all been laid under contribution. It is impossible that so early a production of the kind should be perfect, or contain anything near the whole number of those words and phrases now current among us; and the only wonder is, how Mr. Bartlett has succeeded in collecting so many, and illustrating them so well.

He gives us an introductory chapter upon the dialects of England, which merits a careful perusal. In it he defends the claims of our language to purity, and here we shall allow him to speak for himself.

"The most recent investigations in which the science of philology has been brought to bear on the English language, have shown that it is of purely Gothic origin, descended through languages of which sufficient remains to make grammatical as well as etymological comparisons practicable. It is true that some have regarded it as a perfect mongrel, without any natural parent, compounded of various languages and dialects, Greek, Latin, Saxon, French, Welsh, etc., etc. But although the language is very much mixed, it is a question whether it is not as pure, and as closely allied to the Anglo-Saxon and Mæso-Gothic, as the languages in the south of Europe are to the Latin. Or, in other words, it is probable that the English is not more impregnated with words of the Latin stock, than the Italian, French, Spanish, and Portuguese are with words of the Teutonic stock.

"The natural tendency of language is to improve; and when a people cannot express in a comprehensive manner a particular idea or shade of meaning, they either form a word to denote it from a root or roots already in the language, or borrow a word from other languages which expresses it already.

"With regard to the English language this last-mentioned process has been adopted to an extent which, while it has enriched our vocabulary with a vast number of terms, has, it

must be confessed, greatly impaired its reproductive power. The original substratum of Anglo-Saxon speech has been overlaid with multitudes of common and conversational words from the French, literary and ecclesiastical terms from the Latin, and technicalities from the Greek; and the process is constantly going on. Yet in spite of these immense accessions to its vocabulary, the structure of the English has remained in all essential respects the same from the period when it first became a language. Moreover, the number of foreign importations contained in our dictionaries gives by no means a correct idea of the number of such words which we actually make use of. The greater part of our household, colloquial, and poetical expressions are Saxon, and so are all those important words called particles, on which the whole structure of speech hinges; whereas an immense number of the words derived from other sources belong exclusively to the language of books, and many even to particular sciences."

The present dialects have existed in England from a very early period, and it is not pretended by writers on the subject that any are of recent origin.

"In early times," says Dr. Bosworth, "there was clearly a considerable dialectic variety in the writings of men residing in different provinces. The differences observable in the language of the most cultivated classes would be still more marked and apparent in the mass of population, or in the less educated community. These, from their agricultural pursuits, had little communication with the inhabitants of other provinces; and having few opportunities and little inducement to leave their own neighborhood, they intermarried among each other, and from their limited acquaintance and circumscribed views, they would naturally be much attached to their old manners, customs, and language. The same cause operating from age to age, would keep united the greater part of the population, or the families of the middle stations of life; it may, therefore, be well expected that much of the peculiarity of dialect prevalent in Anglo-Saxon times, is preserved even to the present day in the provincial dialects of the same districts. In these local dialects, then, remnants of the Anglo-Saxon tongue may be found in the least altered, most uncorrupt, and therefore its purest state."*

"In an ethnological point of view the English dialects afford important materials for elucidating that portion of English history which relates to the early colonization of Great Britain; for, if history were silent on the sub-

* Preface to Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, p. xxvi.

just a philological test applied to the dialects of the country would show what nations contributed to its colonization."

To establish the number of provincialisms that are or have been in current use, Mr. Bartlett quotes from high authority.

"The Edinburgh Review for April, 1844, in an article on the provincialisms of the European languages, gives the following results of an inquiry into the number of provincial words which had then been arrested by local glossaries:

Shropshire,	1,993
{ Devonshire and Cornwall,	878
{ Devonshire (North),	1,146
{ Exmoor,	370
Herefordshire,	822
Lancashire,	1,922
Suffolk,	2,400
Norfolk,	2,500
Somersetshire,	1,204
Sussex,	371
Essex,	589
Wiltshire,	592
{ Hallamshire,	1,568
{ Craven,	6,169
North Country,	3,750
Cheshire,	903
Groce and Pegge,*	3,500
	30,687

"Admitting that several of the foregoing are synonymous, superfluous, or common to each county, there are nevertheless many of them which, although alike orthographically, are vastly dissimilar in signification. Making these allowances, they amount to a little more than 20,000; or, according to the number of English counties hitherto illustrated, to the average ratio of 1478 to a county. Calculating the twenty-six unpublished in the same ratio (for there are supposed to be as many words collected by persons who have never published them) they will furnish 36,428 additional provincialisms, forming in the aggregate 59,000 words in the colloquial tongue of the lower classes, which can, for the chief part, produce proofs of legitimate origin."

This was evidently written before the appearance of Mr. Halliwell's work, of which author he subsequently makes honorable mention. Mr. Bartlett's work may be said to contain eight principal classes of words, to illustrate each of which we shall quote from him, giving an occasional example of his style of defining them.

* Set down as Metropolitan.

First. Words of Dutch origin.

"Among these terms are *cooky*, *crullers*, *olykoke*, *spack* and *applejees*, *rullichies*, *kohlslaa*, *pit*.

"The terms for various playthings, holidays, &c., preserve among children their original Dutch names; as *scup*, *hoopie*, *peewee*, *pile*, *pinkster*, *paas*. Other words confined to children are *pinky*, *terawchy*."

Second. Those of French origin.

"Among the words of French origin are *cache*, *calaboose*, *bobette*, *bayou*, *sault*, *levee*, *crevasse*, *habitan*, *charivari*."

Third. Those of Spanish origin.

"The Spanish colonists in Florida, and our intercourse with Mexico and the Spanish main, have been the means of introducing a few Spanish words. Among these are *canyon*, *cavortin*, *chajarral*, *pistareen*, *rancho*, *vamos*."

"*Cahoot*. Probably from *cohort*, Spanish and French, defined in the old French and English Dictionary of Hollybrand, 1593, as 'a company or band.' It is used in the South and West: a company, a union of men for a predatory excursion, and sometimes a partnership in business.

"If I could get the township and range, I'd make a *cahoot* business with the old man."—*Simon Suggs*, p. 37.

"The Hoosier took him aside, told him there was a smart chance of a pile on one of the card tables, and that, if he liked, he would go in with him in *cahoot*."—*Field's Western Tales*, p. 198."

"*Cavortin*, (Span. *cavar*.) to paw; applied to horses; a word chiefly used in the Southern States. 'There's some monstrous fractions characters down in our beat, and they mus'n't come *cavortin* about me when I give orders.'—*Major Jones' Courtship*, p. 20.

"Old Alic had a daughter that was a most enticin creatur, and I seed Tom Settlers *cavortin* round her like a young buffalo."—*Robb's Squatter's Life*."

Fourth. Those of Negro origin.

Among these will be found such words as *buckra*, *gwain*, and similar expressions, as *done come*, *done gone*, &c. &c.

Buckra, a white man. A term universally applied to white men by the blacks of the African coast, the West Indies, and the Southern States. In the language of the Calabar coast, *buckra* means devil; not however in the sense we apply to it, but that of a demon, a powerful or supreme being.

"The term *swanga buckra*, often used by the blacks, means an elegantly dressed white man or dandy.

"Which country you like best? *Buckra* country very good, plenty for yam, (food,) plenty for bamboo, (clothing.) *Buckra* man book larn—*Buckra* man rise early—he like a cold morning; nigger no like cold."—*Car-michael's West Indies*, vol. i, p. 311.

Fifth. Those of Indian origin.

"The Indian element in our language, or rather the Indian words which have become adopted in it, consist, 1st. Of geographical names. 2d. Of the names of various animals, birds, and fishes. 3d. Of fruits and cereals; particularly the several preparations of the latter for eating. Thus from Indian corn, we have *samp*, *hominy*, and *supawn*; from the manioc plant, *mandioca* and *tapioca*. 4th. Such articles known to and used by the Indians, which the Europeans did not possess, as *canoe*, *hannock*, *tobacco*, *moccasin*, *pemmican*; also, *barbecue*, *hurricane*, *pow-wow*."

Sixth. Those peculiarly our own.

"The class of words which owe their origin to circumstances or productions peculiar to the United States, such as *backwoods*, *backwoodsmen*, *breadstuffs*, *barrens*, *bottoms*, *buffalo-robe*, *can-brake*, *cypress-brake*, *clapboard*, *corn-broom*, *corn-shucking*, *clearing*, *dead-ning*, *diggings*, *dug-out*, *flat-boat*, *husking*, *pine-barrens*, *prairie*, *prairie dog*, *prairie hen*, *shingle*, *sawyer*, *salt-lick*, *seannah*, *snag*, *sleigh*, &c., are necessary additions to the language.

"The metaphorical and other odd expressions used first at the West, and afterwards in other parts of the country, often originate in some curious anecdote or event, which is transmitted from mouth to mouth, and soon made the property of all. Political writers and stump-speakers perform a prominent part in the invention and diffusion of these phrases. Among these may be mentioned, *to cave in*, *to acknowledge the corn*, *to flash in the pan*, *to bark up the wrong tree*, *to pull up stakes*, *to be a caution*, *to fizzle out*, *to flat out*, *to fix his flint*, *to be among the missing*, *to give him Jessy*, *to see the elephant*, *to fly around*, *to tucker out*, *to use up*, *to walk into*, *to mizzle*, *to absquatulate*, *to cotton*, *to hifer*," &c., &c.

"*Carryings on*. Riotings—frolickings.

"Every body tuck Christmas, especially the niggers, and sich *carryins on*—sich dancin' and singin'—and shootin' poppers and sky-rockets, you never did see."—*Major Jones' Courtship*.

"She had better not come about me, with any of her catomkerous *carryins on* this mornin'."—*Chron. of Pineville*."

"*Cave In*. Said of the earth, which fall down when digging a bank. Figuratively, to break down, to give up. 'At a late dinner Mr. W. arose to make a speech, but soon *caved in*.'—*Washington paper*."

"*Diggings*. A word first used at the western lead mines to denote places where the ore was dug. Instead of saying this or that mine, it is these diggings or those diggings.

"Boys, fellars, and candidates, I am the first man ever seed in these *diggings*. I killed the first *bar* ever a white man skinned in the county, and am the first manufacturer of whiskey, and a powerful mixture it is too."—*Robb's Squatter's Life*."

"*Caution*. To be a warning; a common expression in familiar language.

"There's a plaguy sight of folks in America, Major, and the way they swallow down the cheap books is a *caution* to old rags and paper-makers."—*Major Downing's May-Day in New York*.

"Moses wound up his description of the piano, by saying that the way the deer creetur could pull music out of it was a *caution* to hoarse owls."—*Thorpe's Mysteries of the Backwoods*."

"*Cracker*. A small, hard biscuit, probably so called from the noise it emits when broken. The word seems to be peculiar to the United States.

"The following anecdote was related to me by the Hon. Albert Gallatin: 'When travelling in England with his family in 1818, he stopped at an inn, and ordered the servant to bring them some crackers and cheese, for their lunch; but what was his surprise to see the servant return with a plateful of cheese and half a dozen *nut-crackers*.'"

Seventh. Those old English words which are erroneously supposed to be peculiar to America. Among this class will be found, *chore*, *reckon*, *guess*, *knock under*, *dreadful*, *clean*.

"*To reckon*. To think; to imagine; to conclude; to guess. Used in some parts of the United States as *guess* is in the Northern. It is provincial in England in the same sense, and is noticed in the glossaries of Pegge and Becket. Mr. Hamilton, in his remarks upon the Yorkshire dialect, says, '*I reckon* comes out on every occasion, as perhaps aliens would expect from this country of 'ready reckoners.'"

"General, I guess we best say nothin more about Britin, says I. Well, says he, Major, '*reckon* you're right.'—*Major Downing's Letters*, p. 208.

"*I reckon* you hardly ever was at a shootin match, stranger, from the cut of your coat."—*Georgia Scenes*, p. 198."

"*Clean*, *adv.* (Ang-Sax. *clane*.) Quit

perfectly; fully; completely. This sense is now little used."—*Johnson*.

"In the United States it is common among the illiterate; but rarely seen in composition.

"Spenser labored to restore good and natural English words, as have been a long time out of use, and almost *cleane* disherited."—*Observations on Spenser's Faery Queen*, by E. R.

"The people passed *cleane* over Jordan."—*Joshua*, iii, 17."

"He gave him a kick that sent him *cleane* over the fence, into the Deacon's potato-patch."—*Major Downing's Letters*, p. 23."

"To *knock under*. A common expression to denote that one yields or submits."—*Johnson*.

"For ten times ten, and that's a hunder,
I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
When frae Parnassus thou didst thunder
Wi' wit and skill;

Wherefore I'll soberly *knock under*,
And quat my quill."

Allen Ramsay.

"Says General J——, Major, I reckon I can drink more Saratoga water than you. I'll bet a York shilling of that, says I. 'Done,' says he, and down he went to the spring with a pitcher. I got a bucket, and down I went to the spring. As soon as he saw me, he smashed his pitcher in a minit. Says he, Major, I *knock under*."—*Major Downing's Letters*."

Eighth. Perversions of English words.

"The greatest perversions of the English language arise from two opposite causes. One of them is the introduction of vulgarisms by uneducated people, who not having the command of proper words to express their ideas, invent others for the purpose. These words continue among this class, are transmitted by them to their children, and thus become permanent and provincial. They are next seized upon by stump-speakers at political meetings, because they have an influence and are popular with the masses. Next we hear them on the floor of Congress and in our halls of legislation. Quoted by the newspapers, they become familiar to all, and take their place in the colloquial language of the whole people. Lexicographers now secure them and give them a place in their dictionaries; and thus they become firmly engrafted on our language. The study of lexicography will show that this process has long been going on in England, and doubtless other languages are subject to similar influences.

"But the greatest injury to our language arises from the perversion of legitimate words, and the invention of hybrid and other inadmissible expressions by educated men, and particularly by the clergy. This class is the one, above all others, which ought to be the conservators rather than the perverters of lan-

guage. It is nevertheless a fact which cannot be denied, that many strange and barbarous words, to which our ears are gradually becoming familiar, owe to them their origin and introduction; among them may be mentioned such verbs as to *fellowship*, to *difficult*, to *eventuate*, to *doxologize*, to *happify*, to *donate*," &c., &c.

Having, we hope, given the reader an idea of Mr. Bartlett's book, of his manner of illustrating and defining, we now turn to that of Mr. Halliwell.

This work contains 51,027 words, some of which have hitherto appeared in different glossaries, but the majority of them are now, as the author asserts, for the first time properly compiled, defined and illustrated. In his initiatory chapter "upon English dialects," the author gives lengthy examples of each county. Not the least interesting information to be derived from an examination of this work is, that here we find the source of many of those words, hitherto mentioned by us, which are so unjustly termed "*yankeemisms*." And not only words are to be found here, but a precedent for our New England pronunciation.

For instance, in Herefordshire, according to our author, strong preterits are current, as climb, *clumb*; shake, *shook*; squeeze, *squoze*. In Derbyshire, words ending in *ing*, generally omit the *g*, but it is sometimes changed into *k*, as *think* for "thing;" *lovin* for "loving." In Warwickshire they say *feul* for "fool," *sheam* for "shame," *p-y-aper* for "paper;" *a* and *o* are frequently interchanged, as *drap*, *shap*, *yan-der*, for drop, shop, yonder; *d* and *ed* are added to words ending in *own*, as *drownded* and *gownd* for "drowned" and "gown," &c. &c.

We extract examples of the dialects of Staffordshire, Sussex and Wiltshire, and in them the reader will recognize many words of the description lately referred to.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

"Conversation between a Canal Boatman and his Wife.

Wife. Dun you know Suden Mouth, Jemmy?

Boatman. Eecs; an' a *ncation* good feller he is *ten*.

Wife. A *despret* quoiert man, but he loves a sup o' drink. Dun yo know his woif?

Boatman. Know her? ay. Her's the very devil when her *sperits* up.

Wife. Her is. Her uses that man sheam-full; her rags him every neet of her loif. Who was her feyther?

Boatman. Whoy, Singing Jemmy.

Wife. Oi don't think as how oi ever knowed singing Jemmy. Was he old Soaker's brother?

Boatman. Ees he was. He lived a top o' Hell Bank. He was the *wickedest, swearinest* mon as ever I *knowed*. I should think as how he was the wickedest man in the world, and say he had the *rheumatiz* so bad."

SUSSEX.

"*Dialogue between two Farm-laborers.*

Tom. Did ye look at the stack?

Jim. Umps I did, and it roakes *terrible*.

Tom. Why didnt ye make a hole in it?

Jim. I be *guain* to it.

Tom. It's a pity. 'Twas sich a mortal good un.

Jim. Es sure. Well it's *melancholly* fine time for the crops now; *aint* it?

Tom. It'll be ripping time pretty soon now.

Jim. Ah, I shant do much at that for the *rumatiz*.

Tom. What be *guain* to do with that ere jug? You'd better let it bide. Do you think the *chimbley*-sweeper will come to-day?

Jim. Iss, he's safe to come; let it be how 'twill.

Tom. Which way do ye think he'll come?

Jim. He'll come athirt and across the common.

Tom. What, *caterways*, aye?

Jim. Iss. Did ye mind what I was tellin' ye of?

Tom. To be sure; but *dang* me if I could sense it; could you?

Jim. Lor, yis. I don't think it took much *cuteness* to do that."

WILTSHIRE.

"*The Harnet and the Bittle.*

"A harnet zet in a hollow tree,
A *proper* spiteful twoad was he;
And merrily zung while he did zet;
His sting as shearp as a bagganet.

Oh, who so fine and bold as I?

I fears not bee, nor wapse, nor fly.

"A bittle up thuck tree did clim,
And scornfully did look at him.
Zays he, 'Zur harnet, who give thee
A right to zet in thuck there tree?

'Vor all you zengs zo *nation* fine,
I tell 'ee, 'tis a house o' mine.'

"The harnet's conscience velt a twinge,
But grawin bowld wi his long stinge,
Zays he, 'Possession's the best laaw;
Za here th' shant put a claw;
Be off, and leave the tree to me,
The *mixen*'s good enough for thee.'

"Just then a yuckel *passin* by

Was axed by them the cause to try;

'Ha! ha! I zee how 'tis,' says he;

'They'll make a *ramous* munch vor me.'

His bill was shearp, his stomach *lear*,
Zo up a snapped the caddlin pair."

Our limits compel us reluctantly to turn from this interesting and valuable work, to the third and last part of the text upon which we have founded a somewhat rambling and discursive article.

The "*Promptorium Parvulorum*," the first dictionary compiled in England, written in 1440, was published by Richard Pynson in 1490, and Julian Notary in 1508. Wynken de Worde also printed four editions between the years 1510 and 1528.

Herbert in his "*Typographical Dictionary*" says, "the author of this first English dictionary was *Richard Fraunce*, a preaching or black-friar, and in it are found many old English words no where else explained."

The edition before us is founded upon the text of the Harleian MS. 221, which was selected as the most correct, ancient and copious of all the MSS. whose existence was ascertained. Some additions were made from other MSS. and from Pynson's edition; these are distinguished from the text by being included in brackets. The following is a complete list of the authorities used in the preparation of this curious book:

MS. in Chapter Library at Winchester, A. D. 1498. A fragment contained in Harleian MS. 1499. MS. in the Library at King's Col. Cambridge. MS. in the collection of Sir Thomas Phillips, Middle Hill, and formerly in the Heber Library. Edition of Julian Notary, 1508. Edition of Wynken de Worde, 1516.

The original MSS. and editions seem to have been divided into two distinct portions, *nominal* and *verbal*. This arrangement has been simplified, by throwing the whole into alphabetical order. The editor has also had recourse to other ancient authorities for illustrations, such as the Latin-English Dictionary, entitled *Medulla Grammatices*, according to Bale compiled by the same author as the *Promptorium*; a MS. dated 1483, known as the *Catholicon Anglicum*, written apparently in the north-eastern part of England, and entirely

distinct from the *Promptorium*; the curious work of John Palsgrave, "*Eclaircissement de la langue Françoise*;" *Hominis vulgaris*, &c.

The *Promptorium* is an English-Latin lexicon, the English words being in the dialect of Norfolk, with which alone the author seems to have been acquainted. "Comitatus tamen *Northfolchië* modum loquendi solum sum secutus, quem solum a infancia didici, et solotarius plenius perfectusque cognovi." In his quaint Latin our author, "Fratre Galfrido," or Brother Frances, gives the miserable condition of the clergy, who were becoming daily more and more barbarous in their own language, and almost entirely forgetful of the Latin tongue, as the reason for his attempting this work.

"Cernentibus sollicite clericorum conditiones, nunc statum et gradum diversorum numerum videntur jam varii clericali se nomine priantes, qui tamen in suis colloquiis passim vitiose que barbarizando, sic usum et artem latine loquere, aut pene, aut penitus perdidit, quod eorum quam plures quasi, doctis indoctis, de sciolis inscios, noverca virtutem et viciorum mater degenerans proterit oblivio."

Our author modestly asserts his incapacity for undertaking so important a work, being "rude and ignorant;" more fitted to be taught than to teach, (*quamvis rudis et inscius, plusque aptus discere quam docere*;) nevertheless he has attempted it, having drawn his information from the following grammatical works, (*libris grammaticorum*;) the majority of which are now entirely unknown:

Januensis in suo *Catholicon*. Ugutio in *majori volumine*. Ugutio *versificatus*. Brito. *Mirivalensis* in *Campo florum*. Johannes de Garlandia, in *Diccionario Scholastico*. *Commentarius* curi alium. *Libellus Misteriorum* qui dicitur *Anglia que fulget*. Merarius. *Distigius*. Robertus Kylwarbi. Alexander Necessarius.

In concluding his preface he assumes no merit for himself, but begs that if any one should be benefited by his rude (incomplete) production, that they will return thanks to God, and mercifully pray for him.

We shall extract for the reader's benefit a few of the words and definitions:—

"Beheste—*Permissio*.

Behouely, (behovable)—*Opportunus*.

Behouelnesse, (behovableness)—*Opportunitas*.

Beyton hoorse.

Beyton wyth houdys, berys, bolye, and other lyke. *Commordio*—vel canibus agitare.

Beldam, faders and moders modyr, bothe (beldame, faders moders modyr, whether it be P.) *Aria*.

Batyloure or washing betylle. *Feretorium*."

Throughout our Southern States the negroes wash clothes by pounding them while wet upon a bench with a short flattened club. Washing in this manner is called *battling*, and the club itself is a *battle*.

"Belamy—*Amicus pulcher, et est Gallicum et Anglice dicitur, fayre frynde*.

Allehole fro brekyng—*sanus incolumis*.

Aldrymann, Aldirmanus, senior.

Chualry, or Knightthoode—*Milicia*.

Kokenay, { *Carinulus, coconellus, et hæc*
Coknay, { *duo nomina sunt ficta et de-*
risorie dicta."

We recommend every curious reader to examine Mr. Pegge's book, where he will find a long and very amusing account of this word, commencing at fol. 16. The publication before us contains only one half of the original work, the latter half having we believe never been published.

It is a pity that a book so invaluable to the philologist could not be republished in such a form as to place it within the power of every one to obtain a copy; but the present edition being one of the publications of the Camden Society, it can only be obtained by subscribing for all of their expensive works, and consequently we believe that but one or two copies of the "*Promptorium*" can be found in America.

We cannot close this article without saying a few words upon the pronoun *thou*. This appears to us to be a word whose peculiarities have been singularly neglected by lexicographers. From time out of mind, it or its equivalents have been used in many European languages to imply either affectionate familiarity or great contempt; and such was doubtless once its signification in our own tongue, although now only employed by poets, Friends and Quakers, and in addressing the Supreme Being. Dr. Webster has evidently had this in view in giving as his definition,

"a term of familiarity," quoting simply "Shakspeare." It appears to us that he has misconstrued the passage to which he probably refers—*Twelfth Night*, Act iii, Scene 2. Sir Toby is counselling his silly friend to write a challenge:—

"Be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention. Taunt him with the *license of ink*; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice it shall not be amiss."

Here is a very striking example of the twofold uses of the word; the first *thou* being addressed to his boon companion, his most intimate friend, his "fidus Achates;" and the second (*verbiform*) to imply the most insulting expression or *taunt* which the *license of ink* could supply.

Sir Andrew takes his friend's advice, and the challenge contains *thou* and its variations no less than *eighteen* times.

"Youth! whatsoever *thou* art, *thou* art but a scurvy fellow. Wonder not nor admire in *thy* mind why I call *thee* so, for I will show *thee* no reason for it. *Thou* comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses *thee* kindly, but *thou* liest in *thy* throat; that is not the matter I challenge *thee* for. I will waylay *thee* going home, when if *thou* killest me, *thou* killest me like a rogue and a villain," &c., &c.

In the same play, the love-letter picked up by Malvolio contains the word in its different forms *sixteen* times.

In France, Germany, Sweden, &c., the word is used in addressing an intimate friend or relation; and also in speaking to a despised inferior, an enemy, or a brute, but never to a mere acquaintance. To speak thus to a friend is called in the French "*tu-toyer*."

We conclude this article with a list and some slight account of the various principal glossaries of the Anglo-Saxon language.

Salopia Antiqua, with a Glossary of Words used in Shropshire, by the Rev. C. II. Hartshorne. Royal 8vo. London, 1841.

A *Glossary of Provincialisms in use in the County of Sussex*, by W. D. Cooper. 12mo. 1836.

Boucher's Glossary of Obsolete and Provincial Words. 4to. But two parts of this work were published when the author died. Had it been completed, it would have made two large quarto volumes.

Glossary of the Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialects, with Dialogues, Poems and Ballads, in the same. 8vo.

Brockett's Glossary of North Country Words. 2 vols. 12mo. 1846. This work has passed through three editions.

Moor's Suffolk Words and Phrases. 12mo. 1823.

The Craven Dialect, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, with a Glossary, Dialogues and Poems. 2 vols. 12mo. 1828. Two editions.

Forby's Vocabulary of East Anglia, embracing the Counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. 2 vols. 12mo.

The last-named work is particularly interesting to Americans, as we find in it a large number of words and local proverbs with which we are familiar, for a very obvious reason. The first settlers of New England came from these counties, bringing with them their familiar dialect, their manners and customs, family names, &c., all of which can be traced in every part of New England. So completely have portions of these counties been *daguerreotyped* there, that one may select a town in the latter, note down the names of its oldest families, or rather those of its first settlers, and any peculiarity of language or manners belonging to them; and in Norfolk or Suffolk he will discover a town or village bearing the same name. On inquiry he will find the same family names, even to Christian names. Or if he does not hear of them among the living let him wend his way to the church-yard and there he will see, among its tombstones or in the aisles of the church, many that will be familiar to him. We know of a recent instance in which a gentleman from a retired village in Massachusetts, being in England, wished to make some inquiries respecting his ancestors, who came from a town in Norfolk, after which his native town had been named. On inquiry at this place he found a family bearing the surname as well as the Christian names of his three children. Further inquiry showed him that they sprung from the same family with his own, and that the same Christian names had been in the family three centuries.

Hunter's Hullamshire Glossary. 12mo.

Toome's Glossary of Obsolete and Uncommon Words, Antiquated Phrases and Proverbs illustrative of early English Literature. 12mo.

Grose's Glossary of Provincial and Local Words used in England. 8vo.

's *Wiltshire Glossary of Words and*
s. 12mo.
m's Cheshire Glossary. 12mo.
nish Provincial Dialect, with Poems.

ncashire Dialect and Poems, by Tim
1. 8vo.
lects of Somersetshire and the West of
nd, by Jennings. 12mo.
ne's Glossary of Shropshire. 8vo.
Glossary of Yorkshire. 4to.
's General Dictionary of Provincial-
8vo.
's Dictionary of Archaic and Pro-
! Words, Obsolete Phrases, Proverbs
ncient Customs, from the 14th Cen-
2 large vols. 8vo.
Glossary of Words, Phrases, Names,
rbs, &c. 4to.
ollection of English Proverbs and
us Sayings. 8vo. Of this book six
 as have been printed; the first about

Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar
ue. 8vo.

 has passed through several edi-
 It was first printed before 1788,
 the second appeared,) under the

title of "*Blackguardiana, or Dictionary,*"
 &c., &c., interspersed with cant terms, flash
 songs, &c., and illustrated with eighteen
 portraits. The book contained so much to
 outrage decency, both in words, anec-
 dotes, memoirs, &c., that it appeared
 anonymously, without a publisher's name,
 and was sold at a very high price. It is
 now scarce and difficult to obtain, and it
 is probable when Capt. Grose found how
 eagerly it was sought after, that he de-
 termined to suppress it and prepare a new
 edition, leaving out the obscene terms and
 jokes which disgraced its pages.
 Besides the before-mentioned glossaries,
 there are a great many books containing
 tales, poems, dialogues, songs, &c. in every
 dialect in England. We close the list with
Jamieson's Scotch Dictionary, in 4 vols.
 quarto. This may with more propriety
 be called a glossary than a dictionary.
 It is a work of vast labor, and is one of
 the best works of reference to the glossa-
 rist and to the student of old English litera-
 ture of any book extant. P. P.

A BATTLE FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF AUERBACH.]

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

CHAPTER I.

om do we remark a malady, which
 tened itself upon us, at the moment
 t takes hold of the frame. We
 ound for weeks and months, fresh
 oming. It is not until the body
 ors to throw off the seeds of the
 —until the healing powers of our
 labor within us, with all their
 —that we become sensible of our
 on. Then we are stricken down,
 e whole world is hidden from us, as
 ght. We know nothing, we wish

for nothing, of all that is without; our
 sole thought is to be relieved from our
 suffering. But the moment when sickness
 falls upon us, (if it is merely a passing
 one,) is also the beginning of recovery;
 for now that the system is sensible of the
 foreign and morbid matter within us, it
 labors to shake it off.
 And as with a malady of the body, so
 is it with a malady of the soul. Yonder
 goes the day-laborer Stephen from the
 village, whistling a merry tune; he car-
 ries, by its long handle, a double-headed
 hammer, for breaking stones; a cushion

stuffed with straw, and a wooden sole furnished with thongs, rest upon his arm. As he thus walks onward, thou dost not perceive, dear reader, that a worm is in his soul; and wert thou to question him thereof, he could tell thee nothing concerning it, for, as yet, the worm sleeps.

Stephen has at last reached a heap of stones, neatly piled in layers. He looks around him, to see from which way the wind comes, for it is late in autumn, and it blows keen and strong. Stephen raises his cap, as if to greet his day's work. He then steps into the ditch, where he has laid a straw-covered lattice work, and places it between him and the wind. It is an airy wall, but Stephen's heart sits warm and snug within his bosom. He buckles on the wooden sole, and falls stoutly to work, for from the hard stones he draws his livelihood—a scanty one indeed. Stephen has toiled thus for two good hours, and has seldom allowed himself a moment to take breath. He now pauses, lays the cushion upon the heap of stones, fills a pipe, as a reward for his labor, draws on a glove with a well padded thumb, and seating himself, begins to crack the large stones which he has broken, into smaller pieces. When twelve o'clock strikes, a barefooted boy comes from the village, carrying a dish covered with a cloth. He brings his father bread and some warm porridge. Stephen eats his dinner with a relish, and then continues to work until evening. He now collects his utensils and wends his way homeward.

Stephen dwells in a small cottage off from the road; his little daughter, a child three years of age, is standing at the window, and says to herself, "Father is coming!" She would gladly run and meet him, but she has but a single linen undergarment on, and no frock. Stephen enters the hall, which serves also as a kitchen; he greets his wife, who is standing by the hearth, with a silent nod only, and goes into the sitting-room, takes his little daughter in his arms, who tugs at his long beard, looks toward the cradle, where a chubby boy is cramming the end of a coverlet into his mouth, and kicking out his legs as if to welcome his father. He then enters a sleeping chamber and asks,

"How goes it, grandmother?"

A complaining voice answers him:

"The children are so wild and noisy, and Peter has run off with my beans. I will tell the schoolmaster when I am well, and can go to school."

"I will bring you other beans," replied Stephen.

"Yes, do! handsome long brown ones, and round white ones."

"Yes, yes!" said Stephen, and returned to the sitting-room.

No one could speak long with the grandmother; she was in her second childhood, and was always playing with the cat, or with her beans, or wishing them to hear her repeat from the hymn-book, that she might not be put to shame in the school. To-day Stephen did not feel inclined to humor her. He took his seat at the table beneath a large framed piece of parchment covered with writing, to which was affixed a great seal, and waited until a light and supper came.

But I hear thee say, dear reader, "I can see such things every day, if I take but a few steps. This is far from being the greatest misery; I know of cases still more distressing." Take heed whether something is not passing here, which thou canst not see so easily; whether here, in this hut, the greatest battle of humanity is not going on; whether deeds of heroism are not here performed, braver and more difficult than the campaigns of kings, which are recorded for all time in the book of history.

As the supper was long in coming, Stephen himself brought a light, and we can now see what the framed parchment yonder signifies. It is the honorable discharge of the soldier Stephen Huber, who has served for eleven years in the fifth regiment. The ink has grown yellow, the coat of arms on the seal has crumbled away, and the flies are practicing their last autumn manœuvres upon the smooth glass surface. Stephen sits and gazes at the light, the child also remains quietly upon his lap, looking steadfastly before her, as if, like her father, she also were sunk in thought; for the latter sees nothing around him—his past life is hovering before him like the shadows of a dream.

That was a merry day when he entered the army, for he left no father and no mother behind to weep for him when he departed; he was early an orphan. From

he service of a single master he entered his regiment, where all served like himself. The years rolled by, he knew not how, and when the term for which he had enlisted had expired, he received bounty money, and remained in the army five years longer, as a corporal. The facing upon his uniform was left alone, told his age; otherwise he seemed still as young as ever. He now laid up a little money in the service. Then at last he became acquainted with his Margaret. Numerous as were his comrades in the barracks, yet Stephen felt how solitary and forsaken he was; he did yet to belong to some one in the world. Then followed days full of joy and full of sorrow; for a soldier's life grew henceforth wearisome to Stephen; and after having served long and faithfully in his regiment, he demanded his discharge, took up the money which he had lying in the military chest, paid off the mortgage upon the house and two acres of land belonging to his wife and her mother, turned with them to their native village, and dwelt there.

Years of service in the army had rendered Stephen a stranger to a village life; he had been too long accustomed to weariness, but labor soon drew a hard crust from his hands, which could not be pulled off. Toil was at first fatiguing to him, but was at last a trifle; a man in health soon accustoms himself to anything. Still, one result of his past life yet remained; Stephen had forgotten how to provide for his wants. In the barracks, victuals, fire, clothing, were ready at hand; they came of themselves, as it were, and all went in a regular track, if one but did his duty. Now, however, Stephen was his own commander and his own regiment, and this was a burden to him. He would have been glad to enter the service again, in order to have a stated task and a stated pay; but that could not be, and it was well that Margaret was a woman of spirit and resolution. During their first years of wedlock, while the family was still small, all went well; but now their house was already mortgaged again; one acre had been sold and eaten up in daily bread, and there was no hope of better times.

To mortgage our house is like signing away our home to the evil one. A spirit wanders around in the dwelling, rends

chinks and holes in the thickest walls, and breathes its icy breath upon us from every nook and corner.

It now seemed to Stephen as if draughts of cool air entered the room, for he had just thought of his debt, and had conjured up the goblin. Then he asked himself how he could expect to free his house again, and he sank into brooding melancholy. It was often thus with him. He was not the man to form plans by which to help himself, and then there was nothing to which he could turn his hand.

A man who is sinking into poverty is like a shipwrecked mariner, who has reached a little island in the vast ocean; he stands alone and forsaken, and looks on, while the never-resting waves loosen it piece by piece, and devour it forever. He still stands upon a clod which affords him a foothold, but, at last, he feels this sink beneath him, and he is left to struggle alone with the wild waters.

The worst thing that can befall the poor man, is that despondency which prevents him from rousing his energies, from exerting his powers, and which causes him to bend the head, in mute despair, beneath every trouble that rolls over him.

Stephen lived a gloomy, reserved, and uniform life. He was ready for any work, and dispatched it quickly; and although the proverb says, "Labor has bitter roots, but sweet fruit," yet he was no longer sensible of either. No labor was hard for him, but at the same time he was without the consolation afforded by the consciousness that he had done his duty. His soul was, as it were, choked and buried beneath the rubbish of poverty.

And therefore he had, but yesterday, looked on as they lowered his eldest child into the grave, and had stood, the while, rigid and unmoved. When he saw the coffin, he thought, where should he find the money to pay for it; and as the pastor uttered words of consolation and of blessing, he reflected that these words also cost him something. "Death is not to be had for nothing!" he muttered to himself.

On this account, late in the night, he had had a bitter quarrel with his wife, because he had railed at her for her lamentations, and she at him, in return, for his hard-heartedness. Now, he sat there in silence, and mused upon the time when he

stood free and alone in the world, when none were dependent upon him for a livelihood, and that time appeared to him like a lost paradise. He did not remember the many toils and vexations of those days, (for it is always thus in recalling the past,) he did not remember that he had never been his own master, and had often cursed that kind of life. He now saw naught but the woe of the present; how different was it when no one in the world had claims upon him!

A frightful thought must at this moment have flashed across his mind, for he started as if stricken with lightning; his brow grew red as fire—the child upon his lap, frightened by his sudden movement, grasped after his chin. Stephen's face grew brighter; he raised the child, and kissed it passionately. It seemed as if, with this kiss, he would beg forgiveness for the dark thoughts which rose in his soul.

He walked with the child toward the kitchen, and approached his wife, with whom he had not exchanged a word since yesternight.

"Is supper nearly ready?" he asked.

"I have but two hands," she answered.

She was still angry on account of the strife of the preceding evening, and she thought that Stephen was angry also. But the latter said, in a mild tone, "Can I help you in anything?"

Margaret did not notice the mildness of the tone in which he spoke, and replied, "No! do go into the room again; men are only in the way in the kitchen. Do you not hear how the child screams? Go, I cannot be in two places at once!"

Stephen obeyed, but with a heart filled with rage: he thought he had spoken so kindly, and still had been treated so harshly; he forgot that his wife could not know what was passing in his mind, and that he had really said nothing of it to her.

It is strange when people scold and wrangle, the most timid become eloquent; but when they would say a word of kindness or of reconciliation, they turn and twist like stammerers, or even think that the other can look into their hearts, and know, of himself, what is passing there.

Stephen angrily rocked the child, which, with its hands clasped upon its breast, soon fell fast asleep; he rocked on furious-

ly, until he remarked that he was almost overturning the cradle, and he stopped. He was doubly vexed, for he was hungry. The gall has free play in an empty stomach; any one can notice that the hour before meal-time, and with the poor and wretched this hour is frequently prolonged to a whole day. This will easily explain, therefore, why they are so often irritated by trifles, and to the misery of their condition, add that of mutual torment. The bitterest fruit of poverty, alas! is, oftentimes, discontent with ourselves, and with our nearest kindred.

Stephen waited, full of anger, for his supper. It is true, a piece of bread lay in the table-drawer; he considered it attentively, and laid it again unbroken in its place. To-morrow was only Friday, and there could no bread be bought until Saturday.

At last Margaret brought the dish full of boiled potatoes, and placed it upon the table, with the salt near it. She then folded her hands, and said a prayer. Stephen repeated the words in a low voice after her. But what kind of a prayer is it, when we cherish enmity in our hearts against our dearest kindred—against the one whose words of devotion are upon our lips? How can the soul raise itself to heaven, when weighed down by such a burden? Is not prayer, then, mere lip-service, and empty form?

It is true, kind reader, thou wilt say, if we should forbid prayer to all those who lock their hearts against their fellow-men, many a lip would have long since forgotten how to say "Amen," and the dust of years would lie upon the seats in the churches.

But reflect, whether we have the right to fold our hands, when we should rather open them and reach them to our neighbor, in aid and reconciliation.

But let us now look on while the two eat their supper; looking on will not take a single morsel away.

All is still, for no one is disposed to speak a word. The little girl whom Stephen has placed upon a stool by his side, interrupts the silence with the question—"But where is Antony?"

Peter replies, with a wise air, "Oh, he is already in heaven, and is eating supper with our Lord God! The schoolmaster

says that it is millions and millions of miles from the earth to the sun, but when anybody dies he is there in a minute."

Margaret sighed heavily; big drops stood upon her eyelashes; Stephen looked at her with compressed and trembling lips; it seemed doubtful whether anger or compassion stirred in his soul. He said merely to the children—

"Eat your supper, and be quiet."

He forced himself to swallow a part of a potato, and still his throat seemed bound with a cord, and he muttered to himself—

"It is better that he is dead." He leaned back, shook his head, as if he would drive away the remembrance of that which was now irrevocable.

We oftentimes succeed, with wonderful facility, in shaking off an oppressive thought; this was now the case with Stephen. It is true all his hunger had vanished, but he resolved to eat, because it was the time to eat, and he remembered the gnawing hunger that he had felt.

In such moments, every thing that a man puts into his mouth tastes like dry straw.

After a while, Stephen looked at his wife with a glance which might be interpreted in various ways; but, in truth, it was with surprise and entreaty that he asked—

"Am I to have nothing to-night, then?" For Margaret was in the habit, before taking a morsel herself, of peeling the best and mealiest potatoes, breaking them in two, sprinkling them with salt, and placing them before her husband. She usually continued to do this while she ate herself. But to-day she was too slow for Stephen; and, in truth, it must be confessed that Margaret did linger somewhat, and he cast upon her that significant glance to which we have referred. The wife read therein naught but reproach and anger. What right had Stephen to expect kindness from her? Could he not peel what he ate for himself? These were Margaret's thoughts as she placed the peeled potatoes before the children, as if to soothe them, because their father had spoken so harshly to them.

Stephen smiled to himself, and partly in a spirit of real good nature, in order to bring about a reconciliation, but partly,

also, from a secret feeling of revenge, in order to retaliate the unkindness which he had received, (for thus mingled are oftentimes the feelings and the deeds of men,) he placed one of the potatoes which he had peeled himself before Margaret. But she said, pettishly—

"Eat it yourself! you have not even washed the dirt from your hands since you came from your work."

Stephen bit his lips, and cried through his set teeth—

"Get a baker for a husband then; he has always clean hands when he leaves off kneading his dough."

He shut up his clasp-knife with a click, rose, and left the house. When without, he began to curse and to swear to himself, and a soft, deep voice took the liberty of mingling in the soliloquy. Stephen's thoughts were as follows:

"I am the most miserable man in the world!" (That is a question, said the voice.) "Am I not obliged to labor for wife and children, and toil like a dog, in all kinds of weather?" (And your wife must stay at home with her sick mother and screaming children, and work and worry without stop or stay.) "Not a kind word do I get for all my pains." (It is doubtful whether you have not received more kind words than you have given.) "I give up every penny of my earnings, and keep nothing for myself." (Do your wages belong to you or to yours, or has your wife hidden treasures?) "I never treat myself to anything nice." (Does your wife eat roast beef and salad in secret?) "I have not known how a drop of beer tastes for these six weeks." (Does your wife drink Malmsey daily?) "And for all this no thanks!" (What thanks do you require, when you only do your duty?) "She treats me like a dog for all my kindness; she gives me nothing but cross words. I have never enjoyed a happy moment with her." (Oh, how thou dost lie in thy soul! Thou canst not have forgotten the hundred hours and days when her gentle heart blessed and strengthened thee, and couldst thou not always, with a kind word, twist her around thy finger?) "My home is hateful to me, my life is hateful to me—if some one would only beat the brains out of my head!" (Beat these wicked thoughts out

of thy head—that would be wiser.) “If I were dead, she would see what a treasure she had lost in me.” (See what? a man who has often and often given way to despondency, and who plagues himself, in addition to the plagues that come of themselves!) “If I could but wander out into the wide world, and hear nothing more from her or any one.” (But you must hear from me, for I shall wander everywhere in company with you.)

Thus thought Stephen to himself, and thus the voice of conscience endeavored to make itself heard, but he would not listen to it.

CHAPTER II.

Alas! if there were but always means at hand to heal a saddened and bewildered soul that looks around in search of aid! In past times the churches stood always open to receive into their hallowed stillness the mortal shaken by the storms of life, that there his soul might rise toward the great Spirit who guides the world by eternal laws, and in each man's life carries out a wise plan, which at times, it is true, is hidden from us. But they have adorned the churches with idle pomp, with ornaments of silver and of gold, and they must guard this useless frippery from those hands which would not always be lifted there in prayer. The churches are closed, and even if they stood open, but few would, at all times, find therein the true entrance to the sanctuary of their own hearts, the key to which is not to be obtained from the sexton; it is the firm purpose, it is the honest search into the soul, that here breaks bolts and bars.

But how refreshing is it in such perplexity, to find a kindred spirit who consoles us, and gives us to ourselves again! Stephen longed after such a brother of the heart.

But how often has it happened to thee, dear reader, that, with troubled soul, thou hast approached a good and worthy man, and he has not understood thy cares and sorrows, for he himself was disturbed by something of which thou didst not know, and thou didst feel anew that safety through others is rare; that it must rise and soar towards heaven from the depths of our own hearts!

As Stephen walked through the village he

seemed to himself a stranger and forsaken, here and in this whole wide world, as if he knew no one, for he was a stranger in his own heart as well as in his own house. He was ashamed to enter the tavern, and there drive away his cares, for it was but yesterday that he had laid his eldest child in the grave. He now saw that the schoolmaster's chamber was lighted up, and he resolved to go in. Stephen stood on terms of friendship with the schoolmaster, who was a worthy and an upright man; he had drawn up the petition by which he had obtained the humble post of road-mender, and since then they saw each other often. Stephen, who had lived much in cities, and who possessed quite a sense of his dignity, thought that he could not do better than take counsel of this man, as, notwithstanding his humble condition, the schoolmaster had always treated him with kindness and consideration.

Stephen found a great number of middle-aged men and youths in the schoolmaster's chamber; it seemed, almost, like a prayer-meeting, each one was listening so devoutly. But they spoke of a better land, to which those present could journey, while still in this mortal body. They were peasants who thought of emigrating, and had assembled to hear the schoolmaster read to them from books concerning the condition of North America, the way to arrive thither, the best means of settling there, &c. &c.

A thought flashed like lightning through Stephen's whole being, and, as he listened, he kept lifting first one foot, and then the other, slightly from the floor, as if to assure himself that he was not rooted to the ground, but could move and march with the rest.

When the reading was at an end all rushed boisterously into the open air. Each one would have gladly run straightway to the New World, and have hewn down the trees which had stood untouched since the deluge, and dug and ploughed the soil; each one fancied himself possessed of so much strength and power, that, with a single stroke, he could fell the sturdiest tree like a slender twig.

In such moments of excitement and enthusiasm men are often capable of performing great, nay, almost superhuman acts; it is in such moments that deeds of

rious heroism are done upon the field battle. But it is far easier to march boldly amid the roar of cannon, than to fight out a battle with the petty plagues of life, a battle in the heart. Such a battle had Stephen to fight out.

Many of the peasants entered the tavern, as they could not, at present, better their bare prospects, they thought themselves relieved from all restraint, and entitled to give themselves over to idleness until a new life of activity began.

There are men, nay, whole nations, who never delude themselves and others with the hope of a coming week. They say or think—"now that we are in the middle of the week, we can commence nothing right; but only let a few days, and then Monday pass by, and you shall see how we will set to work."

Do you not know some such procrastinators, who are always, so to speak, spitting upon their hands and never take hold? Excuses and promises of this sort are nothing but lazy shuffling. Each hour has a duty, and if you give yourself up to idleness to-day, the morrow's labor will find you a sluggish workman.

There were now high doings in the tavern, for Duke Lumbus revelled there with his band, which consisted, for the most part, of young men who were bent upon emigration. Duke Lumbus had been the possessor of a comfortable house and farm, and a few months before had lost his young wife. He had been absent two days on a journey, when she fell from a ladder in the barn, and when he returned, the following day, he received the sad news of her death. He now seemed weary of village life, sold his farm, and obtained for his own property and that which his wife had brought him as a dower, a considerable sum of money. It was he who had first set on foot the scheme for emigration, and he had completely turned the heads of the young men of the village. On one occasion he said to them:

"I am the man who first showed you the way to America, and I march before you, and am your Duke.* I have dis-

covered America for you; I am your Columbus."

"Duke Lumbus!" they all cried, and since this time he bore the name with great pride and dignity.

The name of the noble man who, with unbending courage, discovered the new and unknown world which has been a refuge for so many who were in need, or who wished to breathe the air of freedom, was here used as a by-word. Duke Lumbus was a portly man, and, since he had resolved to emigrate, he had left his reddish beard unshorn; this was the only plantation which he now cultivated at home, and he called it his ducal forest.

On this evening he promised a great entertainment. "We will drink down a whole acre!" he cried, and his band were very ready to join him. They conducted themselves like new recruits, who, before they enter the ranks, indulge for days and weeks in every license, and refuse to hear or know anything of the accustomed order of the world. When they rose late in the night from their debauch, Duke Lumbus cried:

"Landlord! hallo there! open the court-yard gate! an acre of land wants to pass out!"

In the mean while, Stephen, in company with some staid and sedate men, had returned homeward. They saw plainly, that this revelling and rioting was but a poor way to commence an undertaking, but they were unable to draw off their sons from Duke Lumbus, and some of them even winked at their conduct, and ate and drank with the rest.

Stephen now walked around for days long, brooding upon life in the New World. A man who allows himself to be absorbed by thoughts of emigration, is like a tree suddenly torn from the earth; its roots, which lay hidden beneath the ground are now exposed to the light of day, and it is very possible that it may wither and perish before it is transplanted into a new soil.

Stephen did not speak a word to Margaret concerning his schemes. He wished to form his plans alone. He was well aware of the obstacles which lay in the way of their completion, and he resolved to be silent until these were overcome, and everything was in readiness for their departure. He kept continually thinking

* Duke—Herzog; literally, one who marches before.

that here at home he could never really prosper, but that in the New World he should be quite another man. He felt as if he now, for the first time, awoke to a consciousness of his powers, and this was indeed, in a certain sense, the case. He took a kind of pride, a self-satisfaction, in accomplishing his purpose without the aid of another; but he had yet to learn the danger to which that man is exposed, who holds himself aloof from those whose interests are bound up with his own—he had yet to learn the abyss toward which he was hurrying.

Margaret, on her side, cherished a new life within her bosom, but she did not venture to disclose the secret to Stephen. He had been wedded to her before God and before the world, and still she wept in silence, as if it were a disgrace that she must needs conceal. With the new life, new care would enter the house; the death of his eldest child he had borne with indifference, as if, thereby, a burden only had been removed from his shoulders. Thus were two beings, so closely united, and living beneath the same roof, separated as if by seas.

Stephen often shook his head while at his work, as if bees were humming in his brain; then, at times, he would hold a stone, for minutes, under his foot, and forget to break it, so deeply was he lost in thought. The time seemed infinitely long to him, for he no longer carried about him the only treasure which he had preserved through all his poverty, to wit, his watch. In order to pay for the funeral expenses of his child, he had pawned it; only pawned it, indeed, but he knew that he could never expect to redeem it; he felt as if a part of his being had gone with it. It almost seemed to him as if his limbs were, one by one, dropping off—as if he perceived the signs of poverty in himself, bodily.

Formerly, he often did not look at his watch for days; now it seemed to him as if one of his senses had left him. When the village clock struck, he stopped with his work, in order to hear what time it was, as if he must fix that accurately in his head; as if, otherwise, he could not live or labor. When the wind blew in such a direction that he could not hear the clock, it appeared to him as if he were in

a deep wilderness, far from all living men, and then he thought again—"So it will be on my farm in America; there are no village clocks there, no bell sounds there; there I must measure the time, and regulate all myself."

When his thoughts were once in the forests of the New World, every stroke which he here dealt in breaking a stone, appeared to him a useless waste of his powers; he wished to labor upon his own soil, and not for a scanty day's wage. Once, when he put his hand to the pocket in which he used to carry his watch, he reflected that if the grandmother's bed were vacant, he could redeem it. Suddenly it seemed as if, in his thoughts, he were plucking the pillow from beneath her head; he laughed involuntarily, and the evil spirit hurried him farther onward. The grandmother's death was henceforth the sole object of his thoughts. As long as she lived, Margaret would not consent to emigrate, and no one would buy the house, as the old woman had a life interest in it.

One Sunday morning Stephen was the first to leave the church, but when without, he stood as if rooted to the ground. He waited while all the villagers passed by, gazed at them steadfastly, and thought what this and that one would say, if the grandmother should die suddenly.

At home, he was almost always silent, though he at times gave way to sudden bursts of anger. The merest trifles vexed him. He was at variance with the world, because he was at variance with himself.

It has happened to thee, perhaps, dear reader, that thou hast gone for days and weeks around in the world, and scarcely sawest anything thereof, because thy soul was wrapped up in a single thought, which met thee at every turn; thou didst live on as in a dream; all was strange to thee, and thou didst become almost a stranger to thyself, and what thou didst at last—it may have exerted an influence upon thy whole life—thou didst it scarcely with a clear purpose. Well was it for thee, if it was an honest thought which thus occupied thee, which encouraged and strengthened thee for deeds that were, otherwise, beyond thy feeble powers.

Stephen was present at the schoolmaster's lectures every evening, but he heard

little of what he read; he sat there, but his soul was far away, fighting out a fearful battle. Margaret remarked what was passing in his mind, but not all, not the worst.

Their poverty increased; Stephen's wages remained the same, but the price of food rose to more than double. The grandmother was cheery and hearty again, and this thought haunted him incessantly. A strange change had come over him; he was active, ready for any work, for now a hope encouraged him. But then again, this obstacle lay like a black spot upon the shining future. He found a singular satisfaction in assisting those who had resolved upon emigrating, in arranging their affairs, and preparing them for their journey. He felt as he felt formerly, when he aided those who left the army to return to their quiet firesides; they could all journey merrily onward; they had a home awaiting them; now, however, Stephen was anxious to be gone himself. He could not drive the thought from his mind, that, far beyond the sea, sturdy trees and fertile land were waiting for him, and wondering why he was so long in coming. But in this intercourse with men who were no longer bound to their country by any duty of labor, Stephen greatly neglected his work, and thus increased his need. And then, when he was again alone at his labor, he thought—"Why does a man slay hundreds in war, and is extolled as a hero?—here is a human being's life, that drags us daily deeper into misery; she were better dead—why should I not help her?"

As he thought thus he raised his hammer high in the air, and struck it upon a stone, so that it flew in fragments on all sides, and he thought again—"But there is nothing worse than to wait and hope for the death of a fellow-creature; life is so sweet; why then should it make way for me? No, thou shalt live, grandmother, as long as thou canst; it is good that all thoughts do not at once become deeds."

When at home, he could not look the grandmother in the face, for he was conscious of a grievous crime against her. But once, when he gazed at her with anger, and muttered curses as he saw how stoutly she assailed the victuals, he was sensible of his guilt, and reached her the morsel which he was about to carry to his

own mouth. But he could not always reach her a morsel from his mouth, for the pale goblin Hunger often sat upon his lips.

There was now no bed in the house except that upon which the grandmother lay; every other one had been sold. Stephen laid himself down hungry, and covered himself with the old cloak which he had worn when in the service. Margaret had taken the youngest child to her bosom; they would warm each other, but she found no rest, and it seemed as if a voice within her cried after food. And then there was the quarrel with her husband. She tried to speak to him, for naught but words was left them. She tried to tell him all, but her throat seemed choked, and her tongue parched.

Dost thou know, reader, what it is to lie down to rest, hungry? Thou dost turn sorrowfully from side to side, and canst not find repose. Bitter thoughts tear and rend thy brain, if want has not entirely exhausted thee; and if sleep comes, and, for a while, rocks thee in forgetfulness, thou dost wake with a start, as if roused by evil spirits, and the gnawing pain consumes thy life. Frightful are the images which ascend before thy soul, oh son of want and hunger, in the lonely night! The whole world is hushed and silent; thy grief and thy need are alone awake. A curse is rising from the deep darkness of the soul—thou wilt destroy—hold firm, oh heart! lest in thy fury against thyself and against the world, thou dost draw down eternal guilt upon thy head!

Stephen had gone thus hungry to repose, and awoke thus in the middle of the night. He started up. Who had laid his hammer by his side? He seizes it, swings it aloft, and stands in the act of darting towards the grandmother's chamber. Margaret, who had awoke with him, then calls—

"For Heaven's sake, Stephen!—thou wilt not kill me and the child that I bear beneath my bosom!"

Stephen sank involuntarily upon his knees by her side. For a long while he could not speak. Death and life met at this moment in his soul; he had purposed a murder, and a new life was proclaimed to him! At last he burst into a flood of tears, and said—

"The child is an angel, and has saved

me! thou good, good Margaret, why hast thou not spoken to me of this before?"

She wept with him, and told him that she had been well aware of his wish to emigrate; but that since then, she knew not why, she had felt a double fear of him. Stephen uttered bitter reproaches against himself; Margaret consoled him with kind words; and he said at last—

"Forget all, forgive all! I see, I see! How could I live as I have lived for weeks past? Oh, I alone know the greatness of my guilt! Ask me no farther; forget and forgive all! You are too kind; I will forever remember it. We two, above all, must be one heart and one soul with each other when we cross the deep sea; for there, in the wide world, in the solitary wilderness, we shall have no one but ourselves."

All want and their long estrangement were now forgotten; and it seemed to both, as if they had been refreshed by the sweetest food. They conversed confidently of the future, and endeavored to suit themselves to it, and to wait patiently for better times.

Stephen resolved to be, henceforth, industrious, and to drive all evil thoughts from his bosom. This resolution gave him peace of mind again.

The grandmother must, in a kind of half sleep, have heard something of their conversation through the thin partition; for, towards morning, Stephen and his wife were awakened by a loud wailing. They hastened to the grandmother, and could not quiet her until she found words, and said—

"You have been in a great wilderness with little Marie," (thus she always called herself,) "and then, all of a sudden, you tied me and ran away from me; I was left alone—alone in the wind and snow. Do not desert little Marie; I will tell father, when he comes, and you will get a beating!"

With some difficulty they succeeded, at last, in quieting her.

Henceforth Stephen was doubly industrious. The spring drew near, and with it their wants grew lighter. Towards the grandmother he displayed an indescribable tenderness; and Margaret could not understand what he meant, when he once said—

"If grandmother could only live long,

very long! I did think that our child would learn to walk, in America, upon our own soil; but we must be contented to have it happen here."

Often, in the evening, he would play like a child, for hours, with the grandmother; and he would give up to her in everything, for she was very obstinate. Such conduct may be described in a few words; but much patience and tenderness is requisite to be able actually to persevere in it. He heard the grandmother, regularly, from the hymn-book; but oftentimes she did not know what hymns the schoolmaster had given her to learn; he would then read to her the beginning of the hymns in alphabetical order. But while he read she often forgot what she wanted, and asked to play with the beans again.

She was particularly delighted one evening, when the schoolmaster himself, who was paying Stephen a visit, heard her repeat a verse, and gave her a small picture. Stephen participated in her child-like pleasure.

When, in the spring, the long train of emigrants prepared to set out upon their journey, the old restlessness began to stir in Stephen's breast again; and as they passed where he was breaking stone, he said, smiling bitterly, as he bade them farewell—

"I must keep the roads in order that you may travel the more conveniently; and yet it seems to me, as if you went on before only to break a path for me to follow you with greater ease."

Duke Lumbus shouted and sang as they rode away, and could not understand the deep grief which oppressed so many hearts.

Stephen had always stood in a peculiar position towards Duke Lumbus. He had never allowed himself to be enticed to his revels; he felt an indistinct aversion for this man, and still no one could say anything evil of him. He had, indeed, spent a good part of his money, but that was nobody's business. It was, perhaps, the self-confidence, the imperious insolence, with which Duke Lumbus treated every one; acting with men as if they were puppets which he set up, now here, now there, while he made them shout and dance after his humor; perhaps it was this that kept Stephen at a distance from him.

Stephen, in fact, often thought to him-

self—"A man like him, who has plenty of money, looks with very different eyes upon the world; he is everywhere at home, and can buy and have everything; while a poor fellow like me is always anxious and timid, and thinks that at every moment some one will come into his house and drive him out."

As Duke Lumbus rode by, he said to Stephen—

"Hallo, there, stone-breaker! I shall buy me a duchy in America, and call it *Lumbia*; and if you will come along, I will give you a hundred acres."

Stephen did not answer him.

During the first few days after the departure of the emigrants, it seemed as if there was a void everywhere in the village, so many well-known faces were missing; and every one thought that they would never be forgotten. But how strange it is! When a man or a community sinks in the stream of life, and disappears, it is like a stone that falls in the water; at first it opens and breaks the stream, then leaves a few circles, until at last the waves follow on again, smoothly and equably.

When the wanderers departed, the young swallows were consulting with familiar chirping, as they lighted upon the willows by the brook, where they should build their nests, and they circled around many a roof, and discoursed in the air of their plans of architecture. But before they had completed their nests, no one in the village knew that a train of brothers had departed hence to settle in a distant land. Where were the wanderers now?

Stephen and the schoolmaster alone spoke often of the absent ones, and accompanied them in their thoughts far over the sea.

CHAPTER III.

Autumn had returned again. Stephen's family was augmented by a lively little girl, but a friend had been taken from him. The schoolmaster had been imprisoned. He had received a letter from his brother, who had joined the band of emigrants, in which he described their sad fate in the liveliest colors. They had been obliged to wait long weeks for a vessel, and had nowhere met with aid; the contract for their passage had been shame-

fully violated by the shipowners, and the helpless emigrants had found no advocate to enforce their complaints; in addition to this, many had fallen into the hands of knaves and swindlers, who, taking advantage of their poverty and helplessness, had transported them to the most sickly of the French and English colonies, where, in a few years, all would perish from disease. A portion of his brother's letter reflected severely upon the various governments of Germany for doing so little for the assistance of emigrants.

"When an acquaintance dies," he said, "or a customer who has contributed to our support, we accompany him to his last resting-place; but the subjects who, until now, have contributed to support the state, or who emigrate from present, or from fear of future poverty, these have no farther claim upon the love of their rulers. So long as we pay taxes they will hold us in their gracious keeping, but when we cease to do so, they care not what misery befalls us."

With the sole view of warning his fellow countrymen against rash and heedless emigration, the schoolmaster had caused several copies of this letter to be taken, and had thus circulated it abroad among the people, for the police had refused to allow it to appear in the public journals. It was for this reason that the schoolmaster had been thrown into prison.

One Sunday morning Stephen was standing leaning against the door-post of his cottage, and gazing quietly at the swallows which were darting to and fro with the speed of an arrow through the air. The thought of emigrating, which still slumbered in his bosom, softly awoke again; he reflected that even the swallows here were preparing to leave their homes, and could no longer be at ease, now that they were threatened with cold and hunger. They could depart without hinderance, for the beasts have only to care for themselves and for their young, so long as they are small; parents they do not know. This was still a remnant of Stephen's former evil thoughts, but it seemed to him, however, as if another man, and not he himself had cherished them in times past. Suddenly the cry was heard on all sides:

"Duke Lumbus is here again! Duke Lumbus is here again!"

A man in tattered garments ran through the streets toward the church-yard, crying, with lips covered with foam, "My wife! give me my wife! Where is she? If she is not here, then strike me dead!"

The bell now rang for church, and he screamed:

"Now they are burying her! Who has murdered her? Who says it was I! Strike me dead!"

The villagers crowded around the madman, who still beat his breast, and cried:

"Do you see? On the rope-ladder on board the ship, there she stood, and her apron fluttered in the air; I could not go up on board the ship; I could not hurl her down. I hurled her from the ladder in the barn, and lay three days hid in the hay! Did you think I was gone? I was not gone; I am not gone; I am here!"

He fell into violent convulsions, and Stephen, trembling, but full of strength, was the first to raise the wretched maniac, and carry him into the nearest house; he felt as if he were carrying himself, his second self.

A man had here executed what he had merely purposed. He bestowed the kindest cares upon the maniac, and when the latter had returned to calmness and consciousness, his words entered deep into Stephen's soul, for he said:

"Stephen, thou art good! I thank thee! Thou hast always been good!"

When at home, Stephen kept his eyes fixed upon the grandmother with a glance full of gratitude. He had looked upon her as the principal cause of his remaining at home in poverty, and now she had been to him a protection against far greater misery.

In a few days the schoolmaster was restored to liberty, but he saw that his scanty means of livelihood had been impaired in consequence of what had happened, and he resolved to emigrate in company with Stephen.

Stephen, however, was destined to undergo a heavy punishment; a severe atonement for the evil thoughts which he had formerly nourished in his heart.

One day he was nailing up some loose boards in the corn-loft. Formerly he had looked on with indifference, while things about him went to ruin and decay; then, there was, here a door, barely hanging by one of its hinges, there you might stumble

a hundred times over the loose boards; but now he nailed everything fast; it seemed as if he wished to keep his house close, and in good order, since he had begun to regulate himself in all his thoughts and actions.

The grandmother was sitting upon the stairs which led to the corn-loft, playing with the cat. Suddenly a piercing scream was heard, and the grandmother fell headlong to the ground. Stephen hastened towards her, and now stood at the top of the stairs with the hammer in his hand. Several neighbors had hurried up; they gathered round the poor woman, who lay apparently lifeless upon the flat stone at the foot of the stairs.

Stephen, pale as a corpse, gazed upon the inanimate body. What he had, formerly, so often wished, in the secret depths of his soul, had happened at last! Deep terror seized him, as if his wishes had done the deed. He tried to prevail upon those present to retire, and ran around as if out of his senses; as if he knew not what to do. The village police at last came, and Stephen was carried before a magistrate.

That which he had concealed and striven against in the most secret recesses of his soul; that which he believed no mortal could ever have suspected, now appeared so evident to all, that an accusation was at once entered against him.

The example of Duke Lumbus, who had been driven home by the stings of conscience, and who had delivered himself up voluntarily to death, had rendered the minds of men open to such a suspicion.

And still, that frightful deed and its consequences should have convinced them, that it must have tended rather to prevent others from committing such a crime. Stephen felt anew all the horrors of his former thoughts of murder. They lay now open to the eyes of the judge; not as a purpose merely, but as a completed deed. He could not, and would not, deny the burden which had formerly weighed upon his soul; but would this be considered a convincing proof of his guilt?

Margaret did not lose her courage; she cast but one long look upon her husband, as he was led away by the police, and then turned and employed all her efforts to recall her mother to consciousness. Her

attempts were fortunately successful; the old woman recovered her speech; and, as is often the case in the hour before death, she regained also all the powers of her mind; and related how, in endeavoring to catch the cat, she had been pulled forward by her, and had fallen to the ground. In the evening, before she died, Stephen was set at liberty.

When the grandmother was committed to the earth, he stood weeping by the open grave; they were the last tears which he wept upon his native soil; for, with imperturbable calmness, he now made his preparations for emigration. He had grown strong in the battle with himself and the world.

He had been enabled to resist the severest temptations; he had been taught by the severest trials to know his own value and that of his kindred; and he was now one with himself and with them. With renewed courage he could set his face towards a New World.

The schoolmaster and Stephen were now united by a new tie; they had be-

come acquainted with the prisons of their native land. Stephen had never entirely given up his thoughts of emigration; he had resolutely suppressed them merely, as on the first evening that we met him; he ate because he was resolved to eat, and not because he relished his meal: now, a new stimulus impelled him; he had made public atonement for a battle in his heart.

Stephen and the schoolmaster, with their families, were among the first who, aided by the society for the assistance of emigrants, which had been hastily formed, departed for the New World.

From their home, until they had reached the place of their destination, they were led by one kind hand to another, and they often invoked Heaven's blessing upon those who, uninfluenced by self-interest, from motives of pure benevolence, smoothed their rough path to their new home.

Stephen's youngest child, which bore the name of its grandmother, learned, in fact, to walk upon American soil; and he loved to call her "grandmother," and to think, then, upon the deceased.

REMARKS ON ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

No. II.

ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

"Mrs. Inchbald was always a great favorite with me. There is the true soul of a woman breathing from what she writes, as much as if you heard her voice. It is as if Venus had written books."

William Haslitt.

MRS. INCHBALD had the rare good fortune to write charming books and to be one of the most lovely and fascinating women of her day. Surrounded by many temptations, she was, from first to last, a pure, noble-hearted being. Flattered by the gay and fashionable world; by "bevy of dainty dames of high degree," and admired for her genius by those well worthy to admire, appreciate, and applaud it, she always carried the same simple bearing; alike free from affectation and free from sycophancy. She was on familiar terms with Godwin, Curran, and Holcroft; and was acquainted with almost every one in London famous for their beauty, grace, or talents. She often visited the country-seats of her wealthy friends; but in one of her letters is the mournful expression, "Do not ask me to any of your houses; it is a home I want, and not to pay a visit." She often really suffered, that she might be enabled to help her poor relations, and make them comfortable. In a letter she writes, "Many a time this winter when I cried with cold, I said to myself, 'but thank God, my sister has not to stir from her room. She has her fire lighted every morning; all her provision is bought and brought to her ready cooked; she would be less able to bear what I bear; and how much more should I have to suffer, but from this reflection!' It has almost made me warm, when I reflected that she suffered no cold." Some winters before this was written, she herself scoured her bedroom, cleaned the grate, sifted the cinders, and all this work done at the top of three pairs of long stairs; and often while thus busy, a coach with a coronet and two footmen were waiting to take her an airing. But for "splendid vassalage" she had but little taste. When at Annandale House, she says she found every thing neat and clean, even her hands, which had not been the case for many a day. In another place she pleasantly runs on in this strain: "My present apartment is so small that I am all over black and blue with thumping my body and limbs against my furniture on every side; but then I have not far to walk to reach any thing I want; for I can kindle my fire as I lie in bed, and put on my cap as I dine; for the looking-glass is obliged to stand on the same table with my dinner. To be sure, if there was a fire in the night, I must inevitably be burnt, for I am at the top of the house, and so removed from the front part of it that I cannot hear the least sound of anything from the street; but then I have a great deal of fresh air, and more daylight than most people in London, and the enchanting view of the Thames, the Surrey Hills, and of three windmills often throwing their giant arms about, secure from every attack of the knight of the woeful countenance."

Mrs. Inchbald's maiden name was Simpson, and she was born at Standingfield, near Bury St. Edmunds, October 15th, 1753. When a child, she went but little in society, owing to her stammering so much that she could hardly be understood. Books came to her aid, and reading was the chief amusement of the family, and the readings were commonly dramatic, and they all went frequently to the thea-

tre at Bury. Her education was domestic, and she remarks how astonishing it is how much all girls are inclined to literature to what boys are. "My brother went to school, and never could spell. I and two of my sisters, though we were never taught, could spell from infancy." She had an early longing to visit London

"London, opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London. Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth than she."

When she finally settled there, she preferred it to any other place.* There is scarcely an allusion to the country in any of her works, except where Hannah Primrose, in a letter to her seducer, wishes for the summer; the fields are so green and everything so pleasant at that time of the year. Boaden sensibly remarks that Miss Simpson was a ready writer, though by no means a mistress of the pen. There was then no such system as we see at present, and which gives to modern ladies a handwriting so exactly similar, that I have seen twenty notes which nothing but the signatures could determine to be from different persons. As far as the eye is gratified by neatness, the penmanship is improved; but we have lost the indication of character which existed when the writing, like the walk, the various action, the manner of doing everything, was individual and peculiar, and to a very nice observer sometimes made the letter itself a refutation of its contents. When eighteen years of age, in 1771, she came to London on a visit to a married sister. She wrote regularly to her mother, (and during her life never failed to answer a letter,) visited the Museum and all the chief places of amuse-

* "For giving a terseness and polish to conversation; for rubbing out prejudices; for correcting egotism; for keeping self-importance out of sight, if not curing it; for bringing a man to condense what he has to say, if he intends to be listened to; for accustoming him to endure opposition; for teaching him not to think every man who differs from him in matters of taste a fool, and in politics a knave; for cutting down harangues; for guarding him from producing as novelties and inventions, what has been said a thousand times; for quickness of allusion, which brings the ideas before you without detail or quotations; nothing is equal to the miscellaneous society of London."—*Charles in Search of a Wife*.

ment in the metropolis, and usually spent the evenings at the theatres or public gardens. At this time she met Mr. Inchbald, an actor and her future husband. After her return home she frequently went to the theatre at Bury. She runs away from home, goes to London, and after a short period marries Inchbald. She was tall, slender and straight; of the purest complexion and most beautiful features; her hair of a golden auburn, her eyes full at once of spirit and sweetness. Mr. Inchbald's age was thirty-seven, hers nineteen. She made her first appearance on the stage at Bath, as Cordelia, her husband playing Lear. After finishing this engagement, she played in the provinces, and then went to Scotland. At Glasgow she appeared as Cordelia and Calista, and in stately Edinburgh, "throned on crags," she played Juliet, Cordelia and Calista. At Aberdeen she was taken sick, and was attended by Dr. Brodie, who afterwards removed to London. She seems to have had quite a fancy for doctors, and to have been greatly admired by them, for several of them were in the habit of sending game and presents for her acceptance. She studied the French language, and her husband, who had been dabbling in portrait painting, thought they had better visit Paris, where they had but little success. They returned to England, and at Brighton she records that they several times went without dinner or tea, and once walked to some fields to eat turnips instead of dining—as badly off as the poor player in *Gil Blas*, who is found soaking his crusts in a fountain by the roadside. At Liverpool she became acquainted with Mrs. Siddons, and for forty-five years their friendship continued with undiminished respect and kindness. She was much improved by the society of John Philip Kemble, who frequently called and read to her. In 1779, she lost her husband. Kemble afterwards, in London, was very attentive to her, and she entertained hopes that he would propose, but he never did. Her hand was frequently sought, but without success. Holcroft was one of her lovers, Dr. Gisborne another.

In 1780 she made her first appearance as Bellario, at Covent Garden. "*A Mogul Tale*," the first of her dramatic writings, and the commencement and founda-

tion of her good fortune, was played in 1784. "Animal Magnetism," 1788, is very entertaining. A quack-doctor says, "In spite of the scandalous reports of my enemies, I have, this morning, nine visits to make." Constance replies, "Very true, sir; a young ward has sent for you to attend her guardian; three nephews have sent for you to attend their uncles, very rich men; and five husbands have sent for you in great haste to attend their wives."

The piece was highly successful and very laughable, and closes with a very true remark, "there is no magnetism like the magnetism of love." "The Child of Nature," 1788, is a delightful play, and the part of Amanthis is selected by many pretty debutantes, for its artless innocence, grace, beauty, and warm affections. One of the personages in this play, the Marchioness of Merida, does not admire the native loveliness of Amanthis; "she wants powder, rouge, and a thousand adornments." The Duke of Murcia describes what love is to Amanthis, who is impatient to know what it means: "it is so long since, I must recollect a little before I can tell you. Amongst the passions it is one more troublesome than any of them, and yet more pleasing than all; it sometimes burns you with heat, and sometimes freezes you with cold; it creates in your mind a constant desire to be with one particular person; and when you are with them, you generally look like a fool. You think them handsome, though they are frightfully ugly. You think them well shaped, though they are crooked; wise, though they are simpletons; and you hope they love you, though you are sure they do not." Amanthis: "You need not say any more, sir; I think I have had the disorder." "The Midnight Hour," 1788, is full of life and spirit. It was very successful. I like it the best of her minor pieces. "Such Things Are," is perhaps the greatest achievement of her dramatic genius. "Haswell" was drawn from the philanthropic Howard. "Meanwright" gives a wrong description to Twineall of the inhabitants of a house, which produces some scenes of the richest comic humor. The streets were so crowded around the theatre, that Mrs. Inchbald had difficulty in reaching the door to see her own play. One of the characters, Lady Tremor, is

praising her philosophy to her husband, and enumerating some instances and proofs of it, amongst the rest the following: "When the servant at my Lady Grissel's threw a whole urn of boiling water upon your legs, did I then give any proofs of female weakness? Did I faint, scream, or even shed a tear?" Sir Luke: "No, very true; and while I lay sprawling on the carpet, I could see you holding a smelling-bottle to the lady of the house, begging of her not to make herself the least uneasy, 'for that the accident was of no manner of consequence.'" "Every one has his Fault" was equally successful. It is full of interesting situations. Norland is evidently the Dorriforth of her simple story. The character of Harmony is pleasing, and was something new on the stage. "Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are," is a most attractive play. The characters of Miss Dorillow and Sir William Dorillow, her father, "give ample room and verge enough" for good acting. The dialogue is spirited and elegant. "The Wedding Day," 1793, was graced by the performances of the fascinating Mrs. Jordan, and the accomplished Thomas King. Mrs. Jordan, whose real name was Dorothy Bland, and she was never married, first appeared in a Dublin theatre as Phoebe, in "As You Like It." Her performance of Priscilla Tomboy in "The Rump," first attracted attention towards her in England. She played the Country Girl on her first appearance in London, which was an exquisite performance. Mrs. Siddons, who had seen her in the provinces, thought it impossible for her to succeed in London. We are often "better bad judges" of one another. Mrs. Inchbald says she came to town with no report in her favor to elevate her above a very moderate salary, or to attract more than a moderate house when she appeared. But here moderation stopped. She at once displayed such consummate art, with such bewitching nature, such excellent sense, and such innocent simplicity, that her auditors were boundless in their plaudits, and so warm in their praises when they left the theatre, that their friends at home would not give credit to the extent of their eulogiums. Leigh Hunt, in a bit of criticism equal to any in Colley Cibber's Apology, thus fondly dwells upon her

performance in the Country Girl. "Those who remember how that delightful woman seemed made for every trusting enjoyment; how she could unite boisterous animal spirits with a brimful sensibility; how she could come dancing on the stage at forty, a girl in spite of her fat; what a breadth and music there was in her voice, and how people loved it the moment they heard it; how she would wear a huge box-om pin-a-fore, divide sobs of sorrow with the comforts of a great slice of bread and butter, anticipate a world of delight with rubbed hands and huddling shoulders; and with what a cramming of all the powers of coaxing into one little syllable she would utter the word 'bud,' while taking her guardian's cheeks in her hands, as though it sprang out of the fullness of her heart, and formed her lips into the very thing it spoke of—will sigh to think that circumstances rarely produce creatures of such cordial human clay, or that anything could have made a life close in sorrow which had given to others nothing but happiness. * * * * The two best sermons we ever heard, (and no disparagement either to many a good one from the pulpit,) were a sentence of Dr. Whichcote against the multiplication of things forbidden, and the heart-and-soul laugh of Dorothy Jordan."

Once, when Mrs. Jordan was at Chester, a widow with her three young children were thrown into prison by her creditor, for a small debt, which, with expenses, amounted to eight pounds: this Mrs. Jordan paid. On the afternoon of the same day that the woman was liberated, and her benefactress was taking her usual walk, the widow with her children followed, and just as Mrs. Jordan had taken shelter in a porch from a shower of rain, dropped on her knees in gratitude to thank her. The children beholding the emotion of their mother, by their cries made the scene so affecting, that Mrs. Jordan, unable to conceal her feelings, stooped to kiss the children, and slipping a pound note into the mother's hand, requested, in her usual playful manner, that she should go away. Another person who had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the transaction, came forward and said, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger, but would to the Lord the world were all like thee."

His dress bespoke his calling, and she immediately retreated a little, and said, "No, I won't shake hands with you."

"Why?"

"Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil."

"The Lord forbid! I am, as you say, a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed; and do you think I can behold a sister fulfill the commands of my great Master, without feeling that spiritual attachment which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?"

"Well, you are a good old soul, I dare say; but I don't like fanatics, and you'll not like me when I tell you who I am."

"I hope I shall."

"Well, then, I am a player." The preacher sighed. "Yes, I am a player, and you must have heard of me. Mrs. Jordan is my name."

After a short pause he again extended his hand, and with a complaisant countenance replied, "The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art! His goodness is unlimited. He has bestowed on thee a large portion of His spirit; and, as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should." Thus reconciled, and the rain abating, they left the porch: the offer of his arm was accepted, and they proceeded arm in arm together; at parting, the preacher shook hands with her, saying, "Fare thee well, sister; I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be; thou art the first I ever conversed with; but if their benevolent practices equal thine, I hope and trust at the great day the Almighty will say to each, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.'"

An engraving of Mrs. Jordan, in the character of Priscilla Tomboy, from a painting by Romney, and published by the Boydells in June, 1788, is now before me; the face is fine and thoughtful, the eyes large and lustrous, and the figure slight and elegant. From this likeness I judge Charles Lamb's exquisite criticism to be true. "Those who have only seen Mrs. Jordan within the last ten or fifteen years, can have no adequate notion of her performance of such parts as Ophelia,

Helena, and Viola. Her voice had latterly acquired a coarseness which suited well enough with her Nells and Hoydens, but in those days it sank with her steady melting eye into the heart. Her joyous parts—in which her memory now chiefly lives—in her youth were outdone by her plaintive ones. There is no giving an account how she delivered the disguised story of her love for Orsino. It was no set speech that she had foreseen, so as to weave it into an harmonious period, line necessarily followed line, to make up the music—yet I have heard it so spoken, or rather read, not without its grace and beauty—but when she declared her sister's history to be 'a blank,' and that 'she never told her love,' there was a pause, as if the story had ended—and then the image of the 'worm in the bud' came up as a new suggestion, and the heightened image 'of Patience' still followed after that, as by some growing (and not mechanical) process, thought after thought springing up, I would almost say, as they were watered by her tears."

Thomas King was, for the long period of fifty-four years, an ornament to the English stage. He was first articulated to an eminent attorney, when full of youth, hope and spirits, but like Ranger in the Comedy, he found the law too dry a study, and joined some strollers at Tunbridge. They performed in barns and booths, King playing tragedy, comedy and farce.

"The strolling pageant-hero treads in air,
Pleased for his hour he to mankind gives law,
And snores the next out on a truss of straw."

He once walked from Beaconsfield to London, to procure some *properties* for the theatre, for his benefit at night in Richard III. His profits were three-pence half-penny and a share of the candle ends. Garrick happened to see him perform at Windsor, and engaged him for Drury Lane, but Mrs Pritchard, "the tender parent and the virtuous wife," was the first who appreciated his peculiar talents, and made it a point that he should play Benedict to her Beatrice, Ranger to her Clarinda. He appeared as Tom in "The Conscious Lovers," with great applause. Glorious Parson Adams exclaims, "I never heard of any plays fit for a

Christian to read, but Cato and the Conscious Lovers; and I must own, in the latter are some things almost solemn enough for a sermon." In the same year King added to his reputation, by the performance of Squire Groom in *Love a la Mode*. It was in 1766-7 that he played Lord Ogleby, on the bringing out of 'The Clandestine Marriage.' His conception of the play was felicitous. He was also the original Sir Peter Teazle, and Puff in the Critic. In May, 1802, he took his farewell benefit, and appeared as Sir Peter Teazle. It was a fine performance, and was received with loud, heartfelt, liberal applause. At the conclusion of the play, he came forward, attended by Charles Kemble, and delivered an address written by Cumberland, with much feeling. At the conclusion of the address, Mrs. Jordan came on the stage and led him to the green-room, where the performers were assembled to present him with a silver cup and salver. Engraved on the cup was a motto from Henry V, Act fifth "If he be not fellow with the best king thou shalt find him the best king of good fellows." He was a most entertaining and delightful man, and excelled in story telling, and was always happy to gratify his friends by a display of this rare talent. Unfortunately he was devoted to gaming. For several years he abstained from the fatal passion, had a house in town, another at Hampstead, kept his carriage, and with a generous hospitality entertained his friends. But alas! he once more ventured to the gaming-table, and in one night lost the savings of many years.

Hazlitt in one of his Essays, writes—"The French cannot be persuaded of the excellence of the comic actors of England; it is plain they have never heard of Mrs. Jordan, nor King, nor Bannister, nor Suett, nor Munden, nor Lewis, nor little Simmons, nor Dodd, and Parsons, and Emery, and Miss Pope, and Miss Farrer and all those who in my time have gladdened a nation, and made life's business like a summer's dream. Can I think of them and of their names, that glittered in the play-bills when I was young, exciting all the flutter of hope and expectation, and seeing them in their favorite parts of *Nel* or *Little Pickle*, or *Touchstone*, or *Sir Peter Teazle*, or *Lenitive* in the *Prize*, or

Lingo, or Crabtree, or Nipperkin, or Old Dorritow, or Ranger, or the Copper Cap-tain, or Lord Sands, or Filch, or Moses, or Sir Andrew Aguecheek, or Acres, or Elbow, or Hodge, or Flora, or the Duen-na, or Lady Teazle, or Lady Grace; or the gaiety that sparkled in all eyes, and the delight that overflowed all hearts as they glanced before us in those parts, throwing a gaudy shadow upon life."

Mrs. Inchbald's plays brought her both fame and money: "Such Things Are," £410 12; "Married Man," £100 00; "The Wedding Day," £200 00; "The Midnight Hour," £130 00; "Every One Has his Fault," £700 00; "Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are," £427 10; "Lover's Vows," £150 00.

Our fair authoress now turned her attention to the writing of a novel, and the fruits of her genius and labor were offered to the public with the title, "A Simple Story," 4 vols. 1791; and Robinson, her publisher, whom she delighted to call her best friend on earth, gave her £200 for it. This is one of the most fascinating works of fiction ever written, and no one that has once read it can ever forget it. Hazlitt says he "read it of all places in the world at M——; no matter where it was, it transported me out of myself. I recollect walking out to escape from one of the tenderest parts, in order to return to it again with double relish. An old crazy hand-organ was playing Robin Adair, a shower dropped manna on my head, and slaked my feverish thirst of happiness. Her heroine, Miss Milner, was at my side. My dream has since been verified—how like it was to the reality! In truth the reality itself was but a dream."

Every character in the work lives and moves.

"Those are the likest copies which are drawn By the original of human life."—*Roscommon*.

We sit in the room and listen to their conversation. We know their faces as well as we know our own. Good Miss Woodley, though she is thirty-five, and exceedingly plain, is beloved by all, for her cheerfulness of temper, and sweet nature and kind heart were inexhaustible, and she even escapes the appellation of an old maid. The stately and unforgiving Dorri-

forth, the warm and steady friend Sandford, the gay, volatile, beautiful and accomplished Miss Milner, are drawn with the "soft precision of the clear Vandyke." It is a very good natural scene, where Dorriforth takes his nephew, young Harry Rushbrook, (not knowing who he is,) and sets him on his knee and caresses him, and asks him his name, which when he hears, he pushes him so suddenly from him, that the child, to prevent his falling, throws his arms around his uncle's neck, and exclaims, "I had like to have been down." Dorriforth becomes Lord Elmwood, and marries Miss Milner, who falls from her high estate, and becomes unfaithful to her husband. The letter she writes to him on her death-bed, recommending their daughter to his care, is truly affecting. "My Lord, who writes this letter I well know—I well know to whom it is addressed—I feel with the most powerful force both our situations; nor should I dare to offer you even this humble petition, but that at the time you receive it, there will be no such person as I am in existence. For myself, then, all concern will be over, but there is a care that pursues me to the grave, and threatens my want of repose even there. I leave a child—I will not call her mine; that has undone her. I will not call her yours; that will be of no avail. I present her before you as the grand-daughter of Mr. Milner. Oh! do not refuse an asylum, even in your house, to the destitute offspring of your friend; the last and only remaining branch of his family. Receive her into your household, be her condition there ever so abject. I cannot write distinctly what I would—my senses are not impaired, but the powers of expression are. The complaint of the unfortunate child in the Scriptures, (a lesson I have studied) has made this wish cling so fast to my heart, that without the distant hope of its being fulfilled, death would have more terrors than my weak mind could support. "I will go to my father; how many servants live in my father's house, and are fed with plenty, while I starve in a foreign land." I do not ask a parent's festive rejoicing at her approach. I do not even ask her father to behold her; but let her live under his protection. For her grandfather's sake do not refuse this;

to the child of his child, whom he entrusted to your care, do not refuse it. Be her host; I remit the tie of being her parent. Never see her; but let her sometimes live under the same roof with you. It is Miss Milner, your ward, to whom you never refused a request, who supplicates you—not now for your nephew, Rushbrook, but for one so much more dear, that a denial—she dares not suffer her thoughts to glance that way; she will hope, and in that hope bids you farewell, with all the love she ever bore you. Farewell, Dorriforth; farewell, Lord Elmwood; and before you throw this letter from you with contempt or anger, cast your imagination into the grave where I am lying. Reflect upon all the days of my past life; the anxious moments I have known, and what has been their end. Behold *me*, also; in my altered face there is no anxiety, no joy or sorrow; all is over. My whole frame is motionless; my heart beats no more. Look at my horrid habitation, too, and ask yourself whether I am an object of resentment.”

Northcote, a far better converser than painter, when asked what he thought of Mrs. Inchbald, replied, “Oh very highly; there was no affectation in her. I once took up her simple story, which my sister had borrowed from the circulating library, and looking into it, I said, ‘My God! what have you got here?’ and I never moved from my chair till I finished it. Her ‘Nature and Art’ is equally fine, the very marrow of genius.” Mrs. Inchbald does not make use of what Sterne styles “tall opaque words,” in this wonderful fiction. Simple incidents and simple language were the means she used to unfold the secrets of the red-leaved tablets of the heart. The interest is of a deep, tender and mournful kind, and if the heart does heave, and the eye glisten with tears at some of the incidents, others are of a redeeming nature; as we glance at the dark backward and abyss of time, we find glimpses of sunshine, noble affections of the heart, and faith in human nature to cheer us. Soft showers of pity fall on the grave of the lovely Miss Milner; flowers spring from about her narrow resting-place to ease the aching heart.

“Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail.”

I know of no story of about the same

length that displays equal genius with this, with the exception of “*Histoire de Manon Lescaut*,” par l’abbé Prévôt. This simple story is just the book for a man to put in his pocket when he takes a walk into the country, and after stopping at some comfortable inn, and taking his needful fare, to seat himself by some window commanding a pleasant prospect—and then read it. He is repaid, “with a world of profit and delight.” I could have enjoyed this book dearly after my last walk to Flatbush, in a faultless inn there. Sincerity, a love for the country, and a spirit of enjoyment, the power of extracting good and beauty from the simplest objects, are all that are required in a companion for a rural walk. I was doubly rich in my two friends. The one, a young lawyer, was glad enough to escape from the drudgery of a toilsome profession. His looks brightened up. Good talk flowed freely from his lips; his step was buoyant and triumphant, and his cane came down with a ringing sound as he walked through the lovely city of Brooklyn. He was humming “*Begone, dull care*.” He is one of those whose qualities of head and heart but few of his acquaintances appreciate, for they sink into an absorbent ground of modesty and quiet manners. He is truthful, has a well-regulated mind, loves a beautiful landscape and house and grounds, has good taste, is gentlemanly, plays on several instruments skillfully, sings well, enjoys a good story, and will tell an effective one in return. He laments that the happy days of his boyhood have passed away, and speaks with rapture of his Saturday holiday enjoyments, when “life’s mere and breathing charm” was sufficient for his comfort. The other of my companions has written much, clearly expressed, and with a large portion of bland, heart-easing philosophy. He is very agreeable, notwithstanding he stutters somewhat in his eagerness to be delivered of his good sayings. He has a few choice books, with which he is thoroughly imbued. There is nothing narrow in his taste. He relishes Hooker and is an admirer of John Bunce. He reads novels and sermons, and finds both admirable. He goes to theatres, concerts and churches, and finds them all interesting and instructive. He sometimes indulges himself in

stating Methodist preachers, in a stentorian voice and with uplifted eyes, in a capital style and with great unction. A rising actor he does to the life. He loves and is beloved by children; a sure test of his amiability. He is a great admirer of Goldsmith, and is alive to the merits of Steele and Addison. He has a fine old copy of Walton's Angler, which he cherishes lovingly. He shakes hands heartily, in a manner that plainly says, My dear boy, I am really glad to see you. Then comes sincere talk, and you hear spoons clinking in tumblers, and some old brandy from Jamaica appears blushing on the pane, and then for a walk. He has good sense, a correct taste, and a straight-forwardness of head and heart which are as rare as they are delightful. He ought to have a fortune, and keep open house all the year; it would snow of meat and drink. He sees God's goodness in the tiny flower, and in the giant oak. He receives life to be a blessing, and talks not of the sinful flesh. If there were more of his nature in the world, society would improve faster than it does.

The sun looked on the world with glorious eye. The morning was clear, the air pure and bracing, and we went briskly on our winding way. The sun shone brightly through the few remaining leaves that still clung to the dark branches; their brethren that had once sparkled with them in green beauty, when they were refreshed by summer showers, now lay piled in heaps by the roadside, and rustled to our tread. On the top of one of the hills we had an extensive view of Brooklyn, the Narrows, Staten Island, the Jersey shore, and New York; and in the opposite direction "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste" blended with the sky. Some sheltered fields were still covered with a tender green. At length we reached Flatbush; there was an exclamation of delight from us all. The houses look like homes, the abodes of quiet and contentment. They give one a perfect idea of cleanliness and comfort. A Sabbath silence brooded over the entire scene. The city with its cares and crimes and pains was forgotten. We were boys again. A walk through Flatbush is delightful, for the path is serpentine, and lined on each side with trees. It looked like fairy land in November, when

"Yellow leaves in sun and wind
Were falling from the tree."

It must be a bower of bliss in "the leafy month of June." In front of one of the inns we saw an old weather-beaten sign, with a golden lion on it, almost defaced. We liked the looks of it better than we did those of its newer and glossier neighbors. We went in, and there "arrangement neat and chastest order reign." Not a speck of dust was to be seen. Woman's care and taste were everywhere visible. We were waited upon by a young woman, neatly attired, and well bred. We determined to dine there, and when the dinner was prepared, we were shown through rambling rooms to an apartment which we judged to be the sitting-room of the family. It was well warmed, a canary bird was bathing himself in the sunshine—there was a piano in the room, and a painting, most likely of two sisters, with sweet eyes and rosy lips, was suspended above it. The same scrupulous neatness was here visible as in other parts of the house. After our meal a polite, good-looking girl procured the key of the piano, and the young lawyer made it discourse most eloquent music—the tones sank into the heart, and harmonized with the quiet and orderly spot in which we were. The sun shed a golden tinge on some vine leaves by the window, and the garden paths looked as if the broom had just been passed over them. We felt a delicious repose.

"A wise man never will be sad;
But neither will sonorous bubbling mirth
A shallow stream of happiness betray—
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene."

After luxuriating till warned by the gloaming to depart, we bade a kind adieu to our entertainers and turned our steps homeward. Our way back was cheered with conversation about our pleasant ramble, our delicious fare, and the inn, which we all agreed never was and never would be surpassed. The shades of evening surrounded us before we reached Brooklyn; the air was still; not a sound was heard save

"The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whistling wind."

We had truly drunk the spirit of the golden day,

"And triumphed in existence."

Inns like that at Flatbush are glorious places to read a favorite volume. Hazlitt, after some remarks on the luxury of reading, says that the last time he "tasted this luxury in its full perfection was after a sultry day's walk in summer, between Farnham and Alton. I was fairly tired out; I walked into an inn-yard, (I think at the latter place.) I was shown by the waiter to what looked at first like common outhouses at the other end of it, but they turned out to be a suite of rooms, probably a hundred years old. The one I entered, opened into an old-fashioned garden, embellished with a bed of larkspur and a leaden Mercury; it was wainscotted, and there was a grave-looking, dark colored portrait of Charles II. hanging over the tiled chimney-piece. I had 'Love for Love' in my pocket, and began to read; coffee was brought in a silver coffee-pot; the cream and the bread and butter, everything was excellent, and the flavor of Congreve's style prevailed over all. I prolonged the entertainment till a late hour, and relished this divine comedy better even than when I used to see it played by Miss Mellon as Miss Prue, Bob Palmer as Tattle, and Bannister as honest Ben." * * * *

"At other times I might mention luxuriating in books with a peculiar interest. I remember sitting up half the night to read Paul and Virginia, which I had picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's Camilla. It was on the 10th of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the New Heloise, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of Sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was St. Preux's description of his feelings as he first caught a glimpse of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bonne bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighborhood to visit this delightful spot."

Mrs. Inchbald's "Nature and Art" appeared in two volumes, 1796. "A sweet dainty book is that Nature and Art," ex-

claims Lamb in a letter to Coleridge; effect upon myself is of the most interesting kind; my heart revolts at the great and many petty oppressions honest and poor have to bear with the corrupt and rich, because the dressed in a little brief authority,"

"Upheld by old reputation
Consent or custom."

The two Henries, in this little story all their sufferings and noble conduct finally compelled to gain a livelihood "labor in fishing, or the tending of den, the produce of which they sell at the next market-town;" while the minded bishop and judge have her wealth profusely showered on them, true the fair authoress clearly contentment is not their boon. It seemed to have been formed at opinion of some worthy in The Grange who thought "that the commodities were made for the vulgar." As Lamb says, "there is no consonancy in the title" of this novel. The history of Hannah Primrose is as affecting as any I know of in fiction. Her seducer brings her for London, promising to write to her on arrival there; and for two long months the fond creature walked through all weathers, with trembling and a beating heart, to the post-town, so distant, to inquire for the long-expected letter. At last it comes. "He is," she says, "and I have suffered no more." She hastily puts this token into her pocket as rich as an empress with a new dominion." The way from home she had trod with heavy pace, in few renewed disappointment, she skimmed on her return swift as a doe; she could not pierce, neither did the rain pierce. Many a time she put her hand on the door to see if it were safe, and once on the road she took it out, curiously viewed the seal, and then replacing it, did not touch her fingers from their fast gripe till she arrived at her home. And then, poor Hannah is two weeks spelling out the cruel heart-breaking words. She, with her mother goes to London, and passing through a scene of misery and degradation to see she is finally caught attempting counterfeit money, tried, and condemned to death. As the judge (her for

about to pronounce the fatal sentence shrieks out, "Oh, not from and stretching out her arms towards the senseless on the floor. Well she exclaim, "Scenes like these he sentiments and haunt the memory. To use the strong expression of us, we are "stified with true sense y."

am A. Jones, in a scholar-like pro-
"Literary Studies,"* has written
marks on Mrs. Inchbald so truly
ly worded, and in such a genuine
at I cannot refrain from enriching
cle with them. He observes that
admirable not only for her writ-
it also for her personal character
beauty of her daily life; an ac-
fascinating beauty and attractive
et

"Chaste as the icicle,
nded by the frost from purest snow,
is on Dian's temple."

ie splendid temptations and pleas-
red by the admirers of the stage
eroiness; a noble-hearted woman
ig with poverty to accumulate a
ible independence for her poor
; sitting without a fire the cold
hrough, to procure fuel for a sister
; of Christian charity worthy of a
nd in her entire conduct exhibit-
irit of love, and self-denial, that
be too highly lauded. Her writ-
ere fresh draughts of her vivid
ce of life. We apprehend a por-
early biography, in parts of the
f Miss Milner, and the inflexible,
evolent Sandford, is a portrait in
ith truth. Mrs. Inchbald has in
ymment surpassed all female writers
ating the passion of love, as it is
ly seen; and though more eleva-
more profound masters of the
heart could, unquestionably, sur-
y attempt of hers to display the
esources of the passion in men,
asculine writer could by any pos-
xcel in fidelity, naturalness and
discernment, the finished portrait

of Miss Milner, the capricious, affectionate, coquettish, yet obedient ward; the half-spoiled child of fortune, at last humbled to the dust, and breathing out the last sighs of penitence, attended by the friend and censor of her youth. All the characters in the simple story are admirably drawn; the haughty and austere Dorri-forth; that noble, rough, true Christian, Sandford, a severe censor while he thought censure called for, but melting with benevolence at the sick-bed of the repentant worldling. Miss Woodley is one of the most sensible and truly feminine of our author's characters. "Nature and Art" should be read by every young man and woman, impressing, as it does, an indignant scorn of the current hypocrisies, the legalized villainy, the conventional morality of men of the world, and of the customs of society. The style and execution of these novels is classic, graceful and fluent—a study and a model. The supreme power of the authoress lies in pathetic situation and nobleness of sentiment alternately. Few scenes in any work of fiction can compare for deep interest with the trial scene in the second novel. As a beacon to those captivated by the fame of a fashionable coquette, we recommend the sad history of the ill-fated Miss Milner. To encourage the love of virtue, we would point to the characters of the elder and younger Henry, (father and son.) In a word, the moral value of these admirable works is, at least, equal to the breathless interest they excite as works of fiction."

Mrs. Inchbald also wrote prefatory remarks to a series of plays, but unfortunately she, or her publishers, omitted the prologues and epilogues—a great oversight. She wrote memoirs of her own life, but she finally destroyed them. This estimable and excellent woman died at Kensington, August 1st, 1821.

Leigh Hunt says she was fond of Kensington, for its healthiness, its retirement, its trees and prospects, its catholic accommodations, but not least, we suspect, for the interment in Kensington church-yard of the eminent physician, Dr. Warren, for whom, in her thirty-eighth year, and in the twelfth of widowhood, graced by genius, beauty, and refusals of other marriages, she entertained a secret affection so young and genuine, that she would

ary Studies: A Collection of Miscella-
ry, by W. A. Jones, (2 vols. in 1.) New
ward Walker, 114 Fulon street. 1847.

walk up and down Sackville street, where he lived, purely to get a glimpse of the light in his window. Her heart was so excellent, and accustomed to live in aspirations so noble, that we have not the least doubt this was one of her great ties to Kensington, and that she looked forward with something of an angelical delight to the hour when she should repose in the earth near the friend whose abode she could not partake while living. Hunt observes that "she was the authoress of some of the most amusing comedy and pathetic narrative in the language; a reformer abhorring violence; a candid confessor of her own faults, not in a pick-thank and depreciating style, but honest and heartfelt, (for they hurt her craving for sympathy,) an admirable kinswoman and friend, nevertheless; the creator of the characters of Dorriforth and Miss Milner, and the writer of a book, 'Nature and Art,' which a woman worthy to have been her friend, put during his childhood into the hands of the writer of these pages; to the no small influence, he believes, of opinions which he afterwards aspired to advocate, however imperfectly he may have proved his right to do so."

Young Henry in "Nature and Art" makes some pertinent observations, and frequently gravels his uncle, the Dean, who said:

"The poor are born to serve the rich."

"And what are the rich born for?"

"To be served by the poor."

"But suppose the poor would not serve them?"

"Then they must starve."

"And so the poor people are permitted to live only upon condition that they wait upon the rich?"

"Is that a hard condition? or if it were, they will be rewarded in a better world than this."

"Is there a better world than this?"

"Is it possible you do not know there is?"

"I heard my father once say something about a world to come; but he stopped short, and said I was too young to understand what he meant."

"The world to come," returned the Dean, "is where we shall go after death; and there no distinction will be made between rich and poor; all persons there will be equal."

"Ay, now I see what makes it world than this. But cannot they try to be as good as that?"

"In respect to placing all persons on a level, it is utterly impossible; God ordained it otherwise."

"How! has God ordained a die to be made, and will not make a self?"

The Dean is again troubled by the young savage, as he is called by his friends.

"Sir," said William to his father in the morning, as he entered the room, "hear how the cannons are firing, the bells ringing?"

"Then I dare say," cried Henry, "has been another massacre."

The Dean called to him in anger, "you never learn the right use of words. You mean to say a battle."

"Then what is a massacre?" cried Henry, frightened, but still curious.

"A massacre is where a number of people are slain," replied his uncle.

"I thought," returned Henry, "that all people had been people!"

"You interrupted me," said the Dean, "before I finished my sentence. Certainly, both soldiers and sailors are slain, but they engage to die by the free will and consent."

"What! all of them?"

"Most of them."

"But the rest are massacred?"

The Dean answered, "The number who go to battle unwillingly and by force are few; and for the others, they have honestly sold their lives to the State."

"For what?"

"For soldier's and sailor's pay."

"My father used to tell me we might take away our own lives; but he told me we might sell them for money to take away."

"William," said the Dean to his nephew, "your patience tried with his nephew's severing nonsense, explain to you the difference between a battle and a massacre."

"A massacre," said William, rising from his seat, and fixing his eyes all upon his father, his mother, his bishop, (all of whom were present, and giving approbation, rather than the poor whom his instructions were to be a "a massacre," said William, "

human beings are slain who have it not in their power to defend themselves."

"Dear cousin William," said Henry, "that must ever be the case with every one who is killed."

After a short hesitation, William replied: "In massacres, people are put to death for no crime, but merely because they are objects of suspicion."

"But in battle," said Henry, "the persons put to death are not even suspected."

To conclude this rambling paper, I will quote an extract from one of Mrs. Inchbald's letters, which nobly displays her generous and feeling heart. "You are hard-hearted in your censure of my floor, forgetting that it is both my eating-room and my kitchen; nay, my scullery, for there my sauce-pans are cleaned. Thank God, I am not like Vivian, I can say 'No,' and from that quality may I date my peace of mind, not to be sullied or much disturbed by ten thousand grease-spots. I say 'No' to all the vanities of the world, and perhaps soon shall have to say that I allow my poor infirm sister a hundred a year. I have raised my allowance to eighty; but in the rapid strides of her wants, and my obligation as a Christian to make no selfish refusal to the poor, a few months, I foresee, must make the sum a hundred. I have not been in bed these

five nights; my chamber is due north, where the sun never shines, has a chimney that will admit of no fire, because it will not draw up the smoke. This might be remedied by a bricklayer, and I might buy a curtain to the curtain, and a carpet for the floor, to keep me warm; but as my residence here is uncertain, and it is certain that I cannot stay longer than midsummer, I am resolved to be at no further expense to endear the place to me. I have suffered so much from the cold during the nights, that on Tuesday last I was resolved to sleep in my front room; but, still unwilling to make a bed-chamber of it by removing my bed, and shutting out my visitors, (as in my last lodging,) I have only had the alternative of sleeping on my sofa: this is a troublesome accommodation, and instead of the comforts of a bed, only reminds me of such comforts lost for the present long winter; and though I am not kept awake with cold as in the other room, I am far from refreshed with my night's rest, and dread that the want of a canopy over my head, as the weather grows colder, may affect my eyes, the which even more than health I prize, and the which while I preserve in a serviceable state, I will never call myself truly unhappy.

G. F. D.

ORGANIZATION OF THE OHIO LEGISLATURE.

THE difficulties which existed in the organization of the House of Representatives of the Ohio Legislature at the opening of the present session were so novel and important in their character and consequences, as to attract a considerable share of attention in other States, and would seem to justify a more full and thorough statement of the causes which produced them, than they have yet received in any leading paper or periodical. I propose, therefore, to give such a statement as will enable persons remote from the scene of action to understand the subject.

The Constitution of the State requires an enumeration of the white male inhabitants of the State to be made once in every four years, and the number of senators and representatives to be fixed by law at the several periods of making the enumeration, and apportioned among the several counties according to the number of white male inhabitants in each county. The number of senators never to be less than eighteen, nor more than thirty-six; and the number of representatives never to be less than thirty-six, nor more than seventy-two; two-thirds of each house being required to constitute a quorum. The maximum number for both houses has been required by law, and elected, ever since the first enumeration under the Constitution.

These periodical enumerations and apportionments were regularly made every four years, from the adoption of the Constitution, in 1802, down to 1836, without any apparent difficulty, or attracting much attention. The session of the Legislature which convened in December, 1835, was largely Democratic in both branches; and the apportionment of representatives and senators was to be made at that session for the ensuing four years. A United States Senator was to be elected at the ensuing session, which would be the first Legislature under the new apportionment.

Senator Allen, who had then served one or two sessions in the House of Repre-

sentatives in Congress, set himself to work to make such an apportionment as would certainly secure to his party the ascendancy in the next Legislature, and himself a seat in the Senate. To effect these objects, a new system was introduced, of allowing what were called "floating members;" that is, of apportioning to one county or district more members than it was entitled to by its population, and to another less, in one year; and the next year giving to the county not fully represented the previous year an additional number, and to the one that was over-represented a number less. Thus, by the apportionment of 1835-6, the county of Perry, which was a strong Democratic county, with a voting population of a fraction over 3000, was to elect *two* representatives in the fall of 1836, while the adjoining county of Muskingum, which was strongly Whig, with a voting population of a fraction over 6000, was to elect but *one* member. At the next election, in 1837, Muskingum was to have two members and Perry one.

Another device for securing a majority was by making double districts. Thus, when a large Democratic county lay adjoining a Whig county with a majority not quite so large, each of which by their population would be entitled to one member, they would be thrown into one district, and allowed to elect two members in common. In this way a large proportion of the Whig counties, entitled by their population to a representative, were deprived of their separate representation by being attached to Democratic counties.

In this way the State was *gerrymandered* preparatory to the elections in 1836. The result was, that although the Whigs elected Gen. Vance Governor by a majority of over 6000, and gave Gen. Harrison a still larger majority for President, yet the Democracy elected a decided majority in both branches of the Legislature, and Mr. Allen was sent to the Senate in place of Mr. Ewing. At the succeeding election, in 1837, the Whigs had a majority in the

Legislature, but there was then no senator to elect, or other important party purposes to accomplish. But they had taken good care to give themselves a majority in the Legislature of 1839-40, when the State was again to be apportioned for senators and representatives to the General Assembly. Accordingly, at that session they adopted the same mode of apportionment, with the same results; and so effectually did they do their work on this occasion, that although the Whigs elected Mr. Corwin Governor in 1840 by a majority of over 16,000, and gave the electoral vote of the State to General Harrison for President by over 23,000, yet they were only able to carry one branch of the General Assembly. In 1842, when Mr. Allen's term expired, though the Democracy were as usual in the minority in the popular vote, yet their apportionment again secured them a majority in both branches of the General Assembly.

The State was again to be apportioned by the Legislature which was elected in 1843, and it was supposed their apportionment would secure them a majority at that session. But from 1840 to 1843 they had been losing ground so fast on account of their war upon the banks and currency of the State, that fraudulent apportionments could save them no longer. The party was divided between the *hards* and the *softs*, and the Whigs elected members to the Legislature from the strongest Democratic counties. The Whigs this year succeeded in carrying the House, though the Democracy still retained the Senate. In this condition of things, while one house acted as a check upon the other, there was no danger of a very unfair apportionment. The Whigs insisted on discarding floats and double districts, but were not entirely successful. The Senate insisted on having some two or three, and it was submitted to for the sake of peace. The bill finally agreed upon was not very unfair, though it still gave the Democracy somewhat the advantage. At every election which was had under this bill passed by a Democratic Senate, the Whigs have carried both branches of the Legislature. Last year the State was again to be apportioned, and the Whigs had a majority in both branches of the Legislature. They determined to discard floats and double

districts whenever it was practicable, and to make the districts as near equal in population as possible; to make them of contiguous territory, and in a compact form.

Hamilton County by its population was entitled to two senators and five representatives. The Whigs proposed, in pursuance of the principle which they had adopted of discarding double districts, to give to the first eight wards of the city of Cincinnati one senator and two representatives; and to the ninth and tenth wards, including the suburbs of the city, and the residue of the county, one senator and three representatives. This the Democratic members insisted was unconstitutional, though they all voted in the House for an amendment giving the ten wards of the city a senator and three representatives, and the residue of the county a senator and two representatives. This they supposed would enable them to carry both districts; and if that could be done, they were willing to forego their constitutional scruples.

The apportionment bill containing this provision for dividing Hamilton County was first introduced in the Senate and passed that body, and was sent to the House, where some amendments were made, and was then returned to the Senate for action on the amendments made by the House. Whilst the bill was pending in the Senate, on a motion to agree to the amendments of the House, fifteen Democratic senators withdrew from the Senate Chamber, thereby leaving the Senate without a quorum, and without power to take any further action on the subject. These fifteen senators assembled at No. 18 of the American Hotel, across the street, immediately opposite the State House, and required the Whig members to submit to such terms as they might dictate as the only condition upon which they would return to their places, and suffer the Senate to proceed with the business of legislation.

The Whig members of course refused to enter into any negotiation with them. They met every day, had a call of the Senate, sent the sergeant-at-arms for the absent members, who each day returned that they refused to attend; whereupon the Senate would adjourn to the next day.

The Constitution gives to any number of members who may be at any time present at the time and place of meeting, power to adjourn from day to day and "compel the attendance of absent members." The Whigs were very reluctant to resort to this compulsory power to procure the attendance of these fifteen senators, as it could not have failed greatly to increase the excitement which then existed. Things remained in this position five days. At the end of that time a motion was made in the House to recede from their amendments to the apportionment bill, which was carried in a full House. Thus the cause of disagreement between the Senate and the House was removed; there were no longer any House amendments for the Senate to act upon. The bill was immediately signed by the Speakers of the two houses as it had passed, and of course became a law, in defiance of the fifteen absquatulating senators; and, there being no longer any object to be gained by remaining absent, they returned to their seats.

The Democracy, however, denounced most bitterly the manner in which the bill had been passed; they insisted that the House could not recede from their amendments while the bill was pending before the Senate; that the Speaker of the Senate could not sign it, except while the Senate was in session, and a quorum was present. To this it was replied, that however unusual it might be for one house to take any action on a measure while it was pending in the other, yet there was no want of power in either house, at any time, to recede from any amendment they had made to any measure they might have acted upon. That it was not possible, in the nature of things, for both branches to have in their possession the original manuscript of the bill or resolution when they were required to act upon it. That when a bill is sent to a committee of conference, who report to their respective houses, and the two houses act simultaneously on the report of the committee, one or the other must recede, or insist on their amendments, without having the original bill before them. But whatever they had power to do on the recommendation of a committee, they had power to do without any recommendation. That the Constitution requir-

ed each bill to be read three times, upon separate days, in each house; that this had been done, and therefore the Constitution was complied with, and the bill was a law. That if there was any departure from established usage, a violation of the rules of order, the justification for it was to be found in the extraordinary position in which the Legislature was placed by the unwarrantable conduct of the fifteen Democratic senators. As to the Speaker of the Senate signing the bill in the absence of a quorum, it was clearly of no consequence, as there was no law or usage requiring him to sign bills while the Senate was in session. The Democratic presses, however, and their partisans throughout the State, still insisted that the bill was not constitutionally passed, was therefore a nullity, and that no constitutional Legislature could be elected under it. Immediately after the adjournment of the Legislature, the Democratic State Central Committee called a State Convention to be held on the 10th of May, for the purpose of determining what course the Democracy should take for the purpose of preventing the law from being carried into execution. The convention met at the time and place appointed, delegates being present from nearly all the counties in the State, and passed the following resolutions:

"Resolved, 1st. That there is now in existence in Ohio no law, by means of which the State Legislature can be formed and organized after the second Tuesday in October next.

"Resolved, 2d. That the evils likely to be entailed upon the people by reason of the improvident course pursued by the Whig majority in the last General Assembly, may still be averted, if the Executive will exercise the prerogative vested in him by the Constitution and convene the Legislature for the purpose of enacting the requisite law, for the apportionment of senators and representatives among the several counties of the State, and that, as peace-loving citizens of the State, we respectfully call upon him to discharge this duty.

"Resolved, 3d. That if the Legislature be not thus called together by the Governor, it will become necessary for the Democratic voters of Ohio, as a measure of protection and self-defense, to appear at the polls on the second Tuesday in October, in all their force, and cast their suffrages for Democratic candidates for the Senate and House of Representatives, under the Whig apportionment scheme, with a view to ulterior measures for the

preservation of their just political rights. These measures may be defined to be, in the first instance, a refusal on the part of the Democratic candidates who shall receive a majority of the votes cast in the several counties and districts, to take upon themselves the obligations of senators and representatives under a fraudulent and nugatory enactment for their election.

"In the second instance, and as the law-making power provided for in the present Constitution will be at an end, for the want of a constitutional Legislature, it will devolve on the people in the exercise of their inherent and sovereign rights, to frame a new Constitution, wherein their own peculiar interests may be more effectually protected than they have hitherto been. Thus, from a temporary inconvenience, resulting from a wanton abuse of power on the part of Whig legislators, a mighty mass of two millions of souls shall inherit a charter of freedom in consonance with the spirit and improvement of the age, without the least exertion of physical force.

"*Resolved*, 4th. That if the Governor shall neglect or refuse to discharge his constitutional duty, and convene the Legislature for the purpose of passing an apportionment law, as aforesaid, then, and in that event, it will be expedient for a State Convention to re-assemble at Columbus, on the first Monday in December next, to devise the necessary measures for securing the action of the whole people on the subject of a new Constitution.

"*Resolved*, 5th. That in view of the momentous crisis now existing, we deem it important that the people have the benefit of a standing Committee of Public Safety, to consist of twenty-one members, chosen by this Convention, from the respective congressional districts; said committee to organize immediately, and to meet hereafter at such times and places as their chairman shall designate, to confer for the public good."

In this way the campaign was opened, and of course it became a matter of importance to the future operations of the party to know whether the candidates nominated by them would hold themselves bound by the resolutions of the Convention, and refuse to take their seats if elected.

It soon became apparent, however, that the rank and file of the party were not prepared to sustain their leaders in this revolutionary movement. Their candidates were generally compelled to evade any direct committal on the subject; for fear of losing votes if they avowed themselves in favor of the resolutions of the 10th of May Convention, and of being

denounced by the leaders of the party, if they avowed themselves against them. The course adopted in the campaign was to keep the issues presented by the Convention as much out of sight as possible, and fight the battle upon the Presidential question.

In Hamilton County, however, the resolutions of the Convention had never been well received, and the party leaders were not inclined to adopt them. But they insisted that that provision of the law which divided Hamilton County into two election districts was void, and determined to disregard it in the election in that county. They admitted the constitutionality of so much of the law as assigned to Hamilton County two senators and five representatives, (although under the previous apportionment law they had but two senators and four representatives,) but rejected that part of it which required them to elect them in separate districts, as unconstitutional. Rather a nice distinction! Accordingly, at their nominating convention, they nominated five candidates for representative for the county, without any assignment of them to the districts prescribed by law. In printing their tickets, they put five candidates for representative on all the tickets to be voted in both districts; but they designated Pugh and Pierce for the first district, and the other three candidates for the second; and in that way they were voted in the whole county. By our election laws the poll-books of election in the several townships are sent to the clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, who is required to take to his assistance two justices of the peace, and open the poll-books, count the votes, and declare who is elected. The clerk is required to give to the person elected a certificate of his election. Upon the return of the poll-books of Hamilton County to the clerk of the court, they were opened in the manner required by law, in the presence of two justices, and the abstract made out. It was found from the abstract that Spencer and Runyan, the Whig candidates, had received a majority of about 1300 votes in the first district. But Pugh and Pierce, the candidates designated for the first district on the Democratic ticket, were also voted for by the Democrats in the second district, as well as in the first.

while Spencer and Runyan were voted for by the Whigs of the first district only. By counting to Pugh and Pierce the votes cast for them in the second district as well as the first, they had a majority over Spencer and Runyan of about 4000. The two justices rejected the votes cast for Pugh and Pierce in the second district, and declared Spencer and Runyan elected from the first district. The clerk refused to join in this declaration of the result, but certified that he considered Pugh and Pierce entitled to all the votes cast for them in the county, and that they and the other three Democratic candidates from the second district were elected representatives from Hamilton County. The ground taken by the clerk was, that the division of Hamilton County into two election districts was unconstitutional. The abstract, with the certificates of the justices and clerk, were filed in the clerk's office. The clerk thereupon made out certificates of election for the five Democratic claimants in the usual form, certifying that they were elected representatives from Hamilton County, without saying for which district any of them were elected. He gave Spencer and Runyan certified copies of the abstract of votes for representative, with the certificates of the justices and clerk, from which it appeared that Spencer and Runyan had a majority of votes in the first district, and were declared elected by the justices, who were a majority of the canvassing board. On the first Monday in December, which is the day prescribed by the Constitution for the meeting of the Legislature, the parties all appeared armed with these papers to claim their seats as members. The House was so nearly balanced that its political complexion depended on the members from the first district in Hamilton County. The practice at the opening of the Legislature has heretofore been for members to assemble at the second ringing of the bell, usually about 10 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing. Sometimes the oldest member elect, sometimes the clerk of the last House, then calls the counties and districts in alphabetical order, when the members present their certificates, and are sworn in and take their seats. At the opening of the session, the Democratic members met in the hall of the House at 8 o'clock in the morning,

and without ringing the bell, and before a quorum of the House had assembled, Mr. Leiter took the chair, and commenced calling the counties and districts, beginning in the middle of the list, and calling Hamilton County first. The Democratic claimants presented their certificates and were sworn in and took their seats. At the usual time of meeting, the Whig members assembled, when the counties were again called by Mr. Leiter, except Hamilton County, which he passed over. Mr. Spencer requested that Hamilton County might be called and tendered his certificate, which Mr. Leiter refused to receive, saying that the representation from Hamilton County was already full.

The Whigs thereupon refused to recognize Mr. Leiter's agency in the organization of the House, because it was a palpable fraud, which was commenced when no quorum was present. Mr. Holcomb, of Gallia, then called the House to order, and Mr. Swift, the clerk of the last House, called the counties and districts, and the Whig members presented their certificates, including Spencer and Runyan, and were all sworn in, and took their seats as members. There were now seventy-four members sworn in, while the Constitution only authorizes seventy-two. There were two acting chairmen, and two clerks, all doing business at once. Here was a dilemma, and how to get rid of it was the question.

In this condition things remained for three weeks. The Whigs met every day; called the roll—thirty-six members answering; called the counties, and requested the members to present their certificates and be sworn. The Democrats remained in perpetual session, day and night, making occasional calls of the counties, and of members who had presented their certificates to Mr. Leiter. Thirty-eight persons answered to their roll-call. Of these, thirty-four were Democrats who had regular certificates of election. Another was Dr. Townshend, of Lorain, an old Liberty party man, who was elected by the Free-soilers over the regular nominees of both Whigs and Democrats. Mr. Van Doren, of Sandusky, was a Free-soil Democrat, who was elected by the Whigs and Free-soilers over the regular Democratic nomination. These, with the two Democratic claimants from the first district

in Hamilton, made the thirty-eight who acted under the Democratic organization. Mr. Bigger, a Whig member from Guernsey, and Mr. Morse, a Free-soil Whig from Ashtabula, presented their certificates to Mr. Leiter before the Whig organization was commenced. But they always answered to the Whig roll-call, and Mr. Morse sometimes answered to the Democratic call also. This was with the view of indicating that he was ready at any time to join either organization that could get a quorum. Mr. Sheldon, of Portage, was one of the thirty-four Democrats who held certificates of election; but his certificate was procured by a base fraud.

The name of the Whig candidate was Daniel Rockwell; the clerk of one of the townships which gave Rockwell some 120 majority, wrote the Christian name of Mr. Rockwell in such a way, that the clerk and justices who opened the poll-books, chose to call it *Daniel*, instead of *David*, and upon that pretext refused to count the vote of that township for Mr. Rockwell. This left Mr. Sheldon a majority of sixteen votes, and the clerk gave him a certificate of election. When it was found that the House was in a position which, if adhered to, would prevent any organization, Messrs. Spencer and Runyan offered to withdraw their claims until the House was organized, provided Pugh and Pierce would also withdraw theirs. This was refused. After three weeks of ineffectual effort, it was ultimately agreed that Mr. Leiter should act as chairman, and Mr. McClure, a Whig member, as clerk until the House was organized; that before any organization was had, a vote should be taken upon the conflicting claims of Spencer and Runyan, and Pugh and Pierce, to the seats from the first district in Hamilton County. That upon that question neither of these gentlemen should vote. This is the condition of things at present. No regular organization has yet been effected, but a basis of organization has been adopted, which must soon accomplish it. It is not yet known who will ultimately hold the seats from the first district in Hamilton County. Messrs. Townshend and Van Doren are presumed to have that question in their hands. They have acted together in all the efforts that have been made to organ-

ize: without them the parties are equally divided.

But the still more important question for all law-abiding citizens was, and is, by whose fault or wrong was this most extraordinary state of things brought about? The *fairness* of the present apportionment law is demonstrated by the late elections, for, although the Whigs elected their Governor, they have only elected a majority of two in the House, according to their own apportionment law, while the Senate is a tie. The Democracy have acknowledged the constitutional validity of that law, except as to the division of Hamilton County, by being sworn in and taking their seats under it. This is an answer to all their objections as to the manner in which the law was passed. The only thing that remains about which there can be any cavil or controversy is, as to the power of the Legislature to divide a county for the election of senators and representatives. It would extend this article to too great a length to go into an elaborate argument of that question. I shall therefore confine myself to a very brief and condensed argument of the constitutional question.

The first section of the first article of the constitution of Ohio, vests "the legislative authority of this State in a General Assembly, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives." This grant of legislative power confers upon the General Assembly absolute control over all subjects of legislation; subject only to such limitations and exceptions as are provided for by the Constitution either in express terms or by necessary implication. The second section of the first article expressly confers upon the Legislature the power of apportioning representatives to the General Assembly. It is not pretended that there is any provision of the Constitution which in terms prohibits the Legislature, in the exercise of this power, from dividing a county into two or more senatorial or representative districts. But it is supposed that the expression used in the second section above referred to, in regard to the apportionment of representatives, that they shall be "apportioned among the several counties," is such a limitation on the apportioning power as prohibits the Legislature from dividing a county into two or more representative districts. I cannot so understand it. If

one or twenty counties in the State should each have sufficient population for two representatives, and each be divided into two representative districts, would not the representatives still be "apportioned among the counties?" In the construction of a law, terms should have their ordinary and popular meaning. No straitened and technical construction of terms, which would defeat the manifest intention of the lawmaker is ever tolerated. It is the *people* of the county, and not the county in its corporate character, that are represented in the General Assembly. The framers of the Constitution were laying the foundations of a representative republic, and any construction of the Constitution which would defeat the cardinal object of equal representation, ought not to be tolerated if it can be avoided. The Constitution of the United States provides that "representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned *among* the several States." Under this provision of the Constitution, Congress has passed a law requiring the several State legislatures to divide the States into congressional districts. Now if one is an apportionment of representatives "among the states," is not the other an apportionment of representatives "among the counties?" But there are other portions of the Constitution of the State which must be taken in connection with this section to ascertain its true construction. The sixth section of the first article provides that senators shall be "apportioned among the several counties or *districts* provided by law." Under this clause of the Constitution it is clear that a senatorial district may be either more or less than a county, as the population may require. Now, can it be presumed for a moment, that the framers of the Constitution intended to authorize the Legislature to divide a county for the election of a senator, and prohibit it for a representative, which requires only one-half the population? The third section of the first article of the Constitution provides that "the representatives shall be chosen annually by the citizens of each county, respectively." The fourth section provides that "no person shall be a representative who shall not have resided one year next preceding his election within the limits of the county in which he shall be chosen." These provisions would seem clearly to contemplate that each

county shall have at least one representative. Yet the Constitution authorizes the Legislature to create any number of new counties, provided only that the limits of no county shall be reduced below four hundred square miles; and the Legislature in the exercise of this power have created ninety counties, which, by the Constitution can have but seventy-two representatives. It is, therefore, a matter of absolute necessity at this time to join two or more counties together as a representative district. The argument from the Constitution in favor of giving each county a representative is much stronger than it is against dividing a county into two representative districts. These considerations show that the rigid construction which requires "counties" to be represented as such in their corporate capacity cannot be sustained.

The new Constitution of the State of New York provides, that "the members of the Assembly shall be apportioned *among* the several counties, as nearly as may be according to the number of their respective inhabitants." This is, in substance, the identical provision which, it is insisted, in our Constitution requires representatives to be elected from entire counties. Yet the Constitution of New York immediately goes on, and points out the mode of dividing the counties into several representative districts, when the population is sufficient to entitle the county to several representatives. If the construction of our Constitution which is contended for be the true one, then these provisions of the New York Constitution are repugnant and contradictory. If the framers of the New York Constitution might insert such a provision in their Constitution, without intending to prohibit the division of counties, is it not very natural to suppose that the framers of our Constitution might have intended the same thing? In fact, I suppose this phrase applied to apportionments of representation "among the States" and "among the counties" was borrowed from the Constitution of the United States, and that the construction which it receives in the Federal Constitution, ought to be adopted in the construction of the State Constitutions. It seems to me that these considerations are sufficient to show that the framers of the Constitution did not

to impose any such limitations as attended for, on the apportioning which was granted to the General Assembly.

there is another question behind of still more practical importance, at is, By what tribunal shall the constitutionality of a law be determined? Is the prisoner in the box, or the culprit on the scaffold, dispute the constitutionality of a law with the court or the hangman?

May the clerk of a court, or any mere ministerial officer, refuse obedience to a law because in his judgment the law is unconstitutional? May a sheriff or a constable refuse to execute process directed by a court, because the court has rendered an erroneous judgment, even if that judgment should be on the constitutionality of the law? This is nullification run mad. Every man must see that it is the very essence of anarchy in its worst and most dangerous form. The Constitution of Ohio provides, that each house shall "be composed of the qualifications and elections of the members." Now if this law was unconstitutional, the plain course would have been for the returning officers to obeyed it, and then let the seats of the members claiming to be elected under the law be contested. Then the question could have been fairly presented to the House. It was organized for the transaction of business, and was in a situation where it could take cognizance of the question.

With the papers presented to the House, by the contesting claimants from the first district in Hamilton County, it was to me the proper course was very clear. The certificates of Messrs.

Pugh and Pierce showed that they were elected from any election district known to the apportionment law. The House should have recognized the law as constitutional, and rejected the certificates until after the House was organized, in a situation that it could act under the Constitution as judge of a contested election. But it is still more monstrous to single member to usurp the place of the returning officer, and constitute himself judge, in the last resort, of the constitutionality of a law, by receiving the certificates of Pugh and Pierce, and rejecting those of Spencer and Runyan; for it will be observed, that Mr. Leiter, by first call-

ing Hamilton County, and receiving the certificates of these gentlemen, and having them sworn, placed himself in a position in which no appeal could be taken from his decision; and where it was exceedingly difficult for an objection to be interposed. No other certificates had then been called for, or received by Mr. Leiter, and no other members had been sworn. If any objected to the certificates, Mr. Leiter might very properly say, "You have not produced your certificate, or been sworn; I don't know that you are a member, and therefore I cannot hear you." This, of course, could not be submitted to. The extraordinary movements of the Democratic members in taking possession of the House, and attempting an organization at the time and in the manner they did, showed a settled determination to smuggle two of their partisans into the House as members, and thereby prevent the decision of the constitutional question upon which their right to seats depended by the only tribunal authorized by the Constitution to decide it; for it will be observed that the seats of Messrs. Pugh and Pierce could not be contested in the manner prescribed by law; *first*, because they had not been "declared" elected by the canvassing board; *second*, because they did not claim, nor did their certificates show that they were elected from any representative district known to the apportionment law; and, *third*, because no notice had been or could be (for the foregoing reasons) given of the intention to contest.

The course, therefore, which was adopted by the Whig members, was the only one left them. They rejected the organization attempted by the Democrats as illegal and unconstitutional, not only on account of the time and manner in which it was commenced, and because there was no quorum present, but because they had sworn, as members, two gentlemen who had no proper or legal evidence of membership. The whole history of the proceedings of the party, in regard to this apportionment law, shows a settled and fixed determination to disregard the law, and overturn the government. The divisions of the Whig party, growing out of the Presidential election, enabled them to elect a much larger number of members to the Legislature than they anticipated.

pated at their Convention of the tenth of May, and they accordingly adopted a different plan of operations to effect their resolution, from what was then contemplated. It is true, that in doing so they were compelled to abandon the ground which they then assumed as to the apportionment bill not being passed in a constitutional manner. But this was a matter of necessity. They had ascertained that the rank and file of the party would not follow the leaders in so desperate a movement. The leaders themselves were not entirely united, and when they found that they had elected a sufficient number of members to give them some hope of controlling the Legislature, either by fraud or by force, they looked upon it as a God-send, which would enable them to cover their resolution with an appearance of regularity. Another difficulty which made them desire to have an organization, if they could have it, under their own control, was, that the Governor and all the officers of State were Whigs, and the appointing power was in their hands. A United States Senator, two Judges of the Supreme Court, and sundry President and Associate Judges were to be elected by the Legislature, if they organized; if they did not, they would be appointed by the Governor. Another thing operated upon them. The official returns of the election for Governor elected Ford, the Whig candidate, by a majority of 345 votes. But they supposed, if they could get the control of the Legislature, the election might be set aside, and Weller declared Governor, on account of the non-observance of the registry law, in some of the towns and cities where Ford had majorities. If this could be done, it would be of incalculable importance to them in the further progress of the revolution.

For all these reasons it was deemed better to organize; especially if they could have it their own way.

It was thought rather hazardous to set up a naked and undisguised revolution, with the executive departments of both

the State and national government against them.

If they shall be successful in securing Pugh and Pierce their seats, the Governor's election will undoubtedly be contested; and if the contest shall be successful, and Mr. Weller installed into the office of Governor, the revolutionists will be under no apprehension of suffering the pains and penalties of treason, no matter how treasonable their conduct may be. The Whigs, with their characteristic regard of law and order, and their unconquerable repugnance to any thing that has even the appearance of revolution or anarchy, have yielded every thing but principle to secure an organization. They have even submitted to accept Mr. Leiter as chairman during the discussion and decision of the rights of the Cincinnati claimants to their seats. They have agreed that this question may be decided before the House is organized, by the election of a speaker and other officers. This last, in my judgment, should not have been yielded. I do not believe the House has any power to decide a question, which in substance and in fact is a contested election, until it is fully organized.

It is impossible to tell what may be the end of this revolutionary spirit, which has been exhibited among a portion of the Democracy of this State within the last few years. It has, as yet, no hold upon the masses. But many of the leaders are deeply imbued with agrarian principles, and with the spirit of the French Revolution of 1789. In their estimation, Robespierre, Marat and Danton are patriots of the highest order, and martyrs to the great cause of human liberty. They wear the insignia of the Red Republic. There is no danger of the people of this State following in any such excesses during the present generation. But how far they may be led by the force of party prejudice and party discipline, and what outrages may be perpetrated upon the peace and good order of society, time alone can determine.

B. S.

THREE STAGES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE Revolution in France has now passed through two stages, and entered upon the third. The first period consisted of the *provisional rule*, during the interregnum which occurred between the fall of the monarchy and the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. This was the Revolution proper—when the will of the people governed with comparatively little restraint of law. The second period did not begin, in reality, until after the insurrection in June, the government of the Executive Commission being merely transitional, and it ceased on the election of the President. This was the founding of the *republic*, under which the bourgeoisie recovered the ascendancy which it had possessed under Louis Philippe. The third period has but just commenced, and will not be fully introduced until after the dissolution of the present National Assembly. It is the *restoration of the Bonapartes*.

There have been, we are aware, almost as many different opinions expressed respecting both what has recently been, and what is likely immediately to be, in France, as there have been writers on the subject. In Paris, each one of its numerous journals has presented its own peculiar explanation of the events of the Revolution. England has furnished us with two views of the same occurrences—the Whig view and the Tory view. Both, we may add, are sufficiently distorted by the old hate which Britons bear to Gauls; and neither deserve, therefore, to be received quite so implicitly as they seem to be by the great majority of intelligent readers in this country. Here, indeed, being farther removed from the scene of affairs, we have less accurate and extensive information, and find it more difficult to form a settled, intelligent judgment of European events. Yet we are glad to observe that our best journals and news-

papers are beginning to have regular American correspondents in the principal cities of Western Europe, whereby the people of this country will stand a chance of obtaining, if not more correct, at least—which is of some little consequence—more republican reports of the important events there transpiring. For ourselves, we shall attempt to take an American view of the recent Revolution in France; and if we may presume to hope that it will be received with any degree of favor by our readers, it is entirely on account of the *point of view* from which the subject will be considered. In interpreting the meaning of this, as of all the other great events of history, everything depends upon selecting the true place of observation. The correctness of our own position will be made obvious, we trust, in the course of our essay.

The present cannot be understood, much less can the future be divined, if considered completely disconnected from the past. We shall not presume, however, in treating of this subject, to ask attention to events which occurred any length of time antecedent to the Revolution; for we know too well the impatience felt by readers, at the present day, for any historical disquisitions not enlivened by such brilliant pens as that of Mr. Macaulay. The changes constantly occurring in Europe, and the wonders related of California, have made us all students of the news of the day. The present, with its astounding realities—the future lowering dubiously over the Old World, and rising with the most dazzling splendors of morning on the Pacific, now attract the eyes of all men. We will therefore be prudent in our allusions to the past, and be brief.

Louis Philippe was entitled King of the French, but he has been more characteristically described as King of the

French *bourgeoisie*. And, in the first place, let us inquire who and what are *they*? As a class, the French bourgeoisie consists of the capitalists, small and large, in France—of all persons enjoying a degree of independence; and is distinguished, on the one hand, from the laboring classes, dependent on daily wages for a livelihood, and from the few surviving relics of the old nobility on the other. At the present time, however, it can hardly be designated as the middling class in the nation, since there cannot any longer be found but two classes in France—the independent and the dependent—the bourgeoisie and the prolétaires. The former, in consequence of the very large number of small landed proprietors, comprehends a considerable majority of the French people. They are characterized by a love of labor, by economy, obedience to the laws, good manners, and a hatred of all sorts of fanaticism. They lack profound ideas, elevation of sentiments, and have no great faith. The principal uses of government, in the eyes of this class, is to keep the peace.

The political existence of the bourgeoisie was first proclaimed by the Abbé Sieyès, when by a single dash of his pen he declared that a new order had taken its place in the state—the order of the *Tiers Etat*. And no sooner was its existence proclaimed, than it was universally acknowledged. But its instantaneous recognition showed that it had long been in being, though not organized; and, in point of fact, it had for ages been gradually attaining civil liberty through the communal institutions, religious independence through the parliaments, wealth by means of the trade corporations, until at last it was suddenly endowed with political authority by the States General.

Admitted to the possession of a portion of power in the state, the middling class immediately proceeded to take the whole, and overturned the throne of Louis XVI. But it was itself supplanted by a class which the old republic raised up from below, or rather by the Parisian mob—the Girondists endeavoring to establish the middling class on the ruins of the monarchy, and the more successful Jacobins striving to elevate the multitude in the place of both. After the short-lived but terrible triumph

of the latter, the ideas of the bourgeoisie recovered their ascendancy, and came into power in the person of the First Consul and of the Emperor. The system of state economy adopted by Napoleon strengthened the basis of the bourgeoisie, for he ratified the republican principle of the division of property, carried out the financial plans of the National Assembly, and, excepting in the case of the embargo declared against England, favored the *laissez-faire*, the let-alone policy in trade and commerce.* But when, at length, Napoleon undertook by a conflicting political policy to establish a new French aristocracy, and when his fatal ambition, overleaping itself, sought alliance with the thrones instead of the people of Europe, and surrounded the imperial court with the reburnished *niaiseries* of the old régime, the middling class grew tired of wars no longer waged for the maintenance of popular principles, and gladly accepted of peace and the restoration. Louis XVIII. was imposed upon France by the consent and the co-operation of the bourgeoisie. They hoped by a change of rulers to obtain the benefits of both peace and freedom. The Bourbon dynasty, it was expected, being recalled by virtue of foreign bayonets, not by the voice of the whole people, without éclat and without intrinsic energy, would have to rely for its support upon the good will of the middling class, and this could be obtained only by the gift of popular privileges. The dishonor of opening the gates of Paris to hostile arms would be counterbalanced by the opening of the ports of France to English commerce. The bourgeoisie cared little that the old dogma of legitimacy was enthroned again, provided only it could be used as a pretext for introducing and maintaining the reign of trade. Accordingly, the charter of 1814, though an "act of grace," was gladly accepted, as organizing the political supremacy of the class which had overturned the throne of Louis XVI. Neither party acted in perfectly good faith. The very moment this act had been accomplished, the demented monarch entered upon a policy diametrically at variance with it. He surrounded himself

* Louis Blanc's History of Ten Years.

with men who represented the old, rejected ideas. He set himself about restoring the ancient pomp and etiquette of the former court. He appointed his grand masters of ceremonies, his grand almoners, and his grand harbingers. The result was, that the bourgeoisie took the alarm; and before Napoleon set sail from Elba, a change of ministry was called for by the liberal party. Napoleon arrived, and both the Bourbons and the bourgeoisie surrendered to a *coup de main*. But the military emperor had to submit, notwithstanding, to the *acte additionelle*, and to listen to the "parliamentary babbling" of the representatives of the nation. The bourgeoisie waited until his first defeat, and then every man of them raised the cry, "Let him abdicate! let him abdicate!" He abdicated, and Louis XVIII. accepted Fouché, a man of the people, a regicide even, for one of his ministers—a fact which sufficiently indicates where now lay the controlling power in the state. And now, in fact, came the time when the shopkeepers of Paris made their fortunes. The great bankers became more important characters in the state than the royal ministers. Throughout the country, instead of a thirst for fame, sprang up a thirst for wealth; and in the place of a frenzy for glory, there raged the fever of speculation. It was more truly a restoration of the bourgeoisie than of the Bourbons. But both Louis XVIII. and Charles X. were so infatuated as not to see that the principle of authority, whether in religion or politics, had been rejected alike by the reason and by the interests of the people, and allowed themselves to be involved in a constant warfare in favor of the royal prerogatives, in opposition to the popular privileges guaranteed by the constitution. This inglorious struggle, relieved by nothing to raise the fallen spirits and abject fortunes of France—by nothing to make her forget that her limits had been narrowed, her fortifications dismantled, and her territory for a series of years occupied by her enemies—at last resulted in the popular triumph of 1830, and the final expulsion of the Bourbons.

The bourgeoisie rejected Charles X. because he would not consent to be the tool of their party, and to shape his policy

solely with a view to the promotion of their industrial interests. They elevated in his stead an Orleanist to the throne, who promised to give better satisfaction, and who, as a guaranty of his good intentions, accepted of such liberal modifications of the Charter as were deemed necessary to secure the supremacy of the popular voice in the government. The republicans and the working classes had fought, during the three days, for a republic. The former, by their secret organization, contributed not a little to aid the spontaneous indignation of the middle classes in accomplishing the Revolution. But the majority of their leaders had been bought over by the agents of the Duke of Orleans; the rest were miserably deceived; and Lafayette was obliged to content himself with declaring the monarchy of July to be the best of republics. As for the workingmen, their wishes and their necessities were alike unheeded. The revolution was made by their help, but not at all for their particular benefit.

The bourgeoisie were at first well pleased with their new monarch. He had formerly worn the *bonnet rouge* as a commissary of the Jacobin club; he had for many years lived the life of a bourgeois; he had put on the appearance of accepting the crown with a degree of regret; and it was confidently hoped, that his reign would secure the prosperity and the dominion of that class of the people which had elevated him to the throne. It was also generally believed that he was a man of pre-eminent abilities for governing; and this opinion had but few to gainsay it until after his fall. But whoever will take the trouble to compare the whole policy of the government of July with that of the Bourbon restoration, will see at once that the former was little better than an imitation of the latter. As king, Louis Philippe showed himself to be a clever politician, no more. He managed the affairs of state with a good deal of adroitness, until, at last, he committed the fault of managing too much. But his policy exhibits no signs of the presence and direction of a great master-mind. His schemes were not the product of a profound understanding of the administration of public affairs. Devoid of the smallest spark of originality, his government was not

much else than a repetition of the miserable failure committed by the government immediately preceding.

We have already remarked upon the manner in which Louis XVIII. commenced his reign; but the beginning of Louis Philippe's was not less a denial of its popular origin. Two years had not elapsed before the repeated and sanguinary disorders in Paris, the two dreadful insurrections in Lyons, the awful drowning of the revolt of St. Méry in blood, demonstrated that the government had already lost the good will of a portion of the people, and had resolved to maintain its future existence by force, not by popularity. This resolution was carried out, by declaring Paris to be in a state of siege, by re-enacting the ordinances of Polignac, by doubling the military establishment of the country, surrounding the capital with a chain of forts, and raising the public expenditure from nine to fifteen hundred millions of francs. Louis Philippe determined to reign by force of arms, not by the willing consent of the people.

Neither was the old system of corruption reformed. This was employed in purchasing the votes of the electors, and in purchasing the support of the deputies. Of the 240,000 electors in France, 160,000 shared among themselves and their friends upwards of half a million of offices, held at the pleasure of ministers, and with emoluments amounting to more than a hundred millions of francs. The honors of the State were bought and sold; titles were bargained for political and literary support; and privileges, commercial, manufacturing, theatrical even, were bestowed for a price. And while ministers sold concessions, and traded for the passage of a law, their clerks were not backward in following their pernicious example, so that corruption descended into every department of the public service. So enormous were the sums spent in buying support for the government, both at home and abroad, that with all his civil list, his state domains, his large over-cuttings in the national forests, his farms, his stocks, and his parsimonious housekeeping into the bargain, Louis Philippe was always in debt.

Charles X. was never so intent upon securing the interest of the Bourbons, as

was Louis Philippe in enriching and exalting the family of Orleans. Scarcely a session of the Chambers passed without a fresh demand for more money, generally in the shape of a dowry, or an allowance to the princes, or the princesses—a demand which was sure to be met with unanswerable accusations of niggardly economy. One of the royal sons was to be the future regent; another held a high position in the navy; a third, though a mere boy, was Viceroy of Algiers; the Duke of Montpensier was to be created Grand Master of the Artillery; and the English alliance had been sacrificed to the paternal project of marrying him to the Spanish Infanta, with the prospect of the succession to the throne, and the certainty that her dowry of thirty millions would be paid into the coffers of the family of Orleans. France was farmed by the king as a great estate for the benefit of the royal house, not governed as a great kingdom, for the common weal of the inhabitants.

Against a policy so despotic, so corrupt and so selfish, not only the republican and legitimist parties, but all that portion of the bourgeoisie, which was not bribed to silence, unremittingly protested. They early commenced, and constantly kept up a respectable opposition in the Chambers; without, the influential body of the liberal press waged incessant warfare with the administration; and the feelings of the great majority of the French people for the Orleans dynasty, notwithstanding the prosperity enjoyed during the long prevalence of peace, were kept oscillating between a state of indignant disaffection and of sullen indifference. The spirit of loyalty died out in the nation; and the only basis which the monarchy continued to rest upon, was the material interests of the bourgeoisie. This class had been hurried almost unawares out of a course of legal opposition to the Bourbons into that state of insurrection from which it instinctively shrinks; and now it long forbore to break with a government which promoted its interests, while it usurped its authority. But when, in the year 1846, M. Thiers, in the debate on the bill for excluding public functionaries from the Chamber of Deputies, made his great speech in behalf of electoral reform, and a curtailment of the royal prerogative, the

affected bourgeoisie entered upon a rise of opposition, which, though denied to end in a change of ministers, terminated actually in the overthrow of a monarchy.

The bourgeois class wished to retain the leans dynasty, as they had done the carbons, so long as the government favored the growth of their pecuniary interests, without too much encroaching on their political supremacy; and when they summoned all their forces to oppose a cabinet in its determination to suppress a Reform banquets, they desired nothing more than the downfall of M. Guizot. It they had enlisted the dangerous aid of the lower classes in their attempts to accomplish this object. The workingmen were invited to sit down at the grand banquet in Paris; and they it was who averted the legal opposition first into an armed insurrection, and then into a successful revolution. What had the government ever done directly towards elevating their condition or relieving their pressing necessities? Louis Philippe was no king of their making. No change that they could imagine could mar their poor fortunes. Were the remains of the old nobility, the Montmorencies and the Laroche-Jacquelines, disgusted with the royal favor shown to the Rothschilds and the Foulds—the new aristocracy of bankers and stock-jobbers—were even the shopkeepers provoked with a monarch who cut down his grocers' bills, sold the candle-ends from his palaces, and contracted with the restaurateurs of the Palais Royal to supply his dinner-table at four francs per head—what occasion had the workingmen to respect him who had converted the best of republics into the most selfish of despotisms? They were in want from a year of scarcity; they were many of them out of employment from the introduction of improved machinery; with their small earnings, they had to pay monopoly prices for the necessities of life; children of seven years of age worked twelve hours a day in the manufactories; girls of sixteen were forced to prostitute themselves for a livelihood; infanticide was as common as want; and hordes of half-starved beggars slept in their rags upon the marble steps of the palaces of Paris.* The

workingmen, dependent on daily wages, were ready, therefore, for sedition. They made out of a row a revolution; and carried the reluctant bourgeoisie, the army, and the whole French nation along with them. When the *blouse-men* appeared in arms before the Tuileries, the king of the bourgeoisie retired from it. The monarchy fell; and still another order arose in the State—the order of the *prolétaires*.

The palace, so readily surrendered up to this new governing party of the multitude, contained eighteen royal guard-houses, which were occupied by six hundred picked men, fifty dragoons, and three hundred National Guards. The five barracks of the Caroussel, of the Rue St. Thomas, of the Assumption, d'Orsay and Bourbon, contained each a regiment of soldiers within five minutes' march; electric telegraphs communicated with the other garrisons scattered over Paris; and around it were the forts, filled with men and arms. What a triumph, then, was here of the moral power of popular rights over the physical resources of royal prerogatives! The monarchy had a plenty of swords at its command; what was lacking was the willing arms to wield them. And what, forsooth, had the king done to deserve the loyalty of the men of the sword? He had long ago taken their ball-cartridges from the distrusted guards of the nation. He had, indeed, maintained an immense regular army, but he had maintained it with dishonor. Instead of crossing the Alps, or the Rhine, this Napoleon of peace had sold Italy, betrayed Switzerland, lost the East, left Poland in the lurch, menaced Germany only to alienate it, incurred the hatred of the Russians, the jealousy of the Spaniards, and the contempt of Englishmen. To be sure, throughout his reign he had contended with the African barbarians in Algeria. But the éclat of all his victories had finally expired in their inglorious termination. The catching of poor Abd-el-Kader had extinguished the last spark of military loyalty in France, for the head of the nation. The French soldiers would not fight the French people to support a royal house for which they felt no enthusiasm.

French enthusiasm rarely fails to win the day; and now it was all beating in the breasts of the insurgent people. Here was a great moral force suddenly set in

* Povi's Life of Louis Philippe.

motion; and where in the country was to be found a stronger spirit to put it down? The army felt no enthusiasm for the "reign of trade;" the tradesmen themselves were no fighting men; there was no loyalty in any part of the land to overpower the new motion; and, therefore, all its forts, cannons, muskets, were powerless as dead men's bones to stay the progress of the fury of the people. Louis Philippe, taking a woman's counsel, might have mounted on horseback, and died at the head of his faithful municipal guard, like a king. He ought to have done so; and had not the blood which flowed in his veins at Valmy and Jemappes become curdled by age, very likely he would have done so. But then, there would only have been a few men living the less; for how could a dynasty which for seventeen years had been occupied in extinguishing all generous sentiments, and in establishing the *culte effrené et grossier* of purely material interest; how could it, in its extremity, be saved by the sword?

The workingmen gained an easy triumph. They had gained a similar one in 1830. But the treachery of a few chiefs had then robbed them of the fruits of their labors. Now they were a stronger body in the State, and were in better guidance. The republicans of 1830, after having missed their opportunity at the fall of the Bourbons, and been beaten in the streets of Paris two years afterwards, on the occasion of the funeral of General Lamarque, changed their tactics. They then proceeded to indoctrinate clubs; they got possession of a number of daily journals, and formed a defensive alliance with the dynastic opposition against the king's ministers. Accordingly, when the reform agitation, partly through their agency, and partly that of the bourgeois opposition, sprang up, it presented them with the long wished for opportunity. A vast republican conspiracy had existed for years in the capital; the large socialist sects were likewise so many secret societies organized and ready for any emergency; men well qualified for the task had mapped out the city of Paris, and selected suitable places for the erection of barricades; and when the insurrection broke out, the chiefs of these disaffected bodies became the leaders of the populace.

They both provoked and directed the attack of the latter on the monarchy, until it fell a mass of ruins.

The bourgeoisie were forced almost unwillingly and unwittingly into the insurrection of 1848, as they had been into that of 1830; but they came out of it with a different position in the State from what they had formerly occupied. Of the first insurrection they had been both the directors and the beneficiaries. Now their supremacy was called in question by the populace. When, on the evening of the twenty-fourth of February, the Provisional Government, which had been proclaimed by the republicans in the Chamber of Deputies, arrived at the Hôtel de Ville for the purpose of entering upon their offices, they found themselves confronted by another executive power, which had been installed by the republicans of the streets. On the one side were Lamartine, Arago, Marie, Garnier Pagès, the liberals; on the other, were Louis Blanc, Flocon, Caussidière, Albert, the radicals. The former were supported by the bourgeoisie, the National Guards, the élite of the people; the latter by the armed populace, the workingmen. These had done most of the fighting, and were physically the stronger party. The monarchy having just been taken by storm, and the flag of no legitimate authority having yet been unfurled upon its deserted towers, it was now their hour; where was their man? The multitude were ready to follow the best or the worst, were he only the boldest, to all lengths, and at all hazards. Alas! for them; they were supplied with no better heroes than Louis Blanc and Caussidière! Then was the time for a great leader of the people to have proclaimed a truly popular republic. But the multitude, who had overturned the monarchy, did not themselves know what they wanted in the place of it; and Albert, *ouvrier*, surely was not the man to inform them. The leaders of the populace were not prepared to enter upon any definite course of policy; they had no grand plan for revolutionizing society; and, accordingly, they were forced to succumb to those who had plans, intelligence and moral courage. We do not believe that the old reign of anarchy could, by any possible chance, have been restored,

for the past never comes back again unchanged. But if among the men, who for years had been plotting revolution, there had been one of great, original, commanding genius, a republic might have been proclaimed which would have introduced much more radical changes into the social and political framework of French society than the present one. It might, nevertheless, have come to a more bloody, if not to an equally speedy issue.

At the end of sixty hours, during which the destiny of France was held in trembling suspense, the eloquence of Lamartine prevailed. The Parisian populace, which is by no means incapable of generous emotions, were captivated by the noble enthusiasm of the orator, as were, of old, the beasts of the forest by the lyre of Orpheus. Lamartine was the greatest genius of the occasion; and the French people readily follow the man of the most genius. They untied the red ribbon in their button-holes; exchanged the red flag for the tri-color; and consented to a compromise in the formation of the government, which gave a preponderating influence to the bourgeoisie, and afterwards led to its speedy, though short-lived return to power. This government *ad interim* consisted of Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine, Cremieux, Arago, Ledru Rollin, Garnier Pagès and Marie; and had for its secretaries, Armand Marrast, Flocon, Louis Blanc and Albert. Its motto, was Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. It proposed the founding of a republic, but submitted this proposal to the French people for ratification or rejection.

This provisional committee of public safety, containing in itself the elements of schism, was surrounded without by abundant materials for factious opposition. The populace, which had been stupefied at the hour of victory from its unexpected greatness, soon recovered its senses after its defeat by the conservatives. This re-awakening was followed by a bitter sense of disappointment, by clamors and by processions. But the workingmen, the prolétaires, felt conscious, at the same time, that they had already lost their position of authority; their hour had gone by irretrievably. Now at the Hôtel de Ville, in the streets, at the clubs, they were in a minority, and a minority which went on daily increasing as the Provisional Gov-

ernment daily gained more and more confidence. The timely adhesion of the higher classes, the support of the National Guards, and the recognition of the revolutionary government by foreign powers, gave to this self-constituted rule sufficient moral force to maintain a rallying point for order, and something more than the semblance of authority.

Thus established by a compromise between the lower classes, who wished for change, and the higher, who wished for order, and thus encompassed with opposition but little removed from anarchy, the Provisional Government entered upon the task of directing the course of the Revolution until the meeting of the representatives of the nation should re-establish legitimate authority. It was a stupendous task; and they brought to it no more than ordinary abilities. There was a great orator among them, a great astronomer, and a clever historian; but there was not one statesman. There was not a man in the government of pre-eminent genius for the ordering of public affairs—none endowed with those capacious faculties of intellect and of will which are requisite to guide a nation through a revolutionary crisis. Their first business was to restore and to maintain the public peace. This was done, but most imperfectly. Many measures were adopted, and some of very doubtful propriety, to accomplish this purpose; but there was lacking the genius which achieves impossibilities—the genius which creates order out of chaos, unity out of discord, support out of opposition. From the first *émeute* in March to the last insurrection in June, neither the Provisional Government nor the Executive Commission were prepared beforehand. These outbreaks of the disaffected *outriers* were all suppressed, it is true; but they were suppressed by the spontaneous rising of the friends of order, and not in consequence of any well-concerted plans of the authorities in power at the time being. The latter possessed neither the sagacity to foresee nor the firmness to prevent the rising sedition; but when it had been allowed to get well on foot the former were summoned to arms, and, in the end, always succeeded in rescuing the government and saving the State. It may be, indeed, that this imbecility of the authorities con-

tributed in the final result to establish order on a firmer basis than could have been laid by the most consummate capacity. For the insurgent democracy were not only several times soundly beaten, but they were beaten in fields of their own choosing—always having the vantage-ground—always the privilege of the first fire. On the 9th of April, the occasion of the election of officers by the National Guards—in the insurrectionary demonstration of the 17th of April—in the conflicts which followed, in Rouen and other provincial towns, the defeat of the popular party at the polls—in the deliberately contrived conspiracy of the 15th of May—in the last desperate struggle during the bloody days of June—the popular leaders were allowed to muster all their forces and do their utmost. Each succeeding defeat was more signal than the one before; each showed more and more conclusively the immense majority which were ready to come to the relief of the government in its extremity; and the last overthrow of all completely annihilated the political party of the democracy as then organized. When the survivors were counted at the subsequent election of the President of the Republic, they were found to be but an insignificant fraction of the whole people. Thus, this let-alone method of maintaining order cost many lives, indeed; but it is possible that the preventative method would, with less bloodshed, have produced less ultimate stability.

The next great business of the Provisional Government was to maintain the credit of the nation. For this work, a financier was indispensable; and they were supplied with the abilities of Messrs. Bethmont and Goudchaux! Their task was, certainly, not an enviable one. The monarchy, with its budget of fifteen hundred millions, was not, at the period of its overthrow, far off from bankruptcy. By the emission of treasury bonds, it had drawn largely upon the resources of the state in advance. What was not spent, had been promised, even to the deposits of the savings banks, and the caution money of the newspapers. The debts of the monarchy which became due during the first two months after its fall, amounted to nearly a milliard. To complete this dismal picture of national embarrassment, there must

also be added the general commercial crisis then occurring in Europe, the interruption of all kinds of business in France, occasioned by the Revolution, the disappearance of specie, the enormous accumulation and sudden depreciation of railroad and fancy stocks at the exchange, the multitudes of persons destitute of both bread and occupation. It required, surely, a bold and strong head in the councils of the government to come effectually in aid of not only the public but also the private credit. It was not possible, as in the first revolution, to confiscate three-quarters of the landed property and two-thirds of the public debt of France, and to cure all the ills of the state by the panacea of assignats. Such measures cannot be enacted twice in a country. The provisional financiers, therefore, undertook to do the best they could with various minor expedients. The payment of all debts was postponed for a fixed number of days, extending in some cases to ninety; specie payments were partially suspended by the bank of France, and its notes made a legal tender, a portion of the treasury bonds were paid by being converted into the funded debt; a part of the deposits of savings were likewise liquidated in the five per cents or in treasury bonds; a new system of banks of discount was adopted; general entrepôts of commerce were established in various places for facilitating the exchange of merchandise; a loan of one hundred millions of francs was effected, and an additional direct tax was levied of forty-five centimes. By these and other measures, some partial relief was obtained, though not without immense private losses, and a great deterioration of public securities. For months after the occurrence of the Revolution the five per cents were worth less than the three per cents had been before. Between seven and eight thousand mercantile houses suspended payments in Paris, and nearly twenty-five thousand in the country at large. In the products of manufacturing industry alone, it was estimated that the Revolution and the legislation of the Provisional Government caused a deficit of seven hundred and fifty millions of francs. Not to go into an examination of the particular financial measures of the interregnum, it may suffice to say that they were adopted, like the measures for the mainte-

nance of the public peace—all too late. There was a general want of forecast and of energy in preventing many embarrassments before they occurred, or before they reached their climax. Crises which were inevitable ought to have been foreseen; money, which was obtained with so much difficulty, might have been spent with considerable more discretion; and the measures which were adopted one by one, in *extremis*, produced but a small portion of the benefit which would have accrued by the timely application of a systematic plan of relief. But if the financiering of the Provisional Government did no more, on the whole, than make a bad matter no better, this at least may be said in its praise, that it did not bring upon France the disgrace of *repudiation*.

But what did the Provisional Government do for the lower classes, who were represented by a minority in their councils? In the first place, they gave them promises. The country should have, said Lamartine,* practical democracy, equal laws and fraternal institutions; the new organization of society should diffuse universally the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of morality; wealth was to be so bountifully distributed that the servile name of *prolétair* should no longer be known, and the laboring man should be exalted to the rights and titles of the well-born; all men who were able to labor were to have employment guaranteed to them, and the disabled were to receive succor. The expectations of the dependent classes were raised, by such promises from the government as these, to the highest pitch. It would be difficult to describe the gorgeous visions which must have mocked the eyes of the poor *prolétaires*; but, surely, by all this, the chiffonier must have supposed that he was no longer to pick up rags, but be clothed himself in fine linen; the grisette must have expected to become at once the mother of republicans; and every roturier in the realm must have dreamed, that on the morrow he was to throw his gruel to the dogs, and dine on *rosbif à l'Anglais*. The poorer classes were led to expect that their *belle France* was about to be converted into the veritable Elysian fields, and the

portal was through the palace of the Luxembourg! There sat Louis Blanc at the head of the "Commission of the Government for Laborers," which, by the aid of a host of hopeful enthusiasts, philosophical cobblers and learned blacksmiths, was to solve the problems of associated labor, to organize the theories of promiscuous cohabitation, and to construct a millennial society by some easier method than that of regenerating its members. But the "Commission of the Government for Laborers," after a very brief duration, expired, and made no report!

The chef-d'œuvre of the Provisional Government—its great gift to the workingmen—was the national workshops. The first French revolution had set the example of feeding the populace of the cities at the expense of the state; and, during the Reign of Terror, the half million of Parisians and provincialists, which received daily rations at the public offices, cost the republic little less than the maintenance of its fourteen armies. But those were the times of forced loans on the rich, and of assignats issued on the security of the confiscated estates of the nobility and the church. The revolution of 1848 had no money. Yet it undertook to keep a large detachment of the Parisian populace in its pay, as a kind of pretorian guard; and, destitute of both funds and credit as it was, to obtain for the state the management of all the public works of the country. Accordingly it set up its workshops. Of course, all the vagabonds and rogues, both of the metropolis and of the provinces, who could not do better, at once sought for soup and shelter in the *ateliers nationaux*, as in so many open houses of refreshment. Their numbers amounted to 150,000, the proceeds of whose industry scarce paid for their salt, for, like all other sojourners, they liked to take their ease in their inn. The conservative members of the government had given their assent to these plans of the more resolute radicals only because they had no better ones of their own wherewith to meet the exigency of the times; but the National Assembly, on seeing the treasury exhausted by this scheme of feeding the idle at the expense of the industrious, required the Executive Commission, quite against its wishes, gradually to shut up

* Report of the Provisional Government to the Constituent Assembly.

the shops. This led to the insurrection of June, when the radical party, the red republicans, socialists, communists were irretrievably routed; the policy of the Provisional Government and of the Executive Commission was discarded, and the first stage of the revolution brought to a sanguinary conclusion.

Among the other important measures of the Provisional Government for the special benefit of the lower classes may be mentioned the organization of the *national Guard Mobile*. Some twenty odd thousand of the *gamins* of Paris were thus supplied with an income of fifteen pence a day on the condition of shouting *Vive la Republique* in the streets of Paris, or of swelling the number of unprofitable soldiers on the frontiers. The organization of this body of soldiery is one of the few works which have survived the provisional rule which created them; but if we may judge from their readiness to pick quarrels with the regular troops, and from the willingness they have recently manifested to raise the cry of *Vive l'Empereur*, their position is a very uncertain one, and the probability of their doing mischief would be much diminished by their gradual disorganization.

It would be impossible for us to review the minor decrees of the Provisional Government issued in the interests of the democracy; and it is the less important, as the most of them have since been abrogated. In general, all their measures subserved only temporary purposes; their more important schemes, designed to be permanent, have been treated by their successors in authority as an usurpation of power, as unwise as it was unnecessary. The judgment of the nation, pronounced upon them on their going out of office, was that they had acted a time-serving, negative part; and they received accordingly a negative recompense. Nor does their foreign policy need any further comment than the observation, that it was but the continuation of Louis Philippe's. It is true, they proclaimed the treaties of 1815 to be null; but they did not avenge their violation. They called their system of managing foreign affairs one of armed negotiation; and they did nothing but negotiate. In words they recognized the right of every distinct nationality in Europe to an independent existence; yet they interfered by arms neither in Poland nor

in Italy. The Republic itself has done no more since. While the influence of the Revolution in France has, indeed, been incalculable throughout Europe, the foreign action of the revolutionary government has not been perceptibly more or less conservative than was that of the monarchical government. The administration of M. Bastide, of M. Lamartine, of M. Guizot, have produced each the same obvious result. Each has the credit of having maintained peace; and which has done it with the smallest cost of funds and honor, is a delicate point that we do not now feel called upon to settle.

The meeting of the Constituent Assembly was the restoration of the bourgeoisie. Having accepted the republic proclaimed by the workingmen as a *fait accompli*, the independent orders of society immediately set themselves about recovering the political ascendancy which they had either possessed or claimed under the monarchy. The national elections resulted, on the whole, favorably for their purposes; a large number of the old politicians were returned to the Assembly; the compromise of the two parties in the Provisional Government, maintained for a time in the Executive Commission, was soon broken up by the events of June; subsequent to that period the radical measures of the provisional rule were gradually repealed or essentially modified; and after a succession of ministerial changes, the controlling power fell almost into the same conservative hands which had held it under Louis Philippe. The form of government had been changed; but the governing power remained nearly the same. There was a number of new men—but the old policy. The bourgeoisie found itself again in the ascendant, only the opposition which it had before experienced from the king it now had to encounter from the multitude. At first this opposition in the Assembly was by no means a powerless one; but its head and front was daily beaten down; and its clamors grew gradually feebler and feebler, until the election of the President of the Republic finally reduced it to insignificance.

Under the restored bourgeoisie, the so-called rights of labor were no longer recognized. On the contrary, Louis Blanc, the advocate of the workingmen, was

obliged to follow in the footsteps of Louis Philippe, the representative of royalty, to England. The socialist scheme of committing to the State the direction and control of all the public works, the internal improvements and the great industrial enterprises of the nation, beginning with the management of railroads and insurance companies, was set aside. The hours of daily labor, which had been diminished, were increased again; the press was once more brought under restrictions; the clubs were placed under the surveillance of the police; the right of assembling was curtailed; the taxes on provisions were, for the most part, restored; and the imprisonment of the person was re-established. Little, in fact, of the legislation of the Provisional Government was allowed to stand, except the abolition of slavery in the provinces, of capital punishment in political cases, of corporeal punishment in the army and navy, the chartering of banks of discount, and the opening of entrepôts of merchandise. So much for the negative action of the Assembly.

Its great positive work was the framing of the new Constitution. To the character of this instrument we now proceed to devote our special attention. For the great questions of interest respecting France, at the present time, are, Will this Constitution stand? What is the true character of the republican institutions which have been adopted in France? and are they suited to the French people?

One of the first observations likely to occur to any person on reading the debates in the Constituent Assembly on the formation of the Constitution, is, that the legislators were determined to convert the monarchy into a republic, without making any more changes in the framework of their monarchical institutions than was absolutely necessary to satisfy the popular demands. In the place of the hereditary monarch was put a president, elected by universal suffrage for the term of four years, and incapable of re-election until after the expiration of a similar period. This officer is charged with the executive authority of the State; is endowed with a considerable share of patronage; but is denied any participation in the business of legislation, beyond that of submitting, through his ministers, projects of law to the Assembly for its adoption, and of demanding, for reasons

given in writing, the reconsideration of any legislative enactments, although the same, after having been reconsidered, may be finally adopted by a simple majority of the Assembly. The titles of nobility having been abolished by the revolution, a Chamber of Peers had become impossible; and in lieu of it was constituted a Council of State—an anomalous kind of body, possessing the privilege of advising both the ministers and the Assembly in preparing their projects of laws, and also of supervising the public functionaries according to rules to be enacted by the legislature. Of this council the Vice President of the Republic is to be the presiding officer. Its members are to be appointed for six years by the Assembly, and may be removed by the same, with the concurrence of the Executive. Their number is not limited. Thus, instead of the former House of Peers, appointed for life by the king, we have a body of dignitaries destined, we fancy, to become little less celebrated than the famous Grand Elector of the Sieyès Constitution, who are to be made and unmade at the good pleasure of the other branches of government. In fine, instead of a king in France, there is to be a President; instead of a Chamber of Peers, there is to be a Council of Honorables; instead of the Chamber of Deputies, there is to be a Supreme Legislative Assembly of Representatives; instead of the hereditary principle, there is to be the elective principle, carried to its utmost limit. Excepting these changes, the Constitution framed by the national representatives does not differ very essentially from the Charter, whether as “given” by Louis XVIII. or as “accepted” by Louis Philippe; and, like that instrument, it leaves to future legislation the enactment of such important organic laws as may not be inconsistent with its general provisions. These laws may, of course, be more or less liberal, according to the character of the Assembly by which they shall be framed; and those of them which are to be enacted by the present legislature will probably bear the same conservative character which is stamped on its recent legislation. But what is of the greatest importance to be observed is, that in the local institutions of the country, and in their relations to the central power, the Constitution makes few changes.

[To be continued in next number.]

THE CONVICT.

My native land, my home, they knew me not;
 There fast the days of infant pastime flew;
 There 'mid the flowers that round our father's cot,
 Tossed by the healthful breeze, spontaneous grew,
 Along the margin of the streamlet blue,
 We children gambolled; or, with shouts of glee,
 Chased the light waves that seemed our feet to woo,
 And not a meadow nor a hill but we
 Had made the high court of some childish jubilee.

Oft where the sweet-briar wreathes our cottage door
 My mother sat, beneath its perfumed leaves;
 Or in the porch, with woodbine all grown o'er,
 To hear the swallow twittering in the eaves:
 How outward quietude the eye deceives!
 Beyond the precincts of that flowery vine,
 Still flaunting, *now* no joyous bosom heaves;
 The spoiler's hand hath marred the peace divine—
 I live to tell it. Yet that hand accursed was mine.

Methinks I see my father's features mild;
 I see his white locks round his temples wave;
 Ah! little deemed he that his shameless child
 Should bring them down in sorrow to the grave.
 I had a brother—he, the proud, the brave,
 How bore his sterner spirit that disgrace?
 A gentle mother too—Heaven from me save
 The imagination of her dying face!
 That sad, reproachful look—oh God! the thought erase.

Heartless, I left them all, and never more
 These weary eyes shall home or kindred greet;
 But to the pathless wood and sea-beat shore
 Shall daily toil still call my constant feet.
 One solace had been mine, but it was meet
 So pure a joy should be to me denied;
 For me a mother's cares were all too sweet;
 But now from where the eternal waters glide
 My child may look on her in whose fond arms—he died.

My child, my little child! for his dear sake
 When hunger paled his cheek, as still he cried
 From my poor breast with eager lips to take
 The drink that niggard nature half supplied,
 Wretched and pressed for want of food, I tried

In vain to shape fit words to beg my bread,
Till infamy became the price of pride ;
And all the light that on my soul was shed,
Was that babe's smile—that blessed babe, far better dead.

A homeless outcast, on the ocean wave,
Far from my native country I was sent—
A wretch disgraced—yet not one sigh I gave ;
I clasped my boy, and on his looks intent
I wept not—ah, I did not even repent !
While o'er the pathless ocean's mighty swell
We *both* were borne, my spirit was not spent,
And not a murmur from my closed lips fell ;
I met the beaming of his eyes, and all was well.

Crowds of unhappy criminals were there ;
And when we many days had been at sea
There came a blighting pestilence ! Despair
Filled every mother's heart. Successively
One child, and still another, died ; but he,
The babe, who nestled at my fostering breast,
As yet was from the fierce contagion free.
I clasped him close, and murmured, as I pressed,
One impious prayer—' Spare mine, oh God, and take the rest !'

Ere long his little form, day after day,
Thinner and thinner grew. His eyes that spake
Till now such joyous language, seemed to say
The soul must soon her tenement forsake.
I thought my struggling heart would surely break ;
But hope forsook me never, till *he died*.
And then one settled purpose, naught could shake,
Possessed my soul—I thought his death to hide,
That none from me my cherished baby should divide.

I could not see my fondly nurtured flower
Cast to the yawning caverns of the deep,
And so I sang to him, hour after hour,
And rocked him gently, as he were asleep ;
And, that I might the poor deception keep,
I smiled, and even in playful accents spake :
And every one that passed, I bade him creep,
For fear my quiet slumberer should awake :
Such heavy task did never mother undertake !

But soon my piteous secret was revealed,
And from my arms the clay-cold babe they tore ;
Felt they no pity when the mother kneeled,
Beseeching but for one, one last look more ?
The kinder waves a little time upbore
His infant form—it was a short delay ;
I saw him sink, and then the tears ran o'er
That swelled my bursting heart, and I could say,
' 'Tis well—the child from misery hath passed away.'

And now, my thoughts to deep repentance given,
 My God! what earnest prayers I brought to thee!
 Then I believed that, angel-tongued, in heaven
 My father, mother, child, might plead for me,
 And my seared heart from its despair was free.
 Weary the task, along the lengthening shore,
 To gather shells from each receding sea;
 But, while the CONVICT's toilsome lot I bore,
 There grew an inward peace I never knew before—A. M. W.

SONNETS.

I.

WOULD that my life were all a sleep, could Night
 Perpetuate her joys! I saw thee shine,
 A genius from an opening cloud, divine,
 Serene, composed of heaven's intrinsic light;
 And while the holy vision to my sight
 Drew near, it bade me, with a beauteous smile,
 Deem I but lingered on this earth awhile,
 And soon, disrobed of clay, should wing my flight
 To thee. Then, like a flame, dissolved in air;
 'Twas gone, but left an odorous cloud diffused;
 That now, from Nature's mortal bondage loosed
 Awhile, I seemed in Paradise, or where,
 Released of life, the spirits of the blest
 Lie dreaming in the bosom of sweet rest.

II.

Return, Oh Spring! all sad and wearily,
 The footsteps tracing of the faded year,
 I wander where the birds sing cheerily
 To springing flowers; but now, I only hear
 The mad wind, on his pinions gray with snow,
 Amid the forest roaring; and, in pain,
 The woods their groaning arms heave to and fro,
 And far-off hillsides cry to them again.
 And sad is Earth; though, now, the potent sun
 Transmutes a cloud to sapphires; and, bright,
 The brooks in icy channels glistening run;
 Though snowy hill-tops blush in rosy light
 Through azure veil; though modest Evening glows
 With finer hues than gaudy Summer knows.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

THE SOUTHERN CONVENTION.

The motive for calling this Convention, which comprised a large portion of the members of the houses of Congress from the slaveholding States, arose mainly from the previous proceedings in the House of Representatives, at the recent session of Congress, relating in part to subject of slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia, and in part to the question of the prohibition of slavery in the recently acquired territories of California and New Mexico.

The first meeting was held in the Senate-chamber on the 23d of December, at which 60 were present, as is understood, sixty-eight members.

Ex-Governor Metcalfe, senator from Kentucky, presided.

Mr. Bayly, of the House, from Virginia, read a series of resolutions, embracing especially, as regards the rights of the several States and the powers of the General Government, the principles of the resolutions of 1798. These resolutions were referred to a committee of one member from each of the slaveholding States,* who were directed to report thereupon at an adjourned meeting, to be held the 15th of January then ensuing.

This special committee met on the 30th of December, and appointed a sub-committee of five, namely, Messrs. Calhoun, Clayton, King, Morehead, and Bayly, to consider and report on the subjects referred to them.

On the 15th of January the Convention, numbering between eighty and ninety members, again met; and Mr. Calhoun, from committee of fifteen, reported an "Address of the Southern Delegates in Congress to their constituents."

The main points of the Address may be stated as follows:

First. Historical review of the constitutional provisions in relation to slavery; and the rights of the slaveholding States under that instrument.

Second. Alleged infractions of these provisions:

1. Directly: By acts of State legislation, and

* Namely, Messrs. Calhoun (S. C.), King (Ala.), Calhoun (Miss.), Downs (La.), Rusk (Tex.), Sebastian (Ark.), Atchison (Mo.), and Clayton (Del.), in the Senate; and Messrs. Stephens (Ga.), Cabell (Ky.), Morehead (Ky.), Chapman (Md.), Bayly (Va.), Gentry (Tenn.), and Venable (N. C.), of the House.

by individual combinations to embarrass, obstruct, or prevent the recovery of fugitive slaves by their owners.

2. Indirectly: By enticing, seducing, and assisting slaves to escape from their owners.

Third. Aggressive acts on the part of the North, not in violation of any distinct and express provisions of the Constitution, but aiming at destroying the relation of master and slave:

1. Measures and means designed to create a general feeling of hostility of the North against the South; as, societies, newspapers, petitions to Congress, &c.

2. Those intended to create discontent among the slaves; as, the circulation of incendiary publications in the South, the agitation of the subject of abolition in Congress, and the employment of emissaries.

Fourth. Narrative of the collisions in Congress between the North and the South on the subject of slavery:

1. On the question of the admission of Missouri.

2. In relation to Texas; and on the Oregon question.

3. In relation to the newly acquired territories of California and New Mexico.

4. As exhibited by the action and measures pursued in the House, during the present session of Congress, in reference to these territories and the District of Columbia.

Fifth. Advice to the South to be united among themselves in the present crisis; and to maintain an immovable attitude of readiness, if necessary, to defend their rights.

The conflict between the two great sections of the Union, growing out of a difference of feeling and opinion in reference to the relation existing between the two races, the European and the African, which inhabit the Southern section, commenced not long after the acknowledgment of our independence; and has increased, it is alleged, until it has arrayed the great body of the North against the South on this most vital question. This difference of feeling and opinion disclosed itself in the convention that framed the Constitution, and constituted one of the greatest difficulties in forming it.

This difficulty was compromised by providing, in substance, first, that representation and direct taxation should be placed on the same footing; second, that slaves escaping into non-slaveholding States should not be discharged from servitude, but be delivered up on claim of their owners; third, that Congress should not pro-

hibit the importation of slaves before the year 1808, though it might impose a tax on those imported, not exceeding ten dollars for each one; and finally, that no capitation or direct tax should be laid, but in proportion to federal numbers; and that no amendment of the Constitution, prior to 1808, should affect this provision, nor that relating to the importation of slaves.

These provisions were so satisfactory, that they were adopted—the second, relating to the delivering up of fugitive slaves, unanimously; and all the rest—except the third, relative to the importation of slaves prior to 1808—with almost equal unanimity. They not only recognize the existence of slavery, and provide for its protection, but also incorporate it as an important element in determining the relative weight of the several States in the government of the Union, and the respective burden they should bear in laying capitation and direct taxes. It was well understood at the time that, without these provisions, the Constitution would not have been adopted by the Southern States. The Northern States, knowing this, ratified it, and thereby pledged their faith, in the most solemn manner, sacredly to observe them.

With a few unimportant exceptions, the South had no cause to complain prior to the year 1819, when commenced the agitating debate in Congress on the question of the admission of Missouri into the Union, a topic to be again referred to. This debate aroused a spirit of discord between the two sections, which first disclosed itself in the North by hostility to the constitutional provision relating to the surrender of fugitive slaves, which was followed by the adoption of hostile acts, intended to render it of non-effect; and with such success, that it may now be regarded as practically expunged from the Constitution.

This has been done by a clear and palpable evasion of the Constitution. No provision could be more free from doubt or ambiguity. What shall not be, and what shall be done, are explicitly set forth. Under the former, it is provided that the fugitive slave shall not be discharged from his servitude by any law or regulation of the State wherein he is found; and under the latter, that he shall be delivered up on claim of his owner.

This provision constitutes an essential part of the constitutional compact, and of course the supreme law of the land; and as such, is binding on the Federal and State governments, the States and the individuals composing them. The sacred obligations of compact and the solemn injunction of the supreme law, which legislators and judges, both Federal and State, are bound by oath to support, all unite to enforce its fulfillment according to its plain meaning and true intent.

There was no diversity of opinion as to that meaning and intent prior to 1819. All placed

the same interpretation on it, and no impediments were interposed in the way of the owner seeking to recover his fugitive slave.

That period is declared to be past, and the provision virtually defunct, except in two States, Indiana and Illinois.

Taking into consideration the importance and clearness of this provision, the evasion by which it has been set aside may fairly be regarded as one of the most fatal blows ever received by the South and the Union. This cannot be more concisely and correctly stated than it has been by two of the learned judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In the case of *Prigg* against the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Judge Story said: "Historically, it is well known that the object of this clause was to secure to the citizens of the slaveholding States the complete right and title of ownership in their slaves as property, in every State of the Union into which they might escape from the State wherein they were held in servitude." "The full recognition of this right and title was indispensable to the security of this species of property in all the slaveholding States; and, indeed, was so vital to the preservation of their interests and institutions, that it cannot be doubted that it constituted a fundamental article, without the adoption of which the Union would not have been formed. Its true design was to guard against the doctrines and principles prevalent in the non-slaveholding States, by preventing them from intermeddling with, or restricting or abolishing the rights of the owners of slaves." "The clause was therefore of the last importance to the safety and security of the Southern States;" and "was accordingly adopted in the Constitution by the unanimous consent of the framers of it—a proof at once of its intrinsic and practical necessity." It "manifestly contemplates the existence of a positive, unqualified right on the part of the owner of the slave, which no State law or regulation can in any way regulate, control, qualify, or restrain."

And Judge Baldwin, in the case of *Johnson* against *Tompkins* and others, in charging the jury, said: "If there are any rights of property which can be enforced, . . . they are those which have been set at naught by some of these defendants." "Thus you see that the foundations of the Government are laid, and rest on the right of property in slaves. The whole structure must fall by disturbing the corner-stone."

These are grave, solemn and admonitory words, from a high source; and confirm all for which the South has ever contended on the subject of this provision of the Constitution. But in spite of these solemn warnings, the violation then commenced, and which they were intended to rebuke, has been fully and perfectly consummated.

The citizens of the South, in their efforts to recover their fugitive slaves, now meet, instead of aid and co-operation, resistance in every form—from hostile acts of legislation, from judges and magistrates; and, failing these, from mobs composed of whites and blacks, which, by threats or force, rescue the slave from his rightful owner. So that the attempt cannot now be made to recover a slave, without the hazard of insult, imprisonment, and loss of life itself.

An indirect, but no less clear and palpable violation of this provision of the Constitution is committed by the secret combinations which are believed to exist in many of the Northern States, having for their object the enticing, decoying, and seducing of slaves to escape from their owners, and the passing of them secretly and rapidly, by means organized for that purpose, into Canada, beyond the reach of the provision. And yet it is believed that, with the above exceptions, not one of the States wherein these combinations exist, has adopted any measures to suppress them or to punish those by whose agency their object is effected. On the contrary, their proceedings, it is alleged, are looked upon with indifference, if not with secret approbation.

All things considered, it is doubted whether a more flagrant breach of faith is to be found upon record.

This series of aggressive acts commenced in 1835, and have been continued to the present time. Their avowed object is declared to be the bringing about of a state of things which will force emancipation on the South. To this single point all the measures there enumerated are directed, regardless, it is alleged, of truth and decency.

These measures have been pursued for a series of years, not without doing much towards effecting the object intended.

Both the means and the object are regarded as aggressive, dangerous to the rights of the South, and subversive of one of the ends of the Constitution, as declared in its preamble—"to ensure domestic tranquillity"—which can only be disturbed in the South by the consequences which might result from such an agitation.

The series of collisions or conflicts between the North and South, enumerated under the fourth head, commenced, as before stated, on the application of the Territory of Missouri for admission into the Union. To the bill, which is usual in such cases, an amendment was proposed, with the object of making it a condition of her admission, that her constitution should contain a clause prohibiting slavery.

The opponents of the proposed amendment rested their opposition on the high ground of the right of self-government; that the only condition which Congress could constitutionally impose was that which the instrument itself

enumerates—that the State Constitution must be republican. That if Congress could add any one condition to this, it could any number without limit; a principle which was in substance contended for by the advocates of the proposed amendment.

The agitating question was settled by a compromise (so called) which provided that the ordinance of 1787 should be applied to all the territory acquired from France, lying north of 36 deg. 30 min., except such portion of it as lay within the State of Missouri. This was based on the understanding that the North should cease to oppose the admission of that State on the grounds for which the South contended. The Northern members embraced this compromise, though not originating with them; and it was forced through Congress by the almost united votes of the North, against a minority consisting almost entirely of members from the Southern States.

For many years the question of slavery, in reference to the territories, ceased to agitate the country, until the question of the annexation of Texas arose. It was then again adjusted by extending the Missouri compromise line from its terminus on the western boundary of the Louisiana purchase to the western boundary of Texas.

The recent acquisition of the Territories of California and New Mexico has rekindled the excitement between the North and South, in reference to slavery in the territories, more intensely than ever. The effect has been to widen the difference between the two sections. The North, it is alleged, no longer respects the Missouri compromise line, though adopted by their almost unanimous vote; but avow an intention to exclude slavery from all territories acquired or to be acquired, and of course to prevent the citizens of the Southern States from emigrating with their slave property into any of them. Their object, they declare, is to prevent the extension of slavery, and that of the South, to extend it; thus making the issue between the two sections to be, though erroneously, the naked question—Shall slavery be extended?

So far from maintaining the doctrine which this issue implies, the South, it is alleged, holds that the Federal Government has no right to extend or restrict slavery, any more than it has to establish or abolish it; and that it has no power whatever to distinguish [discriminate] between the domestic institutions of one State or section and those of another, in order to favor the one and discourage the other. To do so would be to act in total subversion of the end for which it was established—to be the common protector and guardian of all.

The South asks not for any such unconstitutional discrimination, as the North alleges, in her favor. It is not for the North, nor for the General Government, to determine whether

the domestic institution of slavery is good or bad, or whether it is to be repressed or preserved. It belongs to the South, and to her alone, to decide such questions. What the South does insist on is, not to extend slavery, but that her citizens shall not be prohibited from emigrating with their property into the territories of the United States, because they are slaveholders;* or, in other words, that they shall not be disfranchised of a privilege possessed by all others, of whatever nation, creed, or color.

The claim is rested, not only on the high grounds already stated, but also on the solid foundation of right, justice, and equality. The territories immediately in controversy—New Mexico and California—were acquired by the common sacrifices and efforts of all the States, toward which the South contributed more than her full share of men,† to say nothing of money; and is therefore entitled, on every principle of right, justice, fairness, and equality, to participate fully in the benefits to be derived from their acquisition.

In the case of the Oregon bill, passed at the last session of Congress, excluding slavery from that territory, the President gave his sanction to it solely on the supposition that the intention of it was to extend the Missouri compromise line west of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Assuming such to have been the intention of the North, the passage of that bill could only be regarded as the acquiescence of the South in that line.

But the developments of the present session of Congress have made it manifest that no

* But if slavery did not exist within such territories, and was forbidden by the fundamental laws thereof, at the time of the acquisition of them by the United States; so long as they remain territories, can involuntary servitude be introduced into them—whether by the immigration of slaveholders with their slave property, or otherwise—except by positive act of the Federal Government, authorizing such introduction—in other words, “extending slavery?” Mr. Berrien’s address, subsequently submitted, after expressly waiving the consideration of the question whether Congress can constitutionally prohibit the introduction of slaves into the territories acquired by the United States by the late treaty with Mexico; and also the question whether, in the actual condition of these territories, slaves can be carried within their limits, and held as such, without the sanction of an act of Congress; proceeds, in the very next paragraph, to submit the same considerations as are presented in Mr. Cadwallader’s address—the above among them—as those on which the claim of the South to participate in emigrating with their slave property, in the records resulting from the acquisition of these territories, may be, he thinks, “safely

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of Volunteers from the South, 45,640
from the North, 28,084

such purpose or intention now exists to any considerable extent with the North. Ample evidence of this is afforded by what has already occurred in the House of Representatives, where a series of aggressive measures have been introduced, all relating to the territorial aspect of the subject of slavery, or some other of a nature and character intimately connected with it. These aggressions are—

First. A resolution, introduced by a member from Massachusetts, the object of which is to repeal all acts or parts of acts which recognize the existence of slavery, or authorize the selling or disposing of slaves, in the District of Columbia. Vote on the question to bring in a bill to that effect, 69 yeas, 82 nays.

Second. A resolution, offered by a member from Ohio, instructing the Committee on Territories to report, forthwith, bills for excluding slavery from California and New Mexico, (since reported.) Passed by a vote of 107 to 80.

Third. A bill, introduced by another member from Ohio, to take the vote of the inhabitants of the District of Columbia on the question, whether slavery within the District should be abolished. This bill provided, according to the admission of the mover, that free negroes and slaves should vote. On the question to lay the bill on the table, the vote stood 106 for, and 79 against the motion.

Fourth. A resolution, subsequently offered by a member from New York, instructing the committee on the District of Columbia to report, as soon as practicable, a bill prohibiting the slave trade in that District. On the question of adopting the resolution, the vote stood, 98 for, and 88 against it.

Fifth. A resolution, afterwards offered by a member from Illinois, abolishing slavery in the territories, and all places where Congress has exclusive powers of legislation; that is, in all forts, magazines, dockyards, arsenals, &c., purchased by Congress with the consent of the State Legislatures. The resolution was passed over, under the rules.

The votes in favor of all these measures were confined to members from the Northern States; though there are some patriotic members from that section who voted against all of them, and whose high sense of justice is duly appreciated.

Were all these measures carried out, little would be left to be done to bring about emancipation, without any formal act abolishing slavery. Or, if emancipation did not follow, as a matter of course, such a final act, in the States, would not be long delayed. The want of constitutional power would oppose a feeble resistance, the great body of the North being united against the peculiar institution of the South, and regarding it, many of them, as sinful, and the residue, with few exceptions, as wrong.

To the above-enumerated aggressions may

be added one, though not yet commenced, long meditated and threatened, to prohibit what is called by the Abolitionists the internal slave trade, or the transfer of slaves from one State to another, for whatever motive or purpose; the object being, it would seem, to render them worthless by crowding them together where they are, and thus hasten the work of emancipation. There is reason to believe that this measure will follow those now in progress, unless some decisive step should meanwhile be taken to arrest the whole.

But even if these measures should not be adopted, there would still be left one certain way of accomplishing the object intended by them, if the determination avowed by the North to monopolize all the territories, to the exclusion of the South, should be carried into effect. This of itself would, at no distant day, add a sufficient number of States to the North to give her three-fourths of the whole; when, under the color of an amendment of the Constitution, she would emancipate the slaves of the South, however opposed such an act might be to the true intent of that instrument.

Under every aspect the result is certain, unless aggression is promptly and decidedly met. How this is to be done is for the Southern constituency to determine. To their consideration is presented the gravest and most solemn question that ever claimed the attention of a people—What is to be done to prevent the consummation intended?—the decision of which rests with them. The signers of the address only propose to give their opinion.

And that is, that the first and indispensable step, without which nothing can be done, and with which everything may be, is for the South to be united among themselves on this vital question, the want of which union and concert among them has brought on the present crisis. All mere questions of policy, and mere party ties, should be made subordinate to this. Such a unanimity will bring the North to a pause and a calculation of the consequences; and this may lead to a change of measures, and to the adoption of a course of policy that may quietly and peaceably terminate this long conflict between the two sections.

If it should not, nothing would remain for the South but to stand immovable in defense of rights involving their all—property, prosperity, equality, liberty, and safety. As the assailed, they would stand justified by all laws, human and divine, in repelling a blow so dangerous, without looking to the consequences, and in resorting to all means necessary for that purpose.

The South is earnestly entreated to be united, and for that purpose adopt all necessary measures. Beyond this it would not be proper, it is thought, to go at present.

The hope is expressed that union, with anything like unanimity, may of itself afford a

remedy to this deep-seated and dangerous disease. But if such should not prove to be the case, the time will then have come for the South to decide what course to adopt.

Mr. Clayton moved to lay the whole subject on the table. The yeas and nays being demanded, the motion was rejected; yeas 28, nays 60.

Mr. Berrien moved to recommit the Address to the committee, with instructions. But, on motion, the proposition was divided, and the Address recommitted, without instructions; yeas 41, nays 40.

Mr. Stephens moved that the meeting adjourn *sine die*. Lost; yeas 20, nays 59.

Messrs. Stephens, Chapman, Rusk, and Morehead requested to be excused from serving on the committee, which was granted; and the Chair appointed Messrs. Berrien (Sen., Ga.), Pearce (Sen., Md.), Kaufman (Rep., Tex.), and Peyton (Rep., Ky.), respectively, in their places.*

The convention or meeting then adjourned, to meet again in the Senate-chamber on the 22d of January.

The special committee again assembled, and appointed a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Berrien, Atchison, and Calhoun, of the Senate; and Messrs. Bayly and Cabell, of the House.

On the 22d the convention again met, and Mr. Berrien submitted an "Address to the People of the United States."

The motive of the address is declared to be to preserve, in its original freshness and vigor, the fraternal feeling that animated our fathers, and prompted them to "ordain and establish" a Constitution which, uniting us as one people, has enabled us to advance, with a rapidity unexampled in the history of man, to our present eminent position among the nations of the world. The object sought to be accomplished is, to obtain from the whole American people—to whom, and not to any particular section, the appeal is made—a calm, dispassionate, and patriotic consideration of a series of measures calculated, it is feared, to alienate that feeling, and to beget animosities alike unfriendly to individual and to national prosperity. No aid is invoked, to give weight to the address, from the representative character of those who make it. The appeal is made as to American freemen; and all that is asked is, that it be listened to in the spirit in which it is made.

* Mr. Clayton, in the course of the sitting of the 15th, said that, having served up to that period with the hope of giving a judicious direction to the movement, he would decline to attend any other meeting; and peremptorily withdrew from the committee. Mr. Clayton emphasized his declination in a manner that impressed itself upon the whole meeting. Messrs. Stephens, Chapman, Rusk, and Morehead are reported as having "requested to be excused;" whereas they positively withdrew.—*Washington Cor. of N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*, published Jan. 31.

The address then proceeds to narrate the same circumstances and facts as are detailed in the preceding address, and nearly throughout in the same language; avoiding, however, the asperities contained in the former. It concludes with stating it to have been the desire of those who make it to place before the American people the facts necessary to enable them to stay this controversy—to exercise the restraining influence which they alone possess, to give harmony to our national councils and prosperity to our country.

After the address had been read, a motion was made to strike out the address of Mr. Calhoun and insert that of Mr. Berrien. It was decided in the negative; yeas 27, nays 34.

Mr. Bayly, of Virginia, moved that Mr. Calhoun's address be adopted; which motion was carried by a vote of 42 yeas, to 17 nays.*†

On motion, it was further resolved that the address adopted by the meeting be left with the Secretary, for such members as approved of the same to sign it; and that the publication of it, when signed, should be suspended until the same should be ordered by a subsequent meeting of those who might sign it.

The convention then adjourned *sine die*.

The address was subsequently signed by 48 members, published in pamphlet form, and 30,000 copies of it taken for distribution. Among the signers, the States are represented as follows, namely: Virginia 10, N. Carolina 2, S. Carolina 8, Georgia 3, Florida 1, Louisiana 4, Texas 2, Arkansas 3, Tennessee 2, Missouri 1, Alabama 6, and Mississippi 6. Of this number only two were Whigs, the remainder being Democrats.‡

GOVERNMENT OF THE NEW TERRITORIES OF CALIFORNIA AND NEW MEXICO.

At the beginning of the session, Mr. Douglass, of Ill., introduced a bill providing for the admission of all the territories acquired by the late treaty with Mexico, as a single State into the Union, under the name of the State of California; subject, however, to be divided hereafter,

* Among the yeas were 13 Senators, and among the nays 6, distributed as follows, namely: of the former, from Virginia 2, S. Carolina 2, Tennessee 1, Mississippi 2, Louisiana 1, Alabama 1, Arkansas 2, and Florida 2. Of the latter, from Georgia 1, Kentucky 2, Louisiana 1, and Texas 2.

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† The vote on accepting Mr. Calhoun's address, though reported to stand 42 yeas to 17 nays, was distinctly announced as being 36 to 19 at the time the division was taken.—*Wash. Cor. of N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*, published Jan. 31.

‡ In making the preceding analysis of the reports and proceedings of the convention, the compiler has principally availed himself of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, *Herald*, and *Tribune*.

into two or more States, as might be deemed expedient. It provided that the question of slavery should be left to the action of the people of the State in convention assembled; and that the eastern boundary of the State should be the eastern boundary of New Mexico; which boundary the bill proposed to submit to the decision of the Supreme Court.

The bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee,* which, after about a month, submitted, through Mr. Berrien, on the 9th of January, an unfavorable report thereon. The ground of this report, independently of the inexpediency of erecting into one state so large an extent of territory sparsely populated, and inhabited by a people in great part strangers to our institutions and laws, was the more substantial objection that, in the opinion of the committee, the power conferred by the Constitution on Congress is, to admit new States—not to create them.

The majority of the committee recommended, in conclusion, the establishment of a territorial government for each of the two territories.

On the 18th of January, on motion of Mr. Douglass, at the suggestion of Mr. Clayton, a select committee of seven was appointed by the chair, to whom was assigned the recommendation of the previous bills, amendments and reports in reference to governments for these new territories.

On the 29th of January, Mr. Douglass, the chairman of the committee, reported a new bill on the territories in question. This bill provides:

1. That all the territory included within the Great Basin of California, and extending on the north from the Pacific Ocean, along the parallel of 42 degrees north latitude or southern boundary of Oregon, easterly to the dividing ridge, or Wahsatch mountains, that separates the waters flowing into the Colorado from those flowing into the Great Basin; in a line running thence along that ridge, (which runs in a southwesterly direction,) until it reaches the southern extremity of the Sierra Nevada range, and thence due west to the Pacific—shall constitute the territory of the State of California, which is declared by the bill to be one of the States of the Union.

Provision is made for the nomination of fifty delegates from among the citizens of the proposed State to form a State Constitution, and for arranging the usual preliminaries and formalities in such cases.

It is further provided that until the next census, the new State shall be entitled to one representative in Congress.

* This committee consisted of Messrs. Butler, (S. C.) chairman, Berrien, (Ga.) Westcott, (Pa.) Dayton, (N. J.) and Downs, (La.) An effort was made at the time, though unsuccessfully, to have the bill referred to the Committee on Territories, which was decidedly northern in its composition.

2. The residue of the territory acquired by the late treaty with Mexico, embracing, in addition to the territory of New Mexico which lies east of the Rocky Mountains, the portion which lies west of them and not included within the limits of the proposed State of California, and bounded on the north in part by the State of California, and in part by the parallel of 42 degrees of north latitude, east by Texas, south by the river Gila and the Mexican republic, and west by the State of California and the Pacific, and including the adjacent islands, shall be left subject to be hereafter formed into another State to be called New Mexico, or by such other name as may be given to it.

3. The question of the boundary between Texas and New Mexico is to be left to the decision of the Supreme Court.

4. The question of slavery in the proposed new State to be left to the decision of the people thereof.

5. The bill provides for the appropriation of \$100,000 to carry its provisions into effect.

6. The United States are to retain possession of all public lands, and the power of adjusting all disputes relating thereto.

The bill having been laid aside for the day, on the 2d of February Mr. Douglass moved that it be again taken up; which motion was negatived by a very decided vote of the Senate.*

RAILROAD ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

January 28.—Mr. Douglass, with the concurrence of Mr. Benton, by whom the original bill in relation to the proposed railroad had been introduced, submitted to the Senate a substitute bill, which provides—

1. That the Secretary of the Navy be authorized and directed to enter into a contract with Messrs. Aspinwall, Stephens, Chauncy, and their associates and assigns, for the transportation by steam power of army and navy supplies, public stores, mails, &c., and employes of the General Government, to and fro over a railroad to be constructed by them across the Isthmus of Panama, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; the Government paying them therefor not more than the sum of \$250,000 per annum; provided that no payment shall be made, under this contract, until the said railroad is so far completed as to permit transportation across the Isthmus wholly by steam power; and provided, further, that the railroad shall be commenced within three months, and completed within three years from the date of the contract.

2. The contract shall contain a proviso for establishing a tariff of rates of transportation

of citizens or other persons, and of goods, &c., in American vessels, as follows: during the first five years after the completion of the railroad, at the rate of not more than eight dollars a head for passengers, and eight dollars per ton for freight; during the next five years, at the rate of five dollars for the same; during the next five years, at the rate of four dollars for the same; and after these fifteen years, at the rate of three dollars. Provided that Congress may, at any time after ten years from the completion of said railroad, rescind the contract by joint resolution, which act shall annul it.

3. During its existence, all citizens of the United States, and all persons and goods arriving in registered or enrolled vessels of the United States, shall be transported across said railroad in the order of their arrival.

4. Three-fourths of the stock of the railroad shall at all times be owned by citizens of the United States.

This bill was debated, and the relative advantages of the Panama and the more northerly, or Tehuantepec route, were much discussed on this and several succeeding days. It was understood that the right of way over the Isthmus, between Huasaculco and Tehuantepec, which was refused, or not insisted on, in the late treaty with Mexico, could now be readily obtained. And as this would shorten the distance between New York and San Francisco about 2,500 miles over the Panama route, a disposition was shown by a portion of the Senate to abandon the Panama Railroad project, and take measures to secure the nearer route for a similar purpose.

The friends of the above bill urged the importance of having some steam-transportation route across the Isthmus as soon as practicable, and the present was the only *projet* before the Senate, and contemplating the only route over which, as yet, there was any certainty of having or obtaining the right of way. These and similar views were, in substance, advocated by Messrs. Benton, Douglass, Clayton, and Webster; while Messrs. Foote, Downs, and others favored the Tehuantepec route.

The bill was again, on motion, taken up on the 6th of February, when Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, addressed the Senate in opposition to it. Mr. Webster replied in favor of it. Mr. Foote presented a memorial of certain persons, stating that they had obtained the right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The memorial was ordered to be printed. The further consideration of the bill was postponed until the next day.*

DRAINING OF THE EVERGLADES OF FLORIDA.

On Friday, Dec. 29, the Senate took up the bill to authorize this work.

The question being an amendment offered by Mr. Underwood, on the 22d, to provide for

* New York Herald, and Morning Express.

† January 31.—On motion, the word "directed" was stricken out; thus leaving it discretionary with the Secretary to make the contract or not.

* New York Herald.

the appropriation of a sum of money to be expended in surveying the everglades, after some conversation, on the suggestion of Mr. U. the consideration of the bill and amendment was postponed till the next Tuesday.*

MEXICAN TREATY—THE PROTOCOL.

House of Representatives, Saturday, Feb. 3.—Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, asked the unanimous consent of the House to introduce a series of resolutions in relation to a recently discovered Protocol to the above treaty, which had not been laid before the Senate for their consideration.

The resolutions, which were read for information, were substantially as follows: That the President of the United States be requested to furnish the House with a correct copy of the original treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, entered into on the 2d of February, 1848, by Nicholas P. Trist, on the part of the United States, and Luis G. Cuevas, Barnardo Coati, and Miguél Arriestram, on the part of the republic of Mexico, and particularly those articles in said original treaty which were stricken out or amended by the United States Senate. And, further, that the President be further requested to inform the House whether there is any evidence in the State Department, of an arrangement and assurance made by our commissioners with the Mexican Government, before the ratification by said government of said amendment, substantially as follows:

PROTOCOL

Of the conference previous to the ratification and exchange of the treaty of peace, between Ambrose H. Sevier and Nathan Clifford, Commissioners, &c., on the part of the United States, and Don Luis de la Rosa, Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Mexican Republic.

In the city of Queretaro, on the 26th of May, 1848, at a conference between their excellencies Nathan Clifford and Ambrose H. Sevier, commissioners, &c., with full power from their government to make to the Mexican Republic suitable explanations in regard to the amendment which the Senate and Government of the United States had made to the treaty of friendship, &c., between the two Republics, in the city of Guadalupe Hidalgo, February 2, 1848, and his Excellency Don Luis de la Rosa, Minister of Foreign Affairs, &c.—it was agreed, after adequate conversation respecting the changes alluded to, to record in the present protocol the following explanations, which the American Commissioners gave in the name of

their government, and in fulfillment of the commission conferred upon them near the Mexican Republic.

1. The American government, by suppressing the ninth article* of said treaty and sub-

* The 9th article of the treaty stipulated, according to the President's message in reply to this call, and subsequently noticed under this head; for the incorporation of the Mexican inhabitants of the ceded territories into the Union as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and their admission to the enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of American citizens; and that in the mean time they should be maintained in the enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the civil rights now vested in them according to the Mexican laws; and it secured to them similar political rights with the inhabitants of the other territories of the United States. It guaranteed that the ecclesiastics and religious corporations should be protected in the discharge of the offices of their ministry, and the enjoyment of their property of every kind, whether individual or corporate; and finally, that there should be a free communication between the Catholics of the ceded territories and their ecclesiastical authorities, even though the latter should reside within the limits of the Mexican Republic as defined by the treaty.

The 9th article as adopted by the Senate, continues the President, is much more comprehensive in its terms, and explicit in its meaning, and clearly embraces all the guaranties inserted in the original article. It provides that the Mexican inhabitants, as above mentioned, who do not choose to preserve the character of Mexican citizens, shall be incorporated into the United States Union, and admitted at the proper time, (to be determined by the United States Congress,) to the enjoyment of all the rights of citizens of the United States, under the Constitution, and in the mean time shall be maintained and protected in the enjoyment of their liberty and property, and secured in the free exercise of their religion without restriction.

This guaranty, argues the President, embraces every kind of property, whether held by ecclesiastics or laymen, corporations or individuals; and the words "without restriction" appear, he continues, to have been added by the United States Senate, to have it understood beyond all question that the inhabitants were to be left at liberty to place themselves under the spiritual authority of pastors resident either in Mexico or in the ceded territories.

"The objection to the 10th article of the original treaty was, not that it protected legitimate titles, which the United States laws would equally well have done; but that it most unjustly attempted to resuscitate grants which had become a mere nullity, by allowing the grantees the same period after the ratification of the treaty, to which they had originally been entitled after the date of their grants, for the purpose of performing the conditions on which they had been made."

The concluding paragraph, or rather sentence

* National Intelligencer of Dec. 30. The bill was not called up on the next Tuesday, according to the Congress Reports in the National Intelligencer; nor does it appear to have since been.—February 10, 1849. Compiler.

stituting the third article of the treaty of Louisiana, did not intend to diminish in any way what was agreed upon by said ninth article in favor of the inhabitants of the territories ceded by Mexico. Its understanding is, that all of that agreement is contained in the third article of the Louisiana treaty.

In consequence, all the privileges and guaranties, civil, religious and political, which would have been possessed by the inhabitants of the ceded territories, if said ninth article had been retained, will be enjoyed by them, without any difference, under the article which has been substituted.

2. The American government, by suppressing the tenth article of said treaty of Guadalupe, did not, in any way, intend to annul the grants of land made by Mexico in the ceded territories. These grants, notwithstanding the suppression of this article of the treaty, preserve the legal value which they may possess, and the grantees may cause their legitimate titles to be acknowledged before the American tribunals.

Conformably to the United States laws, legitimate titles to every description of property, personal and real, existing in the ceded territories, are those which were legitimate titles under the Mexican law in California and New Mexico, up to the 13th of May, 1846; and in Texas, up to the 2d of March, 1836.

3. The government of the United States, by suppressing the concluding paragraph of the twelfth article of the treaty, did not intend to deprive the Mexican Republic of the free and unrestrained faculty [faculty?] of ceding, transferring and conveying, at any time, as it may judge best, the sum of \$12,000,000 which the United States government is to deliver in the places designated in the amended article.

These explanations having been accepted by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Mexican Republic, he declared in the name of his government, that with the understanding conveyed by them, the same government would proceed to ratify the treaty of Guadalupe as ratified by the Senate and government of the United States. Signed and sealed, in quintuple, by NATHAN CLIFFORD, AMBROSE H. SEVIER, and LUIS DE LA ROSA.

And further, that if said papers are in the Department of State, the President be requested to inform the House whether said commissioners, &c., gave said guaranties, and whether said protocol has been submitted to the con-

sideration of the United States Senate, and been sanctioned by a constitutional majority of that body.

And further, that the President inform the House whether he was aware of the existence of said protocol at the time of his proclamation of the final exchange of ratifications of said treaty, on the fourth of July, 1848.

Objection being made to the introduction of the above resolutions, by Mr. Houston, of Alabama, on the ground that as they were rather long, he desired to have time to look at them, they were returned to Mr. Stephens.

On the 5th of February,* a motion was made to suspend the rules, and allow the introduction of Mr. Stephens' resolutions. The yeas and nays being demanded, the motion was carried by a vote of 181 to 3.

Mr. Stephens, addressing the House thereon, said that as, at the last session of Congress, after the ratification of the treaty and the proclamation thereof by the President, a call was made on the Executive for the instructions to the American Commissioners, if such communication were not incompatible with the public interests; which the Executive, by his Message of July 8, 1848, declined, on the ground of such incompatibility; he did not, for this reason, deem it necessary to accompany these resolutions with that precaution. The call was therefore made unconditional. If the

* In the Senate, on the same day, Mr. Mangum, of North Carolina, submitted a resolution of similar import, to wit (in substance): That the President be requested to have laid before the Senate, in executive or open session in his discretion, any instructions to Messrs. Sevier and Clifford, Ministers, &c., or to either of them, prior to the ratification, by the Mexican Government, of the treaty of peace, &c.; also, the correspondence and explanations, if any, which said ministers had with, or gave to the Republic of Mexico or any ministers thereof, touching the effect or meaning of amendments made by the United States Senate to the original treaty, as concluded at Guadalupe Hidalgo, on the 2d of February, 1848, whether such correspondence and explanations were before the ratification thereof or after it, and before or contemporaneous with the exchange of ratifications, and particularly as respects amendments affecting the 9th, 10th, and 12th articles; also, any protocol or other paper, signed by said Sevier and Clifford and any minister of the Mexican Republic, if any such there be, explaining or affecting, or attempting to explain or affect, the treaty as ratified by the United States Senate; and also, all communications that passed between any of the ministers of the respective governments touching the effect of the amendments made by the United States Senate in the aforesaid original treaty.

The resolution was laid over until the next day, when it was accordingly taken up, and, after consideration, adopted.—*N. Y. Herald of the 6th, 7th, and 9th of February.*

of the 12th article, suppressed by the Senate, was as follows: "Certificates in proper form, for the said installments respectively, in such sums as shall be desired by the Mexican government, and transferable by it, shall be delivered to the said government by that of the United States."—*From the Message referred to, as published in full, in the N. Y. Herald of February 11.*

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The Financial Reform Association, under the guidance of Mr. Cobden, is exciting universal attention in England, and increasing in strength and vigor. His colleague in the Corn Law agitation, Mr. Bright, seems desirous of making the extension of parliamentary suffrage a branch of the present movement, but Mr. Cobden discourages the idea, on the grounds that a single definite object is more likely to meet with success, and that the project would be weakened by the withdrawal of many who are friendly to Financial Reform, but deprecate an alteration in the law of suffrage. Mr. Cobden proposes to reduce the expenditure to the standard of 1835, which he states to be eleven millions less than that of 1848. On this basis he would repeal the assessed taxes, the malt duty, the duty on hops, the excise duty on soap and paper, and the advertisement duty, and would also reduce the duty on tea to one shilling a pound. This proposal is skillfully arranged to obtain the concurrence both of town and country people, as each would expect to share in the reduction. Mr. McGregor, who has long been a laborer in the field of political economy and statistics, has also propounded a scheme. He proposes to abolish all customs duties except on eight articles, but as these are the most productive the revenue would suffer but little. He would reduce the naval, military and general expenditure by about six millions only, and would grant relief from taxation, which presses on the poorer classes, by increasing the property tax to five per cent.

That some great reduction of the national expenditure will be proposed by the Ministry on the opening of Parliament, seems to have gained general belief. It is said that in all departments an active and searching investigation is going on under the direction of the ministry, with that object in view. In the mean time it is satisfactory to know, that trade is in a healthy state, the manufacturers are extending their operations, money is plentiful, and the rate of interest low. Three millions of United States six per cent. stock subscribed for in London, (part of the sixteen million loan,) had been delivered, and was quoted at 104 to 105; and all other American securities were rising in value. Emigration is brisk, and the California fever has led to the formation (or the project) of several mining and trading companies in London, and numerous vessels have sailed, and others are advertised for that land of promise. The continent of Europe is also similarly affected.

A great excitement has been caused by the death of one hundred and forty unfortunate pauper children, who were placed by some of the London parish officers in an establishment at Tooting, about seven miles to the south of that city. The whole case was examined before a coroner's jury, and by the report of a medical officer of the sanitary commission. These children were, as is usual in London, boarded at an establishment out of town, for the purpose of their being removed from the close and crowded part of the city, which is considered prejudicial to the health of children. The medical witnesses disagreed as to the nature of the disease—some considering it to be the Asiatic Cholera, while others held a different opinion. But it was shown on the investigation that Peter Drouet, the keeper of the house, had maintained the children in overcrowded rooms, with insufficient food and clothing, and in a filthy state, and from these causes the disease had been, at least, greatly aggravated. A coroner's jury which sat on the bodies of four of the children, returned a unanimous verdict of manslaughter against Drouet, accompanied with a strong animadversion on the conduct of the guardians of the union by whom these children had been committed to Drouet's care, for having acted most negligently in their engagements with him, and in their visits to the establishment in performance of their duty towards the children. Drouet is committed to take his trial.

POSTAL CONVENTION BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN
AND THE UNITED STATES.

A convention or treaty between these two governments, "for the improvement of the communications by post between their respective territories," with the object of promoting the friendly relations existing between their respective subjects and citizens, by placing these communications on a more liberal and advantageous footing, was signed in London on the 15th of December, 1848, by Lord Palmerston, Chief Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Plenipotentiary on the part of the British government,* and Mr. Bancroft, the American Minister Plenipotentiary near the Court of St. James, on the part of the United States.

This convention was confirmed by the United States Senate, on the 5th of January, 1849, and by its terms establishes the several rates of postage enumerated in the following summary :

Single letter postage across the sea, 8 pence or 16 cts.
 " Eng. inland postage, 1½ " or 3 "
 " U. S. inland postage, . . . 5 "

* It was signed on the part of the British government by Lord Palmerston alone, on account of the absence of the Postmaster General. (Letter of Mr. Bancroft to Mr. Secretary Buchanan, dated London, 15th Dec., 1848.)

The sea postage to be paid to the vessel performing the service.

Transit postage through this country to the Canadas, 5 cents; and 25 per cent. thereon for paying by the ounce, instead of paying by the letter.

Transit rate through England, the inland rate of 1½ pence, or 3 cents; and 25 per cent. thereon for paying by the ounce, &c., as above. Transit rates through Canada, the Canada rates.

Each newspaper between the United States and England, 1 penny, or 2 cents. Periodicals, &c., weighing 2 ounces, 1 penny, or 2 cents; over 2 oz. and under 3 oz., 6 pence, or 12 cents; over 3 oz. and under 4 oz., 8 pence, or 16 cents, and 2 pence or 4 cents additional, on such periodicals, &c., for every ounce or fraction of an ounce, up to 16 ounces—the British Post-office limits.

The preceding letter rates are established for letters not exceeding the weight of half an ounce.

With respect to letters above that weight, each country is at liberty to employ, as regards the collection of the whole combined rate, (which, on letters posted in one country and deliverable in the other, may be prepaid,) the scale of progression in operation in its own territory for charging inland rate postage.*

* N. Y. Weekly Herald of January, 1849, pages 4, 5 and 10.

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The former having appointed a committee of the fine arts, M. Leon de Malleville, Minister of the Interior, refused to counsel the appointment, on the ground that the nation appertained to his department, and not to the President. The President also refused from M. de Malleville some letters and documents relative to the Boulogne and other affairs which were in the official

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In pursuance of the provisions of the constitution, the President sent to the National Assembly the names of three persons, one of whom they were to elect to the office of Vice President of the Republic. The names given were, M. Vivien, Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers, and M. Boulay (de la Meurthe). The latter was elected, and it is singular that he is the only Bonapartist in any prominent position in the government, the principal members of the Ministry belonging to the Orleans and the Legitimist party. The President has only succeeded in giving one place of trust (the governorship of the Invalides) to a friend. His ministry have superseded all his other family and personal appointments. Count de Walewski, a near relative of the Emperor, was destined for minister at Turin, but the President was forced to give way, and Gen. Palet was appointed; and in like manner the Prince de la Moskwa (son of Marshal Ney) was superseded by M. Dronet de la Huys, after being in possession of the credentials given to him by the President.

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The Austrian arms have met with great success in Hungary. The capitals Buda and Pesth have surrendered unconditionally, and the Hungarian insurgent forces are divided and scattered. The Frankfort Parliament have determined that the head of the Germanic Empire shall be vested in one of the crowned heads of Germany, and it is supposed it will be shortly declared hereditary. The republicans in the Assembly have met with a complete defeat, and the present opinion seems to be that the King of Prussia will be called to the new dignity. Prussia is tranquil, and the elections under the new constitution are progressing quietly.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

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In striking contrast stands the Platonic Socrates, in the attitude of an inquirer after truth. Philosophy is the object of his passion; he discourses not to the many but to the few; he frequents not the crowded agora, preferring to whisper in a corner to a few like-minded disciples. This simple, inquiring spirit does not go unrewarded; his search is not in vain; but he attains to grand truths, which lift him above the things of sense and time, into the regions of the spiritual and infinite. His principles of action approach well nigh to Christian morality. His thoughts shine like

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A more, thorough study and imitation of the Elizabethan age of our literature, would no doubt add that richness and flexibility of language which is wanting in many of these very elegant productions of Mr. Taylor.

Industrial Exchanges and Social Remedies, with a consideration of Taxation. By D^YD. PARISH BARRYDT, author of "Letters from Europe." Geo. P. Putnam: New York. 1849.

This is a treatise advocating free trade; it cost the author the evenings of a month to write down his thoughts on the subject. The arguments are slightly varied from the usual line on these topics. The style of the volume is light and pleasing; a great deal of argument, very few facts. Freedom of interchange of commodities is taken to be the universal solvent of all politico-economical difficulties. A treatise ought to be written to show that the great secret of prosperity in a nation is to produce nothing but corn and potatoes; that all professions but those of the farmer are bad and injurious. This treatise should be for America; a brother to it should then be written for England, condemning every species of industry except manufactures and commerce. These works should be patronized by the governments, and other kinds suppressed; very soon there would be a free trade and free manufactures quite perfect, all carried on by Englishmen.

History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris. By LORD MAHON. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Penn. 2 vols. large 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. Philad. G. S. Appleton.

"The era of the Georges in England may be compared to the era of the Antonines at Rome. It was a period combining happiness and glory; a period of kind rulers and a prosperous people. While improvement was advancing at home with gigantic strides, while great wars were waged abroad, the domestic repose and enjoyment of the nation were scarcely ever for a moment broken through. The current was strong and rapid, but the surface remained smooth and unruffled. Lives were seldom lost,

either by popular breaches of the law, or by rigorous execution. The population augmented fast, but wealth augmented faster still; comforts became more largely diffused, and knowledge more generally cultivated. Unlike the era of the Antonines this prosperity did not depend on the character of a single man." This is the opening sentence of Lord Mahon's history of the times of the Georges, which appears simultaneously with Macaulay's History of England, published by the Messrs. Harper.

On comparing the styles of these two remarkable works, we are inclined to give preference to Lord Mahon's, as more quiet, dignified, and carrying with it an appearance of greater care for matter than for manner.

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. 1st and 2nd. 8vo. New York: Harper & Bros. 1849.

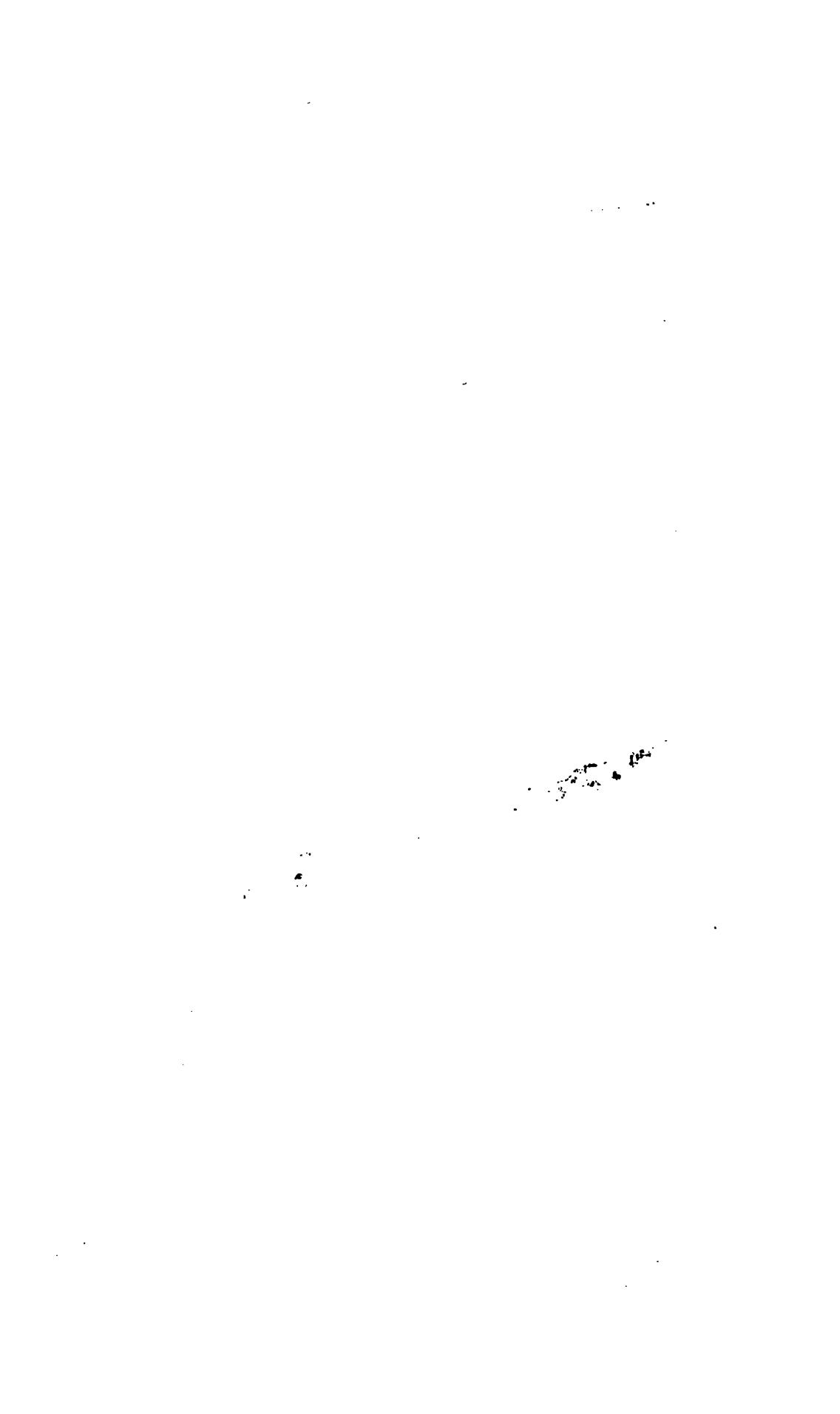
This long expected history, by the most brilliant and popular essayist of our day, has at length been given in a cheap and elegant form to the American public. We refrain from comment upon it at present, as it is our intention to give our readers a full review of the work as soon as possible.

Democracy in France. By Monsieur GUIZOT, late Prime Minister; author of the History of Civilization, &c. &c. D. Appleton Co.: New York; 1849.

The late Prime Minister of France, M. Guizot, and an author, has given in this pamphlet his own view of the condition of society in France, and has proposed the remedy. The principles he advocates, formed chiefly upon the study of our own and the English Constitution and history, have been repeatedly and in various ways set forth in this journal. We commend the work to the attention of considerate and prudent politicians, as, to our minds, the completest and soundest political essay of modern times which we have read. It gives the very pith of constitutional conservatism, as distinguished from political bigotry, and opposed to social and political radicalism. It is useless to quote from the book. Every politician who can procure it will read it of course.



Abbott Lawrence



THE AMERICAN REVIEW,

No. XVI.

FOR APRIL, 1849.

CALIFORNIA.

At a time when the golden treasures of California are attracting nearly all regards and absorbing nearly all interest, it is important not to neglect other aspects of the case which are even more remarkable and wonderful. We propose, therefore, to touch (and our space will allow us to do scarcely more than barely touch) upon some of those considerations which go to show the immense results that seem destined to follow from our new territorial acquisitions on the Pacific.

It is no ordinary position, that in which these acquisitions have placed us. It is a position of the deepest world-wide historical significance. It is so with reference to the peculiar relations which those new territories stand in to our nation and to the East of the world. It is so with reference to all that constitutes the world's historical present, which, springing out of all the past, contains in itself the mighty, uninvolved, undisclosed future. Its significance is not so much in what we actually see to-day, as in what we know must come to pass, as the stream of the world's history goes broadening and deepening on in the ages to come. Its significance is in fact that it contains the elements, the principles, the forces of a NEW CENTRALIZATION OF THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH. It is the beginning of a great American epoch in the history of the world. Just as certainly as there was a period when Asia was historically the centre of the world; and subsequently a period when Europe became so;—just so certainly the acquisition of these territories on the Pacific,

seems destined to make our country the world's historical centre. Over the two oceans that wash our eastern and our western shores, Europe and Asia seem destined to reach forth their arms, to meet and shake hands with each other across our continent. We do not say we can predict with absolute certainty when and how far this is to be; but we say that, in the present condition of the world, its civilization, its science, its arts, its commerce, its means of communication—there are the conditions, the forces, which have but to work naturally forward in the direction they are now working, and, in all human likelihood, this stupendous result must in due time come to be accomplished—a new historical centralization of the nations, and America the mediator between both sides of the old world.

Just consider how the case stands. In the sequel of a war, which it is not needful for us to characterize further than by saying that all unnecessary wars are unjust wars—in the sequel of this war, we have gained by a fair purchase an immense accession to our territories on the Pacific Ocean. Our government now stretches across the whole breadth of the continent from shore to shore, from the Atlantic connecting us with Europe on the one side, to the Pacific connecting us with Asia on the other side; and from the great chain of inland waters on the north, lying nearly on the furthest line of the temperate zone, to the tropical regions on the south—embracing an area nearly as large as all those states of Europe put together,

which for more than a thousand years have been the centre of the civilization of the world.

And how stands it with our nation, considered as the possessors, the occupiers of this vast territory? In less than three quarters of a century, within the memory of men now alive, we have grown from three millions of people to more than twenty millions; and at the same rate of increase, many now alive may live to see us grown into a hundred and fifty millions. That immense region of our country which we have hitherto been accustomed to call the West—a term which has gone on constantly receding and extending in its application from the Ohio to the Missouri, and to the foot of the Rocky Mountains—that immense region has become full of life and of men; innumerable steamboats swiftly meet and pass each other on the great rivers, where not long ago the solitary ark floated down the stream; and all along their banks, where the hunter and the trapper but yesterday sought their game, great towns and cities have sprung up all astir with the multitudinous hum of men, and resounding with the din of labor and of traffick; receiving and exchanging the products of a thousand millions of acres of those vast fertile plains, through which those mighty rivers flow—plains where the sturdy labor of ten thousand thousand strong-armed settlers has made the tall prairie grass give place to waving fields of corn and wheat.

But what has hitherto been our Great West, must cease to be so now. Our true West has passed over the Rocky Mountains, and lies along the shores of the Pacific from Oregon to California.

And the question now arises, whether those vast territories are to be filled up rapidly with people, and to remain an integral part of our nation, standing in a living social and political union with the States this side the Rocky Mountains? Of this, we think there can be no doubt. As to the rapid settlement of the country, this seems likely to be secured by the golden attractions that are drawing thousands and thousands thither from the Atlantic shores, from all parts of our country and from other quarters of the world.

But this alone, the mere filling up of the country by settlers, going, even the

great majority of them, from among ourselves, and carrying the spirit and the love of our institutions, and the desire to remain in political union with us; this will not of itself be enough to make those territories a permanent integral portion of the United States, and to secure those stupendous, world-embracing historical consequences of which we have spoken. For if communication is to be maintained between the Atlantic and Pacific shores only by long voyages around Cape Horn, or even by the shorter route through a foreign state, across the Isthmus by Chagres to Panama, it seems scarcely possible that a permanent political union can be preserved. The action of our central government can scarcely in this way stretch itself to embrace and keep the whole in a true political connection. The great Rocky Mountains, and the deserts said to lie between the two sides of the nation, will form a barrier to prevent the sense of oneness, the preservation of national feeling, and of true social and political union. But let the stupendous results of modern science be applied, let the great projected lines of railroad communication connect the two sides of the continent; let the telegraphic wires electrically unite them; and how different the case. Yet there is nothing impracticable in this nothing visionary; nothing near so wonderful in the prospect of its speedy accomplishment as in what has already been actually accomplished in the recent past. And there are causes, commercial and political, which are as sure to work out its speedy accomplishment, as the sun is sure to rise and set. And how easily then, under God, is the problem solved of binding and keeping together, in a living social and civil union, the eastern and the western shores of the continent. The Rocky Mountains, as to all practical effect, will sink down. The barriers of time and space will be annihilated. The tide of emigration, setting in from all parts of the country, can roll through the mountain passes; and men can transport themselves from our eastern shores to settle on the Pacific in one quarter of the time, and with one-tenth of the hardships that were involved in emigrating from New York to Ohio fifty years ago, or to the more western States even twenty years ago. Re-

representatives from Oregon and California reach their seats in the Capitol more quickly and more easily than representatives came from New Hampshire once. Add to this the communication of thought, passing literally with the speed of lightning to and fro across the continent, and from the central seat of government to the remotest points in the circuit of the nation; and how different is the problem of binding together in a central union immense and remote states, from what it was in the case of the Roman Empire. It took more years, and we do not know but we may yet more weeks, for the central government of Rome to communicate with its remote provinces, even along the great literary roads (those prodigious monuments of Roman grandeur) than it will take minutes to carry the action of our central government to the shores of the Pacific, and to any other remotest point of the nation. Add again to this the uniformity of language, institutions and laws, which will prevail throughout the States; the effect of the reserved sovereign rights of the several States in securing all local interests and satisfying all local sense of importance; while, at the same time, membership in the Union secures innumerable advantages not otherwise attained, and gratifies the larger sense of national importance. Put these things together, and we do not see why, under God, we may not remain centrally united as a nation, though we grow to be fifty States and three hundred millions of people. The action of all historical causes, political, social, commercial, seems to tend more clearly to this than to any contrary result. We can see but one disturbing cause to cast the shadow of ill omen over these bright auguries, and that is in the institution of slavery in the Southern States, and in the hostile feelings it has rendered. But the smallness of the area where slavery exists, or ever can exist, as compared with the whole area of the country; the diminished relative political importance of the South in the future at growth of population in the free States; the increasing conviction in the free States that slavery makes them poorer, (a conviction which the contrast between the growth of the slaveholding of the adjacent non-slaveholding

States forces more and more strongly home;) the importance of the Union to the South, equal at least to that of the South to the Union; and finally, the progress of moral convictions on the subject in the South, and the predominance of wise and conciliating counsels at the North, will we trust, under God, solve this problem without rupture, by the gradual ultimate dying out of slavery at the South, in the same way that it has died out at the North; a result which, we believe, would have already been substantially realized in the more northern slaveholding States, but for the exasperation of feeling produced in the South by the fanatic violence displayed in some quarters at the North.

But however this may be, the question of slavery will not retard the rapid filling up of the country on the Pacific Ocean. The great lines of railroad communication will be made, and the telegraphic wires will be set up along the track. This may be held for certain. And the accomplishment of this vast, yet simple and altogether outward and physical result, is of profounder importance, and must be so regarded by every one who knows how to estimate events in their true historical significance, than all the revolutions in the States of Europe, which have made the year 1848 a year of wonders in the chronicles of the world.

Its effect will not be limited to the binding together, in a true national union, the two sides of our continent. It must work a change in the whole commercial relations of the globe. The trade of China, and of a large portion of Asia, must find its way across the western ocean to our Pacific shores, building up great towns and cities there, and thence across the continent to the Atlantic coast, there to meet the trade of Europe coming over the Atlantic on its western route. And thus for Europe the old problem of a western passage to the Indies will be solved in a way that Columbus never dreamed of, when he set out to find it across the trackless, unknown seas. New York will thus lie within twenty-five days of China, and ten days of Europe; and must become the great *entrepôt* of the world. Thus we see how the connection between the eastern and western coasts of our continent (which is

certain, sooner or later, to be accomplished,) must change the commerce of the globe.

And this change involves other changes, affecting the whole course and character of the history of humanity, social, political and moral. This is a point that needs not be argued to any one familiar with the history of the world, and competent to appreciate the working of historical causes. Always the stream of the world's history has been drawn into the course of the great lines of commercial communication; and this must be more than ever the case in the present and coming age. America must become the centre of the world; and that not in a merely physical or commercial way, but in a deeper, true historical sense—a sense not to gratify an overweening national pride and vain-gloriousness, whereof we have already more than enough, but a sense full of momentous responsibilities, involving infinite possibilities of evil as well as of good.

Our country has entered on a new epoch in its history. From this year we take a new start in national development; one that must, more than ever before, draw the world's history into the stream of ours. This enlargement of our own national sphere takes place, too, remarkably enough, just at the time when the whole old-settled order of things in Europe is breaking up and passing forever away; and the old world turns its eyes to the new with a sense never felt before, that its destiny is bound up with ours. The life of Europe seems destined also to pour itself upon our shores, as never in times past, and to help form that yet unformed national character which the coming age must determine for us.

Now, for what purpose has the providence of God conducted our nation unconsciously through the events of the last three years, to the edge and prospect of such a stupendous, startling future?

We say the providence of God; and we say this, not as mere words of course—a customary phrase, without meaning. For as certainly as Divine Providence is recognized for a truth at all, it must be recognized that there are two elements in history, a Divine element as well as a human element; that a Divine idea is ever realizing itself in the historical life of

humanity, as truly as in the life of nature—in the events of human history, as in the phenomena of the material world; an idea not realized, nor to be apprehended, in the developments of a day or a year, but in the flow of generations and ages. The disciplinary education of the human race—this, we believe, is the divine idea—that underlies the whole history of the world. We have divine commentaries to this effect upon some of the most significant portions of the history of the ancient world.

Herein is the great and peculiar interest of the most ancient historical records. They contain not only the authentication of the idea, but its authentic application to the course of events. They enable us to see what otherwise we might not be able to see in any such determinate way. They disclose to us the providence of God, interposing with a special moral purpose in events which, to all outward appearance, were the mere results of the ordinary laws of nature and of the working of ordinary historical causes. Behind the series of outward events we are made to see the Supreme Disposer touching the springs of human action, permitting or thwarting the outward results of men's free determinations, and swaying with absolute grasp the agencies of nature. And, beyond question, the great purpose for which these historical records, enlightened by these divine commentaries, have come down to us, is to teach impressively, for all nations and for all times, the great truth that the providence of God is the genius of human history. If we had similar commentaries on the world's whole history, the same great truth which is so impressively taught in those records would doubtless be seen with equal clearness on the face of all the history of the world. If the records of all nations, in all ages, were accompanied with like authentic interpretations, we should then see clearly the Divine as well as the human element in history.

But none the less is it necessary to a right conception of history that we should recognize the idea of Divine Providence, even where we lack the clear, authentic application of the idea to the interpretation of events. The mind and the hand of the Almighty, as well as the mind and the hand of man, have been in all the fates and fortunes of the nations—in the

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Gorgias of Plato, with Notes. By THEOD. WOOLSEY. New edition, with additions. Boston: Munroe & Co. 1848.

Do not deem it necessary to commend to others this valuable work. The name of an edited and accomplished editor is sufficient proof of its excellence. Its first edition, published in 1842, has been introduced into our respectable colleges, and is widely and favorably known both to American and English scholars. His previous publications also, of select Greek Tragedies, have gained for the author a reputation which entitles him to bear the impress of his mind to current throughout the realm of scholarship. Nor is there any fear that the strictures, to which they may be subjected, will diminish their estimation.

The present object is only to briefly notice the introduction which is prefixed to the text, the dialogue, "with a view to give an exact and critique of the argument." It is with a short sketch of the Greek sophist's origin, history and character, and of Gorgias, who, in the present work, is a type of this class. Their character is sufficiently developed in the course of the dialogue. From other of the writings some additional traits may be learned; sentiments and reasoning of Gorgias as admirably exhibit the utter selfishness; denial "of all objective truth," and his contempt for a truth-seeking philosophy formed their distinguishing and mental characteristics. Without faith in they could have only selfish aims; personal aggrandizement the natural object of man's desire, they tried to reach by the criterion of success. The highest was the prince of demagogues. His pursuit was power; for this, the false was preferred to the real, the plausible to the sound.

The striking contrast stands the Platonic, in the attitude of an inquirer after Philosophy is the object of his passion; arises not to the many but to the few; seeks not the crowded agora, but prefers to whisper in a corner to a few like-disciples. This simple, inquiring spirit goes unrewarded; his search is not in that he attains to grand truths, which lift him above the things of sense and time, into the realm of the spiritual and infinite. His sphere of action approach well nigh to the morality. His thoughts shine like

stars across the darkness of far-off centuries, unquenched by the sun of revelation. His voice sounds, even to our ears, as if his lips had been touched by a coal from off the altar of inspiration. To live a holy life; to lead the people in the paths of right; to welcome just punishment as the medicine of the soul; if need be to suffer and die for the right; such are the doctrines inculcated by this martyr for truth. This noble character, the reasonings which overthrow the positions of the sophists, the eloquent rebukes of their flagitious principles, and the exquisite irony which exposes them to intellectual contempt as well as moral reprobation, are all ably adverted to in the Introduction, by remarks interspersed throughout the analysis of the argument.

Nor does the judicious editor suffer admiration to render him blind to his author's defects, but they are plainly and freely pointed out. It is not unusual for students of Plato's writings to become such zealous Platonists as to feel or affect contempt for all other philosophers; they cry out against "the noisy Baconianism of our day," forgetting how much it has done to elevate the masses, whom the followers of the academy would have left without effort to redeem. It is the natural error into which ardent minds are carried when they cease to exercise a sound and impartial judgment. Into it, however, Mr. Woolsey has by no means fallen; indeed, in another publication he has defended the reigning philosophy against charges of earthly and unspiritual tendencies.

On the whole, we should hardly know where to find, in the same department of literature, the equal of this Introduction, for clearness of explanation, and fair, unbiased criticism, combined with delicate appreciation of beauties both in thought and style.

Upon the body of the notes, critical and explanatory, which are annexed to the text, we forbear to comment. He who would criticise their scholarship must first climb with difficulty to an eminence whence he is capable of appreciating it. In one place only, we are sorry to observe what seem to us entirely out of place and contrary to his usual taste, viz: an application, however just, of principles in the dialogue, to political matters of our own day, about which men's opinions widely differ.

With works of this character, carefully edited, we are now well supplied, but it is a matter of serious regret to find good translations of Plato so rare, and so little known

inmost mind and heart, in the character and spirit of the people; and that, of all these causes, the religious convictions and systems of a people, resting as they do upon one of the most deep-seated sentiments of human nature, are the most powerful. Equally undeniable and undenied is the fact that Christianity, considered as a special constitution of religion, not only has had an historical existence for near two thousand years, but in nearly all that time has been one of the most significant facts in the history of the world. At the present moment, it is the religious constitution prevailing throughout nearly the whole of the civilized portion of the earth. It is wrought more or less into the civil and social life, into the convictions and habits of our own nation, and of the nations of Europe, into the course of whose history the rest of the world is destined to be drawn; and no sane man can for a moment believe that it is to be superseded in the ages to come by any other special religious constitution. If there is to be any religion in the coming age, it is to be the Christian religion.

Now, what we have to say is, that if Christianity is to exist to any good purpose in the new and grand career of development on which the world is entering, it must exist not as a mere formula, not as a mere outward institute, but as a true moral power, an organic life power in the historical life of the world. It must exist as a counteracting power to the naturally destructive tendencies resulting from any prodigious, unchecked overgrowth of the mere intellectual and physical elements in the life of the people. Grandeur and wealth, luxury and corruption, dissolution and ruin, this is the brief but accurate summary of the history of the extinct, but once most powerful, empires of the ancient world; and he has read history to but little purpose, and has but little competency to read it to any good purpose, who does not know that without some adequate conservative moral power, our national history will sooner or later be summed up in the same words. And we may safely challenge any man to deny that Christianity, in the proper working of its spirit and principles, is that adequate conservative power. We may safely challenge any man to imagine any other power which,

either in its own nature, or in the likelihood of its organic incorporation into modern civilization, can for one moment be regarded as equally adequate, or at all approaching to the solution of the problem of so permeating and sanctifying the elements of high physical civilization, as to secure the permanent welfare and true perfection of the social state.

We say Christianity, in the proper working of its spirit and principles; for as a spiritual, a moral power, it can work only as it is let work; it may be thwarted, resisted, perverted. Hence it is, that the history of Christianity enters into that which constitutes the deepest theme, the inmost sense of the world's whole history—the struggle between good and evil. This we must bear in mind, or we cannot form a right historical appreciation of it. For eighteen hundred years it has been struggling with the powers of darkness and evil. And if it has not yet brought humanity to a state of social perfection, if it has not accomplished the social perfectionment of any nation where it has obtained a footing, one thing is undeniable; it has carried Christendom to a higher point of social and moral development than any nation of Pagan antiquity ever attained. To its power is due all that distinguishes modern civilization, all that makes it superior to the civilization of the Old World. This has been accomplished in spite of the resistance which pride and self-will, and selfishness, and passion, oppose to its proper influence.

And during this time we have had a memorable demonstration, in a true historical way, of the futility of all schemes for the perfection of the social state proceeding in a hostile repudiation of Christianity. In the eighteenth century human reason, (as it called itself,) having plundered from sacred tradition every point and particle of truth and wisdom, which made it wiser than human reason in the pagan ages of the world, saw fit to set up for itself, to proclaim its independence of divine instruction. At this stage it did not announce itself in atheistic or immoral hostility to Christianity. It only talked of separating philosophy from theology, of vindicating for the former its proper province and rightful independence. But it did not stop here. It began before long

to deny and belie the very source of all the light it had, and to arrogate its stolen treasures as its own discoveries and possessions. And it went on philosophizing and philosophizing, until, in the end, it philosophized itself into the absolute denial of all spiritual truth; till it announced, as the last and highest discoveries of human wisdom, that there was no God, no difference of right and wrong; that man was a machine, and death an eternal sleep.

Then it set about the regeneration of humanity, the perfecting of the social state, the bringing in the "age of reason." The French Revolution was the practical result, and the fitting exposition of its labors. It demolished all the past; and on the basis of its grand negations—no God; no right and wrong; no spirit in man; no life beyond the grave—it began reconstructing anew the social fabric, in which nothing was to be seen but universal brotherhood, equality and social bliss. The golden age was to be no longer a fable and poetic dream; the bright ideal of a perfect social state was to be realized. Humanity, disenthralled from the yoke of priestcraft and superstition, (to which all social evils had before been owing,) was to come forth regenerated and ennobled in the pure light and free air of reason. Man was to realize a godlike and divine life, by the very act of scouting and denying everything godlike and divine.

We know with what success the posterous experiment was wrought out. We know what loathsome abortions this French philosophy, after driving God, (as it thought,) out of the world, brought forth. With the cant words of "liberty," "equality," "fraternization," "age of reason," "human regeneration," "universal brotherhood," on its lips, it made man a terror to himself, made society worse than a cage of wild beasts, capable of inflicting a thousand fold greater curses on itself than all the evils superstition ever wrought.

Now, we ask, if herein it was not the purpose of Divine Providence to teach mankind a lesson never to be forgotten? Has not that atheistic immoral philosophy, with its insane, blasphemous babblings, made itself known by its fruits? Has it not shown, on a grand scale, how much it could do for the regeneration of the world? And has it not become a hissing and a

by-word, a stench in the nostrils of all coming time? Did not God thus lead humanity some steps onward in that wild and terrible night of anarchy and storms? He did. He did. Never again, we may believe, will such a scene be enacted on this world's theatre? Never *such* a regeneration of humanity again. Never again such a destruction of the old spiritual and eternal foundations of social order, and such a re-construction of the social fabric on the basis of atheistic negations. The whole thing—the whole self-conceited, arrogant, jeering, profane, blasphemous thing—was first exposed in its infinite loathsome nakedness, and then exploded into infinite ineptitude and nothingness. But it has taught a great lesson. It has given an absolute demonstration of its futility and foolishness—an historical demonstration on the widest national stage, with the whole world for spectators looking on; to the end that mankind may henceforward forever point its finger and hiss at the stupid project of building up a perfect social state, by denying God, and reducing man to the level of the brutes. And that this lesson has been measurably learned, the new French Revolution of the last year has given proof—in the fact not only that it proceeded upon no formal repudiation of Christian ideas, but that all the political movements, socially destructive in their nature, and having their root in a spirit really hostile to Christianity, have been beaten and put down, and their authors and abettors shown to stand in a minority altogether insignificant and powerless. Doubtless there has been little enough of the true religious spirit, in that series of rapid and startling political changes; doubtless, more than enough of pride, self-will, selfish passion and the exaggerated sense of rights, without the sense of the duties they rest upon, imply and impose; but still the national spirit has displayed itself in no hostility to Christian ideas, in no insane attempt to build up the new civil and social order upon the destruction of Christian institutions. This is one of the most striking differences between this new French Revolution and the first one. And it is a lesson which the present age has learned from the past.

But it is not enough for the coming age that this lesson be learned only in its

negative side. Not enough that atheistic and immoral negations be no longer a fashionable creed. Not enough that Christianity be acknowledged as a formula, and exist as a visible institute, deferentially recognized while practically disregarded or resisted. Yet here precisely lies the danger to be apprehended. The spirit of the age is a spirit of hard worldliness and self-willed pride—not announcing itself in any theoretic rejection of the ideas of God and the divine constitution of religion, but in a disposition to resist and overbear the practical force of those ideas. The natural tendency of the prodigious multiplication of material interests, of the prodigious extension of man's sphere of activity, and of the prodigious intensity of the outward life that is everywhere going on, is to increase this spirit more and more. It may be quite willing to allow the ideas of God and his Church, provided it may shape and bend them after its own way. It may be quite willing even to let them stand as they announce themselves in Christianity, provided a respectful acknowledgment of them will answer in place of practical submission to them. But if they become troublesome—they must stand aside.

Now, to this spirit Christianity must, of necessity, oppose itself; and in the collision it must conquer—if it is to save itself and to save the world. It must pervade and sanctify, master and control, the spirit of our nation, and of the nations drawn into its course in the career of boundless wealth and power, on which we have entered; or it cannot in any adequate way act as a countervailing, conservative power against the destructive tendencies of such a prodigious development of the mere material elements of civilization. It must gain the mastery, or be itself thrown off and crushed beneath the wheels of the mighty movement by which the world rushes on to destruction.

For, let merely worldly-wise statesmen and pseudo-philosophers dream as they may, no paper constitutions, no bills of rights, no universal suffrage ballot-boxes, no progress of science, no diffusion of useful knowledge, no schemes of social or-

ganization substituting checks and counter-checks of selfishness for the law of love—can work the regeneration of the social state, and make individual men live together as brethren; and no political contrivances, no balance-of-power systems, no commercial relations, can effect the fraternization of the nations of the earth, and bring humanity up to a state of true social perfectionment, independently of those more purely moral influences which, if they come not from Christianity, cannot be looked for from any other source. We may get on after a sort; we may get on for a long time to come; but we cannot get well on in the best sense, and in the long run, unless Christianity becomes a true, living power, incorporated into the social organization, and permeating the historical life of the world. Unless this, not only shall we never reach the true perfection of the social state, but we shall not continue to get on in the future as well as we are getting on now. We shall fall, shattered, from the heights up which we are urging our tremendous way.

Our thoughts have carried us on to far conclusions; but they are such as spring naturally from a consideration of the true historical significance of our new acquisitions on the Pacific—the immense consequences for our country and the world those acquisitions involve. And if our thoughts are at all just, the circumstances under which those territories are destined to be filled rapidly up, makes the problem of our future fortunes as a nation infinitely momentous. The foundations of new states, of a new social order, are being laid there. What a hell upon earth, if the boundless lust of gold be unrestrained, unsanctified by better influences! Pandemonium was built of molten gold. By the immense significance, the world-embracing issues that depend on the settlement of that land; by every pulse that beats for our country's true glory and the world's true welfare, should we endeavor to pour the highest and purest moral influences into the new-forming life that is to spring up on those shores.

CARLYLE'S HEROES.

BETWEEN the date of Sartor Resartus and that of the six lectures "On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History"—a period of about ten years—it is manifest that a considerable progress had been made by the author of these works, both in respect to worldly experience and spiritual culture. Whatever change there is in the style of expression, indeed, might naturally be supposed to have arisen, in some measure, from the peculiarity of his position as a lecturer, conscious of the presence of real, human auditors, to whom he must make himself clearly and readily understood, on the spot, or else fail entirely of his purpose. The influence of this single circumstance is so plainly discernible, and so salutary, that we almost wish all his writings to have been subjected to the same conditions, and composed under the same consciousness of what is evidently required of every man who assumes to stand as an interpreter between ideas and the living world. To most writers, probably, such a restraint would be anything but advantageous, and so far from compelling his thoughts to take a proper outward shape, would be likely to check their genial flow, and give their expression an air of confusion. In this instance, the effect is to lop off extravagances, to restrain an unbecoming violence of feeling and lawlessness of imagination, and to curb an egotistical defiance of the tastes and opinions of his contemporaries, which the actual presence of an audience would render, in point of fact, as in some of his works it is in substance, a breach of propriety and true politeness.

Still more noticeable is the change in respects more inward and vital. From restlessness and universal discontent, the elements about him seem to have settled, in his mind, into a kind of composure. From unbounded aspirations and expectations for himself and for humanity, he has come to recognize human impotence, and to moderate his views accordingly—however much, even now, they may transcend

the ordinary boundaries. "One knows," he now says, "that in reducing ideals to practice, great latitude of tolerance is needful; very great." Instead of sweeping and indiscriminate denunciation, he has learned to look for good closely intermingled and easily confounded with evil; and his inclination to adopt continually a tone of impatient fault-finding, is so modified, that his predominant propensity seems to be to discover "the soul of goodness in things evil." His aims are more definite. He has a clearer perception of the necessity of meeting men where they now are—on the plane of their present actual attainment—in order to lead them onward to a better condition, or to arouse their nobler energies—the divine impulses slumbering within them—to any good purpose. Form and shape have gradually come upon thoughts and passions that were before vague, aimless and ungoverned. None the less conscious of his strength, none the less haunted, perhaps, with the notion of a decided superiority over his fellows, and of an important "mission" to perform, he has either overcome, in a good degree, or else learned to dissemble, his contempt for those whose thoughts are less energetic and less ready, whose purposes are less disinterested and simple, than his own.

But with all his changes, the *man* remains the same in all the characteristic elements of his nature. His identity is uninvaded, his individuality is indestructible. We are, in fact, able to get more nearly acquainted with the real features of his mind, now that what is only accidental has been in a measure removed, and what is essential and fundamental has become more mature, and shown itself in a more distinct and definite manner.

These lectures are understood to have been delivered, with careful premeditation, of course, but without previous composition. Reported as they were pronounced, they subsequently passed under the eye of the author, receiving his supervision,

emendation, and sanction. His auditors, we are told, were "very select, including six bishops, many clergymen, fashionable ladies, and the *élite* of the literature of London." That the lecturer esteemed this a "fit audience"—the very class of listeners he would have preferred—is hardly to be supposed; but, though embarrassed at the outset, (as we learn from one of his auditors,) he speedily soared above the disturbing attractions of custom and authority so strongly arrayed before him, and became unconscious of their influence. His eye could probably penetrate further, and discern more clearly, than any in his presence, whatever elements may have been wanting to complete the outline of his genius, or to put his powers under healthy control, and consecrate them to noble and enduring effort. In spite of his own theory, he had become possessed with a consciousness of this superiority; and in defiance of a self-satisfied and indolent conservatism, that fancied to itself no other work than to rest and decay in its present position, he gave an unhesitating utterance to the sober conclusions of his solitary meditation; never suspecting but that they were oracles of truth, nor even, in most cases, intimating a doubt of their genuineness and authority. What we before observed, in speaking of Sartor Resartus, respecting this oracular tone—dictatorial, like the language of one who believes his inspiration infallible—is equally apparent in this work, and in all that he has written; and though not entirely peculiar to Mr. Carlyle it is a characteristic element of his writing that can never be lost sight of. In the present instance, however, and for reasons already indicated, this imperious manner is occasionally relieved by a *perhaps*, or *it would seem*, but rarely when speaking of the highest and most vital matters, which he assumes to make the favorite topics of his discourse.

A hero, according to the nomenclature of Mr. Carlyle, is "a Great Soul, open to the Divine Significance of Life," "the outward shape of whom will depend on the time and the environment he finds himself in." All real greatness is, at bottom, in his view, one and the same thing. The man who, according to a favorite notion of his, moves and has his being, in a pre-

eminent degree, in the underlying, informing Power, which pervades all nature, and which he seems to recognize as an unconscious, impersonal, and the only true Divinity, is a hero. "The Great Man . . . is a Force of Nature; whatsoever is truly great in him springs up from the inarticulate deeps." As all greatness is the same in itself, though diversely exhibited in outward acts; so also he insists most strenuously that the mind of man is a *unit*, exerting itself in various directions, yet without division of faculties or distinction of capabilities. He cannot tolerate the common belief that a man may abound in intellect, and yet be deficient in heart; that he may be excessively great, without being at the same time excessively good. "Without hands a man might have feet, and could still walk; but, consider it; without morality, intellect were impossible for him, he could not know anything at all." By this we understand our lecturer to mean that, while the body has limbs and members, each appropriated to its own peculiar office, the mind is one and indivisible, acting *entire* when it acts at all; having no capabilities to lie dormant, to be miseducated, or to be ultimately suppressed; each individual mind, according to its capacity, having an equal fitness for all things: by which chain of opinions we return directly to that other favorite belief, the sameness of all true greatness—the identity of all superior endowments.

If the author's language respecting the unity of the mind has not the meaning we have given it, it is inappropriate to the connection in which he employs it, and irrelevant to his apparent purpose. It is, nevertheless, true, that neither Mr. Carlyle, (as these lectures demonstrate, on every page,) nor any one else, who will attempt to talk intelligibly for any length of time, can avoid the use of language completely overthrowing this simple theory, and demolishing all the doctrines predicated thereon. We deem it safe to presume that no sane man ever judged of the mind as a collection of distinct entities, having no relation to each other but that of juxtaposition, and each appropriated to a separate class of mental operations; and with equal confidence do we take it for granted that no man, who thinks soberly will deny that a given individual may have

r capability—and that, too, not it upon habit or “environment” or one kind of mental effort than her, and that one may possess alities in an eminent degree, which lacks almost entirely. It is a favor- n with Mr. Carlyle that insincerity ehood can accomplish nothing; man who really does anything is an; that whatever is great is es- good; and yet all that he says upon a fundamental conviction, han all these professions of faith, e is an eternal right and wrong— greater the faculties of a given l the greater his susceptibility of. All the way through this work, a conflict between the author’s nd more genuine convictions, and cious doctrine which he perpetu- lates.

assumed that “intellect without is impossible,” it only remains for peak of men in their intellectual itirely. “If I say, therefore, that ure is the greatest of Intellects, I l all about him.” We must bear nevertheless, the perpetual con- which we have just spoken, be- avowed theory and the spon- practice of the writer, which, in ig he has written, is one element of rd and dissatisfaction that disturb of every reader.

rst lecture treats of the “Hero ty.” It is a part of the philosophy ook, that the true hero (i.e., the at man, in whatever capacity,) ys be an object of worship to the ce at large. Such men, accord- view, appear but rarely, and ; intervals; but will inevitably, ey do appear, give laws to the ich shall be reverently obeyed by of men through long centuries, after the ideas so embodied have significancy and the worship its

Another, and new emanation of a soul of things—another “Force e”—comes forth to destroy the to found a new dispensation. sal History, the History of what accomplished in this world, is at the History of the Great Men e worked here. These were the f men, these great ones; the

modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment of Thoughts that dwelt in the Great Men sent into the world; the soul of the whole world’s history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these.” He adopts the popular *Progressive* theory without question, and proceeds to talk of the rude ages of an earlier period as well ascertained realities, which nobody would think of disputing. In these ages, some- where, and at a time indefinitely remote, when a great man was a novelty, and simple-hearted men were unable to see any limit to the powers he exhibited, the human race worshipped such a prodigy in the highest (the only appropriate) sense; the “*Hero*” to the imagination of these men, was a God. As a type of the “*Hero-divinity*,” the author conjures up for the Scandinavian god, Odin, from amidst the vague traditions of the past, a veritable human existence, and, by a happy effort of fancy, gives us a lively picture of the man as he walked upon earth. The actual existence of a mortal who may have furnished the germ of this and other creations of the Norse fancy, is by no means incredible. The same may be true of most or all of the Grecian deities; and, for aught we know, of some small portion of the million divinities of the Hindoos. This view of the case naturally suggests many fine and striking ideas, which have not escaped the notice of the lecturer; though it seems not improbable that he has kept back certain considera- tions, which left the deepest impression on his mind, and which, in fact, gave the chief relish to his cogitations on the subject.

We have no wish to violate the sanctity of an author’s hidden thoughts. While one’s views are unsettled, while certain tenets are held with some doubting, or while no fit opportunity has been present- ed of speaking effectively what is really believed to be important and salutary truth, silence deserves commendation rather than reproach. Such may have been Mr. Carlyle’s situation with reference to the topic hinted at in the following lan- guage; though later writings, at least,

leave little doubt as to what his opinions (if he can properly be said to *hold* any) now are: "Hero-worship, heartfelt prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest Form of Man—is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all Heroes is One—whom we do not name here!"

One grand effort of Mr. Carlyle, which, however, he shrinks from openly and undisguisedly making, is to bring all writings to precisely the same test, and all beings to the same level of judgment. "Trial by peers," he knows nothing of. The book of Job, in his opinion, is one of the greatest books ever written; but the Runic legends of the North he esteems not without merit in the same kind. The Psalms of David he admires in the highest degree, and in the lyrics of Robert Burns, also, he recognizes a "new, deeper revealing of the Secret of the Universe—verily of the nature of a message from on high." All the personal beings chiefly revered by mortals on earth, he reduces to the single class of "Heroes," of like powers in kind; of a greatness that is the same in all, be they divinities, prophets, poets, priests, men of letters, or kings. These views, as we have already hinted, strike at the very foundation of all institutions now existing, and, if true, require a fearless, and not a timid or ambiguous utterance. Or, if entertained by the writer only in the sense commonly adopted among men, they ought at least to be so presented as not to be mistaken for new and radical doctrines.

We think the charge of equivocation—of continually evading a direct issue, throughout the present work, at least—may be fully sustained against our author; and, we will add, in the language of a liberal and discriminating English critic, "Peradventure the sincerity of his mode of expression in several works may at times have been questionable. The most orthodox dogmatists," continues the same writer, "have often applauded his sayings about a church, when it has been plain to the initiated readers of his books, that he meant no such temple as that, but some untithed field, with a soul in it. In like manner, in his remarks on tolerance in his 'Hero-worship,' he seems to guard himself strongly against imputations of

latitudinarianism; whereby the highly orthodox commend him as very proper, and the latitudinarians laugh in their sleeves, he does it so well. It is the same in politics. Radicalism is scoffed at; and the next page lets loose a sweeping radical principle, involving, perhaps, no small destructiveness for its attainment. On the other side, Tories are gratified by his declarations of reverence for old things, though they may be placed, in order to be better seen, upon the top of Vesuvius; and the more assimilative and shapely Conservative smiles to hear him speak aloud for the conservation of all things which are good and excellent."

Coming next to the historical impersonations of Heroism, in the sense of our author, and bearing in mind that the several characters of Prophet, Man of Letters, Priest, Poet, and King, are all placed on substantially the same footing—each being a manifestation of the same powers, modified by circumstance in the method of their development—the reader is naturally somewhat surprised, (as was very likely expressly intended; for surprise is Mr. Carlyle's favorite resource against dullness or triteness,) when he finds what a company of "representative men" are ushered into his presence. The five succeeding lectures treat respectively, and in the order named, of Mahomet, Dante and Shakspeare, Luther and Knox, Johnson, Rousseau, and Burns, and Cromwell and Napoleon.

We must here be permitted to enter our protest against the anomalous use made by Mr. Carlyle of certain words in our language, to which custom has affixed a definite and peculiar meaning, and which no writer can have due warrant for changing. And especially when we are presented with such an array of names as we have just copied, all under the general denomination of HEROES, and as embodiments of one and the same predominant quality of HEROISM, it seems proper to make some attempt at discriminating between conceptions that the author would confound under a common appellation. It is not the province of genius, that we are aware, to remodel a language to suit its purposes, or to render obsolete all that has been previously written in the same tongue. The most gifted recognize the most dis-

inctly the nice shades of meaning attached to words of established use, and conform most strictly to the general custom.

Mr. Carlyle is a great etymologist. Everybody remembers the changes he has so often rung upon his *König*, *Konning*, *Canning*, *King*, as if—even admitting the etymology of the word to be accurately established by these resemblances of sound—the meaning now attached to it were not fully settled and universally known, and no longer open for discussion. For, in fact, all derivative words have their meaning determined by use, and, in many cases, retain little trace of the original signification of their primitives. Words the same in orthography, or slightly varied in this respect, and derived from the same root, have, in many instances, entirely distinct meanings—established by distinct channels of custom—to none of which meanings, very likely, would etymology afford any clue to one not familiar with the language. We regard etymology as quite too much a broken reed to be leaned upon with safety, in traversing the higher and more difficult regions of contemplation. To Mr. Carlyle, its aid seems to be very material, in his attempt to give a new spirit and character to his mother tongue, and to create the want of a new dictionary. Had he adhered more closely, however, to the original Greek purport of the word *hero*, he would have been much nearer the true use of the term, as now understood, and would have avoided some “confusions.” Mahomet, Luther, Knox, (in his humble degree,) Cromwell, and Napoleon, were in reality *heroic* in their lives; Shakspeare and Johnson hardly at all, as we conceive; and Rousseau quite the reverse. Had poor Robert Burns struggled a little more heroically with his outward vexations and with himself, the flower of his genius would have been the precursor of more substantial fruit than he has left to the world. John Knox appears strangely among a select list of ten model “great men”—and how a very strict similarity (except as every man resembles every other) can be traced between Mahomet and Napoleon, or Dante and Burns, or Cromwell and Rousseau, it is hard to discover. In point of intellectual vigor and susceptibility, his ten “heroes” have a kind of resemblance that

may be understood, almost infinite as is the difference in degree between the greatest and the least of those enumerated. Yet one needs simply to call up the names of these in succession, understanding anything of their lives and labors, to be impressed at once with a diversity founded on considerations which our author has avowedly (though not always strictly) passed over, as having no legitimate ground, and which enter, as an essential element, into our judgment of every human being. Mahomet had courage, energy, forecast—and so had Napoleon. Both were ambitious—both made extensive conquests. And yet the deeper motives that controlled each were as diverse as possible—and, of course, to the same extent were their characters unlike. One was a religious fanatic, embarked in that profound imposture which comprehends its own contriver among its dupes, and aiming to give an enduring creed and laws to a semi-barbarous people; the other was first the instrument of an enlightened republic, struggling to maintain its political independence, against the combined monarchical powers of Europe, and afterwards the victim of his own selfish aspirations to entail imperial honors upon his descendants. Dante and Burns were morally as wide from each other as the poles, and as unlike as they were unequal in genius; and who would listen patiently, were we to attempt to point out the moral dissimilarity, which every one will read at a glance, between Oliver Cromwell and Jean Jacques Rousseau; between the Puritan, the hero of Marston Moor, Naseby, and Dunbar, the profound and crafty statesman, whose vigorous policy awed the world, and whose courageous heart went through incredible trials, without a murmur; and the father of French Atheists, the author of *Héloïse* and the *Contrat Social*, the soft, voluptuous sentimentalist, whining over fancied misfortunes, eaten up with jealousy of his race, living the slave of his own weakness, and dying in hope—of an eternal sleep?

We dwell the more on this question of a distinct phase of character not to be confounded with intellectual vigor, and by no means exclusively dependent upon it, (as the case of Lord Bacon at least imperfectly illustrates,) because it is a funda-

mental doctrine with Mr. Carlyle—and, in fact the substance, in a certain sense, of all that is original in this book—that no such distinction ought to be made, or in truth can be. And yet even he, in making *sincerity* a test of the quality of a man's mind and of the real significance of his labors, plainly enough admits the reality of a distinction for which every language has its appropriate expression. And here we find confusion enough. His pen is perpetually flourishing the words *quack, sham, simulacrum, semblance, lie, &c.*; and referring to an Eternal Justice that has no patience with such things, and will have them put out of the way. Falsehood and error are then possible. And yet he holds that nothing can get itself established that has not in it a true worth. This so violent beating of the air, then, is a waste of strength, and the merest folly. And as to a man's sincerity—how can that be known, except as it is judged from his acts? And why apply this test, unless it is possible—and perhaps equally so—for the same powers to have a wrong direction as well as a right one? If the only question respecting Mahomet, for instance, be simply whether he has “great intellect” or not, of what use is it to inquire whether the mission he claims be genuine or pretended—whether the Koran be true or false? And what matters it whether he received his system by direct inspiration from Heaven, or whether it was contrived, as all the early Christian writers say, by the aid of a renegade Nestorian monk? Whether he manifested a cold-blooded cruelty, incompatible with any tenderness of feeling such as a religious disposition presupposes, or whether he was actuated by the soul of goodness and gentleness? Whether he did again and again speak what he knew to be utter falsehood, or whether he always kept within the limits of strict veracity? Whether, while he forbade any one of his followers to take more than “three or four wives,” he himself had a score, and allowed himself the greatest license in the indulgence of his passions? Such inquiries are, indeed, according to this system, absurd. But Mr. Carlyle admits that no man is invariably consistent and sincere—he grants that Mahomet had “faults, imperfections, insincerities even:” one may have, then, great intellect and

general sincerity, and yet every word and act of his demand a careful scrutiny, as to truth and falsehood, right and wrong. When, therefore, according to this admission, you have determined respecting any one that he is “the greatest of intellects,” you have *not* “said all about him.” And provided you find a man to be thoroughly sincere, does it always follow that whatever he may say will be true, and whatever he may do will be proper? Such would seem to be the general rule which our author lays down;—what a mass of incongruity and confusion, in this view, do the sayings and doings of his ten “heroes” present! We admire the unaffected liberality of Mr. Carlyle, and his readiness to welcome as a fellow-laborer every man who works with a manifestly good intent, in the great business of shaping the world's affairs, and of controlling the fortunes of humanity; yet we think he imposes upon himself a task he cannot well accomplish, when he attempts to make out all his heroes equally true and equally deserving (so far as their powers are equal) of approbation and admiration. We would not willingly undertake to justify the creed of every man whose general sincerity is unquestionable, unless assured that his intellect is infallible; nor can we infer that his intellect is infallible *because* his sincerity is unimpeached.

There is a theory quite extensively in vogue among a class of men who look up to the author of this book as one of the Great Lights of the age, and more or less acquiesced in, no doubt, by a larger number, to which this and similar works have given currency, at least, wherever it may have originated. It is, in substance, that every truly great man is born to develop a new era—to remodel the affairs of the world—to resolve society into its elements, and evoke a new creation. With the advocates of such a theory, an appeal to experience goes for nothing; but to others it may appear, as it does to us, an argument of sufficient weight, at least, to dissolve this “baseless fabric” of the fancy. We do not soon expect the appearance of minds superior to many, whose names we might mention, who lived thousands of years ago; nor are we of the number who believe that the present race of human beings is destined ever, in this world, to

take a sudden stride, such as shall forever separate us from the past, and cause the old ages to dwindle into insignificance. We very much question whether any innovation, either in belief or practice, which has not some shadow of a precedent in the experience of the last six thousand years, will be found, in the end, to possess any great value. The mechanical inventions which, in the opinion of some, (though they are lightly esteemed by the particular class in question,) form the crowning glory of this century, are only the matured fruit of laws and principles, the knowledge of which may be traced far backward, and which only required the necessity imposed by a greatly increased population, and a gradual multiplication of social wants, to stimulate the ingenuity which has brought them to their present degree of perfection. There has been no change of the kind to which these theorists refer, hitherto, brought about suddenly, or at the fiat of one man; even the theocracy of Moses was not established in a day, and many generations passed while Christianity was gradually working its way to a commanding position in society.

We are not about to pursue this topic here. We desire, simply, to call attention to the real fact respecting each of the "Heroes" our author himself has selected, as among the chief spirits of the last eighteen hundred years. Mahomet was a reformer—an imitator of the higher labors of Moses and of Christ. He gave a new direction to the world's affairs, we grant, and put an end to many idolatrous mummeries. Mr. Carlyle esteems him a truly great man, and thinks he made the world better. We shall not now stop to controvert this opinion, and whatever this example makes towards the theory in question, in the minds of candid readers, may be set down to its credit.

Dante was a most devout and uncompromising (might we not even say intolerant?) adherent of "Mother Church," in one of her most corrupt periods. He was conservative to a faulty extreme. He never dreamed of seeking an embodiment of his ideals, except in things as they actually existed.

Shakspeare, to our mind, is the model of all that is highest and most magnificent in genius. He is the standard by which

all other creative genius may fitly be measured. For our theorists, nevertheless, everything about this wonderful mind tells upon the wrong side; and this example alone is all that could be asked to place it beyond the reach of dispute, that the most gifted of all may be, at the same time, the most loyal, the most conservative, the best satisfied with his earthly condition.

Luther was a reformer, and so was John Knox. But each aimed at *restoring* Christianity to a perfection which they supposed to have formerly existed—not to destroy it entirely to make room for something else.

Johnson was a conservative even to bigotry; Rousseau pined in sickly discontent over the evils of Christian civilization, and talked of a return to savage life as a hopeful scheme; and Burns was too much lost in the beauty and grandeur of this world, as it appeared to his eyes, to surmise, for once, that it was possible anything therein could be made better.

Cromwell fought for the Church, "as he understood it," and only asked for the State that its affairs might be administered energetically and in good faith, as already constituted. Napoleon, springing into power and renown when the spirit of Ultra Democracy was raging at its height, turned the tide of affairs backward, and only improved on the *ancien régime*, by infusing a new vigor into the administration he had taken upon himself—not by striking out a new and untried path, by the force of his genius.

Poets have properly nothing to do with practical reforms. Kings can never be radicals. Of Prophets, Mr. Carlyle thinks the race is pretty much extinct; and Priests, in the proper use of the word, are not the men to proclaim a new gospel. Of innovating Men of Letters, the present age furnishes enough—but that any of the number will ever have the good fortune to get enrolled on a select list of Great Men, by some lecturer of a future generation, is more than we know.

We may as well remark here, what doubtless has occurred to every reader of these lectures, that these six classes of "Heroes" which the author makes, are altogether arbitrary, and anything but complete, though in strict enough accord-

ance with his own general views. Plato and Aristotle, Euclid and Archimedes, Demosthenes and Isocrates—or, to come nearer home, Kepler and Newton, Leibnitz and Des Cartes, Sir Humphrey Davy and Baron Cuvier—each of whom, whether ancient or modern, we are prone to believe, were as truly “Great Men” as Knox or Rousseau—can be referred to neither of the classes here laid down, with the intention, as we are left to suppose, of including one type of every “development” which “circumstance” gives to human greatness. Whether Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Thorwaldsen, Mozart, and Beethoven, might not with some little show of propriety be referred to the general class of Poets, may admit of a doubt—of which doubt we willingly give Mr. Carlyle the benefit, though he seldom or never, it is true, evinces the slightest appreciation of their merits, or those of the particular class to which they belong; but of the other great names, which we have mentioned, either from neglect or design, he manifests no recognition whatever.

Plato, we think, was quite as much a *hero* as Robert Burns; Leibnitz probably understood the “Divine Significance of Life” no less than Johnson; and we believe there are more respects than one in which Aristotle was superior to John Knox. Why this sedulous exclusion from the pale of genuine greatness of everything that belongs to the higher walks of Spiritual Philosophy; this apparent contempt of the Orator, the Mathematician, and the Man of Science? Was there no *intellect* displayed in these pursuits? And how came such pursuits ever to have an existence, and to engross the attention of minds of the highest order? We are not demanding that this whole subject should have been exhausted in six lectures. But we do charge upon our author that, both

here and elsewhere, he studiously under-rates certain kinds of intellectual effort, and, by blindly contemning one half that the human mind has achieved, has himself acquired a one-sided and distorted mental character, which he is too anxious to propagate.

Mr. Carlyle's original purpose, in these lectures, evidently, was to entertain his auditors with a few hours' pleasant discourse on certain leading minds that have arisen since the beginning of the Christian era. In meditating the subject, his plan seems to have enlarged; for the first time in his life, perhaps, it occurred to him that all greatness was essentially of the same order, diversely modified by position and circumstance, which modifications he could reduce to six; for each of which one or more exemplars from the individuals already in his mind—completing the group by adding two or three not before contemplated in his plan—would afford an interesting and, viewed in this light, *novel* subject for an evening lecture. The chief subject of the first discourse, we conjecture, was an afterthought, and taken up only to give symmetry and completeness to a scheme hastily adopted, for reasons less commendable than a deliberate conviction of the truth of all the tenets that lie at its foundation.

The effort to be original is fatal to some persons, like Mr. Carlyle, highly gifted by nature, and fitted by intellectual culture for exalted and enduring efforts in literature. In the present instance, our author could not fail to elicit much entertainment from the topics of his discourse, and we can easily credit what, with a slight appearance of vanity, he says at the conclusion of the course: “The accomplished and distinguished, the beautiful, the wise, something of what is best in England, have listened patiently to my rude words.”

THE TRAVELLING TUTOR.

CHAPTER I.

IN the heart of the vast artery which serves to connect the fashionable regions of the West End of London with the busy marts and crowded thoroughfares of the city;—about midway between the spot where stood the thriving and pleasant village of Charing, in those olden days when St. Martin's in the Fields justified its now inappropriate designation, and the site where the old gate of Temple Bar, once presenting its venerable front, pleasantly decked out with the grisly heads of traitors, to the traveller who sought entry into the great metropolis, still rears its time-worn head, though no longer adorned with these agreeable and cheerful appendages; and in the immediate vicinity of that stately palace, which, once the home of royalty, is now the head-quarters of royalty's best friend, taxation, and thus provides the means for those gorgeous pageants which were, in former days, held within its courtly halls;—is a street but little known to fame, and presenting but few features likely to attract the attention of the stranger, who treads the busy avenue of the Strand. To say the truth, Catherine street is a rather dingy, dirty, and disagreeable thoroughfare; and, like many human beings in the great world around us, owes the trifling notice which it may sometimes receive, rather to the accident of its position, than to its own intrinsic merits, which are little enough to justify the most exuberant humility. At the foot of Catherine street stands Somerset House; at its other extremity, Old Drury, once the temple of the English drama, presents its tempting portals to the stranger, and the head of the Bard of Avon, smiling upon him from above the portico, carries back his mind to the golden ages of English poetry—the period

when the drama, hitherto an insignificant and humble bud, burst at once under the hand of the great master into the glowing beauty of full development, and attained, as it were in a moment, the bloom of perfect ripeness and maturity. There are, it is true, some saddening associations which crowd upon the mind of the thoughtful observer who stands before this time-honored fane. The bills upon the walls of Old Drury which herald the perfections of some foreign dancer, and proclaim the high attractions of some transcendent ballet, are but sorry commentaries upon the bust which still rears its head above the doors; and, while these indications of a declining taste press unpleasantly upon his mind, the eye of the traveller wandering down the street, and resting upon the new towers of Somerset House, recalls painfully to his memory those palmy days when English kings and nobles preferred the dulcet strains of English poetry to the contortions of Mazurkas or Cracoviennes, and when the avenue from the palace to the theatre was trodden often by courtly footsteps.

Certain it is that no aristocratic feet awaken the echoes of Catherine street now—groups of dirty newsboys assemble in the afternoon before the doors of the newspaper offices within its limits, and vie with each other in most unmusical competition; as the shades of evening close around, the female vampires, who throng the miserable purlieus of the Strand, may be seen issuing from their lairs in courts and alleys, and passing through it, their haggard faces strangely and sadly contrasting with the flaunting finery which decks their forms, to pursue the fearful traffick of their hideous calling; and in the dead hour of the night the silent echoes are ever and anon awakened by the yells of some drunken wretch, whom the myrmi-

doms of justice are dragging to the wholesome and sobering discipline of the watch-house;—but that is all. No coronetted equipages disturb the repose of its pavements; luxurious wealth has taken flight to the exclusive regions of the West End, and abandoned to its twin brother, drunken poverty, the sole dominion of this, its ancient home.

The stranger whose curiosity leads him to wander through this most unattractive thoroughfare, can scarcely fail to observe on the door of a small and unostentatious house within its precincts, the words, "Office of general information and agency;" presenting themselves in attractive yet unobtrusive characters to his contemplation; opening to his mind, if his faculties be sharpened by need, interminable prospects of lucrative appointments, waiting only for the acceptance of fortunate candidates; or, if he be gifted with the said organ of curiosity, presenting to his imagination visions of vast stores of information on all imaginable subjects, sufficient to decide, with oracular precision, questions the most intricate and profound. If he be in either of these predicaments—and who is there that is beyond the influence of either curiosity or need?—it is ten to one that he pushes open the door, which swings with convenient ease upon its hinges, and treads the modest staircase which invites his ascent, and in another moment he will find himself ushered into the stately presence of the high-priest and presiding genius of this temple of necessity.

Mr. Lestroque is a gentleman, "whom not to know argues one's self unknown." A competitor for fame in many varied fields, he has gone far to falsify the old adage, by succeeding in all that he has undertaken, and shining with equal brilliance in each of the spheres which he has illumined. Stroll into the shops of book-sellers, and you will find his works upon their counters; glance at the columns of newspapers, and you will peruse with delight his sparkling essays; wander into the play-house, and you will be charmed with the sparkling wit of his farces, and roar with laughter at the irresistible facetiousness of his burlesques; journey to the sunny regions of the far-off East, and those whose memory stretches back some fifteen

years ago, will charm you with innumerable anecdotes, illustrative of his good qualities as an author, an actor, and a *bon vivant*.

It must not be imagined from this that Mr. Lestroque is declining into the vale of years; far from it. Those quick, dark eyes, sparkling with mirth and good humor, belong not to old age; that open forehead, although time has denuded it of the locks which once crowned it, and tinged those which yet remain with grey, is yet innocent of wrinkles; that well-made form and smiling countenance, albeit they bear some marks which betoken that their owner has lived "not wisely, but too well," yet retain all the indications of ripe and mellow manhood, and sparkle with the joyous hilarity of faculties yet unimpaired and undecayed.

It was a bright afternoon in the merry month of June. The few swallows who, evidently impaired in their intellects, persisted in preferring the eaves of Catharine street to the free air of the open country, twittered gaily as they put forth their heads from their nests to inhale the genial breath of summer; and from the newly watered streets arose a cool and refreshing exhalation, albeit the bed from whence it was wafted was defiled with many unsavory contributions. The sun was at its fiercest heat; weary pedestrians sought with avidity the shady side of thoroughfares; and the dogs, running about with protruded tongues and panting breath, suggested to the timid passer-by unpleasant visions of hydrophobia, and its wonted accompaniments of feather beds and summary suffocation. The dark bosom of the murky Thames gave back a bright reflection of the orb of day; and the passengers in the penny steamers, driven to distraction, between the scorching heat of the sun's rays and the pleasant combination of heat and steam and decomposed oil, which greeted them from the engine-room, sighed for the termination of their voyaging, and mentally resolved to venture upon such aquatic pleasuring no more.

Even the ardor of business seemed to have yielded to the enervating influence of the temperature. For a full hour a candidate had presented himself eager to secure lucrative employment; no stranger had penetrated the sanctuary, to propound

for solution mysterious and unfathomable difficulties; and Mr. Lestrocque, unbuttoning his vest, that he might the more freely luxuriate in the cool breeze which was wafted into his apartment through the half-opened window, threw himself back in his easy chair, and abandoned himself to contemplation and repose.

Nor did the matter of his reflection appear to awaken any unpleasant emotions. Quite the contrary. The office was rising into flourishing prosperity; contributions flowed in daily from new patrons; and the portly and imposing volumes which contained the names of those who had placed themselves under its protecting wing, like the brain of an ambitious man, bore record of wants innumerable and inconsistent. Turning over with indolent satisfaction the pages of this book of fate, he thus gave utterance to his agreeable meditations:

"Well, spite of bad times, business seems as brisk with me as ever. Not quite half past one o'clock, and we have already got through a fair day's work; and the books are still full of applicants, and crowded with modest requirements. Let me see; there's Lady Matchwell wants a French cook—a hundred guineas a year and perquisites; and a governess for her three daughters—twenty pounds a year and find her own washing. Lord Fopley requires a valet who can dress hair, and make himself generally useful, (a pretty comprehensive term that, in a description of a nobleman's valet,) fifty pounds per annum and three suits of livery; and a private secretary, competent to write speeches for his lordship, to deliver in the House of Lords—fifteen shillings a week, without board, and must have the manners and education of a gentleman. Then, here's a poor devil who thinks himself a Roscius, and coolly writes to me to inquire whether I think he had better come out in *Macbeth* or *Jeremy Diddler*; charge him half a crown for information, and tell him to go to the devil! Here's another letter from that terrible Mrs. Selina O'Rafferty, the dreadful widow of an Irish officer of dragoons, with her three lovely daughters; each one of them fit to have taken a place in the ranks of her father's troop; who half maddens me with her importunities. One of her sweet girls, she says, has the voice of a *nightingale*—if so, preserve

me from all *nightingales*, say I; another is a modern Siddons, and recites *Shakespeare*, with a fearful brogue, until she drives me quite distracted; and the other is a model to Ellsler, and flings her long legs and long arms about like a human windmill, in a manner that is frightful to behold. But the poor woman thinks all her geese swans, and pesters me to arrange for their immediate appearance at some of the principal London theatres! Upon my word, we must double our fees to her, as the only chance of getting rid of her. And then, the inquiries that pour in; questions which would have made the hair of the Egyptian Sphinx—who kept the earliest general information-office on record—stand on end distractedly; but which we are earnestly requested to answer by return of post. Phew! it makes me warm to think of them; but we do answer them, somehow!"

At this moment a tap at the door interrupted the current of his meditation, and a visitor presented himself before him.

The new comer was a young man just entering into the full bloom of manhood. A casual observer, glancing at his well-rounded form and handsome face would have pronounced him to be about twenty-five years of age; and although a nearer inspection might have induced some to attribute to him the experience of a few more summers, yet the first guess would have been nearest to the truth. But, in fact, there was every excuse for thinking him a much older man; for, in the few years which had elapsed since he had attained to man's estate, Henry Rushton had led that sort of life which soon stamps wrinkles on the brow of youth; and his countenance, though it was strikingly and undeniably handsome, had yet that repulsive but indefinable expression with which vice ever marks its votaries, and casts a cloud over the most faultless beauty. No one who ever saw him could avoid imputing to him that peculiar compound of qualities which entitles its possessor to the general appellation of a "*fast man*" in the current slang of Cockneydom. Though his eyes were bright with the light of intellect, there was yet that in their expression from which the glance of a modest woman shrunk abashed; and his whole demeanor was characterized by

that uncertain air, half elegant and half jaunty, half vulgar and half refined, and wholly and altogether impudent, which especially distinguishes the honorable fraternity to which he unquestionably belonged.

The attire of this young gentleman was as remarkable as his person, and displayed all the features common to the genus "fast man" in full and luxuriant development. Upon his head—knowingly set on one side, in order, it is presumed, to impart greater sagacity to his appearance—he wore a very shiny glossy hat, with a brim so desperately curled that the whole garment assumed the aspect of those hats which, with the unpronounceable and incomprehensible names appended to them in imposing characters, may be seen in the shop windows of some of the cheap hatters in the Strand; his throat was encircled by a cravat surprisingly narrow, but tied in a bow of surpassing magnitude—the fringed ends whereof might plainly be desecrated by an observer viewing him from behind; his shirt was adorned with full length delineations of remarkable opera dancers, poised upon one toe in impracticable attitudes, which positively fatigued the eye with their excessive and hopeless rigidity; and from the third button to the right-hand pocket of his waistcoat, which was of that class of pattern designated as "thunder and lightning" in the vernacular dialect, was festooned a gold chain, apparently well calculated, both by its pattern and its dimensions, to serve for the cable of a pleasure boat. Though he had not been riding, he wore a riding-coat, with flaps of exceeding magnitude upon the hips, and adorned with brass buttons, the brightness of which was positively painful to behold; the pattern of his trowsers was of a check so vast in its proportions, that it could, from no point of view, be seen entire; a circumstance which caused his legs to resemble, to the imagination of the fanciful spectator, a pile of small cheeses, or one of those candles, marked around at regular intervals, with which King Alfred was wont to note the passage of time; on his feet he wore remarkable boots, whereof the toes were of the brightest of patent leather, while upon the sides of the cloth which composed the remainder of those garments, little rows of mother-of-pearl

shirt-buttons—which could never, under any imaginable concurrence of circumstances, be of the very slightest use—were curiously and facetiously arranged; and in his hand he carried a slim cane, whose chief use seemed to be identical with that to which corals and India-rubber rings are devoted in the early stages of babyhood, since its ivory head, which was carved into the resemblance of the fore-leg of a rampant racer, was constantly in his mouth, and appeared, from the relish with which he devoted himself to the elegant operation of sucking it, to afford him high and unspeakable gratification. Such was Mr. Henry Rushton—an excellent specimen of a class whose members may be met with in crowds in the great world of London.

Mr. Lestrocque did not by any means like the aspect of his new visitor; for the human animals of the "fast" species were the objects of his special and peculiar abhorrence. But business has no feelings; during office hours we must put our predilections in our pockets, otherwise but little else will ever find its way there. So, with his most urbane and gracious smile he welcomed this new candidate for his good offices, and demanded to know his pleasure.

"My business," said this young gentleman, throwing himself carelessly into Mr. Lestrocque's own arm-chair, from which he had risen to receive him, "is easily explained and quickly settled. Tell us, my old boy, have you any good situations on your books?"

"Why, I have—and I have not."

"So; I understand you. Plenty for those who can pay, but none for those who cannot; plenty for a fool with a full purse, but none for a philosopher with an empty pocket. But see; here is the talisman before which all difficulties vanish! So, open your sybilline books, my noble Roman, and let us see what you can do." And with these words he drew forth a purse, much more remarkable for the glittering of its beaded exterior than for the apparent bulkiness of its contents, and jingled it with agreeable facetiousness before the eyes of his astonished auditor.

To say that Mr. Lestrocque was most insufferably offended by the free and easy deportment of his visitor, would be to convey but a faint idea of his towering indignation. But he said nothing, con-

tenting himself with darting an angry look at the intruder, which apparently produced as much effect as if it had been directed at the wall of the apartment; since that young gentleman, playfully tapping his boots with the slim cane which has been already immortalized in this history, smiled pleasantly at him, and admonished him to "look sharp," without displaying the smallest disturbance of his equanimity.

Opening one of the large volumes which lay before him on the table, the individual thus facetiously adjured proceeded to read from its contents, interrupted by the occasional and voluble comments of his auditor:

"Wanted, in one of the principal establishments at the West End, a young man of polished manners"—

"So far, that will exactly suit."

"—about twenty-five years old"—

"Just my age! Better and better!"

"—who is conversant with accounts, can take charge of the money"—

"I excel in that department! Nothing I can do better."

"—and is willing to make himself generally useful behind the counter."

"Behind the counter! Why, what the devil do you mean? Do you think I look like a grocer or a man-milliner?"

"That will not suit you? Well, we must try something else." And Mr. Lestrocque opened another of his ponderous ledgers, and proceeded to run his eye over its pages; pending which process, his visitor devoted himself to the mastication of the horse's hoof, with great appearance of appetite.

"Here is something that may suit you better," said Mr. Lestrocque, at last pausing in his search: "Wanted at a boarding school for young ladies"—

"Ha! that looks much more promising!"

"—conducted by two maiden ladies of serious character"—

"Bah! that will scarcely do!"

"—a dancing-master of strictly evangelical principles."

"Ah! you need not read any more, old boy. I think I can foot it a little; but not in the serious style by any means. Casino! Vauxhall! Bal Masque! eh? my trump, that's the ticket!" and the "fast

man" at once proceeded to execute, to the manifest derangement and imminent peril of the surrounding furniture, that peculiar variety of the Polka which is in peculiar favor with the "nobby ones" at those genteel places of entertainment, whereof the essential peculiarities appear to be the horizontal extension of the arms to the utmost possible distance from the body, and the infusion into the entire performance of a species of frenzy, which causes it greatly to resemble that innocent and delightful entertainment known as "running a muck," among some nations not remarkable for civilization.

Mr. Lestrocque hastened to put an end to this lovely ebullition; for gentlemen in the prime of life are not exempt from the infliction of corns, and the sudden alighting of the performer in this elegant "*pas seul*" upon his toes, seemed one of the most probable of circumstances. "Will you tell me, sir," he said, at length, "what it is you want? It appears now I may read all day and find nothing to suit you."

"What do I want, my brick? Why look at me, and judge for yourself. I want something in which there is plenty to get and nothing to do."

"I am afraid I can hardly accommodate you. Those sort of situations are all occupied already by the aristocracy."

"Well then, give me one in which there is little to do, and as much to receive as possible. I'm not at all particular."

"What are you fit for?"

"Never you mind that, so long as you can find something that's fit for me."

"I will see what I can do for you. In the first place you must give me your name, age, birthplace, parentage, education"—

"Not quite so fast if you please. One at a time, if it's all the same to you."

"Well, then, we will begin with your name."

"Henry Rushton."

"What! not the son of old Rushton, the banker, of Lombard street?"

"The same. But what of that?"

"My dear sir, I am delighted to see you. Your father and I were school-fellows. I trust my old friend is well?"

"Why, he's as well as a gentleman can be expected to be who has been buried nine months."

"Dead! I am grieved to hear it. But how comes it that you, the heir to so much wealth as he possessed, are now seeking such employment?"

"Because it's all gone! fled! evaporated! You can't eat your pudding and have it too, eh, my old boy? So, as I've ate mine, I'm obliged to do the best I can without it."

"Pray explain yourself."

"Why it's all as plain as a pikestaff. You must know that I was always a bit of a scamp, but it was not until I went to Oxford that I discovered to what extent I could be a rascal with impunity. I learnt love from Ovid, profanity from Lucretius, and a hundred other vices from a hundred other sages of antiquity; and I was so good a scholar that, at twenty-two, I had the prettiest mistress, the largest debts, and the widest circle of vicious acquaintance, of any man in the University. Well, the governor heard of this, and turned crusty, wrote me some letters full of all sorts of sanctimonious humbug, and finally refused to stump up any more tin. I did not care for the blowing up, but I could not stand the stoppage of the supplies; and I was driven to my wit's ends, until I met with an obliging Jew, who would give me five hundred pounds for a post-obit of a thousand on my father's life. Here was a perfect Fortunatus' purse; and I dipped into it so affectionately that when my father died, at the close of my three years' course, I found myself without a penny."

"A melancholy story, indeed! And now, what sort of a situation do you wish to meet with?"

"Cannot you guess? Find me a young fellow with a full purse and an empty head, and I will give him a full head and an empty purse. I will teach him to live like a gentleman; and it will not be my fault if he does not die like a beggar."

"You want, in fact, an appointment as a travelling tutor?"

"Precisely."

"Well, here is the name of a young nobleman who requires such a companion, and who is about to make the grand tour; to journey into Spain, thence into France, Germany and Italy, and to return by way of Switzerland to England."

"Are you serious?"

"I never joke on matters of business."

"Nothing could be more admirable! What a ceaseless round of delight! Spain, the country of Andalusians and bull-fights—of lovely girls with eyes of fire, and fierce bandits and fiery Carlists—the land of love and revolutions; France, the El Dorado of pleasure; Germany, the land of Tokay; Italy, whose noble ruins seem as pedestals for the voluptuous beauties whose hearts have imbibed the warmth of their own mid-day sun; and then Switzerland, with its glaciers to cool the passions down to English temperature! The prospect is delicious! Come, give me the address."

"First give me the fee."

"The devil take your fee; do you think I can coin guineas. I have not gold enough to cover the top of my walking stick. My clothes are in pledge, and during the last Cheltenham season I ate my carriage and two horses."

"Ate your two horses?"

"Yes, through the medium of an obliging broker, who digested them for me into about one-third their value in guineas. Besides your friendship for my father will surely"—

"Well, well, here's the address; but your testimonials?"

"Oh! I have plenty of them, but I am afraid not quite of the right sort. An order of rustication from Oxford, three orders of affiliation, about fifty writs, and dunning letters innumerable, are hardly the most effectual recommendations."

"But you must have them."

"And you must write them for me."

"Excuse me, but I have a conscience."

"Nonsense, man! What, you really wont? Well, then I must find some less fastidious friend; or, if it comes to the worst, write them for myself. 'The Earl of Rosedale, Belgrave Square.' Ah! that looks well; so here goes at once to try my luck. *Au revoir*, old brick, upon my soul, you're a regular trump, and no mistake." And, with these words, Mr. Rushton took his departure, to the inexpressible relief of the gentleman whom he had honored with his society.

Mr. Lestrocque, left to himself, shook his head doubtfully; and more than half wished that he had at once dismissed the applicant without affording him any information. But it was too late; and, after

ll, it appeared scarcely probable that he would succeed in securing the appointment. So, closing his desk, for it seemed very unlikely than any other visitors would present themselves, he put on his white hat, which he is unfashionable enough to prefer, and sensible enough to wear because he does prefer it, and proceeded to bend his steps to his rural retreat in the pleasant and retired suburb of Bayswater; pondering awhile on the multifarious and diversified matters which the business of the "Office of general information and agency" presented for the exercise of his faculties, and endeavoring, by abstruse and painful cogitation, to arrive at the solution of some of the innumerable difficulties, utterly hopeless by reason of their bewildering and distracting complication, which had been that day propounded for the decision of that oracle of wisdom, of which he was the high-priest and visible embodiment.

CHAPTER II.

Two years had passed away since the events recorded in our last chapter, and the world, two years older in vice and profligacy, had advanced precisely so much nearer to the completion of that full measure of iniquity which will ultimately render its foredoomed annihilation a high boon and benefit to the universe. Time, burrowing noiselessly, like the silent mole in his subterranean galleries, had extended yet further his mighty ramifications, marking his quiet yet fearful progression by throwing up many a green illock within the limits of the sad churchyard; mournful yet faithful indices of the swift flight of the revolving years.

The declining sun, casting his slanting rays over the woody summits of the hills which encircled one of the most romantic valleys in the sunny clime of Piedmont, shed the lustre of his fading beams upon two individuals, at that moment reclining in indolent repose before the door of an humble cottage, around whose simple porch were beautiful climbers, which sprung forth unbidden from the genial soil of Italy, entwined their wandering tendrils, and hung in luxuriant clusters of exquisite

and fragrant blossoms. The glowing heat, which at midday had parched the thirsty earth, had given place to a more agreeable temperature as the cool breath of the evening breeze wandered listlessly through the leafy groves; and the grateful dew, standing in glittering crystal drops upon the herbage, imparted new life and freshness to its verdure. The air resounded with the merry chorus of the feathered songsters of the grove, whose glad notes ascended as a joyous hymn of praise to heaven; and the tiny insect world lent its aid in sprightly chirrupings to swell the tide of harmony. The summits of the lofty hills, which bounded the prospect on every side, stood out in sharp and bold outline upon the deep blue of the cloudless sky; and, on the brow of one, the ruins of an ancient temple, around whose falling columns the sturdy climbing vine quaintly festooned rich clusters of the ruddy and luscious grape, and from whose ruined altars the wild flowers, which had taken root in the cracks and crevices of the mouldering stone, sent up a breath of fragrant incense, far sweeter in the sight of heaven than that which had arisen within the fane when the heathen worshippers of the olden time gathered within its walls, to do homage to their false divinities:—seemed the last link between the present and the hoary ages of antiquity; and, looking proudly down upon the spot which had been its home for twenty centuries, promised to survive yet longer the ravages of time, and to remain, to generations yet unborn, a lone and majestic witness of the splendors of the ancient world.

The tranquil beauties of the scene, however, appeared to have but little influence upon the two individuals who were thus reclining in the very centre of its magic circle; since they evidently regarded the face of Nature with listless indifference, and contemplated with supreme apathy the luxuriance in which all around them was so exquisitely clothed. Both were evidently Englishmen, and although the one who seemed the elder might be some six or seven years the senior of his companion, there were no visible indications of any greater difference between their ages; yet the most casual observer could not fail to detect tokens of very great dis-

similarity in their characters and dispositions.

The younger traveller might have numbered some twenty summers, although his appearance wanted that freshness and buoyancy which is the first attribute stolen from youth by dissipation; and the unmistakeable indications which mark the votary of pleasure were but too visible in his countenance. Still, he was by no means one of those whom Nature seems to have shaped in an evil mould, and whose vices appear to fit them as naturally as their garments. There was a deeper and more genial light in his dark grey eye than ever springs from sensualism; and the air of listless indifference which clouded his handsome features, and the languid indolence with which, lying stretched upon the turf, he listened to the conversation of his companion, would have led an observer at once to set him down as one of those whose errors often spring rather from the absence of energy to resist the promptings of evil than from any positive depravity. And any one who arrived at such a conclusion, would have displayed a very perfect appreciation of the character and foibles of Lord Arthur Ellerton, the oldest son of the Earl of Rosedale.

Surrounded from his earliest childhood with all the luxuries which wealth could accumulate for his enjoyment; caressed with all the idolizing fondness usually lavished upon an only child, especially when that child is to inherit and to transmit to remote posterity the glory and the honors of a long line of illustrious ancestors; and placed by the favoring hand of fortune beyond the reach of care and above the necessity of exertion; Lord Arthur had not escaped from the influence of the evils inevitably attendant upon the position in which he was placed by the accident of his birth. It is only by the struggles of adversity that the finer qualities of human nature receive their full development; from the chrysalis of poverty, the noble soul, bursting the cerements which have entangled it, springs forth in the full radiance of perfect beauty, and wings its flight to heaven. The trials of necessity are to the human mind as the thunder-storm to the overcharged and clouded atmosphere; amid the convulsions of *elemental strife* the veil is rent asunder which

hung over the face of Nature, and the radiance once obscured and hidden shines forth once more upon the rejoicing world. From all this, Fortune, often most unkind when she appears most bountiful, had shielded and secured him; and the finer qualities of his heart, which, under other circumstances would have received a full development, were stifled and extinguished and burned in prosperous inaction.

His elder companion was evidently of less exalted lineage; for, account for it as we may, there is unquestionably that in high birth and noble ancestry, which stamps its possessor with remarkable and indelible characteristics. He was dressed with care and elegance, and his outward man presented few points of difference from his companion; but he must have been a very superficial observer who failed to detect, under this changed exterior, the veritable presence of Mr. Henry Rushton, the *roué* of Oxford, the "fast man" of London, and now the travelling tutor of Lord Arthur Ellerton.

Seated, with a gun in his hand, upon a fragment of rock, around which the fragrant wild flowers twined in luxurious profusion, Rushton was engaged in one of those mysterious occupations with which sportsmen, in their moments of idleness, persuade themselves that they are materially promoting the utility of their fire-arms, humming the while the fragment of a song, and occasionally looking up to endeavor by some casual remark, to engage the wandering attention of his companion, who, however, seemed but little inclined for the fatigues of conversation. A few brace of birds, thrown on the ground beside him, betokened the nature of their morning's occupation; and, judging from their appearance, it might fairly be concluded that these spoils were the trophies of a long and tolerably fatiguing ramble.

At length, after a long pause, during which the thoughts of both seemed to be far from agreeably employed, if any inference might be drawn from the expression of their countenances, Lord Arthur, yawning and stretching himself with an air of surpassing weariness, broke the silence; rather, apparently, to relieve the monotony of his *ennui* than from any positive desire for conversation.

"Well! this is really very interesting!

Upon my word, saving a debate on the supplies in the House of Commons, I know of nothing more enlivening than this life in the mountains. Pray, most worthy preceptor, how much longer do you propose to remain in this lovely Paradise?"

"Only until we receive from Rome the remittance which our Israelite friend promised to send to us in a month from the date of our departure. Generous man! for a three months' bill for five thousand pounds, drawn upon your worthy father, he has promised to give us three thousand pounds; not failing to impress upon us that in this munificent transaction he contents himself with simple interest."

"A month! And scarcely half of it has yet elapsed! Ah, Rushton, there is some difference between this sylvan solitude and the gay saloons of the Baroness de Cantalon in Paris. When shall we ever see such glorious fêtes again?"

"Never, I hope, if we are always to pay as dearly for their enjoyment. Five thousand pounds lost at *ecarié* is rather a high price for a month's pleasure"—

"But such pleasure! Those brilliant balls, those fascinating *soirées*, those bewildering *fêtes champêtres*—ah! how can I ever forget those delicious days of luxury, and nights of pleasure?"

"You have good reason to recollect them, though the pleasures of memory have been pretty dearly purchased. But I own I cannot help being astonished that you, who have seen so much of the world, could not see through the hollow trickeries of that gay impostor, the *ci-devant* Baroness de Cantalon."

"Nay, Rushton, you will never convince me that your suspicions are just. An impostor! impossible! So marked an air of high birth"—

"High enough, no question. Born, I have no doubt, *au cinquième* in the *Quatrier Latin*."

"Such courtly breeding"—

"The exaggerated gentility of a *parvenu*."

"And such delicate manifestations of flattering and tender preference"—

"The well practised allurements of the finished courtesan"—

"But what will you say of the crowds of noblemen and gentlemen who thronged her saloons?"

"One half of them dupes, caught by the same wiles that ensnared you; and the other half *chevaliers d'industrie*, whose coats were their most precious possessions. Depend upon it, my dear pupil, you were there most egregiously deceived"—

"But you are so suspicious; you said the same things of the charming suppers of the Russian princess, Pultakowski, at Baden Baden."

"Russian princess! Russian fiddlesticks! A German adventuress, who pretended to drop her mellifluous Russian tongue out of compliment to her visitors, but whose real reason for not speaking it was that she did not know it"—

"At least you will admit that she was attached to me."

"To your purse—yes; for your person I am convinced she did not care a straw."

"She accepted my vows, and received my presents"—

"Only because she could not obtain the one without enduring the other."

"You are indeed a very infidel; no woman escapes your sarcasms or your suspicions. Even the lovely Countess Villani, the belle of Venice, the Nereid of the Adriatic, has not been safe from your insinuations. Ah! Rushton, where was your heart, that you were proof against her fascinations?"

"Say, rather, where was your wisdom, that you were duped by her shallow impostures—a creature of yesterday"—

"Nay, this too much. You know that she traced back her ancestry to the noblest patricians of imperial Rome."

"She may have traced it back to the gods of Rome themselves, for aught I care. Sprung, perhaps, from Mercury, the especial patron of those who live by their wits; or, rather, by the absence of the wits of others."

"At least you will allow that she possessed beauty?"

"In the evening and in a good light, yes."

"A brilliant complexion?"

"Unquestionably, when it was judiciously put on; though I have seen her so carelessly painted, that she looked like one of the specimen paintings one sees in the windows of the picture cleaners, of which one half is fresh and brilliant, while

the other half is dull and dim with the rusty shade of antiquity."

"Her teeth"—

"The youngest part of her; warranted new, and of the very best enamel."

"But her figure"—

"Not yet her own, nor likely to become so. Her milliner's bill has a poor chance of payment."

"Why, you do not mean to insinuate"—

"Oh, I insinuate nothing; though I confess I am astonished to see a man of your discernment and taste enslaved by a compound of crenoline and whalebone, overlaid with rouge and pearl powder."

"Ah! Rushton, you have no soul. How else could you be so insensible to the charms of beauty?"

"There you wrong me. My heart is no icicle, as many fair dames could testify to you; but the beauty which enchains my allegiance must owe nothing to the adornments of art. Flashing eyes, in which the passionate language of the glowing heart finds utterance in glances that thrill the soul; raven locks, in every tress of which a smiling Cupid lies ambushed, waiting for his willing prey; ruby lips, warm with the life-blood coursing from a heart which owns no mastery but the rule of love; passion in every look, in every movement grace; these must be the attributes which make the goddess of my adoration."

"A very glowing picture, truly! and yet not beyond reality. Had the fair Elenor sat for her portrait, you could not have drawn a more faithful resemblance!"

"What! your new charmer, the dryad of this romantic valley, who now fills the place once held by the Russian princess, and sways the sceptre of the deposed Vilani?"

"Nay, do not degrade my Elenor by naming her in the same breath with those whose names you have coupled with her own. Never till I saw her did I know the tender influence of a serious passion. I have flitted among the beauties of an honr, and culled from a thousand flowers the sweets of evanescent pleasure; to her alone has my heart owned a true allegiance."

"Truly, my worthy pupil, if we were not in the very land of bucolics, I should

be amazed at this pastoral enthusiasm. The pretty Elenor is certainly well enough to pass away an idle hour; but as for a serious passion"—

"Not another word, I entreat you. Let her once consent to bless me by becoming my wife"—

"Now you are indeed mad! What, think you, would Lord Rosedale say to such an alliance?"

"My father, I know, desires only my happiness; and when he sees me united to an angel"—

"Pshaw, my dear fellow; in these days the only angels that are in the least degree appreciated are angels with gilded wings. Your common, every-day celestials, are quite out of vogue; and angels with landed property are the only celestial beings recognized in society."

"But I tell you I love her."

"Quite possible."

"And she loves me."

"Perfectly satisfactory."

"I cannot bear to lose her."

"Why should you?"

"Then of course I must marry her."

"I cannot see the necessity."

"How! you would not dare"—

"To suggest that one may love a pretty woman without marrying her? Is the idea so great a novelty?"

"Monster!"

"No, really, my dear fellow, I am nothing of the kind. Consider now, if you had only married every woman you ever fell in love with! The world would never have beheld such complicated polygamy."

"But I never loved any woman as I love her."

"Of course not. The world is always improving. Every new passion is the only true one; just as every new baby is always the very finest child ever seen. But consider"—

"It is useless. I am resolved she shall be mine."

"You think, then, that when we return to England, and inform the Earl, your father, that in a little more than two years we have expended forty thousand pounds, but that we have brought him an Italian daughter-in-law, who is of unknown parentage, but very skillful in churning butter, and an accomplished cheese-maker, he

ider that we have made an admie-
estment of his money?"

think"—

ink nothing. I am certain."

hat?"

you will be disinherited, and I
disgraced."

afraid you are too near the truth.

sideration alone troubles me; the

such a catastrophe, which would

ot only myself, but you, my good

hful friend, in ruin, alone deters

ve and duty contend for mas-

a end the contest by a compro-
he fair Elenor loves you?"

sure of it."

she would fly with you?"

my wife, yes—otherwise, I dare
her."

, it might be dangerous. Then,
carry her off."

ossible!"

sense. Leave all to me. At any

must make the attempt; and, the

cast, you may rest assured she

n herself a willing prisoner into
ds."

such perfidy!—to betray such
and deep affection."

! the mere cant of maudlin senti-

r. But come, let us in to dinner;

, over a cool cigar and a spark-

let of *lacryma*, we will talk over

me, and discuss the chances of

these words Rushton rose from

and was followed by his younger

m into the cottage.

CHAPTER III.

the conversation which we have
red was taking place at one end

lley, an observer at its opposite

r might have noticed a man of

and well-moulded form, and

the garb of an Italian peasant, de-

rapidly a narrow path, which led

summit of one of the surround-

The swift agility with which he

mountain's side, and the ready

h which he availed himself of

s, in the tangled roots of trees,

and clumps of matted shrubs, to conquer
the many difficulties of the precipitous de-
scent, bespoke one well accustomed to a
mountain life, and familiar, by long habit,
with the path which he thus nimbly trod,
and which, in many places, would have
been almost impassable to unaccus-
tomed footsteps; and it was not long be-
fore he reached the base of the hills; and
bent his steps towards a cottage, so hidden
by the surrounding trees, that the eye of
a stranger might easily have passed it by
unobserved.

The new comer was a man of sinewy
frame and noble stature; and although his
general appearance, and the pistols and
dagger which were girded in his belt,
too plainly indicated the character of his
profession, there was something in the ex-
pression of his countenance which beto-
kened better qualities than might have
been looked for in a mountain robber.
Such, however, he was; one of that fear-
ful class who wage open war against the
peace of civilized society, and revive, in
these latter days, the savage rule of vio-
lence, which, in remote ages, formed the
basis of the code of barbarous nations.
Pausing for a moment as he reached the
base of the declivity, and looking cau-
tiously around him, he applied a whistle
to his lips, and blew a sharp and piercing
note, which awakened the slumbering
echoes of the surrounding hills, and re-
sounded in shrill tones throughout the
valleys.

No sooner had the echoes died away
into silence than the signal was answered
from another quarter, and a man wearing
a similar garb, but arrayed in less warlike
accoutrements, emerged from an adjacent
clump of trees, above which the curling
smoke alone betokened the existence of a
habitation, and proceeded rapidly toward
him. As he approached him, uttering a
glad cry of recognition, he said, "I
thought I should know that whistle. Why
Beppo, old comrade, we thought you
would never return!"

"Why, truth to say, Matheo, I could
have found good reason for remaining
away much longer, if I had not longed to
see home once again. You know, where
the carcass is, there the vultures hover;
and English travellers have been plenti-
ful this year in Italy."

"Then business has been pretty productive, I suppose?"

"Tolerably so, though not so good as we could have wished. We stumbled upon some hard cash, it is true—but not much of that either—and we took some jewelry, but it was not all real; many an old duchess's diamonds turning out to be as false as her husband's patriotism."

"That is bad."

"Yes, but not the worst. We had two ambushes for deposed sovereigns, and one for an ex-diplomatist; but the two monarchs had but a five-franc piece between them, and the diplomatist had nothing metallic about him but the brass upon his countenance, and that was worn so thin that it could almost be seen through; so we had our labor for our pains."

"Served you right, too, for meddling with them. Honor among thieves, say I. The brigand of the mountains should respect the courtly robber, who plunders in a more exalted sphere."

"True, Matheo, it is a bad sign when one thief takes to picking another's pocket. But what news since my departure?"

"None that can interest you; stay—yes, there is one matter that you should know. Two English travellers are staying in the valley, and one of them has been to your cottage often."

"And he has seen Elenor?"

"Certainly. It is not very likely that any one would go there to have a chat with the old hag Gruditta, whom you left in charge of her."

"He has talked with Elenor, then?"

"Repeatedly; and very interesting conversation it seemed to be, if one might judge from the blushing cheeks and downcast eyes with which she listened to him."

"*Madre de Dio!* you do not mean that he has made love to her?"

"Something very like it, certainly."

"Who is this man?"

"He calls himself Lord Arthur Ellerton; a handsome, well-spoken young fellow as you would wish to see."

"Some impostor, no doubt."

"Rather unlikely; a *chevalier d'industrie* would scarcely select a valley in Piedmont as the scene of his exploits, or a nameless Italian peasant as the object of his scheming."

"You are right, Matheo. You think, then, that this young lord"—

"Is a genuine lord, and a very good sort of person; and for his intentions, I believe he is too much in love to think of any thing but honor. But as for his friend, who calls himself his tutor, but seems more like his companion"—

"Well, what of him?"

"Why, by the natural sympathy which one rascal feels for another whenever he encounters him, I am sure that he is a villain. And the young lord seems to be governed by him in all things."

"This must be looked to. Fool that I was to leave her so long unprotected. Poor helpless, fatherless girl!"

"Fatherless! why, Beppo, what can you mean? Is she not your own child? and are you not as good as fifty protectors?"

"No, my good Matheo, she is the child of my love—but owns no nearer kindred."

"You amaze me."

"Listen, and you shall hear her strange and mysterious history: Nearly seventeen years ago a stranger, with the port and bearing of a nobleman, sought this solitary cottage, then blessed with the presence of an angel who is now no more. My poor Agnes! She died while Elenor was yet a child, killed by an accursed bullet from the carbine of a trooper, one of a party sent in my pursuit. Curses on him! I slew him like a dog! But let that pass. This stranger brought with him an infant—the daughter, as he told me, of his only sister, who had disgraced her family by a marriage with some unknown Englishman, and whose worthless husband, upon her death in giving birth to this child, had departed from Italy and left his babe to the care of fortune."

"The heartless villain!"

"Well, this stranger had known me in the happy days before destitution and despair had driven me to adopt the calling of a brigand; he knew that beneath a robber's garb I hid a faithful heart. He entreated me to take charge of this poor child, to rear her as my own, and to seclude her from the world in the solitude of my humble cottage, until he could again remove her from my care. Since that day I have never seen or heard from him; but I have never forgotten my trust, and that poor deserted infant still cheers my lonely home."

"You were always a noble, generous

fellow, Beppo, and this kindness is just like you. But you will be rewarded for it all some day."

"I have been already rewarded, Matheo, far beyond my deserts. From the first moment when the loving smile of that sweet babe rested upon me, I felt that a new tie had arisen to bind me to existence; that I had yet one link of sympathy with the world that had disowned me. And when my Agnes was taken from me, she became my only hope, my only solace. In her merry laugh I saw once again revived the happy hours of my own gay and innocent childhood; her joyous gambols carried me back to the days when the rough brigand was a thoughtless boy, roving in merry sport over the hills which are now the witnesses of his crimes." And the wild robber seated himself on a fragment of rock, gave way to the full tide of sweet yet bitter memories which rushed upon his mind, and wept in silence like a child.

Alas! how many are there upon whom now falls the lash of punishment, whose fate more aptly calls for the tear of pitying sympathy; men in whom God has implanted good, which man has shrouded with a veil of evil; men who, made angels by their Creator, have been converted into fiends by the wrong doing and oppression of mankind! In the hearts of such hapless wanderers from virtue, the memory of happy days of innocence awakens oft a woe which charity might make the parent of reform; but the world looks coldly on and proffers no kindly sympathy; the Pharisees of the earth "pass by on the other side," and fail to speak the few words of generous and hopeful solace which would herald in the lost one's heart the dawn of virtue.

Matheo was the first to break silence. "But the father, Beppo, the father; did he never learn his child's retreat—never seek to inquire after her destiny?"

"Never. The stranger who placed her under my care, told me that from him she could hope for nothing, and that he would probably never seek to disturb the mystery which shrouded her fate."

"And what was the name of this unfeeling scoundrel?"

Before Beppo could reply, several shots, fired in rapid succession, and mingled with loud shouts, as of men in conflict, resounded throughout the valley; and high above the clamor rose the shrill notes of a piercing whistle, which was answered from twenty different points on the surrounding hills. The mountains, but a moment before so still and peaceful, seemed to be in an instant awakened into life; on the summit of a lofty hill a blazing beacon fire reared its flaming column to the skies, and armed men emerged, as at the bidding of a magician, from the shadows of the woods, and sprung forth from apparently inaccessible crevices in the craggy rocks, bending their steps towards the spot from which proceeded these unwonted sounds of strife. Shot after shot awakened the reverberating echoes; and now the trumpet notes affrighted with their unaccustomed tones the feathered tenants of the groves, who abandoned in alarm their leafy dwellings, and circled in the air in all the bewilderment of undefined apprehension. Nearer and nearer came the tumult; louder and louder swelled the din of battle; higher and higher rose the shouts of the conquerors, the shrieks of the vanquished, and all the hideous sounds which betoken the ferocity of human conflicts.

The two brigands started to their feet in alarm, and looked at each other for a moment in perplexed bewilderment. "They are upon us at last," said Matheo. "I feared as much. For the last day or two our scouts have reported that troops have been seen lurking about the entrance of the valley; but we hoped that the hounds had not found the scent. But come, if we are taken, let us at least sell our freedom dearly." Raising a whistle to his lips, he blew a shrill and prolonged note, and, snatching a pistol from Beppo's girdle, (for he was himself unarmed, save with a dagger,) hurried towards the scene of action, followed rapidly by his companion, in whom these warlike sounds had extinguished in a moment all pleasant memories, and aroused into full life the wild ferocity of the bucaneer.

THREE STAGES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[Concluded from the last Number.]

ANOTHER observation which will readily be suggested by the examination of the new Constitution, is, that nearly all the fundamental changes effected by it are of a nature to render the government one of more consolidated powers than it was before. Under the monarchy the legislative power was jointly administered by the king, the Chamber of Peers, and the Chamber of Deputies. Under the republic it is concentrated in a single representative Assembly; and as the Constitution gives to the President scarcely any power beyond that of executing the will of the legislative body; and as the Council of State, the dependent creature of that body, will possess little authority, moral or legal, to influence the doings of the representatives of the people, the practical result must be, that power little less than absolute will be concentrated in the hands of the National Assembly. This will be the more obvious when it is further remarked that, while by the Charter at least one-half of the deputies were required to be residents of the departments electing them, by the republican Constitution all of the representatives may be non-residents; and also that they are to represent not their particular constituents, but France entire, and cannot receive imperative instructions from any source, save their own convictions. It is not impossible, therefore, or even improbable, that half the Assembly may be chosen from among the Paris politicians, and thereby the governing power be most effectually concentrated in the capital. Moreover, the Assembly is authorized by the Constitution to depart at pleasure from its ordinary course of parliamentary procedure; and, by declaring the *urgency* of any measure proposed, the majority may cause the same to be introduced, debated, and adopted without delay, and it may be promulgated as the law of the land, within the space of three days. In fine, then, all the powers which were

possessed by the General Government under the monarchy, have been retained by it, since no additional authority has been conferred by the Republic upon the provincial organizations; and all these powers, except those which are merely executive and advisory, are concentrated in one assembly, responsible for its acts to no particular bodies of constituents, and authorized to endow every momentary impulse, by which it may be agitated, with all the authority of the law of the land.

France, therefore, is a consolidated republic. She has adopted, not the form of government which has been successfully established by the republics of modern times, but one more resembling the short-lived democracies of antiquity. The principal free states of ancient times were likewise consolidated governments. The provinces were ruled by the capital; the legislative powers of the State were generally wielded by a single popular body; and hence the inconstancy, the violence, the anarchy which marred their history. On the contrary, the great successful republics of modern times have been federative governments, as in this country and in Switzerland. Our State authorities, dividing the sovereign power with the General Government, act as breakwaters against the despotic tendencies of centralization, on the one side; and against the anarchical impulses which are liable to sweep over the land, on the other. Without these admirable checks to popular agitation and to governmental encroachment, and without that well-balanced system of powers which is effected in the internal structure of our State and central governments, no intelligent American would have confidence in the stability of free institutions, even in a country so well prepared by experience for, and so remarkably adapted by circumstances to them as is his own. Destroy these barriers against revolutionary license and usurping am-

bition; concentrate the whole legislative power of the State in a single body of men; place this body in one of our great cities; and the foundations of our Republic would become as unstable as the sands. We should feel that there was no security in our institutions against the fatal raging of popular passions—none against the equally fatal ascendancy of ambitious demagoguism.

France has not chosen to profit by our experience and to imitate our example. Of course, it will not be denied that the position and circumstances of the two nations are very different, and require a corresponding dissimilarity of institutions. We are surrounded by the republics of America—France, by the monarchies of Europe. For defense, therefore, against hostile powers, it may be allowed—notwithstanding the fact that recent events have proved the ability of a confederated republic to wage war advantageously—that a degree of centralization is necessary there, which is not desirable here. But it would be to discredit the patriotism and the valor of Frenchmen, to say that such an excessive degree of centralization as that now effected, was indispensable for the purposes of either offense or protection. For it is universally acknowledged that for rapidity in military organization, the French are decidedly superior to all the European nations, if not to all nations, ancient or modern. Inferior in the power of endurance to the English, in fertility of intellectual resources perhaps to the Germans, they are unequalled by either in that decision of conduct which forms the best defense of nations. Neither could it be fairly argued that the want of sufficient intelligence among the provincial population renders them unfit for the enjoyment of a greater degree of local independence. For such an argument would contain the vice of proving too much—it would prove that the French were unfitted for the possession of republican institutions at all. Besides, it is always desirable that political institutions should be somewhat in advance of society, for they furnish the best means of raising the standard of its character and manners. The free constitutions of this country were not laid on a basis of universal education; but, in the middle and southern States, they preceded it by

half a century. In France itself, as well as in England, Roman civilization was introduced when the native inhabitants were half savages; and the first impulse towards an improved state of society was communicated both to Britons and to Gauls thereby.* An increase of local power and freedom would seem to be justified, also, by the great diversity of character and interest which exists in France. De Tocqueville has said that the people of Maine and of Georgia, separated by a thousand miles, resembled each other more than the inhabitants of Picardy and Normandy, who are divided by a bridge. And yet the republican constitution now adopted forbids that the peculiar opinions and the local interests of the various districts of that great country should be expressed and protected by local organizations, and allows them all to be controlled by the legislation of a single body of politicians, mostly bred in the capital, even if born in the provinces.

Moreover, it would have been comparatively easy to have established truly popular institutions in France, from the circumstance that a skeleton of such institutions was already existing there—a fact which is not true of any other country in western Europe. France has long been divided into local municipal jurisdictions, consisting of departments, arrondissements, cantons, and communes; and each of them has been endowed with a certain degree of local authority. Each department had an executive officer, termed a "prefect," who was assisted by a council composed of from three to five members, all of them formerly appointed by the king. But the general council of the department, consisting of twenty-five members, was elected by the people, chose its own officers, and was entrusted, in connection with the prefect and the smaller council, with the management of certain departmental affairs. The arrondissements, several of which were contained in each department, was a smaller jurisdiction, corresponding in size to our American counties, and had also a chief administrative officer, together with an assistant council, jointly possessing powers not unlike those of our county commissioners. The cantons had their separate

* Judge Grimké's "Tendencies of Free Institutions."

councils. The communes, not confined as in Great Britain to city corporations, but extended both over the rural and the urban population, possessed in like manner their mayors, deputies, and councils, elected by the people. Formerly the elective franchise was very much restricted; and, in the earlier part of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, the popular privilege of election was entirely taken away by government. But under the Orleans dynasty, the number of persons who exercised the local electoral franchise in France, though not comparatively so large as that of the voters in American towns, greatly exceeded the number of national electors; and was the largest electoral body in existence in Europe. Thus nearly three millions of votes were cast at some of the late communal elections under the monarchy, while not a fifteenth part of that number was deposited in the national ballot-boxes. Here, then, was a framework of free institutions, of which only the small separate parliaments of Jersey, Guernsey and Man present anything similar in Great Britain, and which correspond very exactly to our own republican system of states, counties and townships. The general council of the department legislated concerning the interests common to all the arrondissements comprised within its limits; that of the arrondissement, besides disposing of its own local affairs, superintended the general interests of its cantons and communes. The powers exercised by all these local authorities were, indeed, extremely limited; but the system itself of an *imperium in imperio* was already established; and the people had become accustomed under it to the exercise of a degree of liberty in the management of their local concerns. Therefore it would have been an easy matter to have given substantial popular privileges to the people in these subordinate forms of organization; and thereby to have prevented, in a measure, the single commune of Paris from tyrannizing over the other thirty-eight thousand communes of France. The introduction into the country, within the last half century of railroads, steamboats, and the electric telegraph—the enlarged circulation of books and newspapers—the habit of meeting in public assemblages—the establishment of the system of local courts, diffusing a greater amount of

legal knowledge through the community—the great increase of general intelligence and wealth—have rendered the relation of the provinces to the capital very different from what it was when, after the fall of the Girondists, the former attempted in vain to deliver the National Convention out of the power of a few scores of Parisian Jacobins; or when, at the distance of a few leagues from the metropolis, the peasantry were kept in profound ignorance of the bloody deeds of the Reign of Terror. This natural tendency of the political scale of the provinces to rise nearer to a level with that of the capital is constantly though slowly increasing; and the fact deserves to be recognized by a more equal distribution of political power. We do not by any means intend to say that the departments of France should at once be endowed with a degree of sovereignty corresponding to that possessed by the states of the American Union; or that a republic to be stable in the plains between the ocean and the Rhine must be federative in its organization to the extent of that in the mountains of Switzerland. But we do believe that, if it be possible at all to save the French Republic from being overturned by the populace of Paris, or the ambition of a despot, it is so only by effecting a more equal distribution of power between the government at the centre and the jurisdictions at the extremities. Once give free institutions to the inhabitants of the provinces, and it will be very difficult ever to destroy freedom in France. Reserve to the faubourgs of the metropolis the exclusive prerogative of making revolutions, and popular liberty will continue to experience a fate similar to that which it has hitherto. We have no experience at all of the permanent continuance of republican rule when organized on any other plan than that of a distributed sovereignty, so that the historian must hold himself in readiness to record an entirely new fact in the world's history, whenever a consolidated republic shall have gained a secure existence on the shifting sands of Gallic inconstancy. *Nous verrons.*

The framers of the French Constitution, on the supposition that they acted in good faith in founding the republic, thought differently. When in the debates on the

ter in the Constitution relating to the national administration, the subject of imposing some check upon the excessive tendencies to centralization in the State brought before the Assembly, not more than a voice or two were raised in favor of it. The great majority of the intelligent statesmen were strongly opposed to any change in the relations of the various members of the body politic, and refused to enfranchise the people, and to put them in any way more independent of the governing power established in the State. The notion of a confederated government, as is well known, was seriously involved in the minds of the great men of the old republic; and this idea of organization was viewed by the devoted republicans of that period with no little favor, as auxiliary to the introduction of really popular institutions. This conviction made no progress under the Empire, and the monarchies which succeeded. And the framers of the present constitution, instead of countenancing the idea of a distribution of authority and of independence, have actually conferred upon the President, the Council of State, and the Legislative Assembly, authority to dissolve all the councils elected by the people in the departments, the cantons and communes! Is, we beg leave to ask, conferring authority on a people? Is the giving to the people the privilege of annulling popular elections in every township of the country, and requiring the people to go to a new choice of councilmen, such as shall be chosen as shall be acceptable to the sovereignty in Paris—is making a people free? It may with propriety be called the making of a government; so free as to appear to us marvellously like a despotism. We can only consider the republic to be well founded in France. If it be a case of self-government, it is a very different one from what would be tolerated in this country. The national government is elected, elected by universal suffrage; once elected, it is well nigh independent of the people. It can annul every one of their local elections; and its representatives cannot be instructed by any constituency. The people may elect their president once in four years; their representatives once in three; and

their councillors of state once in six years; but the new governors will be raised to the same superiority over the popular will as were the old ones. The Constitution contains no effectual guaranty of popular rights; and in practice it will fail of protecting them from governmental encroachment as signally as did the Charte.

But while the majority of the Constituent Assembly were thus disposed to concentrate all power in their own hands—for the men who framed the Constitution expected, no doubt, to be continued in office under it—the minority were even more in favor of a consolidated government. The Republicans *par excellence*, the Red Democrats, the Socialists, the Communists in the Assembly, were all more or less friendly to the centralizing schemes of M. Proudhon, a personage who seems to have attained to as extraordinary a notoriety under the Republic, as did the giraffe under the Restoration, or the Osages under Louis Philippe. This philosopher and his partisans desired that the central government should not only retain the immense powers which were wielded by the monarchy; but that these should be increased by the transfer of every great industrial and moral interest in the country to the control of the State. It was not enough for these radical reformers that the governing power enthroned in Paris should superintend the education of the people, should maintain their religious establishments, should execute the great public works of the community, besides performing the various legitimate offices which need not be specified; but the State should also provide employment for all who were in want of it; should secure support to all who were incapable of labor; should furnish credit to all who were short of funds; should build the roads, dig the canals, work the telegraphs; in short, should so conduct or superintend all the great spiritual and industrial enterprises of the country, that little would be left for the individual man to do beyond the simple spreading of his butter upon his bread—and even then the government would probably save him the trouble of eating no inconsiderable portion of it! Surely, the American ideas of maintaining religion by voluntary contributions—of teaching the children of the people in schools supported by individuals or by the

local authorities—of making internal improvements through the agency of private enterprise or associated capital;—the American notions that every able-bodied man is capable of providing his own necessities and his own luxuries—that every honest man is capable of governing himself, too, with comparatively little aid of legislators—that republicans are not to be bred on treasury pap, nor their works helped out by condescending patronage—that the individual man, in short, is entitled to many rights, and the government to few privileges—these views have not yet extensively taken root in the soil of France. Therefore France is not yet altogether ready for what we regard as truly republican institutions; and the Constitution framed by the present Assembly is destined to be as short-lived as the so-called republican forms of government which have preceded it. Within the last fifty odd years, there have been no less than eleven constitutions made for the French people. The three editions of the monarchical *Charte* lasted upwards of thirty-three years; the consular and imperial systems about fourteen years; and the republican constitution less than seven. We do not believe that the present one, containing, as it does, many of the evil with few of the good tendencies of popular sovereignty, a half measure rather despotic than liberal in its character, will exist through a period of even so great duration.

We have now reviewed the principal labors of the Constituent Assembly; and have arrived at the end of the second stage of the Revolution. We have seen that, during this latter period, the bourgeoisie, having recovered a good degree of its former ascendancy in the State, has reversed most of the acts of the preceding provisional and democratic rule, and has finally framed a new bourgeois Constitution, contrived to secure the supremacy of a class, not of the whole people in the government, and constructed, in all respects, as nearly in the image of the monarchical *Charte* as could well be palmed off upon the nation as a palladium of popular liberty. The Constituent Assembly still continues its sessions; but the period of its real, moral supremacy terminated, somewhat abruptly, on the election of Louis Napoleon to

the Presidency. For a short time, it may possibly succeed in maintaining a nominal existence under the President, as the spirit of the Provisional Government lived on in the Executive Commission; but its *prestige* is gone; its work is done. Cavaignac was its candidate for presidential honors, and the representative of its ideas; but he met with a signal overthrow at the polls, and with him was forever overthrown the party of the Constitution. He was considered to be more emphatically the representative of the Republican Assembly, inasmuch as, though a gallant soldier, a conqueror in the forum as well as in the field, his political policy consisted merely in following the lead of the majority of the national representatives. Cavaignac was willing to become the passive organ of the bourgeois Assembly, and it accepted of him as such. Had Louis Philippe consented to have acted the same passive part, the same party would have retained him. But the compliant candidate was destined to be defeated by a power kindred to that which dethroned the recreant monarch—this one by the blouse-men of the capital, that one by the blouse-men of the provinces. A new party now makes its appearance on the shifting scenes of public affairs; and we enter upon the consideration of a new—the third stage of the Revolution.

Here the first question to be propounded is, what is the true signification of the great movement which has recently endowed Louis Napoleon with the highest honors in the gift of his countrymen? It has been explained in a variety of ways. Some writers have pronounced it to be no better than an unmeaning act of political superstition for an illustrious name. Some have regarded it as the protest of the nation against the Republic. Others have declared that it was partly owing to the hatred entertained by the party of the populace against the June dictator, and partly on account of the hopes entertained by the legitimists of preparing by a return of the Bonapartes for the ultimate restoration of the Bourbons, and partly in consequence of similar expectations cherished by its friends in behalf of the Orleans dynasty, and partly from the operation of various other minor causes. There is, doubtless, a degree of truth in all of these explanations; but the great significance of this

movement, it seems to us, is not fully appreciated by those, who see in it nothing but the result of the calculations of political partisans. We shall venture to give a somewhat different account of the matter. As has already been remarked, every thing may be accomplished in France by enthusiasm. Lamartine might have been made President by acclamation, had the election taken place immediately after his noble speeches at the Hotel de Ville; but when the brilliant orator had degenerated into the unsuccessful prime-minister, the enthusiastic gratitude of the nation for one who had saved the capital from anarchy, and the country from a civil war, died suddenly away. His chance of election was gone with it. Cavaignac might have been chosen President by acclamation, had the vote been taken immediately after the suppression of the insurrection of June; but when the brave soldier had shown himself to be anything but a bold and independent statesman, and had condescended to intrigue with the rising party of the bourgeoisie, as Lamartine had with the sinking party of the democracy, his name lost quickly all its charms. His laurels, too, had been won in bloody civil strife, and soon assumed the aspect of a cypress wreath. But when the name of Louis Napoleon came in due time to be presented to his countrymen for their suffrages, a chord of sympathy was struck which instantaneously vibrated through the hearts of the nation. It was the revival of the same feeling which filled the eyes of France with tears, when the sarcophagus of the great Emperor was brought back to her shores. Frenchmen gave their votes to confer the highest dignity of the State upon the legal successor of their most illustrious chief, as a spontaneous act of national gratitude. After a terrible reverse, they had deserted the eagles which before had led them to so many victories, and had surrendered the great man of the people to be exiled by his enemies. But the grandeur of the Empire never ceased afterwards to be the boast of Frenchmen. The dead lion was more revered in France than the living asses. And when the name of a Bonaparte was presented for the nation's choice, what private name was so dear—what princely name so glorious? To be republican or not republican was not

the question—the people simply said in their heart, that a Bonaparte should be their first President. It hardly needed that five hundred organists should perambulate the country, singing the *Petit Caporal* and the *Redingote Grise*; it needed not that the story should be circulated through the thatched cottages of the peasantry, that the Emperor had returned from the dead, as from Elba, or that the nephew would pay their taxes with inherited treasures. It needed only to ask a Frenchman's vote for a Bonaparte, and he gave it as quickly as he would have withdrawn it from a Bourbon. The politicians' tricks—a thousand reasons and feelings might have contributed to swell the majority of the polls, but the great decisive cause of success—the *causa causans*—lay in the nation's grateful preference of a name associated with whatever is most magnificent in modern French history, over that of a successful lieutenant, or a brilliant orator, or a plain, unvarnished demagogue, or an incarcerated mad-cap.

What has been the political effect of this presidential election? It has been much greater, we presume, than was contemplated by its makers. The spontaneous expression of a national impulse has created a new political party, and introduced a new historical era. In the first place, its negative effect has been to overthrow the party of the bourgeoisie, which had got the control in the Constituent Assembly, and framed the Charte republican. The government of the higher classes, which had so quickly supplanted that of the urban populace, has in turn been suddenly ousted by a new party, led by the lower classes of the rural population, and filled up with men from all ranks and conditions of society. The strength of Louis Napoleon's candidateship lay principally in the peasantry—in their enthusiastic loyalty to the imperial traditions—in their somewhat vague and blind desire to restore to France the prosperity, the supremacy, the lustre which she possessed under the first Bonaparte. The peasant threw up his cap at the first mention of the name of Louis Napoleon; a large portion of the urban democrats were readily induced to do the same; and when the politicians saw the greatness and probable triumph of the popular movement, they, too, changed

their faces, and ranged themselves, together with their friends, in the ranks of the new party. Thus the Bonapartist party has become a national party. It is the product of a more enthusiastic rallying of the people—of a greater and more homogeneous national impulse, than has agitated France since the establishment of the Empire. It is founded on sentiment, as that of the bourgeoisie was on interest—on the sentiments of the lower classes rather than the interests of the higher.

It is no easy matter for any political party to find a secure and permanent basis in a nation so changeable as the French. But as much reliance may be placed, we think, on the sentiments of the rural laboring population, as on the principles of the more intelligent classes. A majority of the peasantry are, indeed, illiterate; yet they may almost be said to possess a monopoly of all the religious sentiment in the country. According to the accounts of the most recent travellers,* the first and last duties of the day, performed by the French peasant, are those of religion. At early morn he wends his way to the village-church; and returning from the fields at nightfall, the men take down the spade from their shoulders, and the women relieve their arms of the market-basket, in order to offer up each his silent prayer at the social altar. The manners of both sexes, equally destitute of servility or insolence, are distinguished for their civility and courtesy. Their economy is remarkable; drunkenness is scarcely known among them; their neatness in all kinds of work is most exemplary; their cheerfulness of temper makes labor a recreation, rather than a drudgery. In fine, a more civil, sober, frugal, cleanly, industrious, or better dressed people than the peasantry of France, for persons in their condition, is nowhere to be found in Europe, hardly in the world. If, at the same time, the more independent classes of society in France are not destitute of solid virtues, yet they are more contaminated by heartless vices; and we believe it may be truly said, that, in none of the more enlightened nations, are the public men so destitute of settled principles, as the French politicians. This class of per-

sons is not altogether to be relied upon in any country. But in France the ambition of politicians appears to be particularly selfish. Every one of them aims, first of all, at personal distinction, whatever be the consequences. It was a characteristic remark of Danton, in 1793, when he said, "*La Republique serait sauvée, s'il y avait parmi nous un homme qui consentit à être le second*"—"The republic would be saved, if there was among us one man who would consent to be second. "The passion for personal distinction is the ruling principle in France," observed Napoleon. Wily as Talleyrand, the politicians of that country are generally ready to support any government, or any party which will elevate themselves, and to desert every one whose fall is likely to carry them along with it. Their devotion, and that of the higher classes, whom they more immediately represent, can hardly be relied upon by any government with more confidence than may be safely placed in the instinctive sentiments of the peasantry and smaller landholders. Founded mainly on the strong attachments and the urgent necessities of the lower rural population, the new régime has not by any means the worst basis to build upon. It commences with fair auspices.

What then will this new popular party do? What is likely to be the character of the Bonapartism of 1849? That Louis Napoleon is ambitious, we take for granted; otherwise he would be no Bonaparte. Still there appears to be no sufficient reasons for doubting that he is a man of honor, and that he designs to keep his word. He has solemnly sworn to maintain the present Constitution, and publicly declared that whosoever shall undertake to change the same by *illegal* means will be considered by him as an enemy of his country. But we do not believe that the party which has now come into power, will uphold a constitution which was made neither by it, nor for it. Should the Bonapartists prove strong enough to change this instrument according to its provisions, they will undoubtedly do so; and will confer additional powers upon the chief of the nation. But the article on the revision of the Constitution provides that this fundamental law shall not be altered or amended, except by a convention of the

* Colman's European Agriculture.

people, called for that purpose, by a vote of three quarters of the members of the National Assembly. This vote, also, must be taken three successive times at intervals of a month each; and the number of members each time voting must be at least five hundred. Should the friends of the President not be numerous enough in the Assembly to effect their purposes by pursuing this constitutional method, the new charter of government will be displaced, doubtless, by some degree of violence. We do not in any case apprehend another 18th of Brumaire. The President may keep the letter of his word. But his partisans will be ready enough to strike down the Constitution for him, should it become necessary to do so; and the people will ratify the act by a stronger vote than was ever cast to increase the powers of Napoleon himself.

It would be premature to undertake to divine the precise form of government which is to arise under the new Restoration. Louis Napoleon has taken up the republic as he found it. The first thing to be done was to manage the Constituent Assembly during the brief remainder of its session, as well as might be; and for the accomplishment of this purpose, the President made the judicious choice of Odilon Barrot for his prime-minister. M. Barrot is not obnoxious to the legislative powers that be, is a prudent adviser without, and is probably as well adapted to the present interim, in which nothing can be attempted, as any other person. But the moment the new Assembly shall be returned by the same party which elected the President, we presume a minister will take his place at the head of affairs, more susceptible of being inspired by new and great ideas than this moderate reformer and representative of the old *juste milieu*.

The immediate future of France must depend very much upon the character which shall be developed by Louis Napoleon and his principal adviser. We say this, because it cannot escape the notice of any careful observer, that the *French people themselves have no settled political convictions*. Their future career, therefore, must be shaped for them, not by them. The only well-established political sentiment which prevails in France, is

that of the equality of all citizens before the law. It was this sentiment which founded the first republic. Its paramount influence was recognized by Napoleon, when, after having established the Legion of Honor, he gave to Massena, the first French general, and to David, the first French painter, the same mark of distinction. Napoleon's power, in fact, never began to decline, until he began to do manifest violence to this common instinct of his countrymen. On the restoration of the Bourbons, it dictated that first article of the Charte, which declared "all Frenchmen to be equal in the eye of the law, whatsoever be their rank or titles." It acquired still greater strength under the Orleans dynasty; and now it has again founded the Republic. But the political principles, which in this country have become popular maxims, and which constitute the immovable basis of our institutions, the French have not as yet learned either from experience or instruction. They have been trained to make and unmake constitutions of government by means of revolutions; they have always been accustomed to live under laws maintained and executed by force; they have not learned to impose restraints upon themselves, from having always been under the restraint of the government; they have never acquired the art of managing their own affairs, because the ordering of all things has been done for them by a wisdom above them. As a people, they do not possess that amount of intelligence, and of general information, which is indispensable for the formation of political convictions. On the other hand, in the absence of such settled principles of public policy, the French people are susceptible of being inspired with the most ardent and the most chivalric impulses. They possess the old Greek susceptibility. Like Attica or Laconia, France is ever young, eager, active. Unlike her neighbors, she is capable of being completely absorbed by *one* passion. But England, although capable of being inspired, particularly for the promotion of her own interests, is always agitated by a double emotion. There is always the great whig idea and the great tory idea, co-existent and conflicting. In Germany, enthusiasm is as easily concocted as small beer; but

there are as many different shades of sentiment as there are principalities, and as many God-inspired priests of the people as there are jack-booted burschen. In Italy there is passion enough, but it is apt to evaporate quickly in words, without passing, as on the other side of the mountains, into action. France, too, is sufficiently chivalric to act for others as well as for herself. She accepts of glory for a reward. And in this respect, we readily acknowledge the inferiority of our own republic. The world might become republican or Cossack—we should not interfere to prevent it. We are ready to trade with it in either character. Not that we would wish to disparage the American policy of non-interference, which all the circumstances of our lot have imposed upon us as an inevitable, no less than a fortunate necessity. We pursue the interests, but we also cultivate the virtues, and carry forward the improvements of peace, so that notwithstanding our national policy is shaped with reference solely to our own aggrandizement, it is nevertheless calculated to prove to be in the end most beneficial in its influence upon the world at large. France, with a different position, has a different character, and a different destiny. She is appointed to be the great mover and civilizer of Europe. In the fulfillment of this mission, hers has become the most *dramatic* of histories recorded in modern, if not in ancient times. It must continue to be so, at least so long as the present type of national character remains unchanged. Such being the temperament of France, it follows that an ample opportunity is now presented for a great master-mind to originate a popular dominion, which shall introduce into that country, and ultimately into other parts of Europe, whatever is true and good in the political and social principles—whatever is practicable and beneficent in the scientific discoveries—whatever is useful and ornamental in the various modern arts—and whatever, too, may be conducive to still farther progress in the improvements of the nineteenth century.

It is considerations like these which induce us to say that the immediate future of France is held by her new chief, as in the hollow of his hand. "It is as easy for us," said General Changarnier, "to make

an Emperor as to make bonbons." The enthusiasm of the nation is aroused. France is ready to draw the sword and follow a Napoleon to the wars; or she is ready to thrust in the sickle and rejoice under the reign of a real Napoleon of peace. Cossack or republican, she is waiting to be made either. But one thing is indispensable; and that is, a man of genius at the head of affairs. France must be transformed from the first of the second rate powers, she had become under Louis Philippe, into a great empire or a great commonwealth; else she will transfer her President, at the end of his four years, into an obscurity which shall be only worse than oblivion. Should the course of events force the country into a new career of arms, then her victorious eagles must fly to the mountains of Italy, and the plains of Poland and Hungary; and an independent existence be secured for every oppressed nationality in Europe. To do this would require but an imitation of whatever was successful in the campaigning of the great Captain. But to establish the reign of a dignified as well as a prosperous peace, which should fill the lap of France with plenty for all, which should beautify the land with the monuments of useful and elegant art, and make Paris as magnificent as Athens under the rule of Pericles—this would be the labor of a still more original genius. Of such there is now pressing need. There is need of prudent, self-possessed energy in the government to maintain the cause first of civil order, and then of national honor. There is an absolute necessity for the immediate invention of a new system of financiering, which shall reduce the public expenditures from the enormous sum of three hundred and thirty millions of dollars, with a constantly increasing annual deficit, and save the state from the now imminent bankruptcy. There must be bold, far-reaching plans, laid by a forecast which shall know how to provide for the harmonious existence, and the free advancement of all the great interests of the country. Especially must there be the conception and the carrying through of a system of policy which shall better the fortunes and elevate the character of the lower, the dependent classes. Freedom of competition gives as much advantage to capital and

skill over labor and ignorance as did the old monopolies. Therefore the interests of the higher classes will need no other protection than stable civil order, and gradually progressive legislation; and these being guarantied to them, the main energies of the government must be directed to the raising up of the inferior orders, until the whole nation shall become fitted for and endowed with the substantial blessings of free local, as well as free national institutions. These are the great works now to be done by Bonapartism—or nothing.

France is like clay in the hands of the potter—but is Louis Napoleon the artist to mould the mass into the proportions of beauty and durability? As yet, he certainly has not given evidence of possessing any extraordinary talent. Still, it is not altogether impossible that new intellectual resources may be developed by his new position. Many a man lacks only an opportunity to become a hero. Louis Napoleon's confidence in his destiny, particularly since that confidence has turned out to be an intelligent and well-founded one, does not argue an ordinary character. It was of late the fashion to ridicule the attempts of Strasbourg and Boulogne as the puerile sallies of a mad-cap, but recent events have demonstrated that the Prince's

judgment of the dispositions of the French people was right, and the world's opinion was wrong. The enthusiasm for the Bonaparte empire existed in a quiescent state, and only waited for a turn in events to sweep like the wind over the cottages of France. But whatever may be the intellectual deficiencies of the President, we are disposed to think that they may be sufficiently supplied, as, for the most part, they have been since his re-appearance on the scene of public affairs, by a fortunate choice of councillors. Since his election he appears to have succeeded in so entertaining the hopes, as to have neutralized in a great measure the opposition of nearly all the politicians, whether of the old bourgeoisie, or of the new republic. This course will, no doubt, be pursued until the meeting of a Bonapartist Assembly shall enable him to choose the greatest statesman of France for his official adviser, and to obtain relief from those trammels of the present Constitution which render the action of the chief of the nation uncertain and ineffectual. We await with deep interest and some fears the completion of these preliminary arrangements, when France shall receive, as it were, the word of command to march upon her new career.

J. M. M.

SONNET.—TO A BAS-BLEU.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!"
 But I forget myself—'tis not the sea
 I would address in bold apostrophy;
 'Tis thou, of thought profound and virgin soul,
 Whose single blessedness I fain condole.
 "Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,"
 For, in the eldest gossip's memory,
 Thou wert as old and blue as thou art now;
 And many broken hearts, 'tis said, didst thou
 Let die, "unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown,"
 Or drive distracted with thy learned tone.
 Oh, thou so stern, declare by what chaste vow,
 Thou art most deep and transcendental grown,
 And livest on—"dread, fathomless, alone!"

CALIBAN.

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

IN THE ISLAND OF ST. DOMINGO.

NUMBER TWO.

THE new government went into operation under many difficulties, arising chiefly from the slender financial resources of the country. But notwithstanding these difficulties, it has thus far continued its operations without, we believe, the least foreign aid whatever.

One of its first measures was the emission of a paper currency, based on the government credit. We have not at hand the means of ascertaining the amount issued the first fiscal year, 1844-5.* In the second, there was issued in paper and alloyed copper—mostly the former—the sum of \$1,123,898 53; and in the third or last reported fiscal year, 1846-7, in paper only, \$771,830.† The whole amount issued cannot be far from four millions.

Like all such emissions, made under similar circumstances, this paper soon and gradually depreciated; though the government arrested its downward tendency, so far as could be done by such a measure, by fixing its custom-house value at \$160 the doubloon,‡ when it had reached that point of depreciation.

In this paper the disbursements for the civil lists are made by the government, which, on the other hand, received it in payment of the export and a part of the import duties.

* The fiscal year commenced on the first day of July.

† Report of the Minister of Finance: "Santo Domingo; Imprenta Nacional; año 1848"—(St. Domingo; Government Press, 1849.)

‡ Or one-tenth its nominal value. Subsequently, July 1, 1847, the market value of doubloons was \$195a\$200, paper. In other words, the latter was worth 8½a8 cents specie to the dollar. And a year subsequently, July 1, 1848, the market value of doubloons was \$240a\$256 paper; or the latter, 6¾a6¼ cents specie to the dollar; at which latter date silver coins began to come into circulation. (Private memoranda and personal recollection.)

We pass now to consider the commerce, the sources of revenue, and the state of finances of the republic. There are four ports of entry in the republic; two only of which, however, are of any note, and divide between them, in about equal proportions, nearly the whole foreign commerce of the State. These are, the city of St. Domingo on the south, and Puerto Plata, (Port au Platte, under the Haytians,) on the north; the remaining two inconsiderable ones being Samaná, on the large bay of the same name on the northeast, and the port of Azua on the south, to the west of the capital. The foreign commerce of the country is carried on in foreign vessels; the small national mercantile marine being only employed in the coastwise trade; though vessels owned by citizens of the republic occasionally visit foreign ports, under the protection of a foreign, generally a Danish register.

The number of vessels that were cleared from the several ports during the fiscal year 1845-6, was 205; and the following year, 240.* The staple products of the country, in the exportation of which this amount of shipping is employed, are, mahogany and tobacco, principally; together with smaller quantities of other woods, gums, honey, hides, and so forth,† the

	1845-6.	1846-7.
* From the port of St. Domingo,	103	120
Puerto Plata - - - -	92	110
Port of Samaná - - - -	6	4
Azua - - - - -	4	6
	205	240

(Rep. of Min. of Finance and Comm. 1848.)

The tonnage is not given in the published report. The vessels engaged in this trade average, however, from 140 to 180 tons, with occasionally a vessel of heavier tonnage.

† To show the kinds and quantities of the exports of the republic, we annex, nearly in

custom-house value of which may be stated at about one million of dollars, annually. Of the great natural staple of the country, the sugar-cane, there is not enough raised to supply the home demand for its products, though a small quantity of sugar figures in the list of exports, for one of the two years, given below.* Of the other great natural staple, coffee, the same is more emphatically true; none being exported, and, in fact, most of that used in the home consumption being derived from importation.

By an analysis of the official reports before us, it appears that the legitimate revenue of the fiscal year 1845-6, amounted, in round numbers, to \$170,000, while the proper expenditures of the same year were nearly \$308,000. The revenue of the next year, 1846-7, was \$161,862 72, and the expenses \$165,185 69, making an aggregate

deficit, for the two years, of above \$140,000. The falling off of the revenue here apparent, was in part owing to the decrease in the amount of exports, but more to the operation of an act of Congress during the latter year, which materially lowered the tariff of certain duties. The above aggregate deficit was more than supplied by the issue of paper and copper, as before mentioned, and by some small domestic loans, forming an aggregate sum of \$215,372 09, hard money.†

To show the condition of the public treasury at the close of the last reported year, 1846-7,‡ and at the same time to exhibit the various sources of revenue and the channels of disbursement in the government expenditures, we will annex in a condensed form the report of the minister of finance for that year:

extenso, the official tables for the fiscal years 1845-6, and 1846-7, only adding the approximate custom-house valuation, based on a Congressional document:

	1845-6.		Value, \$506,778	1846-7.		Value, \$370,044
Mahogany, in feet,	4,223,149	"	342.078	3,083,698	"	284,540
Tobacco, lbs.,	3,420,777	"	530	2,845,399	"	1,456
Cigars, No.,	158,400	"	4,800	436,900	"	7,200
Lignum Vitæ, &c. lbs.,	849,617	"		1,274,785	"	
Gum guaiacum, lbs.,	28,518	"		11,582	"	
Beeswax,	83,022	"	128,000	103,103	"	130,000
Honey, bbls.,	1,772	"		4,335	"	
Hides, untanned, No.,	27,841	"		22,080	"	
Sugar, ceroons,	none,	"		260	"	
All other articles, say,			10,000			10,000
The duty on these exports was, in 1845-6, \$14,419 18; in 1846-7, \$13,914 86, hard money value. (1)						

By comparing the foregoing table with that contained in a note to the preceding number of these papers, and the estimate there made of the agricultural capabilities of the republic, it will be seen how very far these capabilities are, at present, from being developed.

* A considerable portion of the sugar-cane raised, is used to make a delicious syrup much used in that country, as with us; and also to manufacture a vile kind of rum. Still another considerable portion of the sugar-cane is used in its crude state as an article of food; in which case the saccharine matter is extracted by the process of mastication. Much of it is sold for this purpose, like any other agricultural production, in the markets of the towns. A good-sized stalk of two feet in length, with the addition, perhaps, of a roasted or boiled plantain, very frequently serves the soldier or rustic for his principal meal, day after day.

† We shall, throughout, reduce the paper money items to their hard money value, as before given, of \$10 for \$1, and so state them.

‡ The reports of the departments for the year 1847-8 have probably been published, though not a sufficiently long time to have reached here at this date, January 29, 1849.

(1) There is an export duty payable on all products of the country exported; specific on mahogany and tobacco, at least.

Balance in the treasury, July 1, 1846,	-	-	-	-	\$43,520 72
Paper issued in 1846-7, (reduced to its value,)	-	-	-	-	77,183 00
Revenue from the Customs,	-	-	-	-	120,964 70
" Public domain,*	-	-	-	-	2,096 66
" Imposts,†	-	-	-	-	7,772 08
Extraordinary sources,	-	-	-	-	31,029 28
Total,	-	-	-	-	\$282,566 44

Expenditures:

Department of the Interior and Police,	-	-	\$7,600 95
" Justice and Public Instruction,	-	-	7,044 73
" Finance, Commerce and Foreign Relations,	-	-	39,724 48
" of War,	-	-	99,281 27
" of the Navy,	-	-	13,812 68
Appropriations for the anterior year,	-	-	38,704 50
" following year,	-	-	2,278 42
Total,	-	-	\$208,447 03

Leaving a balance in the treasury, June 30, 1847, of \$74,119 41
Of which, the sum of \$58,366 67 was in hard money.‡

It will have been seen by one of the foregoing tables that there was a considerable falling off, in the latter year, of the two principal articles of export, mahogany and tobacco. This was owing in part to a depression in trade generally, and in part, as regards the former article, to the fact that the wood is growing scarcer as, year by year, it is cut off from the localities most favorable for transportation. And fortunate indeed will it be for the country when this source of individual profit and government revenue shall have become practically exhausted, and the large proportion of the inhabitants, now engaged principally in this business, shall be compelled to resort for a livelihood and for gain to the true source and means of the republic's prosperity, the cultivation of its fertile soil.

The utter prostration and neglect of agriculture is every where visible. As the traveller passes through the country, in almost any direction, along the intricate

bridle-paths which constitute nearly the only roads,§ he is constantly reminded of a former period of greater agricultural prosperity than now exists, by the traces he discovers of old plantations of the sugar-cane, coffee, and other tropical productions. Riding along in the forest, beneath the shade of the overhanging trees, he will perhaps notice beside his pathway a circular spot free from any growth of trees or bushes, such as overspreads the surrounding space, indicating the spot where in former times the mule was wont to go his monotonous round in turning the cane mill. Or, it may be that his pathway opens before him the vista of a long avenue of two parallel rows of closely set trees, of a peculiar kind, and whose trunks, thickly studded with thorns, form an excellent hedge, now grown perhaps to a sturdy forest-tree size, and far overtopping the surrounding growth. These were the border-trees of the ancient highway, and were intended to serve the double purpose

* Sale or renting of confiscated Haytian property, mostly houses.

† Tax on salt-works, paper stamp duty, licenses to trade, &c.

‡ Pres. Santana's Annual Message to Congress, Jan. 31, 1848: "Santo Domingo; Imprenta Nacional; año 1848."

§ With the exception of a few ancient highways not yet grown up, though now unused for wheeled vehicles. The backs of asses and horses have entirely superseded any more efficient modes of conveyance or carriage in the country. The same is also true, in great part, in regard to the conveyance of merchandise in the sea-port towns. Two or three rude ox-carts have been lately introduced for this purpose, into use at the capital, where there are also about the same number of private carriages owned, which occasionally make their appearance abroad. Carts are also used to some extent in the mahogany cuts.

of shelter to the traveller or passer-by against the sun, and of a hedge to protect the adjoining fields. The sometimes wide distance asunder of these rows marks the ample breadth of the former road, now narrowed down by the encroachments of the undergrowth on each side, to the narrow horse and mule path along which he is riding. Through the interstices on either hand he traces with his eye single lines of the same tree, running through the adjacent young forest, marking by their intersections the boundaries of the former fields. The proprietary mansion that once stood on these domains has long since crumbled into ruin, and disappeared along with the name and race of its occupant; or, if constructed of more enduring materials, its dilapidated walls, and those perhaps of the sugar establishment, may still be discovered, obscurely visible among the forest trees and rank undergrowth, which, under the influence of a tropical sun, so speedily, and as it were magically, springs up from a prolific soil, to veil from sight and bury in oblivion the neglected works of man. Occasionally, perhaps, a small clearing is observed, with a rude, diminutive cabin standing in its midst—the only present human abode on the domains—with perhaps an ox horn, or a pair of them, stuck upon a stake, or the rude fence in front of the hut, to ward off the influence of the Evil Eye,* indicating the abode of the manumitted African negro. This, or, in place of it, the scarcely more aspiring domicile of the free-born creole, stands the sole representative of the luxurious proprietary mansion of the Spanish-Indian planter.

This scene is not a fancy sketch, but is drawn from nature and real life, and is intended to convey, in place of more extended generalities, some idea of the aspect of much of even the once cultivated portions of Spanish St. Domingo.

This somewhat general aspect of the country is, however, diversified by exceptions that form a favorable contrast with the predominant features of the picture. To some extent on the southern side of the

republic, but more particularly on the north, in the Vega, considerable quantities of tobacco are raised, sufficient not only to supply the home consumption, but also, as has been seen, to leave a comparatively large quantity for exportation; so large indeed as to make this a staple second only in importance to mahogany.

Indeed, constituted as we have seen much of the rural population to be, in the absence of any wintry cold and consequent season of unproductiveness that must be provided for, there are wanting, for this and other causes, those incentives to industry and acquisition of which even the lowest classes feel the influence in colder climates and in more advanced states of society.

As would naturally be expected, the operations of agriculture are conducted in an exceedingly imperfect manner. We never saw in the vicinity of the capital any implement answering to the character of the American plough, and have been assured that no such implement is anywhere used in the republic; though its place is said to be sometimes supplied by a primitive instrument that in some measure answers that purpose.*

Besides the more obvious causes that have operated—some from the beginning, others for a considerable period of years—to produce the present depressed condition of the agricultural interests of Spanish St. Domingo, and render the rural population inefficient for this pursuit, and which are found in the inherent character of the people, and in the circumstance of the emancipation of the slaves by Boyer, there

* The only processes which the writer has observed are these: The undergrowth is first cut off with the machetté, (a kind of cane knife,) or a hatchet; the ground is then burned over, and sometimes the roots grubbed up, and the soil in rare instances lightened with a heavy, clumsy hoe, when it is prepared for the seed. This is then simply deposited, and covered, in a hole or trench, in the case of the sugar-cane; and the young crop is afterwards left to take care of itself. In scarcely any other than a tropical climate and a very fertile soil, would this imperfect method of agriculture yield any substantial returns; but there it is otherwise, to an extent which shows what important results would attend more perfect methods. As it is, we very much doubt whether superior sugar-cane—size and quality combined—is produced elsewhere. The same may be said of many other agricultural products

* The belief in the blasting effects on the crops, among other things, of this species of witchcraft, with other kindred superstitions, was imported from Africa, and still prevails among the small remnant of that race now left.

is still another, arising from one of the principal industrial pursuits of the inhabitants—the cutting and preparation of mahogany. To the rustic creole, constitutionally and from habit averse to steady, persevering labor—such as a proper cultivation of the soil requires,—particularly within the tropics, where a rank, wild vegetation quickly springs up and usurps a neglected soil—there is an attraction, or preference rather, in the business of mahogany working, with its returns in prompt, and indeed very common prepayment, in its detached seasons of labor and long intervals of repose, which he is unable to resist. His little patch of ground is therefore abandoned to the care of the female portion of his household, a good part of the time, while he departs for the forest, or up or down the coast, in the employ of the mahogany merchant.

Even the “Americans,” as the before-mentioned black colonists from the United States are called, were unable to resist the same determining influences. For a short time after their immigration, they prosecuted their farming operations on something like the intelligent system with which they were acquainted at home, as they still fondly call our country. But soon, influenced by the force of example, which, it may be, an inherent want of forecast and judgment led them the more readily to follow; and certainly, in some degree, induced by the discouragement to agricultural labor, caused by the very general military conscription of their sons by the Haytian government, they, too, abandoned their fields, and sought occupation and its returns in the same general employment.

As a very natural consequence, the rural portion of them—for some are traders and mechanics in the towns—find themselves in advancing age extremely poor; their habitations, rude cabins in the midst of their once cultivated fields, now overgrown with a young forest; and their scanty means of subsistence drawn from the imperfectly cultivated little spot, still preserved from the encroaching forest; or by the cutting of wood therefrom and disposing of it in the market of the towns. And yet this colonization was formed of the best materials of the kind which our country could produce, and under the most favorable circumstances—when the

black race was exclusively in the ascendant, and the power and patronage of the state was extended to protect and encourage the colonists in their experiment of regenerating the agricultural interests of the country.

And here it may not be out of place, while referring to the means heretofore employed for regenerating this portion of St. Domingo—which, as it has, intellectually at least, a white ascendancy, is for all the purposes of the argument, in the same position as the rest of the free West India islands—to allude to the question of the possible practical efficiency of free negro or colored labor in those islands, for the purpose of preventing those that have already been brought to a high state of cultivation from retrograding, and of developing the agricultural resources of those which, like Spanish St. Domingo, have never had their resources but very partially developed.

For ourselves, we believe this can never be done, except either by compulsory toil, by servile labor, or by the introduction of a new proprietary race, a population of a different kind in character and origin from that which now inhabits the soil; and that the alternative of this, the cultivation of those islands solely by free colored labor, or, in the case of Spanish St. Domingo, by the white creole race at present existing there, must necessarily be followed by the gradual retrogradation of those islands, and their final relapse into as wild and uncultivated a state as that in which they were found by the first European discoverers. Nor do we believe that any impartial observer of the creole character, whether of the colored or white race, so far as regards the mass of the people, can honestly arrive at any other conclusion, however strongly he may wish that he might do so.

The necessities and desires of the colored race* within the tropics, and especially in the warm and equable climate of the islands, are exceedingly limited, and solely of a physical and animal nature. These wants, owing to the prolific nature

* Whatever positions will hold true in relation to this question, as regards the colored creoles, will apply in a great measure, at least in Spanish St. Domingo, to the mass of the creole white population.

soil, and the fact that very many of articles of food used by the creoles spontaneously, are very easily supplied and at the cost of an exceedingly amount of labor. Shall the negro colored creole be hired, and his labor generated in stipulated wages? On this basis he can, undoubtedly, be induced labor to the extent of furnishing the means of supplying these few wants. But it is perfectly demonstrable that this will require but a very small fractional portion of time during the year. Will he go to work for this? Certainly not, without adequate inducement; for continuous labor is to him pain, or annoyance at least; and finally the monotonous, toilsome routine of agriculture. Shall the inducement of a desire to better his physical condition, elevate his position in society? To a man not at all acquainted with the state of things in those islands, with the views of his position and what constitutes it, in his estimation of the large mass of the population, the bare serious suggestion of an incentive to industry and thrift would appear supremely ridiculous. And to the creole of the general mass, if urged to work for him, it would sound as the most unmeaning jargon. With his few animal wants and desires gratified, he knows of no higher desires or instincts. He feels no longings of a refined life, or of higher innate aspirations, and thus gratification, and thus stimulating exertion, and awakening a desire of

shall the motive be the desire of accumulating for his children? The habit, inborn even with the very elements of his race, and giving bias and direction to all his actions, of supplying in each successive month of the year the immediate wants of the season, well knowing that the provision of Nature has furnished, with very little labor on his part for the production of them, sufficient means wherewith to ward off famine, or any serious degree of physical suffering, the foundation of any such desire or incentive is entirely wanting.* His own wants—such is his

There is found every where growing in St. Domingo, and probably in most of the other islands, an inexhaustible supply of certain wild fruits from which the rustic creoles are in the habit of making a kind of tolerably nutritious

practical reasoning—have been easily supplied day by day, and season by season; and so will be those of his children, after him. And if there is anything connected with the economy of life equally absurd and foolish, in his estimation, as the idea of hoarding, and therefore suffering, for the purpose of acquiring for the mere sake of hoarding, more than his immediate necessities and desires call for; it is the idea of undergoing the same suffering of labor, to accumulate for any who may come after him.

These are incontrovertible facts in regard to the character of the colored creole population. They lie at its very foundation, and are among the essential elements that constitute it; and no sophistry or plausibility of argument can remove them, or evade the inevitable conclusion to which they lead. To infuse into such a race new and impulsive energies, and high principles of action, while their actual character and position incapacitate them to appreciate their force and practical value, is certainly a hopeless task.

The agricultural interests of the free islands can only be effectually promoted by the introduction of a race of colonists of more industrious and thrifty habits, and of a higher order of character. That the object cannot be effected by the introduction of even the best race of the African blood among a white population, is demonstrated by the fact of the hitherto invariable relative condition and position of the two races, whenever placed in juxtaposition. And this position is confirmed by the history of the Haytian colonization of the American blacks. The force of character, moral and intellectual, of this race, does not prove itself sufficiently strong to impart a renovating tone to the character of the people among whom they may be thrown; nor even to preserve their own original characteristics against the adverse influences of the contact. Hence they degenerate, very perceptibly in the first generation, and most essentially in the second.

After what has been said, there is little occasion, we think, to discuss the feasibility

of bread, and which, with the spontaneous fruits there found, would, on an emergency, sustain the whole rural population for years, without any agricultural products whatever.

ity of the plan for promoting these desired agricultural purposes, of importing colonists from among the barbarous and brutalized tribes of Africa, whether as free hireling laborers, or under the equivocal character and denomination of apprentices. How any vital national interests, material or moral, can be essentially promoted by such accessions, unless they are placed in the virtual position of slaves, we confess ourselves utterly at a loss to discover. And we think our position is fully sustained by the actual condition of the British West India islands under her new colonial system, and by the evident destiny to which they are fast tending.*

The government of the Dominican Republic has from the beginning virtually acknowledged the truth of what we have advanced in regard to the practicable means of effectually promoting the agricultural interests of that republic. Indeed, in the conversations of private intercourse, its high functionaries and intelligent private citizens have frequently confessed the utter hopelessness of ever raising these interests to a prosperous state, by means of the materials furnished by the present creole population, white or mixed. So long has this population been accustomed, from generation to generation, to an indolent, thriftless mode of life, they declare, and very truly, that there is no hope of instilling into it more energetic principles or more industrious habits; and that the object, which is confessed to be of vital importance to the

prosperity, if not to the prolonged duration of the Republic, can only be accomplished by the introduction of a more energetic and industrious agricultural population from abroad.

Accordingly, and on the earnest recommendation of the executive, the national Congress, just at the close of its third annual session, passed an act on the subject.* After reciting the object of the act to be to promote the cultivation of the vast and fertile territory of the republic, now almost a desert, by the introduction of industrious people, who should devote themselves to agriculture, it empowers the executive to appropriate the surplus funds in the treasury for the promotion of foreign immigration; and authorizes him to allot to each head of a family, in fee simple, a farm of fifty acres, on the sole condition of his dwelling on and cultivating it. The act further provides that these colonists shall be exempt from all military service, owing obedience, only, to the constitution and laws.†

In pursuance of the provisions of this act, the executive entered into contracts with several masters of vessels, some to bring colonists from Germany, and one to do the same from the United States—the latter of colored people. Nothing resulted from these contracts so late as last July, at which time all expectation of the arrival of any colonists under them was abandoned.

Meanwhile, this governmental policy awakened strong jealousies and apprehensions for the result, among the various classes of the community—on the part of many of the creole whites from a dread of the usurpation of the political power of the state by a new and energetic race from Europe;—among the colored classes from a fear for their own security in their present position of political equality with the whites;—and, most of all, it created an alarm, to a greater or less extent, among all classes, originating from the clergy, lest the national religion should thereby be subverted.

* Had the British government, in the pursuit of its philanthropic policy in regard to the slave population in her West India colonies, stopped at the point of unconditional emancipation of the slaves and adequate indemnity therefor to the planters, it would not at least have exhibited to the world the spectacle of a policy, to say the least of it, absurd and equivocal in its character and purpose, that of apprenticeship for the victims of the African slave-trade, liberated or seized upon by British cruisers—a policy which, as the slightest knowledge of character and circumstances connected with the case must have shown, could never repair the disastrous effects of the emancipation on the planting and general interests of the colonies; but which, at the same time that it inflicts on the wretched objects of its so-called philanthropic interest, most of the individual wrongs and sufferings of servitude, deprived them, on the other hand, of the benefit of the few alleviations which candor must admit are attached to a state of absolute slavery.

* Act of July 7th, 1847.

† The President, in his annual message to Congress of January 31, 1848, urges the importance of still pursuing this policy, as the means of advancing the agricultural interests of the republic, which interests he declares to be in a deplorable state.

The obstacles which have thus been thrown in the way of the effectual prosecution of this truly wise and national policy, are, it is to be feared, of a very serious kind. Though there was not, to our knowledge, any documentary evidence of the fact at the time, yet it was well understood, as late as last July, from semi-official and other intelligent sources at the capital, that no bodies of immigrants would be admitted into the republic under the provisions of the foregoing act, unless they professed the Roman Catholic faith.

There are many intelligent creoles, who, though professing the national religion, deeply regret for their country's sake this retrograde movement. Still, this new policy has not, that we are aware, been fixed by any decisive authentic act,* and may, therefore, be again modified, as it most probably will be, as soon as the groundless alarm which bigotry and jealousy have for a time raised shall have subsided, and the views of the more intelligent and liberal portion of the nation shall have resumed their usual influence. This influence, we know, is strong at the capital, and can hardly fail in the end to produce a favorable result.

And yet it is painful for one who has watched with interest and sympathy the struggle of the new republic with the difficulties that surround her, to attain a respectable national position—who has witnessed the energy and zeal with which some of her intelligent and patriotic citizens have devoted themselves to the ad-

vancement of her interests—to see their efforts in a measure frustrated, and the advancement of the state seriously checked by groundless distrust and religious illiberality.

The national legislature, meanwhile that it succumbs to these untoward influences, exhausts a fruitless ingenuity in search of other means of remedying the existing evils and financial embarrassments of the state, than those which every intelligent individual acknowledges to be the only effectual ones for the purpose—the improvement of its population and the renovation of its agricultural condition by foreign immigration.*

This scheme of immigration has been a favorite one with the government, and has found strenuous advocates both in public and private stations among the intelligent and liberal friends of the republic, whose deep and strongly expressed regrets at this retrograde policy afford some cheering hope that their views will ultimately prevail.

That the system of small proprietary farming operations, which this policy contemplates, is practicable, and would, if properly carried out, prove fully efficient

* The writer makes this statement with a perfect knowledge of the fact, that the government refused last summer to allow of the introduction into the republic of a body of blacks from one of our southern states, who had been manumitted by their owner by last will. Provision had been made by the purchase of land on the north side of the republic, for their settlement there, as well as for their removal to it. The alleged ground of the refusal was, as the writer understood there at the time, the supposed Protestantism of the proposed colonists. This, he thinks, was not the principal reason. It was at a peculiar crisis, and there were good and strong motives for not avowing the substantial reason, supposing the writer to be right in his opinion in regard to it. A moment's reflection on the numerical proportions, and consequently relative physical strength of the races or castes of the population, will enable the reader to conjecture the supposed real cause of this refusal. The crisis will be alluded to *hereafter*.

* Much of the time of the Congressional session of 1848 was spent in devising a monetary system that should relieve the present financial embarrassment of the State. The result was finally embodied in an act, which in substance provided for the sending of the hard money lying in the treasury, and additions to it to the amount of \$100,000, to the United States, to obtain our small coins in return: also for the emission of a new paper currency, based on the credit of the national treasury, to the amount of \$500,000, nominal value, and guaranteed at 40 cents, hard money, to the dollar. In this way the old emission is to be gradually called in, and at the present rate of \$10 for \$1 hard money, or \$2 50 of the new paper. Gold and silver thenceforward are to be the basis of the national circulation. Debts contracted after Jan. 1, 1848, may be paid in the old paper at the rate of \$240 the ounce, or doubloon; thus verifying the statement hereinbefore made of the market value of the paper in that year. The executive is further authorized to negotiate a foreign or domestic loan of \$100,000 to \$150,000, by means of a credit, or by the alienation of the public domain; the sum when obtained to be applied to the cancellation of a similar amount in value of the old paper. (Act of June 20, 1848.) It is difficult to discover what is to prevent as rapid and great a depreciation of this new paper as occurred in the case of the old emission.

for the purpose of developing the agricultural resources of the country, we do not entertain the shadow of a doubt. Nor can we discover any good reason for a contrary opinion in the facts that the staple productions of the soil are the sugar-cane, tobacco, coffee, and, we might add, rice and cotton, and the climate a tropical one.

Abstractly considered, the proposition seems too plain for argument, that any given extent of territory under cultivation will produce more, if divided into small independent portions, the cultivation of each superintended by the interested sagacity of its proprietor, and the labor of it mainly performed by him, than it will if divided into large estates, where the mind that plans and directs does not immediately guide the physical force that executes; and where, indeed, most of both operations must be delegated to mercenary, and therefore uninterested parties.

Is there anything to take the above products of agricultural industry out of the rules applicable to those of more temperate climates? In the simple raising of the raw material, there is evidently none. Can there be in the preparation of the manufactured article for the market? The cost of machinery cannot, we think, make any material difference in the case. If a small plantation would not warrant the expense of it, the system of combination for the purpose of its joint purchase and use by several neighboring proprietors, precisely as it is done in the grain-growing districts of our Northern States, would do away with all difficulty on this head. Indeed, the rude outlines of this plan have already been in some measure put in practice in those districts of the Dominican territory where the sugar-cane is now most cultivated, and its products extracted and prepared for market by a rude kind of machinery.

We are aware that such a system is not one that would promote the accumulation of all the landed property of the country, and all political power, in the hands of a numerically small portion of the inhabitants. But we are not suggesting the adoption of any such system, but of one that will at least equally well (and it is *maintained far better*) develop the agricultural resources and capabilities of a

country, and enable it to sustain at the same time the largest and the most intelligent population of which it is capable—interested in the soil, its productiveness, its protection, and consequently in a just, enlightened, and stable government; in a word, a system that shall lay deep and strong the foundations of a free state, and secure the greatest amount of physical comfort and general happiness to the mass of its people. We propose no new or untried theory, but simply the application of the agricultural system that prevails in all our own Northern States, to the tropical region of the Dominican Republic.

Nor do we conceive that the circumstance of its being in a tropical climate presents any very serious objection to the plan of European or other white colonization in that Republic, for agricultural purposes. One is apt to adopt, without reflection, the somewhat popular, though we conceive erroneous idea, that African or colored labor can alone be successfully employed for agricultural purposes in warm countries. And yet no one ever doubted that the European or American was perfectly capable of pursuing, in such countries, with efficiency, the various avocations of trade and the mechanic arts, without serious inconvenience. If there be any reason why one foreigner, after proper acclimation, with the suitable previous training, can engage in those pursuits with efficiency in a tropical climate, and yet at the same time another, bred to those of agriculture—his physical constitution moulded and adapted to them—should be unfitted by the same circumstance of climate from prosecuting them with a similar degree of success, we confess ourselves unable to discover it.

That the colonists would suffer much, until they became acclimated, is most probable, particularly in the more unfavorable localities. But that much of the territory of the Dominican Republic is as favorable to health and longevity as any country in low latitudes and of similar elevation can be, we fully believe.* There are un-

* In a conversation which the writer had on this subject with an intelligent creole Spanish gentleman, then a Cabinet minister, the latter referred, in proof of the salubrity of the climate at the capital, to the fact that many of the Euro-

d and decided local exceptions to what they are, still, local and quite ; and would become more limited in extent and degree as soon as the land is deemed from its present rank, wild by proper cultivation ; as is commonly observed in some of the equally fruitful districts that lie in different parts of our own country.

in all the West India islands, the nature of the atmosphere is very uniform. Any sudden change of even eight degrees, or a variation to that extent any given hour from one day to another, is of very rare occurrence.† The purity of the atmosphere is, however, great, and is undoubtedly the principal cause of the prejudicial effect of the climate on the European constitution. That tendency of the climate is also to enervate the physical and moral constitution

of residents have attained a healthy, vigorous life, after a long residence in the country ; and, that it was the irregularities in their mode of life that generally shortened the days of many residents who fell early victims. This, however, be taken with the allowance of decided exceptions ; and the writer desires, for good reasons, to be expressly so understood concerning the remark. Here, as in all the noted tropical countries, disease sometimes suddenly seizes upon and hurries off the most robust, and regular, and apparently well-constituted persons. And in this immediate connection, the writer would fain pay a passing tribute of sincere respect to the memory of the gentlemanly, efficient, and truly American representative of the U. S. commercial interests in the Dominican Republic, the deceased Francis M. Esq.

According to a thermometrical record, kept by the writer, at the capital, during a portion of the spring and summer of 1847, the average temperature was as follows :

Sunrise.	1 to 2 P. M.	9 to 10 do.
.. 72° 7½ Fahr.	80° 2½	77° 12'
.. 75 30	82 37½	78 53½
.. 75 23	82 4½	76 39
half) 76 45½	83 00	78 53

According to the same record, the greatest extremes during the course of the months, at the capital, were as follow :

.. { 76° 00'	{ 81° 00'	{ 80° 30'
.. { 68 00	{ 80 00	{ 71 00
.. { 79 00	{ 84 30	{ 82 30
... { 71 00	{ 79 00	{ 75 00
... { 77 00	{ 85 00	{ 79 00
... { 73 30	{ 75 00 (a)	{ 78 30
half) { 78 30	{ 85 00	{ 81 00
half) { 75 00	{ 78 00 (b)	{ 77 00

(a) heavy rain.

(b) rain.

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of the people is undoubtedly true, an effect which is seen in all countries where the same cause operates. But every experiment shows that the degree of this enervation would depend quite as materially on the national origin of the inhabitants or colonists—even as among the different white races themselves—as on the climate.

From the analysis already given of the Constitution of the Dominican Republic, the reader will probably have formed a favorable opinion of the abstract character of that instrument. It remains to speak briefly of its practical operation, and of the spirit in which it is administered and observed by the Government.

It has been intimated to the writer from a highly intelligent source, during the course of the preparation of these papers, that the impression is very general that this Constitution is a mere paper document, without force or vitality in the sense of its legitimate interpretation.

If a comparison is instituted between the constitutional charter and the governmental action and operation under the same—whether of the Dominican or any other of the Spanish-American republics on the one hand, and our own corresponding national or State institutions on the other—a very striking contrast will certainly be discovered ; and for the plain and obvious reason, were there no other, that the character and genius of the people, respectively, are totally dissimilar ; but as among those republics themselves, we believe that a comparison would result favorably to the Dominican.

In this, however, as in the other States alluded to, the moral force of law is not understood and appreciated, as with us ; and hence a republican constitutional charter wants there the surest guaranty of a faithful practical interpretation, enforcement, and permanence. Physical, not moral force, is the restraining, coercing power of the State ; and to it the Government itself, as well as those who would oppose or influence its action, instinctively resort in the first instance. Hence the tendency to arbitrary, unconstitutional measures on the one hand, and to commotion, revolution, and anarchy on the other. Nor do we believe that it can well be otherwise in those countries until the genius and character of the people become,

by some process, essentially modified. Meanwhile, the manner in which such governments are administered must depend, in a considerable degree, on the personal character, the intelligence and honesty of purpose, of the administrators of it for the time being.

In the case of the Dominican Republic, the courts of law have been, thus far, in regular and systematic operation; nor has there ever been, to our knowledge, any interference of the executive power to influence their decisions, or to defeat their legal and regular execution when given.* The salaries of the judges are, however, altogether too small to afford a sufficient guaranty of their strict impartiality and unswerving faithfulness in all cases and circumstances that might arise.

Leaving the regular political and administrative course of things without farther notice in this connection, we will particularize the most decided instances of executive interference, or stretch of power, which have thus far occurred.

Early in June, 1847, a rumor was rife at the capital that the Haytians were preparing an expedition for crossing the frontier and besieging the city. And it was alleged, and generally believed on the authority of semi-official declarations, that a very prominent white creole citizen had been in correspondence with the enemy in reference thereto. The officers of the army sent in a petition to the Congress, then in session, and of which the accused party was a very prominent member, for his expulsion therefrom and banishment from the country. That body refused to

accede to the wish of the petitioners, on the ground of the unconstitutionality of such an act. The President sided with the petitioners, and declared it to be his purpose to resign if it was not granted; and in fact went so far as to send in his resignation. The Congress, however, decided that it had no power, under the Constitution, to accept it, but only to take the prescribed course to fill the vacancy when it should occur. Whereupon the resignation was withdrawn, and the difficulty finally adjusted by the obnoxious member's consenting to accept his passports and leave the country, which he accordingly did. The positive evidences of his guilt, if any existed—which many doubted—never transpired beyond the limits of the Cabinet councils. They were never disclosed to the Congress, which body had requested to have them laid before it.*

The day following that of the departure of the accused party, the President, ministers, and members of Congress assembled in the legislative hall, and went through the ceremony of renewing their oath of fidelity to the Constitution.†

Another incident during the same annual session: The Congress called on one of the ministers for an explanation in regard to certain disbursements. He declined giving any; and the President, on the Congress urging the matter, interposed, and stated at the sitting, which he attended, as was sometimes his habit, that he took upon himself the responsibility of the appropriation; when the matter was dropped. This affair, also, was the theme of much excited remark and criticism at the time.

Again: Just a year afterwards, and near the close of the last session of Congress, when the act for reforming the monetary system, already alluded to, had been matured, a committee of that body was appointed to make an examination into the state of the surplus fund in the

* In a very important case of law, pending in the tribunals, where, on account of a suspicion of undue influences being used to defeat a just claim, the President was applied to, in the course of its progress, for the purpose of obtaining his interposition, he replied that he had no power to act in the matter; that the Constitution had limited his powers and defined those of the tribunals; but that when judgment was rendered he would see that it was enforced. At the same time, as it came incidentally to be known in the sequel, he had, through the proper channel, quietly put the party claimant in possession of documentary evidence that existed in the Government archives, which materially assisted in speedily establishing the claim. The circumstances of the case illustrate still more strongly the point which this relation of the fact is made to illustrate; as would appear, did the writer feel at liberty to detail them.

* Private journal, under dates of June 8 to 13, 1847.

† During the course of the ceremony, a member made the remark that he had signed that oath once; and, as he was not conscious of having violated it, he saw no occasion for his renewing it. This was intended as a fling at the President, and was regarded by the public as a good, though rather hazardous jeu d'esprit.—Private journal.

treasury, on which, in good part, the provisions of the long-discussed act had been based. Some vague suspicions and rumors had got abroad, that the officially reported surplus had been removed and improperly appropriated, and public curiosity, in the very excitable community of the capital, was much aroused; and on the previous rumors being in some measure confirmed by the examination—to the extent, it was said, of a deficit of about one-third of the whole sum—the excitement and indignation of the community against the alleged defaulting Minister of Finance proceeded so far as to seriously threaten an open revolution; in which event, at that time and under the circumstances, a violent collision between the different races was apprehended. On refusing to account, the minister was denounced or impeached by the Lower House, in which act the Upper House refused, on investigation of the case, to concur, and thus the proceeding was constitutionally annulled. The minister alleged, and probably truly, a constitutional appropriation of the funds, both in his capacity of minister and of member of the then Executive Council.*

These are the decided, and so far as we know, the only instances in which the

President, with the military force at his disposal and devoted to his person, has overstepped the bounds of republican constitutional liberty; and he certainly, we think, has never passed beyond those allowed to him by the terms of the Constitution under which he holds his place. And even in these cases, great injustice would be done him, were his conduct to be judged by the standard of our own government and people.

In another instance, and the only other one that has yet occurred, of a national crisis—that of a conspiracy formed near the close of the year 1847, for the overthrow of the present government—the President, expressly reciting the article of the Constitution just referred to, by decree appointed a mixed commission consisting of twenty-seven members, consisting of members of Congress, judges of the courts of justice, officers of the army and private citizens, to try the accused parties; among whom were a cabinet minister and his brother, a general in the army.* These, with two others, were found guilty of treason, after a full investigation of the case, and were condemned to death, and shot accordingly.† The object of the conspirators was supposed to be the reannexation of the republic to Hayti.

Besides the difficulties which the republic has had to encounter, resulting from the impoverished state of the country, and from the character and previous condition of its people, who were first trained as a nation in the ideas and habits of colonial dependence, and finally, and worst of all, for a considerable period subjected to the depressing influences of the Haytian despotic rule, and consequently entertaining crude notions of civil liberty—there are still other untoward circumstances which seriously, though not hopelessly, obstruct the maturing and consolidating of the new civil and political institutions of the State.

Different from ours, the Dominican Constitution is not the immediate offspring, the embodiment, of the peculiar genius, character, and wants of the people them-

*The President had been absent during the whole period of the session in his native province, and had committed the executive power, meanwhile, into the hands of his Ministry. On the occurrence of this disturbance, the Cabinet Council sent for him. Hastening to the capital, he supported the position of the minister; and, in the first warmth of his indignation at the proceeding, threatened to banish several of the members of the House who had taken a prominent part in it. He, however, listened to more prudent counsels, and desisted. The House reconsidered its action in the premises; acknowledged it had been hasty; and so the affair was reconciled. It had aggravated the umbrage of the President that these same members—one in particular—had improved the opportunity afforded by the excited congressional debates on the above matter, to endeavor to limit and define the constitutional extent of power possessed by the President under the closing article of the institution, which, as has been seen, gives him the large powers during the existing war with Hayti. It was maintained in the debate that it is given only in reference to measures for national defense, but that the Executive had stretched it, on occasions, much farther. The peculiar impression was, that the member was very bold in thus placing himself in an attitude of hostility to the President.

*These two were colored, in fact, nearly black men. With the exception of this minister, the members of the cabinet were white men. Ex-President Santana has a slight cross of the African blood.

† *Presid. Ann. Message, 1848.*

selves. It is of foreign origin in most of its principal characteristics. The same may be said of the codes of written laws of the republic, which have been adopted in a body from those of a foreign nation, and one widely differing from themselves in origin, character, ideas, and state of advancement. These codes are, moreover, as yet clothed in the garb of a foreign language. The judges are often perplexed in their attempts to expound these laws. Owing their character oftentimes to the peculiar national and local circumstances of the people by and for whom they were made, with which these judges are not of course familiar, their own inbred ideas and associations do not readily come in to their assistance in the exposition of them, as is the case under more national systems of jurisprudence.

This difficulty has been fully appreciated by some of the intelligent minds of the nation, and the successive ministers of justice have strongly urged upon the national Congress some provision for the translation of the codes into the vernacular Castilian, and their modification so as to adapt them to the genius and wants of their own people.* Some action was taken at the last session of Congress, to carry into effect this proposed reform.

Another serious clog to the prosperity of the country, is the military system, or rather its present organization. We wish, however, not to be understood as intimating by this, that the government is the military despotism which that of Hayti is regarded, and no doubt justly, as being. Though strong, it is the necessity of the case that requires it to be so, and we believe that the moderate share of republican liberty which the nation enjoys is as great as the people are as yet capable of appreciating, and that a fuller share at present would only lead to inevitable anarchy—quite as detrimental to true republican liberty, as a strong, ultra-conservative government.†

* Report of the Minister of Justice, 1848.

† The police regulations of the country, which are almost exclusively on a military basis, strike the American as rather anti-republican. Among these may be instanced that requiring not only the foreigner who arrives to sojourn temporarily, but also the citizen, who travels from one department or province to another, to have passports—

It has been the force of circumstances that has thus far compelled the Dominican government to keep up a comparatively large standing force of, as we have before incidentally mentioned, about ten thousand men.* This number cannot well or safely be diminished so long as the present state of war with Hayti continues; as it is the only guaranty of security from Haytian invasion along the extensive frontier of the republic; while at the same time the expense of this establishment, including the naval marine, is more than all the other governmental expenditures.†

The government has ever shown an anxious desire for the establishment of peace, for the purpose of reducing this establishment; while there has been no corresponding disposition manifested by that of Hayti.

Another untoward influence on the prosperity and perhaps destiny of the new republic is, the popular sentiment of religious bigotry, which, as has been seen, has already been brought to bear unfavorably on the policy of the government for the renovation of the country by foreign immigration. But opposed to this sentiment and its influence are the more liberal sentiments and views that pervade the commercial classes, prompted, it may be, by the dictates of self-interest, but to that very reason furnishing stronger reasons to hope that their influence will be permanent, and productive, in the end, of a better tone of public sentiment on the subject. These same classes, too, are beginning to awaken to a consciousness of

in the latter case whether foreigner or citizen—from the chief of the province, or some high functionary of the government.

* Rep. of Min. of War. The whole of this force is not kept at any one time under arms. The troops serve by alternate weeks, &c., and are at liberty to devote the intervals of relaxation from duty to agricultural or other industrial pursuits. Their pay is very small, *three or four pi per dollars* per month, and rations.

† There is good reason to believe that the periodical expeditions planned, but never yet executed, in the West, for the invasion of the Dominican territory, are in part, if not wholly, proclaimed with a view of embarrassing the financial resources of the latter government, and, by keeping large portion of its adult male population from agricultural pursuits, to impoverish the country, and thus finally to accomplish by indirect means what it is unable to do by direct ones—the overthrow of the new republic.

be prejudicial effects on all business operations of the constantly recurring church-festival days, on very many of which all business is expected to be suspended.*

And still another serious, and we fear unremovable drawback on the progress of the State in establishing genuine republican institutions, exists in the present domestic organization, if the expression may be allowed, of its society. As is the case in the West Indies generally, little sanctity is attached in the popular mind to the institution of marriage; and a much less binding tie than what with us is implied by that term, is the only one that unites the heads of very many families of citizens in the republic. Without the means, of course, of stating with any accurate certainty the proportion thus loosely united, we are reluctant to hazard a supposition on the subject. Suffice it to say, the proportion is certainly very large.

If the germ of true republican institutions can only take root and acquire growth and vigor—as surely is the case—through the peculiar training and discipline, and amidst the sacred influences of a home of inviolate purity and recognized unavoidable obligations, responsibilities, and—as between parent and child—of reciprocal binding duties, then must a great reformation be effected in the state of society of the young republic before it can attain a very high position as a republican State.†

*During the season of the year which the writer spent in the country, not a week passed, he believes, in the course of which two or three days, at least, were not set apart for some religious observances, as processions, bell-rings, &c. On many of these, all business was ostensibly suspended, the courts of justice, the custom-house and other public offices, closed: (a post office is not included, as there is no such department of the public service.) The writer, however, observed on a few occasions what he regarded as a good omen, the national flag flying, on some of these solemn occasions, above the halls of Congress, indicating the sitting of that body.

† We have not the slightest doubt—judging among other circumstances from the fact that what are called civil-contract marriages, determinable at the pleasure of either party, are sometimes contracted in that country—that were the marriage contract placed on its proper footing there, as a civil institution, instead of a sacrament of the Church, irregular connections would be far less general than at present. Though *professedly Catholics, the great mass of the male*

On the other hand, a good augury may be drawn from the very general interest which is felt in the cause of education, both by the public authorities and by the mass of the people. The President, in his annual message, and the Minister of Public Instruction in his report, while they express a lively regret at the inadequacy of the means for promoting the cause of popular education, at the government's disposal, strongly urge the Congress to foster this interest, and in language that shows their zealous and intelligent appreciation of the importance of the subject.*

A no less good augury may be drawn from the readiness to learn, and the endeavor to copy after the better established institutions and practice in the civil administration of more advanced nations, which is manifested by the government and the more intelligent of the citizens. We believe they sincerely desire to merit and gain the good opinion of other nations. Errors the government sometimes, undoubtedly, commits; nor could it be expected to be otherwise, in the case of a nation just starting into existence, without a previous training in the school of civil liberty. Nor could it hardly be expected that the government should always show itself as conversant with the nice distinctions of international law as older nations. The best that can be expected is, that it should retrace any hasty and improper steps which such ignorance or inadvertence might lead it to take.†

population have little regard for the sacraments of the Church, and avoid compliance with them, however ready and zealous they may be to conform to its other outward observances. Therefore they avoid marriage, as being one of these sacraments, even in cases where they intend to live faithful to their choice. But the inducements which this state of things holds out to unrestrained license, are very obvious. This topic is suggestive of many grave reflections and considerations, merely in a civil view of the subject.

* Thus far, the government has been able to put in operation only five schools; namely, one primary and one superior school at the capital, (where there are also two private ones,) and one primary one in each of three other considerable towns. (Rep. of Minist. of Pub. Inst., 1848.) "A sad picture," as that document expresses it. But the practice of home instruction is, at the capital, at least, very general among all classes.

† By an executive decree for the organization of the Civic or National Guard, published Febru-

Again, with all the national characteristic want of energy and industry, labor or some industrial occupation is regarded as respectable among all classes of the people. The number of moneyed men—for there are many landed capitalists—is exceedingly small. The nation in the aggregate, as will have been seen to be necessarily the case from the statistics already given, is poor, and therefore in a great measure free from the odious or invidious distinction often drawn between labor and capital. The foreigner who engages with zeal and energy in any industrial pursuit among them is regarded with respect; though it must be confessed, the superior degree of success which his more industrious habits naturally assure him, sometimes subjects him, quite as naturally, perhaps, to a share of envy.

It is not so much a disinclination to occupation of any kind that strikes the stranger among the Dominicans as a national trait; but it is their aversion to systematic, persevering labor, where the whole process cannot be completed and the remuneration obtained in a short space of time. To use a homely phrase, they are very good for the performance of "short jobs," (if not very arduous,) where the first impulsive physical effort is sufficient to carry them through with it. But when this is exhausted, it is very difficult for them to summon up perseverance enough to carry them through with any undertaking—especially if it is out of the routine which they and their fathers have been accustomed to pursue—which does not admit of a speedy accomplish-

ment. And hence, also, another reason for their inefficiency as an agricultural people.

The Dominican Republic has not yet been recognized by any nation.* Soon after its establishment a commissioner, the present or late Minister of Finance, was dispatched to Washington for the purpose of obtaining its recognition by the United States government; but he did not succeed in effecting that object; though his mission had the effect, we believe, of inducing the executive authorities to dispatch a government vessel thither, to look into the condition of the island and this republic in particular. The report of the naval officer, charged with this mission, is understood to lie slumbering in its original form among the records of the State department.

Commissioners were also sent to Europe for the purpose of effecting the same object at the courts of Spain, France, and Great Britain; especially the first named, on account of the old dormant, unextinguished title of the crown of Spain to the Dominican territory as its ancient colonial possession. The recognition by Spain had, according to official advices received, been promised; but some ministerial changes had deferred the completion of the negotiation.†

Were we asked to express an opinion as to the expediency of a recognition of the Dominican Republic by our government, we would say: let it now be deferred a little, until its course under a second President, and its ability to pass successfully through its present embarrassments, in which ability we confess ourselves to have strong faith, shall have been tested. Our information from there is certainly favorable. Many believed that the Constitution would not survive the crisis of one presidential election—that the successor of Gen. Santana would be elevated not according to the provisions of the Constitution, but by the voice of the army. If we are correctly informed, President Santana resigned his office on the 4th of last August, when the then constitutionally executive cabinet of minis-

ary 22, 1848, foreigners of three months' residence were required, as well as citizens, to enroll themselves, under penalty of fine and imprisonment. On the remonstrance of the French consular agent, as the writer was informed after his arrival there, this decree was modified by the terms of a supplementary one, dated March 29, repealing the penal clause in regard to foreigners, on account of their not possessing political rights; and affixing the penalty of a deprivation of their license to trade, &c., and an arrest, (duration not stated,) and only requiring them to take up arms in the place of their residence, in cases of emergency: whereas, before they might have been compelled, under the first decree, to march to the frontier. The legality of the decree, even in the extent to which it now goes, is, we think, very questionable.

* Or had not been as late as last July.

† Report of the Minister charged with the Department of Foreign Relations, January 25, 1848, referring to dispatches of the dates of Nov. 4 and 8, 1847.

ters appointed the 4th of September for a new election; which in due time appears to have been held, and a successor chosen.*

We have thus endeavored to exhibit, as fully as our limited space would permit, the character and condition of the people of Spanish St. Domingo, and the circumstances, favorable and unfavorable, connected with their new experiment of a republican independent government, in such a manner as to enable the reader to form his own conclusions as to its probable success. We incline strongly to the opinion that the experiment will ultimately succeed. One thing, at least, we think is certain; that in its success lies the only hope of the redemption of that part of the island—and we will add, eventually of the whole of it—from native unproductiveness, and of making it the abode of an intelligent people of the white race; the only one, assuredly, that can or ever will effect such a redemption of it.

On the other hand, should its territory, through any narrow-minded, bigoted policy of its government, obstinately pursued, or by the apathy and indifference for its fate of other nations, especially our own, fall back into the possession of the Haytians, the last hope of the white race now inhabiting its territory, and of the

renovation of the island, will be gone; until the wants of mankind elsewhere shall induce the seizure and occupation of its fertile but miserably cultivated soil.*

Looking solely to its own resources, the only true and hopeful policy of the Dominican government is very plain, and the result is almost certain; while the alternative is scarcely less sure. If foreign immigration is fostered and effected, the territory of the republic, and eventually of the whole island, will become the home of a numerous and flourishing people. If the contrary policy is persisted in, its present slender resources will, as the staple timber of the country becomes scarcer, and its localities of more difficult access, gradually dwindle away, until it finally falls a prey to the longing ambition of the more numerous blacks of the west end; in other words, until the whole island becomes, so far as it is not already so, the wild, uncultivated abode of a sparse and degraded population.

Indeed, there are not wanting those who, accustomed to watch "the ways of God to man," see in the singularly unfortunate and disastrous fatality which has marked the white colonization of both parts of this fertile island—the one terminating in blood, and the other in poverty and degeneracy—the retributive justice of Heaven for the barbarous destruction, by the sword or by unendurable toil, of the million of inoffensive aborigines that peopled its hills and plains at the time of the first European discovery. These believe it to be the righteous decree of Providence, yet to be fully accomplished, that the island where these crimes were perpetrated, and where African slavery was first planted in the New World, shall ultimately fall into the exclusive possession of the descendants of these bondsmen raised to the condition of a free and sovereign people.

* Gen. Santana had served but half of his long term. It had long been known that he contemplated resigning. His successor is understood to be Gen. Jimenes, late Minister of War and Marine. He is quite an able, and highly respected and popular man; and was the only member of the government who escaped all suspicion of malversation during the temporary troubles and excitement of last summer, already alluded to.

President Santana was naturally a shrewd, clear-minded man; though not possessing the advantages of more than an ordinary education. He was the owner of mahogany lands, and had originally followed the business of cutting. Never, throughout his administration, had his integrity or patriotism been questioned until the troubles of last summer brought the former into suspicion, though, we fully believe, without real foundation. Though he sometimes availed himself of the extraordinary powers with which the Constitution clothed him, we think a justification for it may be found in the emergencies that induced their exercise; and that he acted from the sincere dictates of an upright, even if it may have been sometimes an erring judgment. If it was not a, every indication of character and purpose unshaken by considerable personal intercourse which we had with him, was exceedingly false.

* In the case of insuperable difficulties arising to defeat the present experiment, or tending to such a result, the whites and many of the mixed blood among the population would prefer placing the State under the protection of some foreign power, to the alternative of reverting to Hayti. In past difficulties this alternative of seeking foreign protection has been freely discussed and approved of by many of the intelligent citizens. On such occasions the powers most generally spoken of have been France and the United States.

While we recognize these facts, and assent to the truth of their alleged character, we do not concur in the conclusion drawn from them. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that, for the sake of marking the Divine displeasure against the acts of a generation that has long since passed away, the natural order and tendency of things is to be so far changed, or stayed, as that the fertile territory of the Domi-

nican Republic shall forever remain cultivated, when its developed agricultural resources might well supply the wants of myriads of the destitute in the Old World who might seek a home on its soil; and who, assuredly, are not inculpated in crimes of the first adventurers, or in early wrongs of the African race.

S. A. K

GIAFFER AL BARMEKI.

THEIR palace towers lay in the dust, their blood had flowed apace,
Full forty guiltless heads had fallen, of Giaffer's princely race;
And from the vengeful Caliph's throne, forth went the stern decree,
"Giaffer al Barmeki! let no man mourn for thee."

Before the ruined palace walls there sat an aged man—
He tore his beard, he beat his breast, and thus his wailings ran:
"A star has set, a fount is dried, and fallen a stately tree;
Giaffer al Barmeki! woe, bitter woe for thee!"

Day after day, night after night, the old man made his moan,
Until his song of sorrow sounded even to the throne;
That haunted throne, where vain remorse was quelling Haroun's pride,
That throne, whose stoutest pillar fell, when faithful Giaffer died.

"Old traitor, who hast named a name forbidden to thy tongue,"
(Full sternly spake the Caliph, though with secret anguish stung.)
"Plead for thy daring fair excuse, thy treasonous wail forbear,
Or the fate of him thou mournest, be sure that thou shalt share."

Boldly the old man made reply—"In want, and woe, and pain,
I craved of princely Giaffer aid, and never craved in vain.
He fed the life of thousand hearts—in death he shall not go
Without one mourner to his tomb—woe, woe for Giaffer, woe!"

The Caliph bent his stately head, to hide a bitter tear;
Then to the gazing courtiers said—"True loyalty is here.
Old man, this chain of gold be thine, and with it, pardon free;
Such friend to thee as Giaffer was, let Haroun henceforth be."

Obeisance low the old man made, the royal gift he took,
Then raised his head, and earnestly did on the Caliph look;
His withered hands to heaven upreared, and solemnly cried he,
"Giaffer al Barmeki! even this I owe to thee."

A. B.

AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY:

BEING A SUMMARY OF SOME OF THE RESULTS WHICH HAVE FOLLOWED
THE INVESTIGATION OF THIS SUBJECT.

THE study of man, physiologically and psychically, is confessedly the noblest which can claim human attention; and the results of such study must lie at the basis of all sound organizations, social, civil, or religious. It involves a consideration of all his wants, his capabilities, impulses and ambitions—the manner and the extent in which they are affected by circumstances, and how conditions may be best combined to produce their harmonious and healthy action and development. It has, therefore, the first claim upon the statesman, the reformer, and all those who by position or endowments are placed among the leaders of men.

The study of man, in this comprehensive sense, constitutes the science of Ethnology. The elements of this science are the results, the ultimates of all other sciences; it begins where the rest stop.

"The traveller who examines into the physical characters and mental condition of the families of men with whom he comes in contact; who studies their vocabularies and inquires into their grammar; who is a spectator of their religious observances, and pries into the dark mysteries of their traditions and superstitions; who watches their habits of life, and acquaints himself with their laws and usages—furnishes an important quota to the accumulation of ethnological materials. Scarcely less valuable are the materials collected by him, whose tastes lead him to attend rather to the physiognomy of the country than to that of its human inhabitants; to its climate and its soil, its products and capabilities, rather than to their faculties and actions. 'or in the determination of the important problem, how far the characters of particular races are dependent upon those of the countries which they inhabit, the latter set

of data are as useful as the former; and no satisfactory result can ever be obtained, until both are ascertained with equal accuracy. So again the philologist who is working out, in the solitude of his study, the problems involved in the history and science of Language, though he may little think of connecting his conclusions with the affinities of nations, is an invaluable ally. In the same manner, anatomists and physiologists, in scrutinizing the varieties which the typical form of humanity undergoes, and contrasting the extremes of configuration, of color, and constitutional peculiarity, as observable amongst the inhabitants of distant climes, cannot enlarge the boundaries of their own sciences, without at the same time rendering the most essential assistance to the ethnologist."*

Equally valuable with physiological and philological facts, are those which may be gathered from civil history—especially so far as they serve to throw light upon the early seats, the numbers, migrations, conquests, and interblendings of the primary divisions and families of men.

It will be seen from this, that the existence of Ethnology as a science presupposes a general high attainment in all other departments of knowledge. It is essentially the science of the age; the offspring of that prevailing mental and physical energy which neglects no subject of inquiry, and which brings the minutest points of the world, its most widely separated and diverse nations, with some knowledge of their history, institutions and condition, at once under view, enabling the student to arrive at conclusions under no other circumstances attainable. The ancient philosophers, even the philosophers of the

* *Edinburgh Review*, Am. Ed. vol. xxix, p. 222.

last age, whose horizons were comparatively limited, were unable to bring within the range of their vision that number and variety of facts indispensable to the grand generalizations of ethnological science.

With every succeeding year, however, the difficulties which have obstructed, and still continue to obstruct the advance of Ethnology, will become fewer and less formidable; and though ages may be requisite to its full development, yet henceforth it will present the first claim upon the attention of the enlightened world.

Amongst the investigators who have contributed most largely towards giving this science its present prominence and high distinction, it is a matter of just pride to know that America has furnished some of the most distinguished, if it may not indeed be claimed that she has furnished the greatest number. Nor is the circumstance surprising; for nowhere else on the globe is afforded so wide and so favorable a field for researches of this nature. Nowhere else can we find brought in so close proximity, the representatives of races and families of men, of origins and physical and mental constitutions so diverse. Within the boundaries of our own country, *three* at least of the five grand divisions into which the human family is usually grouped, are fully represented. The contrasts which they present, and the singular results which have followed their contact, are too striking to be overlooked by the philosophical observer. Upon this continent also is found a grand division of the human race whose history is involved in night, and the secret of whose origin and connections affords a constant stimulus to investigations of a strictly ethnological character.

For these reasons, we may claim that Ethnology is not only the science of the age, but also that it is, and must continue to be, to a prevailing extent, an *American science*. Do we seek to know the course and progress of development among a people separated from the rest of the world, insulated physically and mentally, and left to the operation of its own peculiar elements? The inquirer must turn to America, where alone he can hope to find the primitive conceptions, beliefs and practices of an entire original people, in no considerable degree modified or impaired

by the adventitious circumstances of intermixture or association. Do we desire to discover the results which must follow from the blending of men of different races and families? Do we inquire in what consists the superiority of certain families over others; to what extent they may assimilate with, to what repel each other, and how their relations may be adjusted so as to produce the greatest attainable advantage to both? The practical solution of these problems can only be found in America, where alone exist the requisite conjunctions.

The inquiries of American ethnologists have not, however, been exclusively confined to America, nor is the eminence they have attained entirely due to the advantages of the ethnological field in which they are placed. It was left to an American (Dr. Morton) to determine the ethnological position of the ancient Egyptians, and to settle finally what for centuries had been in dispute, that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt were Caucasians, and not negroes, and that the germs of the civilization of that country came from the northward, and did not descend the valley of the Nile.*

* The subjoined are some of the principal conclusions to which Dr. Morton's investigation of this subject have led.

"1. The valley of the Nile, both in Egypt and in Nubia, was originally peopled by a branch of the Caucasian race.

"2. These primeval people, since called Egyptians, were the Mizriamites of Scripture, the posterity of Ham, and directly affiliated with the Libyan family of nations.

"3. In their physical character the Egyptians were intermediate between the Indo-European and Semitic races.

"4. The Austral-Egyptian, or Meroite communities were an Indo-Arabian stock engrafted on the primitive Libyan inhabitants.

"5. Besides these exotic sources of population, the Egyptian race was at different periods modified by the influx of the Caucasian nations of Asia and Europe—Pelasgi or Hellenes, Scythians, and Phenicians.

"6. Kings of Egypt appear to have been incidentally derived from each of the above nations.

"7. The Copts, in part at least, are a mixture of the Caucasian and the Negro in extremely variable proportions.

"8. Negroes were numerous in Egypt; but their social position in ancient times was the same that it now is, that of servants and slaves.

"9. The national characteristics of all these families of man are distinctly figured on the mon-

It is not our purpose to go into a detailed exposition of what our countrymen have accomplished in ethnological science; but we cannot omit a brief reference to some of the more prominent results of their labors.

In the departments of physiology and philology their investigations have been conducted on a large scale, and in a very complete and thorough manner, and with eminent success. The craniological inquiries of Dr. S. G. MORTON, as presented in that splendid monument of scientific research, "*Crania Americana*," have attracted an amount of attention second to none others of similar character.*

uments; and all of them, excepting the Scythians and Phenicians, have been identified in the osteocombs.

"10. The present Fellahs are the lineal and least mixed descendants of the ancient Egyptians; and the latter are collaterally represented by the Tuaricks, Kabyles, Siwahs, and other remains of the Libyan family of nations.

"11. The modern Nubians, with a few exceptions, are not the descendants of the monumental Ethiopians, but a variously mixed race of Arabs and negroes.

And that "the physical or organic characters which distinguish the several races of men, are as old as the oldest records of our species."

*"This work," (*Crania Americana*), says the learned Prichard, "far exceeds in its comprehensiveness, and in the number and beauty of its engravings, any European work that has as yet appeared on natural varieties of the skull, and comprises nearly the sum of our information on the distinctive characters of the head and skeleton in the several tribes of the new world." The same distinguished authority observes of Dr. Morton's "*Crania Egyptiaca*":—"A most interesting and really important addition has lately been made to our knowledge of the physical characters of the ancient Egyptians, from a quarter where local probabilities would least of all have induced us to look for it. In France, where so many scientific men have been devoted, ever since the conquest of Egypt by Napoleon, for a long time under the patronage of the government, to researches in the subject; in England, possessed of the immense advantages of wealth and commercial resources; in the academies of Italy and Germany, where the arts of Egypt have been studied in national museums, scarcely any thing has been done, since the time of Blumenbach, to elucidate the physical history of the ancient Egyptian race. In none of these countries have any extensive collections been made of the materials and resources which alone can afford secure foundation for such attempts. It is in the United States of America that a remarkable advancement in this part of physical science has at length been achieved."

The results relating to the aboriginal families of this continent, have long been known to the scientific world, and have met the general concurrence of scientific men.

It has been remarked that Asia is the country of fables, Africa of monsters, and America of systems, to those who prefer hypothesis to truth; and it is these alone who still continue audaciously to speculate upon the origin and connections of the American race, as though no grand leading points had been established, and as though there was afforded a legitimate field for unrestrained conjecture. The questions thus mooted are such as can only be determined by a large number of concurrent facts of different kinds; but still, so far as cranial characteristics are concerned, we may regard the conclusions advanced by Dr. Morton as substantially demonstrated, and look upon them as so many fixed points whereby to govern our further investigations. His general conclusions, upon which all the others in some manner depend, is the essential peculiarity of the American race; that the American nations, excepting perhaps those on the extremities of the continent, (and concerning which no sufficient data have as yet been collected to justify an opinion,) are characterized by a conformation of skull radically distinct from that of any of the other great divisions of the human family. To use Dr. Morton's own language, his observations and researches tend to sustain the following propositions:

"1st. That the American race differs essentially from all others, not excepting the Mongolian; nor do the feeble analogies of language, and the more obvious ones of civil

With what perseverance and success Dr. Morton's investigations have been conducted, may be inferred from the fact, that his collection of crania, now deposited in the Academy of Natural Sciences, at Philadelphia, is not only the largest in the world, but neither public nor private cabinets in any country, contain a tithe of his materials or varieties; all obtained at his individual expense, and rapidly increasing by contributions from every part of the globe. The impetus which this investigation has given to science in this department has been sensibly felt abroad, and has induced the Emperor of Russia to found, at St. Petersburg, a national museum exclusively dedicated to craniology, to contain the skulls of all the ancient and modern races of his vast dominions.

and religious institutions and the arts, denote any thing beyond casual or colonial communication with the Asiatic nations; and even these analogies may perhaps be accounted for, as Humboldt has suggested, in the mere coincidence arising from similar wants and impulses in nations inhabiting similar latitudes.

"2d. That the American nations, excepting the polar tribes, are of one race and one species, but of two great families, which resemble each other in physical but differ in intellectual character.

"3d. That the cranial remains discovered in the mounds from Peru to Wisconsin belong to the same race, and probably to the Toltecan family."*

No doubt the inquirer, at first glance, would be somewhat startled at these propositions, and incredulously point to the disparities existing between the various families of the continent as affording a sufficient refutation of them. When, however, we separate what is radical from what is incidental, or the result of circumstances, it will be found that these diversities are superficial, and that elementarily the various natives of the continent exhibit identities of the most striking kind. This is true, not only of their physical characteristics, but of their languages and their religions. And if we can point to no other race on the globe which has exhibited so many modifications, it is because there is no other which in its infancy, and before it was able to overcome or control natural influences, was so widely disseminated, and subjected to so many vicissitudes. History, nevertheless, has some singular examples of the changes which may be occasioned by circumstances, not only among nations of the same race, but of the same family. Dr. Morton points us to that branch of the great Arabian stock, the Saracens, "who established their seat in Spain, whose history is replete with romance and refinement, whose colleges were the centres of genius and learning for several centuries, and whose arts and sciences have been blended with those of every succeeding age. Yet the Saracens belonged to the same family with the Bedouins of the desert; those intractable barbarians who scorn all restraints which

are not imposed by their own chief, and whose immemorial laws forbid them to sow corn, to plant fruit-trees, or build houses, in order that nothing may conflict with those roving and predatory habits which have continued unaltered through a period of three thousand years."*

That resemblances should gradually arise among nations of entirely different origins, under the influence of concurring conditions, is very obvious.

"It would indeed be not only singular, but wonderful and unaccountable," observes an eminent authority, "if tribes and nations of men, possessed of similar attributes of mind and body, residing in similar climates and situations, influenced by similar states of society, and obliged to support themselves by similar means, in similar pursuits—it would form a problem altogether inexplicable, if nations thus situated did not contract habits and usages, and, instinctively, modes of life and action, possessing towards each other many striking resemblances." The converse of this is equally true; and if admitted, it is only necessary to show a radical resemblance in certain important features between the various American families and nations, and their difference in the same respects from other races, in order to the complete demonstration of their essential homogeneity, and their distinct position as a separate people.

Having presented the compressed results of Dr. Morton's investigations, it is but just that he should be allowed to speak more fully upon the points in question. "It is an adage among travellers, that he who has seen one tribe of Indians has seen all; so much do the individuals of this race resemble each other, notwithstanding their immense geographical distribution, and those differences of climate which embrace the extremes of heat and cold. The half-clad Fuegian, shrinking from his dreary winter, has the same characteristic lineaments, though in an exaggerated degree, as the Indians of the tropical plains; and these again resemble the tribes which inhabit the region west of the Rocky Mountains, those of the great valley of the Mississippi, and those again which

* *Crania Americana*, page 260.

* *Distinctive Characteristics of the American Race*, p. 15.

kirt the Esquimaux on the north. All possess alike the long, lank, black hair, the brown or cinnamon-colored skin, the heavy brow, the dull and sleepy eye, the full and compressed lips, and the salient and dilated nose. These traits, moreover, are equally common to the savage and civilized nations, whether they inhabit the margins of rivers and feed on fish, or rove the forest and subsist on the spoils of the chase.

"It cannot be questioned that physical diversities do occur equally singular and inexplicable, as seen in the different shades of color, varying from a fair tint to a complexion almost black; and this, too, under circumstances where climate can have little or no influence. So also in reference to stature, the differences are remarkable in entire tribes, which moreover are geographically proximate to each other. These facts are, however, mere exceptions to a general rule, and do not alter the peculiar physiognomy of the Indian, which is as undeviatingly characteristic as that of the negro; for whether we see him in the athletic Charib or the stunted Chayma, in the dark Californian or the fair Borroa, he is an Indian still, and cannot be mistaken for any other race.

"The same conformity of organization is not less obvious in the osteological structure of these people, as seen in the squared or rounded head, the flattened or vertical occiput, the high cheek-bones, the ponderous maxillæ, the large, quadrangular orbits, and the low, receding forehead."*

These results, put forward upon the basis of a large array of carefully collected and well-digested facts, are well sustained by the opinions of other investigators, whose means of observation were very extended, and whose judgments will not lightly be called in question. Says Humboldt: "The Indians of New Spain bear a general resemblance to those who inhabit Canada, Florida, Peru, and Brazil. They have the same swarthy and copper color, straight and smooth hair, small beard, prominent cheek-bones, thick lips, expression of gentleness in the mouth strongly contrasted with a gloomy and

severe look. * * * Over a million and a half of square miles, from Terra del Fuego to the River St. Lawrence and Behring's Straits, we are struck, at first glance, with the general resemblance in the features of the inhabitants. We think that we perceive them all to be descended from the same stock, notwithstanding the prodigious diversity of language which separates them from one another. * *

In the faithful portrait which an excellent observer, M. Volney, has drawn of the Canada Indians, we undoubtedly recognize the tribes scattered in the savannahs of the Rio Apure and the Carony. The same style of features exists in both Americas."

Dr. Prichard, after a careful review of the same field, presents the following concurrent inferences:

"1. That all the different races, aboriginal in the American continent, or constituting its earliest known population, belong, as far as their history and languages have been investigated, to one family of nations.

"2. That these races display considerable diversities in their physical constitution, though derived from one stock, and still betraying indications of mutual resemblance."

In solitary, and, we had almost said, utterly unsupported opposition to this general testimony in favor of the physical uniformity of the American race, stands the assertion of M. d'Orbigny, that "a Peruvian is not less different from a Patagonian, and a Patagonian from a Guarani, than is a Greek from an Ethiopian or a Mongolian."*

* *L'Homme Américain*, &c., vol. i, p. 122. It is proper to observe that M. d'Orbigny does not probably mean to be understood that there are radical differences among the South American nations, as marked as a literal understanding of this paragraph would imply. For there is no writer who attributes more striking results to the influence of natural causes. He states that the color of the South American nations bears a very decided relation to the dampness or dryness of the atmosphere. People who dwell forever under the shade of dense and lofty forests, clothing the dark valleys which lie under the steep declivities of the eastern branches of the Cordilleras, and the vast, luxuriant plains of the Orinoko and Maragnon, are comparatively white; while the Quichua, exposed to the solar heat in dry, open spaces of the mountains, are of a much deeper

* Inquiry into the Distinctive Characteristics of the Aboriginal Race of America.

It seems very probable that the distinctive character of the American families would never have been called in question, had it not been for the necessity which many learned and pious men have thought to be imposed by the Bible, of deriving all varieties of the human species from a single pair on the banks of the Euphrates. Taking it for granted that the Indians are descendants of some one or more of the diversified nations to which earliest history refers, they directed their inquiries to *which* of these their progenitors might be with most exactness referred. The hypotheses to which these assumptions have given rise are almost innumerable. That ascribing to them a Jewish origin has received the widest assent, not because it is a whit better supported than any of the others, but simply because the knowledge which is generally possessed of the character, habits, customs, etc. etc. of primitive nations is derived from the scriptural account of the Jews. Forgetting that all people, at some stage of their advancement, must sustain many resemblances towards each other, resulting, as already asserted, from a coincidence in circumstances, they have founded their conclusions upon what is conditional and changing, instead of what is fixed and radical. "They have," in the language of the philosophical Warburton, "the old, inveterate error, that a similitude of customs and manners, amongst the various tribes of mankind most remote from each other, must needs arise from some communication. Whereas human nature, without any help, will in the same circumstances always exhibit the same appearances."*

Passing by these hypotheses with the remark that most are absurd and many impossible, we return to what may be regarded as fixed in conformity with those essential principles upon which alone sound philosophical researches can be conducted. So far as physical traits and craniological characteristics extend, we have the conclusions of Dr. Morton and others, already presented in a previous page. Regarding these as amply sustained by the great number and variety of facts which have

been made public, and which have never been disputed, we turn next to the department of philology. Here we find the results of the investigations of a number of learned men, among whom the venerable Albert Gallatin stands pre-eminent. The researches of this gentleman have been mostly confined to the languages of the North American nations, but he has got together and carefully digested a mass of material upon this somewhat abstruse subject, as much exceeding in extent and value the results of the labors of his predecessors in the same field, as the data collected by Dr. Morton exceeds those of other investigators in his peculiar department. But as we are dealing only with results, it is foreign to our purpose to do much more than present Mr. Gallatin's conclusions. These are substantially the same with those arrived at by Dr. Morton, although attained by a different path of investigation. He finds the languages of North America, notwithstanding their apparent diversity, to be in their elements *sui generis*, and radically the same: that is to say, characterized throughout (with casual exceptions easily accounted for) by a construction and combination entirely peculiar. Says Mr. Gallatin, "The investigation of the languages of the Indians within the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the States, as far as the Polar Sea, has satisfactorily shown that, however dissimilar their words, their structure and grammatical forms are substantially the same. A general examination of the Mexican proper, and of the languages of Peru, of Chili, and of some other tribes of South America, has rendered it probable that, in that respect, all or nearly all the languages of America belong to the same family. This, if satisfactorily ascertained, would, connected with the similarity of physical type, prove a general, though not perhaps universal, common origin."* Later investigations of the languages of the Indians of the Pacific coast, whose vocabularies were not sufficiently complete to justify a conclusion respecting them, at the time this paragraph was written, have shown, according to the same authority, that, "In their grammatical characteristics, so far as these

shade. This is confirmed by Schomburgk and other accurate observers.

* Divine Legation of Moses, vol. iii. p. 991.

* Notes on the Semi-civilized Nations of Central America, &c., p. 10.

can be determined, they belong to the same class as the other aboriginal Indians of America. Many of the forms are precisely the same as those which occur in the languages of the eastern and southern tribes of the continent." The casual resemblances of certain words in the languages of America, and those of the Old World, cannot be taken as evidences of a common origin. Such coincidences may easily be accounted for as the results of accident, or, at most, of local infusions, which were without any extended effect. The entire number of common words is said to be, one hundred and eighty-seven; of these, one hundred and four coincide with words found in the languages of Asia and Australia; forty-three with those of Europe, and forty with those of Africa. It can hardly be supposed that these facts are sufficient to prove a connection between the four hundred dialects of America, and the various languages of the other continent.* It is, as observed by Mr. Gallatin, not in accidental coincidences of sound or meaning, but in a comparison of the general structure and character of the American languages with those of other countries, that we can expect to find similitudes at all conclusive or worthy of remark, in determining the question of a common origin. And it is precisely in these respects that we discover the strongest evidences of the essential peculiarity of the American languages; here they coincide with each other, and here exhibit the most striking contrasts with all the others of the globe. The diversities which have sprung up, and which have resulted in so many dialectical modifications, as shown in the numberless vocabularies, furnish a wide field of investigation. Mr. Gallatin draws a conclusion from the circumstance, which is quite as fatal to the popular hypotheses respecting the origin of the Indians, as the more sweeping conclusions of Dr. Morton. It is the length of time which this prodigious subdivision of languages in America must have required, making every allowance for the greater changes to which unwritten languages are liable, and for the necessary making up of nations in a hunter state, or separate communities. For these

changes, or modifications, Mr. Gallatin claims we must have the very longest time which we are permitted to assume; and if it is considered necessary to derive the American race from the other continent, that the migration must have taken place at the earliest assignable period.

These conclusions were advanced by Mr. Duponceau as early as 1819, in substantially the following language:

1. That the American languages in general are rich in words and grammatical forms; and that, in their complicated construction, the greatest order, method and regularity prevail.

2. That these complicated forms, which he calls polysynthetic, appear to exist in all these languages from Greenland to Cape Horn.

3. That these forms differ essentially from those of the ancient and modern languages of the old hemisphere.

It is, however, but just to observe, that the credit of having first discovered the remarkable phenomena which the American system of languages presents, is probably due to the learned Vater, to whom the eminent Adelung left the work of completing the Mithridates or "Allgemeine Sprachenkunde." He observes: "In Greenland as well as in Peru, on the Hudson River, in Massachusetts as well as in Mexico, and as far as the banks of the Orinoco, languages are spoken displaying forms more artfully distinguished, and more numerous, than almost any other idioms in the world possess." * * * "When we consider these artfully and laboriously contrived languages, which, though existing at points separated from each other by so many thousands of miles, have assumed a character not less remarkably similar among themselves, than different from the principles of all other languages, it is certainly the most natural conclusion, that these common methods of construction have their origin from a single point; and that there has been one general source from which the culture of languages in America has been diffused, and which has been the common centre of its diversified idioms."

The same phenomena was adverted to by Humboldt, whose authority carries with it vast weight in all that relates to America. He says: "In America, (and this result of

* Morton's *Distinctive Characteristics*, &c., 7.

modern researches is extremely important with respect to the history of our species,) from the country of the Esquimaux to the banks of the Orinoco, and, again, from these torrid banks to the frozen straits of Magellan, mother tongues, entirely different with regard to their roots, have, if we may use the expression, the same physiognomy. Striking analogies of grammatical construction are acknowledged, not only in the more perfect languages, as that of the Incas, the Aymara, the Guarini, the Mexican and the Cora, but also in languages extremely rude. Idioms, the roots of which do not resemble each other more than the roots of the Sclavonian and Biscayan, have those resemblances of internal mechanism which are found in the Sanscrit, the Greek and the German languages. * * * It is on account of their general analogy in structure; it is because American languages which have no word in common, (the Mexican, for instance, and the Quichua,) resemble each other by their organization, and form complete contrasts with other languages of the globe, that the Indians of the missions familiarize themselves more easily with other American idioms, than with the language of the mistress country."*

It is not necessary to multiply authorities upon this point; for it is worthy of remark that every philologist of distinction who has investigated the subject, has arrived at precisely the same conclusions; although few have ventured to make public the deductions to which they inevitably lead. The doctrine of a diversity of origin in the human race, although gathering supporters daily, has yet so few open advocates, and is generally esteemed so radical a heresy, that investigators in this, as in many other departments of science, hesitate in pushing their researches to their ultimate results. The discussion of the question cannot, however, be long postponed, and it is not difficult to foresee in what manner it will be finally determined.

It should be observed, further, that although all the American languages possess common elementary features and powers, many of the different vocabularies sustain towards each other still closer

resemblances, authorizing their arrangement into groups; and, in conjunction with other circumstances, forming the basis of the aggregation of scattered tribes into families, designated as the Algonquin, Iroquois, etc. Within these groups there are not only grammatical but verbal resemblances, easily detected, notwithstanding that they extend over regions of the continent as wide as those which fall within the range of the most extensively dispersed languages of the Old World. We cannot however go into a detailed notice of these, nor yet of the general characteristics of the American languages.*

Such are some of the leading results of physiological and philological inquiries relating to the aboriginal inhabitants of America. It yet remains to be seen how far an investigation of their religious conceptions and notions shall serve to confirm these results. This will prove an inquiry of great difficulty; for if we assume that the religious sentiment is inherent, and its expression in accordance with natural suggestions—then the nearer we approach the first stages of human development, the more numerous and the more striking will be the coincidences and resemblances in the various religions of the globe, however widely they may appear to differ at the present time. If, however, we shall find a general concurrence in what may be ascertained to be conventional or arbitrary in the various religious systems, then we may reasonably infer a community of origins, or a connection more or less remote.

As the result of a pretty extended investigation of the subject, it may be affirmed that the predominant religious conceptions of America have found their expression in some modification of what is usually denominated "Sun worship," but which might with more propriety be defined to be an adoration of the powers of Nature. This seems to have been, throughout the globe, the earliest form of human

* Those who desire minutely to investigate the subject, will find ample materials in the "Mithridates" of Adelung and Vater, Gallatin on the Indian Tribes, (second volume of the Transactions of the American Antiquarian Society,) Duponceau's Correspondence with Heckewelder, (Transactions of the Literary and Historical Department of the American Philosophical Soc.,) Transactions of the American Ethnological Soc., vols. i. and ii., etc.

* Personal Narrative, vol. iii, p. 248.

superstition, dating back far beyond the historical, and even beyond the traditional period of man's existence. It lies at the basis of all the primitive mythological systems with which we are acquainted, and may still be found under a complication of later engraftments and refinements, derivative and otherwise, in the religions of Hindustan. It may be traced, in America, from its simplest or least clearly defined form, among the roving hunters and squalid Esquimaux of the North, through every intermediate stage of development, to the imposing systems of Mexico and Peru, where it took a form nearly corresponding with that which it at one time sustained on the banks of the Ganges, and on the plains of Assyria. The evidence in support of these assertions is far too voluminous to be adduced here; it would, besides, involve preliminary and collateral discussions, into which it would be out of place to enter in a popular periodical. Upon the assumption that we are correct, there is, from our point of view, no difficulty in accounting for these identities, without claiming a common origin for the nations displaying them. Alike in the elements of their mental and moral constitutions; having common hopes and aspirations, whatever the form which, from the force of circumstances they may have assumed; moved by the same impulses, and actuated by similar motives, is it surprising that there should exist among nations of men the most widely separated, a wonderful unity of elementary beliefs and conceptions? All have before them the suggestions of Nature, the grand phenomena of which are everywhere the same; and all from their observance would be apt to arrive at similar results. The idea of a beginning and of a creative power is clearly stamped upon all nature, and, in an obscure or more distinct form, is an inevitable result of human reasoning. This assertion may be controverted by those who esteem this grand conception inherent, or the result of divine communications; but all are agreed that it is as universal as man. The simplicity of the original conception no doubt became greatly modified in the course of time. As the first step of religious refinement, the First Principle came to be invested with attributes which were commemorated and adapted to the com-

prehension of men through the medium of symbols; God came to be emblemized under a variety of aspects, as God the Life-giver, God the Omnipotent, the Eternal, the Beneficent, the Vigilant, the Destroyer, the Avenger. That this refinement in some instances degenerated from apparent into actual polytheism cannot be doubted; but the instances will be found less common than is generally supposed, when we come to analyze the predominant religions of the globe. That a variety of symbols, all referring to the same great principle, yet having, to the superficial view, no relation to each other, resulted from this process, is therefore no matter of surprise.

In the absence of a written language or of forms of expression capable of conveying abstract ideas, we can readily comprehend the necessity, among a primitive people, of a symbolic system. That symbolism in a great degree resulted from this necessity, is very obvious; and that, associated with man's primitive religious systems, it was afterwards continued, when, in the advanced stage of the human mind, the previous necessity no longer existed, is equally undoubted. It thus came to constitute a kind of sacred language, and becomes invested with an esoteric significance, understood only by the few. With the mass of men, the meanings of the original emblem, or the reason for its adoption—the necessity for its use being superseded—was finally forgotten, or but imperfectly remembered. A superstitious reverence, the consequence of long association, and encouraged by a cunning priesthood, nevertheless continued to attach to the symbol, which, from being the representation of an adorable attribute or manifestation of God, became itself an object of adoration. Such was the origin of idolatry in its common or technical sense.*

* "The learned Brahmans," observes Mr. Erskine, acknowledge and adore one God, without form or quality, eternal, unchangeable, and occupying all space; yet they teach in public a religion in which, in supposed compliance with the infirmities and passions of human nature, the Deity has been brought more to a level with our own prejudices and wants, and the incomprehensible attributes assigned to him invested with sensible and even human forms." (*Colman's Hindu Mythology*, p. 1.) The Brahmans allege "that it is easier to impress the minds of men by

The necessity for a symbolical system, which we have assumed as consequent upon man's primitive circumstances, existed alike amongst all early nations; and as the result of that uniformity of mental and moral constitution, and of physical circumstances to which we have referred, their symbols possessed a like uniformity. We may take an example. The SUN, the dispenser of heat and light, the vivifier, beneficent and genial in its influences, the most obvious, as it is the most potent and glorious object in the natural creation, fitly and almost universally emblemized the First Principle. With its annually returning strength the germs quickened, the leaves and blossoms unfolded themselves; and beneath its glow the fruits ripened, and the earth was full of luxuriance and life. Under this aspect it was God the Life-giver, God the Beneficent. In its unwearied course, its daily journey through the skies, it symbolized the Eternal God. In its dazzling and intense splendor it reflected the matchless glories of the Being whose unveiled face "no man can see and live." It is therefore no matter of surprise that sun-worship was among the earliest and most widely disseminated forms of human adoration. It may be said to have been universal. Among nations the most remote from each other, from the torrid to the frigid zones, under one modification or another, this worship has existed. As Phre, or Serapis, among the Egyptians; as Bel,

Baal, Belus, or Moloch, among the Chaldeans; Mithras of the Persians; Apollo of the Greeks; Suyra of the Hindoos; Odin of the Scandinavians; Baiwe of the Laplanders; or, as the chief object of adoration in Mexico and Peru, the sun has had its myriads of worshippers from the earliest dawn of traditionary history. Its worship spread over America as it did over Europe and Africa, and man's accredited birthplace in Asia. It was attended by simple, as also by complicated ceremonies. The Indian hunter of North America acknowledged his homage in silence, with uplifted arms and outspread palms, or by a breath from his half sacred pipe. And the Peruvian Inca, "the Son of the Sun," in his double office of priest and king, paid his adoration, with gorgeous rites, in temples encrusted with gold, and blazing with the reflected glory of the solar god.

Regarding then the uniformity which we have already pointed out in man's constitution, attended by a like uniformity of natural circumstances, as resulting almost of necessity in corresponding uniformity in his beliefs and conceptions, and their modes of manifestation, we shall be prepared to find in America the traces of a primitive religion, essentially the same with that which underwent so many modifications in the Old World, illustrated by analogous symbols, and attended by similar rites. We shall further be prepared to remark these resemblances as the natural results of fixed causes, without sinking the Atlantides in an overwhelming cataclysm, or leading vagrant tribes "through deserts vast, and regions of eternal snow;" or invoking the shadowy Thorfinn, or the apocryphal "Madoc, with his ten ships," to account for the form of a sacrifice, or the method of an incantation!

Having entered this caveat against any attempt which might be made to press the admission, or rather the assertion, of a close correspondence between the religious systems of the Old and New Worlds, into the support of the popular hypothesis which derives the aborigines of America from Tartary, Hindustan, or the shores of the Mediterranean, we return to the matters in hand, merely observing that the subject here touched upon is one of

intelligible symbols than by means which are incomprehensible."

"In India the powers of nature are personified, and each quality, mental and physical, had its emblem, which the Brahmins taught the ignorant to regard as realities, till the Pantheon became so crowded, that life would be too short to acquire even the nomenclature of their 33,000,000 of gods."—*Tod's Rajast'han*, vol. i, p. 536.

Savary, noticing the corruptions of the religion of Egypt, observes: "It was not the intent of the priesthood at first to enslave their nation to the wretched superstition that did prevail. The necessity of expressing themselves by allegorical fables, before the invention of letters, and the keeping of these representations in their temples, accustomed the people to hold them sacred. When writing became familiar, and they had wholly forgot their first meaning, they no longer set bounds to their veneration, but actually worshipped symbols which their fathers had only honored."—*Savary's Egypt*, letter xxix.

high interest, and deserving a thorough investigation.

The inquiries of students in the department of psychology, so far as the American race is concerned, have not been productive of any satisfactory results. This is not surprising, in consideration of the subtle nature of the elements to which they must be directed. Such investigations cannot probably be pursued with any degree of confidence, until it is determined how far man is a creature of circumstances, and whether, as a general rule, and dealing with aggregates, families of men may not, when subjected to like influences for long periods, exhibit very nearly, if not precisely, the same psychological aspects. History is not *old enough* to enable us to speak confidently upon so profound a subject. Except by interblendings, the great races of men having, *physiologically*, retained their essential features from the earliest periods with which we are acquainted. Analogy, it might be said, would imply that, *psychically*, the same law holds good. But if we assent to this, we must deny the power of mental development; deny that in his higher nature man is capable of infinite progression. "By taking thought, no man can make one hair white or black," but he may carry his intellectual attainments to unsuspected heights. All psychical development must of necessity be in a single direction, and must pass through precisely the same stages, whenever an advance is made.

It may be said that some families are fierce—others mild; but it is by no means certain that a reversal in the circumstances under which they are placed would not change the destructive savage into the mild agriculturist, and the peaceable tiller of the soil into the fierce and predatory nomad.

Dr. Morton says of the moral traits of the American aborigines: "Among the the most prominent, is a sleepless caution, an untiring vigilance, which presides over every action, and marks every motive. The Indian says nothing and does nothing without its influence; it enables him to deceive others without being himself suspected; it causes that proverbial taciturnity among strangers, which changes to garrulity among people of his own tribe;

and it is the basis of that invincible firmness which teaches him to contend unrepiningly with every adverse circumstance, and even with death in its most hideous form." The same author adduces the love of war, as another characteristic trait, which develops itself on all occasions, and continues: "It may be said that these features of the Indian character are common to all mankind in the savage state. This is generally true, but they exist in the American race in a degree which will fairly challenge a comparison with similar traits in any existing people; and if we consider also their habitual indolence and improvidence, their indifference to private property, and the vague simplicity of their religious observances, we must admit them to possess a peculiar and eccentric moral constitution." Dr. Morton notices the exceptions which the Peruvians and other nations seem to exhibit, but attributes their changed condition to the far-seeing policy of the Incas, and the combination of circumstances which they brought to bear upon the Indian mind. "After the Inca power was destroyed," he says, "the dormant spirit of the people was again aroused in all the moral vehemence of the race, and the gentle and unoffending Peruvian became transformed into the wily and merciless savage."

In respect to the intellectual character of the American race, the same authority observes: "It is my matured conviction, that as a race they are decidedly inferior to the Mongolian stock. They are not only averse to the restraints of education, but seem for the most part incapable of a continued process of reasoning on abstract subjects. Their minds seize with avidity on simple truths, while they reject whatever requires investigation or analysis. Their proximity for more than two centuries to European communities, has scarcely affected an appreciable change in their manner of life, and as to their social condition, they are probably in most respects the same as at the primitive epoch of their existence. They have made no improvements in the construction of their dwellings, except when directed by Europeans. Their imitative faculty is of a very humble grade, nor have they any predilection for the arts and sciences. The long annals of

missionary labor and private benefaction present few exceptions to this cheerless picture, which is sustained by the testimony of nearly all practical observers." From these remarks, however, Dr. Morton excepts those nations which fall within what he denominates the "Toltec Family." "Contrasted with the intellectual poverty of the barbarous tribes, like an oasis in a desert, are the demi-civilized nations of the New World, a people whose attainment in the arts and sciences are a riddle in the history of the human mind. The Peruvians in the south, the Mexicans in the north, and the Muyscas of Bogota between the two, formed these contemporary centres of civilization, each independent of the other, and each equally skirted by wild and savage hordes. The mind dwells with surprise and admiration on their cyclopean structures, which often rival those of Egypt in magnitude; on their temples, which embrace almost every principle of architecture; and on their statues and bas-reliefs, which are far above the rudimentary state of the arts. * * *

It follows of course, from the preceding remarks, that we consider the American race to present the two extremes of intellectual character; the one capable of a certain degree of civilization and refinement, independent of extraneous aids, the other exhibiting an abasement which puts all mental culture at defiance. The one composed, as it were, of a handful of people, whose superiority and consequent acquisitions made them the prey of covetous destroyers; the other a vast multitude of savage tribes, whose very barbarism is working their destruction from within and without."

A learned German traveller, Dr. Von Martius, whose works on the nations of South America, as observed by Prichard, are well known and highly appreciated, has in strong terms asserted that a psychological difference exists between the American race and those of the Old World. He has sketched his hypothesis with a bold hand, and with a force which we seldom find surpassed in writings upon these subjects.

"The indigenous race of the New World is distinguished from all the other nations of the earth, externally, by peculiarities of make,

but still more, internally, by their state of mind and intellect. The aboriginal American is at once in the incapacity of infancy and unlikeness of old age; he unites the opposite poles of intellectual life. This strange and inexplicable condition has hitherto frustrated every attempt to reconcile him with the European, to whom he gives way, so as to make him a cheerful and happy member of the community; and it is this, his double nature, which presents the greatest difficulty to Science when she endeavors to investigate his origin, and those earlier epochs of history, in which he has for thousands of years moved indeed, but made no improvements in his condition. But this is far removed from that natural state of child-like security which marked (as an inward voice declares to us, and as the most ancient written documents affirm) the first and foremost period of the history of mankind. The men of the red race, on the contrary, it must be confessed, do not appear to feel the blessings of a divine descent, but to have been led by merely animal instinct and tardy steps through a dark past to their actual cheerless present. Much, therefore, seems to indicate that they are not in the first stage of that simple, we might say, physical development—that they are in a secondary, regenerated state.

"To guide the inquirer through the intricacies of this labyrinthine inquiry, there is not a vestige of history to afford any clue. Not a ray of tradition, not a war-song, not a funeral lay can be found to clear away the dark night in which the earlier ages of America are involved.

"Far beyond the rude condition in which the aboriginal American was found, and separated by the obscurity of ages, lies a nobler past which he once enjoyed, but which can now only be inferred from a few relics. Colossal works of architecture (as those at Tiaguanac on the Lake Titicaca, which the Peruvians as far back as the time of the Spanish conquest beheld with wonder as the remains of a more ancient people—raised, according to their traditions, in a single night—and similar creations scattered in enigmatic fragments here and there over both the Americas) bear witness that their inhabitants had, in remote ages, developed a mental cultivation and a moral power which have now entirely vanished. A mere semblance of these, an attempt to bring back a period which had long passed by, seems perceptible in the kingdom and institutions of the Incas. In Brazil no such traces of an earlier civilization have yet been discovered, and if it ever existed here it must have been in a very remote period; yet still, even the condition of the Brazilians, as of every other American people, furnishes proofs that the inhabitants of this new continent, as it is called, are by no means a modern race, even supposing we could as-

sume our Christian chronology as a measure for the age and historical development of their country. This irrefragable evidence is furnished by Nature herself, in the domestic animals and æsculent plants by which the aboriginal American is surrounded, and which trace an essential feature in the history of his mental culture. The present state of the productions of Nature is a documentary proof, that in America she has been already for many thousands of years influenced by the impressing and transforming hand of man.

"It is my conviction that the first germs of development of the human race in America can be sought nowhere except in that quarter of the globe.

"Besides the traces of a primeval and, in like manner, ante-historic culture of the human race in America, as well as a very early influence on the productions of Nature, we may also adduce as a ground for these views the basis of the present state of natural and civil rights among the aboriginal Americans—I mean precisely as before observed, that enigmatical subdivision of the nations into an almost countless number of greater and smaller groups, and that almost entire exclusion and excommunication with regard to each other, in which mankind presents its different families to us in America, like fragments of a vast ruin. The history of the other nations inhabiting the earth furnishes nothing which has any analogy to this.

"This disruption of all the bands by which society was anciently held together, accompanied by a Babylonish confusion of tongues multiplied by it, the rude right of force, the never-ending tacit warfare of all against all, springing from that very disruption, appear to me the most essential, and, as far as history is concerned, the most significant point in the evil condition of the savage tribes. Such a state of society cannot be the consequence of modern revolutions. It indicates, by marks which cannot be overlooked, the lapse of many ages.

"Long continued migrations of single nations and tribes have doubtless taken place from a very early period throughout the whole continent of America, and they may have seen especially the causes of dismemberment and corruption in the languages, and of a corresponding demoralization of the people. By assuming that only a few leading nations were first dispersed like so many rays of light, mingled together and dissolved, as it were, into each other by mutual collision, and that these migrations, divisions and subsequent combinations have been continued for countless ages, the present state of mankind in America may surely be accounted for; but the cause of this singular misdevelopment remains, no less than that account, unknown and enigmatical.

"Can it be conjectured that some extensive

convulsion of Nature—some earthquake rending asunder sea and land, such as is reported to have swallowed up the far-famed island of *Atalantis*—has then swept away the inhabitants in its vortex? Has such a calamity filled the survivors with a terror so monstrous, as, handed down from race to race, must have darkened and perplexed their intellects, hardened their hearts, and driven them, as if flying at random from each other, far from the blessings of social life? Have, perchance, burning and destructive suns, or overwhelming floods, threatened the man of the red race with a horrible death by famine, and armed him with a rude and unholy hostility, so that, maddened against himself by atrocious and bloody acts of cannibalism, he has fallen from the god-like dignity for which he was designed, to his present degraded state of darkness? Or is this inhumanizing, the consequence of deeply rooted preternatural vices, inflicted by the genius of our race (with a severity which, to the eye of a short-sighted observer, appears throughout all nature like cruelty) on the innocent as well as on the guilty?

"It is impossible to entirely discard the idea of some general defect in the organization of the red race; for it is manifest it already bears within itself the germs of an early extinction. Other nations will live when these unblessed children of the New World have all gone to their rest in the long sleep of death. Their songs have long ceased to resound, their giant edifices are mouldering down, and no elevated spirit has revealed itself in any noble effusion from that quarter of the globe. Without being reconciled with the nations of the East, or with their own fortunes, they are already vanishing away; yes, it almost appears as if no other intellectual life was allotted to them than that of calling forth our painful compassion, as if they existed only for the negative purpose of awakening our astonishment by the spectacle of a whole race of men, the inhabitants of a large part of the globe, in a state of living decay.

"In fact, the present and future condition of this red race of men, who wander about in their native land, where the most benevolent and brotherly love despairs of ever providing them with a home, is a monstrous and tangible drama, such as no fiction of the past has ever yet presented to our contemplation. A whole race of men is wasting before the eyes of its commiserating contemporaries: no power of princes, philosophy, or Christianity, can avert its proud, gloomy progress towards a certain and utter destruction.*"

* "On the state of Civil and Natural Rights among the Aborigines of the Brazils," by C. T. Ph. Von Martius.—*Synopsis*, Royal Geograph. Soc. Trans. Vol. 2.

There is much of rhetoric, if not of sound philosophy, in these observations of Dr. Von Martius. By presenting, however, we do not wish to be understood to endorse them. Our object is to give, in a rapid review, the results which have followed the investigation of these subjects by competent and philosophical minds, as distinguished from the shallow hypotheses and absurd conjectures of pretenders. As already observed, America has unfortunately been the country of systems; it has called out the prejudices of the Dutch Du Pauw and the Scotch Robertson; and been the subject of innumerable essays by charlatans and fools, by George Joneses and Josiah Priests,—an array unmatched for its complacent ignorance and stupid assurance.

It has not yet been satisfactorily shown that the American race is deficient in intellect, or that there is that wide difference in their "moral nature, their affections and consciences," which some have asserted. The history of aboriginal art remains yet to be written—indeed, the extent of its development is yet to be ascertained. The glimpses which we have afforded us, entitle the nations which occupied the central parts of the continent to rank equally high, in this respect, with the people of Hindustan and the ancient Egyptians. And, as observed by Prichard, "a people who, like the Mexicans, unaided by foreigners, formed a more complete calendar than the Greeks, and had ascertained with precision the length of the solar year, could not be deficient in intelligence." A race of men which shows us an example of a far-seeing policy like that displayed in the Iroquois confederation, before having attained to that degree of civilization which everywhere else has preceded such a display of forecast and wisdom, cannot be said to exhibit the "incapacity of infancy." A people who, like the Peruvians, had civil and social institutions nearly perfect as machineries of government and national organization, "possessing an indefinite power of expansion and suited to the most flourishing condition of the empire as well as to its infant fortunes"—such a people cannot be said to exhibit the "unpliancy of old age," or to be incapable of the highest attainments to which humanity may as-

pire. Nor can it be said that a people peaceable but brave, virtuous, honest, and approaching nearer than any other example which history affords, to the poetical idea of Arcadian simplicity and happiness, like those who inhabited the country above the Gila and the valley of New Mexico—that such a people "have never felt the blessings of divine descent," but have been left to their own dark natures and "preternatural" vicious instincts!

The assertion of the incapacity of the aborigines to profit by their associations with other races, is practically disproved at the southwest, where the Florida Indians are now located. It will not be asserted, by those informed on the subject, that their condition is one whit inferior to that of their white neighbors on the frontier. When the Indians shall be treated as human beings, and not as wild animals; when they shall be relieved from the contamination of unprincipled hunters and traders, and the moral charlatanisms of ignorant and narrow-minded missionaries; when we shall pursue towards them a just, enlightened, and truly Christian policy; then, if they shall exhibit no advancement, and ultimately reach a respectable rank in the scale of civilization, it will be quite time enough to pronounce upon them the severe sentence of a deficient intellect and an unhallowed heart—dead to sympathy, and incapable of higher developments. Till then, with the black catalogue of European wrongs and oppressions before him, and the grasping hand of powerful avarice at his throat, blame not the American Indian if he sternly and gloomily prefers utter extinction to an association with races which have exhibited to him no benign aspect, and whose touch has been death.

Lest, however, the tearful veil of sympathy should obscure the cold eye of philosophy, we return to our original purpose. In the next number of the Review we shall notice, in some detail, the contributions which have recently been made to the Ethnology and Archæology of America, and to the consideration of which the preceding crude and imperfect *résumé* of what has thus far been accomplished, in these departments, is only preliminary.

E. G. S.

THE REPUBLIC.

NO. I.—INTRODUCTORY.

LUMÉ has been lately published in
ork, that deserves to be profoundly
by the people of this country,
trite the subject, and however
ally men may think themselves ac-
l with its facts and principles. It
ed "The American's Own Book,
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ion," pp. 515, octavo, close print.
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it is more artificially compounded
y other government system upon

not time for patriotic criticism to

Self-knowledge is very import-
wledge, and if we would know our-
s a people, we must keep up our
tance with those celebrated institu-
at we talk so much about. Mem-
ot enough. We must return daily
ubject as a theme of fresh inquiry.
nture things are altered from what
e were. Can it be, that there will
found something in this vast tome,
t may become us to ponder? Can
at half a thousand pages of funda-
law—the work and property of
ople, the skeleton details of one
—are to issue from the press un-
ied in an age like this, when the
world is on fire, and the great
f human liberty seems enveloped
noke of the conflagration?

ow it is a kind of faith with many,
haps the only faith likely to be re-
as orthodox, that there is a charm

about our "peculiar institutions," exempt-
ing them from the hazards that have
proved so often fatal to the cause of free-
dom in other lands. Such is the preva-
lence of this conceit, that the lessons of
history are nearly lost upon us. Our case,
we say, is different, very different. And
when we read of freedom thrown away by
popular frenzy in one country, or crushed
by usurpation in another, the effect upon
us is not so much to arouse our vigilance,
or school our circumspection, as it is to
make us hug ourselves upon the fancied
security of our position, which assures us,
(so, at least, we understand the matter,)
that we, of all men, have nothing to fear,
and that our concern in the political ship-
wrecks of either past or present times is
ended, when we have dropped a tear of
pity over them, or sported a smile of con-
tempt.

Are we wise in this? It is said of *fools*,
(not of wise men,) that they hate instruc-
tion; and there is notoriously a *folly*, that
incurs sad penalties by rejecting it.

Our "peculiar institutions" *may* last for-
ever, and they may *not*. To be peculiar
is one thing; but it is quite another to
possess the gift of immortality. Causes,
of which the power is little apt to be sus-
pected, tell heavily sometimes upon the
destiny of nations. Is not human nature
everywhere the same? and do not moral
influences everywhere assail its weak side?

Let it be borne in mind, the safety of
our institutions depends as much upon
ourselves as upon them. The dependence
is mutual. Assuredly it is not in mere
forms to perpetuate their own existence.
They may be well contrived, may answer
well the uses they are made for, and may
thus propitiate the public mind in their
favor; but their life is from without; nor
can that life be permanent save by the
constancy and purity of its external source.
The people and their institutions go to-

gether. The connection is matrimonial—each to each, intimate, for better or worse. It is possible for the people to corrupt their government, and it is possible for the government to corrupt them. To make all right and safe, there must be a double adaptation in the case; a congeniality of nature on both sides.

So that to judge fairly of the prospect before us, there are two branches of inquiry that demand attention: one, *the forms of our political system*, with its working principles; the other, *the living character and habits of the country*, that give animation to those principles and forms.

Of course, the analogy of foreign examples can only aid us indirectly and collaterally. Our main study is at home. And here we must not content ourselves with looking into the paper evidence of any one period, to determine what security we have for the future; we must also mark the course and tendency of public sentiment among us; comparing the people with their institutions, and this at different periods; so as to judge, with all the certainty we can, whether the government is *thus far stable, thus far what it was at first*, and what the fathers meant it to be. And then, if any change of moment shall appear to have been made in it already, it will be important to observe whether they have been changes of mere vacillation, this way and that, without decided purpose or drift of any kind in general, or whether they have gone in some uniform direction, ominous of an entire ultimate departure from the original order and policy of things. This is a great point; a slight divergence of one line from another will, if steadily continued, place the whole globe between the two at last. Have the people stood firm upon the high grounds of their inheritance, or have they slunk away insensibly to lower levels, to new alluvial bottoms of their own invention, where the weeds grow ranker, but the footing is less safe?

I am afraid it will turn out upon investigation, (and let him who loves his country heed what I say,) that we have, in truth, fallen, in some measure, from our first estate. One thing at any rate is certain,—we have been a people *given to change*. A kind of Athenian restlessness has marked our course. The fathers were not wise enough for us. It has seemed good in

our eyes to depart considerably, and I think fearfully, from the patriarchal platform. Nor have our innovations been the results of mere fickleness, a quality of mind to make us the sport of various impulses, flitting round and round to every point of the compass, according as one or another wind chanced to blow. There has been a method in our madness. We have had our vessel always under one tack; and we have run long without a reckoning; and, whether we see it or not, there is a lee shore under our bows.

It is true, our institutions are all popular, and why should not the people have a jurisdiction to remodel them at pleasure? The jurisdiction is undoubtedly theirs, but the subject-matter is a delicate one. A man may have a right to take his own watch to pieces, and to put it together again as he best can; but is he wise, not being a watchmaker by profession, to ~~use~~ the right? And will he not be likely to spoil his watch if he do? Our institutions are the work of no common hand. No common skill has been displayed in putting them together into a great national system. One would think, the very aspect of things should deter us from all unnecessary meddling. We subsist by social compact. And here are one-and-thirty such compacts—one of them supreme and general, the others local and subordinate—all dovetailed together in a framework of political architecture, such as never was seen in any foreign country, such as never will be seen but in our own, though imitation has already gone abroad.

It used to be thought that compacts of this kind were visionary things; unreal, and barely conceivable. Old writers upon government called them chimeras; yet here is a living specimen—an actual state-forming compact by popular consent; not only so, but a multitude of such marvels: stranger still, this multitude, by a far-reaching, all-embracing combination of consenting wills, strung up at last, like the beads of a rosary, upon a single thread.

Is this a structure to be rashly meddled with? The States were not so numerous at first, but they were more nicely fashioned, had a more complicated and refined adjustment of parts, and were encircled by the same federal bond of union and communion as at present. Was it prudent

begin the work of innovation? Is it prudent now to continue it? The whole country answers yes, and the buzz and rustle of its Constitution workshops, alive in some directions at this very moment with the business of changes in actual progress, makes the answer practical, at least. *Nec mora, nec requies.* Change is the order of the day. We see it everywhere. Not a score of years goes by, but numbers of our State-fabrics are deliberately taken to pieces by the people, and again by the people reconstructed, and put back to their places in the federal scheme. Or, to resume the language of the simile, the heads are successively detached from the bread, put into a crucible, melted down to "first principles," re-cast and re-strung. As if there were really no difficulty in this kind of process, and as if the very serious expense attending it were but the price of an indispensable popular amusement; for, truth to say, it is not always easy to discover what advantage more solid than amusement is purchased by the outlay; while the evils and dangers of this operation stand by themselves, unnoticed, unconsidered.

No doubt amendments are, at times, necessary, or at least desirable; and several of the Constitutions of the particular States, as well as that of the Union, have wisely provided for this exigency by a very guarded trust committed to the ordinary legislature for that purpose. Some few of them, content with that provision, have boded by it, and preserved their early forms, with only partial alterations, made piecemeal, and from time to time. But the example has been too tamely cautious or others to follow. The general practice is, to call conventions; and these conventions, when they get together, instead of repairing the house in which, perhaps, a lapboard is wanting, or a shingle leaks, almost invariably prefer the alternative of pulling it down about their ears, and then rebuilding it from the foundation; this, too, with less regard to shingles and clapboards than to some theoretical fancies that happen to haunt their own imaginations for the time being. And as conventions are a sort of special legislatures, and the legislative power seldom gets possession of a subject without securing a way of return to it afterwards, these bodies

have discovered of late that it is best to provide by constitutional canons for their being called together *periodically*—say, at the end of every eight, twelve, fifteen or twenty years—to renew their labors whether there be anything to amend or not; provided, always, that a competent number of the class of persons on whose will the measure is appointed to turn, declare at the time in favor of it. Periodical conventions for fundamental law-making! This is something new!

Are we drunk, then, with the new wine of our liberties? One would think we have had it too long upon draught for that. We have been free—the freest of mankind—for a good deal more than half a century. Do we not understand our institutions yet? Amid the complication of their formal arrangements, is there not a simplicity of first principles that needs but a child's intellect to see the subject in its true lights?

Or are there hopes of successful enterprise in improving these institutions? Our age, indeed, is eminently one of progress. And the observation has a twofold interest to my mind—an interest no less of fear than of hope. Most things admit of progress, and demand it. Many may go ahead indefinitely, with advantage to everybody. As to some, if I do not grievously misjudge, it were better they should stand still, or nearly so; and at any rate, whatever is to be done with them, *festina lenti* is the right motto of procedure. What fit place has *theology*, for instance, in the raceground of the times? Collateral science may do something, doubtless, in the outskirts of the subject, but the elements of theological truth are unimprovable, unchangeable; and it is not as philosophers, but as "little children," that we are to study them, to the end of all things. For innovation, certainly, for ambitious enterprise of any sort, there is no scope. If we are to amend anything here, it must be ourselves, and not the record of eternal wisdom, when our axioms of life are once for all imbedded.

Just so in *general ethics*. The doctrine of men's social obligations is, in its main features, unalterable. Speculators may theorize as they will, and filter all the subtleties of metaphysics into their ink-horns for the purpose—they can never change

the character of one ethical maxim ; never, in a single instance, make that right which is wrong now, or that wrong which is right. Our theology is the basis of our ethics, and both alike depend upon the Bible, which is an everlasting fixture.

What shall we say, then, as to *politics*? Have we not, to a very considerable extent, the same line of argument here also? What is *politics* but a particular department of *ethics*? Who does not see at once that it is a branch of learning in which *right* and *wrong* (rather than *truth* and *falsehood*, as in most branches of philosophy) are the leading objects of inquiry, the practical results continually sought after and contemplated? Not that the race of politicians all know and feel it to be so. Perhaps the majority do not; but it is time they did. Theoretically, they will scarce deny the general fact. The science of government, the science of the trusts of public life, the science by which a portion of men's interests (and a very large portion it is) are managed for them by agents under the dread sanction of fidelity-oaths, is necessarily, deeply ethical; touching the conscience wherever there is a conscience to touch, because involving responsibilities, in every case of practice, not only to earth but heaven.

Let us concede one point, however: *purely and simply* ethical this science is not; and what then? Is it therefore a legitimate field of empirical adventure? Not exactly. We must see, first, what the concession imports. To be ethical, and yet not *purely* such, is to have one or more other qualities, real or possible, in connection with that. And now the question is, what other qualities go to make up the mixture in hand? Just this: Political science, as distinguished from pure ethics, unites *policy* with duty—it is *politico-ethical*. Here, in logical language, is the specific difference. What does it amount to? Is not *duty* still the paramount principle in practice? Does its supremacy ever yield a hair to the companion principle? On the contrary, *policy* is neither more nor less than duty's helpmeet; just as the intellect is the helpmeet of the moral nature in man. The two principles act always in harmony; Duty leading the way where she can, and where

she cannot, sending Policy forward as her pioneer; but whether she goes behind or before, she is always in command—always general of the march.

Whence it would seem to follow, that as in pure ethics and theology there are things which ought never to be changed or tampered with; so, in politics, there are certain first truths upon which no improvement can be made, and certain corollaries of practice, growing out of them, that are too clear for doubt—too sacred for experimental trifling.

Our proceedings hitherto may have been more or less stimulated by an indirect influence from abroad, unconsciously to ourselves. The state of apparent misformation in which most foreign governments have presented themselves to our notice, may have done something towards producing a secret bias in our minds against governments in general, as if they were all at variance with first truths, all inconsistent with the people's rights, all needing to be overhauled and remodelled. Everywhere, almost, the people are without the weight we think them entitled to; while rulers occupy a ground of independent pre-eminence that appears to us unnatural, preposterous. The great axiom of the universal trust of official stations is in most places lost sight of. Men are not free, in short, and especially are not provided with the proper institutional munitiments of freedom, anywhere but in one or two countries of the earth. The frames of national society are distorted—out of joint. We look upon them with indignation, and a kind of insensible effort of reform creeps into our muscles, as we gaze upon the painful spectacle. Scarce one of them all, we say, but it is flagrantly amiss; the people are wronged, and we would like to right them. Would that we were judges in Israel! How would we turn and overturn! how prostrate the hills and lift the valleys up! We feel ourselves wrought into a mood for strong political action. What shall we do? Mr. Bentham made constitutions for all the needy nations. Not so romantic as that, and yet, unable to stay the tide of our reforming impulses, we let drive at home, and for lack of being able to seize a victim elsewhere, put our own institutions to the torture.

Seriously, what better account of the matter can be given? Do we pull down our constitutional fabrics every few years because they are really bad ones? or because it is for a moment imagined that the great principles of right and wrong, as touching the relation of rulers and people, are thereby violated? What are those principles? Natural equality, (which excludes privileged orders,) freedom of religious opinion and practice, the derivation of all public power from the people, the consequent fiduciary character of that power to the last fraction, and the accountability of those who exercise it to popular visitation; these, I take it, are the chief. Will any man pretend that there is one among them which has ever been wanting in constitutional certainty or authority in a single State of the Union? Will any man pretend that there is one of them securer now, after all our journey-work, our mending and patching, our pulling down and building up again, than at the very first?

Had we a sample of foreign governments to deal with, such as plainly violate the rules of reason and common justice in their very structure, there might be cause for wishing to remodel it. I would then be among the first to say, let a convention be called; and when called and brought together, let them do as they are wont to do at present—let them cut the deformed carcass into quarters, and refer each portion of it to a hungry committee, that will be sure to eat it up, bones, sinews, flesh, garbage and all; so that, after a suitable process of digestion in the conventional stomach, and a reconversion of elements into organic forms, the result may be literally and entirely a new creation. This would be very proper in such a case. There is so much in most of those governments that is unnatural, and against first principles, that it would be easier to destroy and reproduce, than to correct by partial modifications. We acted thus in the original concoction of our system, save only as to what had been gradually prepared for us beforehand in the colonial laboratory. This, indeed, was much. We had started right in the outset of our history; for we had started as free-men—free towards God at least; and we had gone on from this best of all begin-

nings, enlarging our views, and strengthening our propensities in regard to other freedoms, till almost everything in the shape of political first truths was become matured, both in our heads and hearts; we knew what we were entitled to, and our affections gathered around it, like soldiers around a standard from which death alone can separate them. So that when the work of State-making fell, at length, upon our hands, we were not the novices that the French are at this moment, or the Germans and Italians, in their arduous and doubtful enterprises of self-government; but we knew our ground; we understood our business; we had distinct ideas of the objects upon which our affections were fastened; we had been a long while engaged upon the equation of our liberties, and had worked it out; the unknown quantity had ceased to be unknown; it was not a conjectural experiment we were upon, but an effort of practice in the application of laws familiar to our minds. This certainly, in great measure. Once arrived at independence in our national condition, the task of putting that new state of things under sure political arrangement was, for the most part, a mere acting out of views long dwelt upon before, and which had already passed from the consistency of young theory into that of full-grown common sense. The political thoughts of the country were ripe. Men knew precisely what they had to do, save as to here and there a question of form in matters of detail. They were in the predicament of the barons of Runnymede, who demanded nothing strange to the public mind, nothing indistinctly apprehended by their own; but just the ancient Saxon liberties, the very household gods of their accustomed devotions.

And let me add, *the times were favorable*; more so probably than they will ever be again. The war of the Revolution had just terminated, or was in progress towards that point. Party-spirit had not yet emerged from the bottomless pit. Men's hearts were knit together in a singleness of patriotic virtue, such as ordinary periods know nothing of. Great public trials naturally tend to this, among a virtuous people. They do away with the paltry differences that peace and prosperity breed in all di-

rections. They clear the general vision of its films and jaundice, so that great and good men may be seen, and may see one another, as they are, without envy, and without jealousy or fear. What an advantage! No cabals; no sinister machinations of any sort. The country, the country is all. Shall we see such things again? There is a further advantage. Great public trials put little men out of view, and place the management of a nation's affairs in hands equal (if such there be) to the charge. They sift the public service of its noisome particles, retaining in employment few or none of the mote busy-bodies that infest the atmosphere of calmer seasons, and investing persons of high standing and ability with the sole care of the commonwealth. Finally, the troubles that once in a long while teach society the value of its best and ablest members, have commonly the effect of educating them, as nothing else can, for their important duties. So that, putting all these things together, will it not be owned by every one, that the first cast of our free institutions, if not absolutely perfect, was at least made under more favorable auspices, and with a greater likelihood of success, than any subsequent attempts at repetition can be supposed to have enjoyed?

It is unnecessary to refer to these attempts particularly, by way of enforcing the argument. The facts are too fresh to require it. We have all seen for ourselves how modern conventions are got up, and what materials they are mostly made of; what style of statesmanship prevails among them; the aims of their policy; the achievements of their skill. It is a magic-lantern scene—let it pass. The truth in hand is evident enough by itself. There is no occasion for supporting it by invidious comparisons. The American revolution, with the constitutional era that it ushered in, proclaims its own commentary. It is a part of our history not unlike that of Luther and Calvin's times in the career of Christianity. And we might as well doubt whether Luther and Calvin, Zwingle, Flavel and Melancthon understood the Bible, as whether the first framers of our political system knew and embodied faithfully in that system, the true genius of the liberties it was meant to secure. Not that no room was left for experience to amend

any thing afterwards in matters of detail. But experience and experiment are different things. Is not the difference sometimes forgotten? Tell me not of "new-light" discoveries. I am afraid of them. I like them not much better in politics than in religion; for in each, since the constitutional fathers fell asleep, there is a text of things canonical and sacred, which it is dangerous to meddle with, sacrilegious to pervert.

I repeat it, our institutions were, in the main, as perfect at the very first as they are now, or probably ever can be. They embraced fully and fairly the great axioms of our political faith; and those axioms, most of them certainly, are unimprovable, because ethical; rules of everlasting right, growing out of the very nature and design of government, and of the relations it gives birth to. When, therefore, we find them once incorporated with the national framework, in a manner every way unexceptionable, what has reformation to do with them, or with the structure sanctified by their undoubted presence in it? Foreign systems are out of the question. No matter whether they please us or not. If our notions of first principles are realized at home, let that suffice. Here is a model government, ourselves being judges. We have been calling it absolute perfection these fifty years—at least in all we have had to say about it to the Old World. Do we believe in our assertions? Certainly the fathers put the right ingredients into it—making us free to a marvel; free in the largest, fullest, richest sense of the term—not one imaginable right uncared for, unsecured. Why persist in carrying back the fine castings of such a government to the furnace again?

It will, perhaps, be said, and with plausibility as regards a portion of the states, that our unceasing revisions and remodellings do not, or at least are not intended to touch the political order of the country, in its elements; much less to change that order, or to displace any of those elements; the real object being to improve the system in *secondary matters only*, and about which it is supposed there may be harmless differences of opinion as to what is really wisest and best; as, for example, whether bills of rights should be included or not in constitutional records,

id if so, how far their enumerations ought to go; whether the elective franchise should be more or less widely distributed among the people; whether public officers should hold their places for longer or shorter terms; whether appointments should be devolved to any extent upon the discretion of those officers in the way of patronage; whether the legislative power ought in certain cases to be dictated to, qualified, or restrained; how amendments ought to be made in future, should they be deemed necessary; and other numberless details, that seem to be looked upon as fair subjects of experimental treatment, because not seeming to be connected with the very vitals of the state.

Let us assume for a moment that this is all true; in other words, that the business which so many conventions are successfully called to transact, is rather *formal* than substantial; rather a business of *accidents* than of first principles.

I will ask then why it is, that to compass a small amendment in a point of no essential consequence, we so often lay the whole fabric of a State constitution in the dust? Why meddle further than the professed object in view requires? Is it that we may be the better able to preserve the *symmetry* of the system when we set it up again? Do we go that length upon motives of mere taste? We want a *well-looking* constitution! and conceive, that to be well-looking, it must undergo continual innovation—must always be *young*! or at least as often as any part of it is so. This reminds me of certain statute-revisers who reported gravely to the legislature they were acting for, that among other fruits of their labors would be found a number of verbal alterations made in the laws of the land *for euphony's sake*! Really, is the *euphony* of a statute worth the cost of forty litigations, rendered thereby necessary for ascertaining the true import of its improved phraseology? And may not the youthful beauty of a new-fangled constitution be dearly purchased by the sacrifice of its gray hairs? Age has a beauty too; and I believe it is no where more beautiful or more enriched with pleasing associations, than in the laws and policy of a free people; of whose virtues it is there a *standing monument*; proclaiming their love of peace and order,

their moderation, their self-control, their wisdom, their patriotism, to every observer.

Let us try to think aright. A nation's liberties depend in no serious degree upon the literary aspect of its paper existence. Much ado is often made about trifles. We contribute our share of pains to the general stock, as not a few of our exploits in the way of fundamental law-making may attest. How incessantly the people toil at what they call their foundation work. And they are putting at the bottom of their edifice many things which have scarce weight enough to deserve a place at the top. The visible economy of the country is becoming greatly more extended than formerly in the constitutional department. Aside from the numerical increase of our state systems, there is also a disposition every where manifested, to swell out the grand total into yet further enlargement by a variety of miscellaneous provisions, very few of which have any title to be placed in such a connection, and almost none of them can be regarded as of much value there. The effort of the country seems to be to get all its rights and all its burden-thoughts *upon paper*, and to have the hocus-pocus of deliberative power said over them by popular conventions; as if that were the sure way of consigning them to an undoubted immortality, so that future generations, to the latest ages, may be as wise and as free as we are, by a sort of patenting process, and without the least trouble on their part. I am afraid it will not do. I am afraid our precious institutions will not be much the safer for a dry hedge of this description about them. Forms are sometimes necessary, and then they are useful. The territorial and jurisdictional partitions of political power, for instance, serve important uses, and may thus be termed a sort of *living* forms. But, without attending to this distinction, we seem to have fallen in love with forms in general, as if all could give life, whether they have it or not. In this strange period of history, our politics are becoming as formal as our religion. Would not a little more spirituality on both hands be as well? How are dead forms to save us in the state more than in the church? We are deceiving ourselves; we are leaning upon reeds that we have no occasion for, and which will break in our hands if we

trust them too far. Has not England weathered the storms of many centuries without a formal constitution of any kind? Did not New Hampshire flourish for eight years after she became a "sovereign state," with but an organizing statute of three pages to sustain her in that character? Did not Connecticut and Rhode Island hold on their way triumphantly, the former till 1818, the latter till 1842, under mere colonial charters, dating back to the reign, and recognizing the authority of an obscene tyrant? Nevertheless, there is liberty in England, plenty of it; and it abounded in New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, before they severally arrayed themselves in the full constitutional livery of the country, not a whit less than it does now. No man can see the difference. We must have some forms, but it is possible to have a sickly superabundance. Above all things, let us not rely upon them for benefits which it is not in their nature to confer. A constitution may lose more in simplicity and force than it can possibly gain in other respects, by being spun out to a needless length of detail.

Unfortunately, there has been a worse error committed than that of misinterpreting the significance of trifles. It is the error of mistaking things for trifles which are not such; and of treating them with a levity, or a presumption, pardonable only in concerns of paltry interest, while their importance to the whole scheme of the republic, as designed and fashioned by its founders, is, in truth, vital. Is the vesting of the franchise of election a secondary matter? Is it a point of indifference whether the officers of government are chosen by men capable of appreciating their qualifications, or by men both ignorant and careless on the subject? Is it of no consequence whether the officers themselves are persons of standing, whose firmness can be trusted; or shuffling demagogues, bankrupt at once in principles and estate? Is the term and tenure of an office nothing, be that office what it may? Should the people choose all their public servants by a helter-skelter vote; or should judges, and some others in peculiar lines of duty, be more cautiously selected by a delegated power? Ought legislation to retain its rank as a great agency function, independent of all control but that of public opinion and the ballot-box; or should

it fall beneath the feet of periodical conventions? Surely these are not trifles not secondary matters. Yet they have been treated as if they were. Innovation has spared none of them. They are the game of its park, and it hunts them continually. Is the sport a safe one? Can we change the constitution in such point without touching its essential character and perhaps its destiny?

Now I say we have already changed in every one of these particulars, besides others of scarce inferior note. Not only so, but we have done this, whether aware of it or not, in one continued drift of seeming policy; though I apprehend the fault has been owing more to party impulse than to settled convictions of any kind. The drift, however, the universal tendency is manifest; or if not, it ought to be, as I am resolved to make it so, for fact prove it. I am resolved the people should know what they have done and are doing. I intend to set before them in order, 1st, the nature and character of their institutions as established by the great and good men of the constitutional era—say from 1776 to 1789; 2ndly, the state of the institutions at the present day, as altered from the pure originals; 3dly, the apparent causes which have led to these alterations, whether in the people or the government; and finally, the probable future as far as such a speculation may be warranted by what we have seen, and what is going on before our eyes.

Not that I intend to turn prophet much less, a prophet of evil. All may well with us long ages to come. I grant it. But there are pitfalls in the political, as well as in the natural world, and it is best to have our eyes open, that we may avoid them. There is something wrong among us, undoubtedly, or we should let at least the frame of the government alone. Where lies the want of adaptation between it and us? Which is in fault? Are we so ill at ease under our so-called happy system, because it is really amiss; or only because we are unworthy of it? If the former, one would think that half a century of tinkering might have patched the vessel. If the latter, we are just degrading our institutions to the level of our own vices and follies. Let us look to this. It is the great practical object that I have in view.

TO A FLOWER,

FOUND IN A CHEST OF TEA.

A FADED blue-bell in a chest of tea!
A messenger from distant regions sent—
A voyager across the mighty sea—
A link 'twixt continent and continent!
Though but a waif—a trifle—thou to me
Of many scenes and thoughts art eloquent—
Of scenes fantastic, beautiful and strange,
As lie within the world's unbounded range.

The "Central Flowery Kingdom" was thy home,
And thou, a witness of its light and bloom,
Art sent of Heaven, if not of men to roam,
Imprisoned darkly in a fragrant tomb;
And tossed upon the surging ocean's foam,
Until, enshrined within a student's room,
Thy crushed and brittle leaflets are unfurled
To greet the sunshine of a Western World.

Oh, that thy quickened life could flow again,
And that we knew the speechless thoughts of flowers!
Thy deep-blue eyes and leafy lips would then
Declare if other skies are sweet as ours—
Would speak of wondrous climes beyond our ken,
And wile away the silver-sandaled hours
With many tales of that mysterious land,
Around whose breadth the walls of ages stand.

And yet 'tis not because an unknown soil
Bore thee, that thou to me a treasure art;
For there man's lot is no less one of toil;
He bears about the self-same human heart;
He knows the same sweet peace or wild turmoil,
And frets out life in camp, and court, and mart;
The same winds blow, no other sunlight warms,
And all is Nature's self in other forms.

This simple flower has deeper thoughts for me,
Because, like mine and every living soul,
It has its own unraveled history
Recorded on no earthly page or scroll;
Because it is a thread of sympathy
With lands beyond where oceans roll;
But chief, because one seldom finds, you see,
A faded blue-bell in a chest of tea!

H. W. P.

CHEESE OF VIF.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIE AYCARD.]

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

CHAPTER I.

IN the latter part of the month of September, 1806, a man of athletic form, and of limbs well adapted to sustain his lofty stature, traversed the forest of the Isere, which stands at a league's distance from Vif, a town situated about four leagues from Grenoble.

This man, who was more than fifty years of age, appeared much younger, however, and although he carried a heavy fowling-piece, and all the accoutrements of a hunter, and although, having left Grenoble doubtless at break of day, he had been upon his feet since morning, yet his step was not the less firm, nor his gait the less free; for, to a vigorous constitution, he joined the habit of pedestrian exercise, and often indulged in the chase, a sport admirably calculated to invigorate the frame. He had hunted in the virgin forests of America, and while exterminating gray squirrels and wild turkeys, he had observed the benefits and the ravages of time, which alternately creates and destroys: he had watched all the periods of the life of the oak, from the moment when it springs from the earth, with its double leaf, until that when nothing of it remains, but a long black trace, the dust of its heart. This man was Brillat-Savarin, recently appointed by the Senate a member of the Court of Cassation, the future author of the *Physiologie du Gout*, a remarkable work, which contains a store of varied and curious information, and which it is unnecessary for us here to eulogize. Although Brillat-Savarin was learned in the art of which he wrote, and although Nature had endowed him with a vigorous appetite, yet he is said to have been naturally temperate. This opinion will

readily be entertained by those who have read the definition which he gives of "*gourmandise*."

"I have examined the dictionaries for the word *gourmandise*," he says, "and I have not been satisfied with what I have found there. '*Gourmandise*,' properly so called, is there perpetually confounded with gluttony and voracity; hence I have concluded that the lexicographers, although very estimable in other respects, do not belong to that class of agreeable savans who know how gracefully to dispatch the wing of a partridge *au supreme*, and with the little finger in the air, to wash it down with a glass of Lafitte, or of Clos-Vougeot. They have entirely forgotten social '*gourmandise*,' which combines Athenian elegance with Roman luxury, and French delicacy; a most precious quality, which might, indeed, be termed a virtue, and which certainly is, at least, the source of our greatest enjoyments." "*Gourmandise*," adds the author of the *Physiologie du Gout*, "is the enemy of excess; every man who surfeits or intoxicates himself, has no claim to a place in its register."

After having ascended a height, Brillat-Savarin paused upon its summit, which was clothed with a forest of firs, and here, like Jupiter upon Mount Ida, turned to contemplate the panorama which surrounded him; the scene which he beheld before him embraced, perhaps, the most remarkable portion of the beautiful department of the Isere.

At his feet lay the town of Vif, to-day enriched by its silk factories, but at that time a poor market-town, where scarcely anything was to be met with but specimens of earthen-ware; farther on, the bridge, built by the constable Lesdiguières, some-

what nearer, Lens, which recalled to his mind an old chivalrous ballad, the first stanza of which he hummed softly to himself; then Pariset, Autrans, flourishing villages; Sassenage, famous for its cheeses; and lastly, Grenoble, which he had left this morning—Grenoble, surrounded by the Isere, as by a girdle; a city at once military and parliamentary, still replete with associations of Mounier, and the Assembly of Notables. On the horizon stood forests of oaks and chestnuts, and above this fresh and verdant curtain the snow-clad summits of distant rocks, while the base of the hill offered to his glance a profusion of vines, as they are cultivated in Provence—the tall vines, indeed, or the *hautins*; that is to say, those whose tendrils are extended upon arbors, or entwined around maples and cherry trees.

Brillat-Savarin was far from being insensible to the beauties of Nature, but after several hours of exercise, the most vigorous hunter feels the need of repose; his face had been caressed by the breeze of the morning; his feet wearied by theasperities of the road. The sun had nearly reached the zenith, and Brillat-Savarin resolved to pause, therefore, for some hours, not from excess of fatigue, but prompted by that instinctive impulse which admonishes us that we cannot prolong activity indefinitely. Besides, it was inner time, and Savarin, who had been unsuccessful in his chase, counted upon demnifying himself for this disappointment, by a slight gastronomic compensation. He placed his hand upon his game-bag, and remembered with satisfaction, at if it were void of game, it at least contained a small loaf of fresh bread, an excellent roast chicken, and a bottle of good white wine—a wine that he recommends to his brother hunters, because, as he says, it slakes thirst better than red wine, and is less affected by motion and heat.

Here were the elements of a good dinner, and Brillat-Savarin felt that thirst which he calls *adurante*, because it is attended with an ardor of the tongue, a dryness of the palate, and a devouring heat in the entire frame; he felt hunger also, but that is to say, that commencement of anxiety, which announces that the stomach is

aroused to a sense of its rights; he therefore cast his fowling-piece across his shoulder, and perceiving at some distance a small thatched cottage, he resolved to repair to it, and demand hospitality, as much to shelter himself from the heat of the sun, from whose rays the pines offered but a slight protection, as to cool his wine, and to eat in a sitting posture; an advantage which he duly appreciated, for he could never comprehend the position taken by the ancients upon the *lecti-sternum*, a position ill-calculated, as he said, to facilitate the ingestion of aliments, and the imbibition of liquids. He reached the dwelling, and opened the dilapidated gate of a little enclosure; the barking of a meagre dog saluted him, announcing his arrival, and a woman came from the hut, followed by two ragged children.

"Ah, ha!" thought Brillat-Savarin, "here are two little rogues, who look as if they would like to share my dinner. I do not think they would refuse the thigh of a chicken. Well, they are guests sent to me by heaven. My good woman," he said, addressing the mother, "can you not afford me hospitality for an hour or two? I request but the shadow of your roof, a table, a chair, rickety or otherwise, and fresh water to cool my wine."

"Willingly, sir," replied the woman; who had at first cast an anxious glance upon Brillat-Savarin, but who took courage again, on seeing the face of a stranger.

She invited him to enter her poor dwelling, in which he found, indeed, the rickety chair and table that he had requested; the apartment was destitute of other furniture, the walls were bare; every where were seen signs of poverty, but at the same time of industry and neatness; this poverty, therefore, could be the result neither of vice nor negligence, but of misfortune merely. The hunter placed his fowling-piece in one corner, his game-bag in another, and was advancing to thank his hostess, when the dog, which had ceased barking, commenced anew, and a little man, dressed in a reddish coat, that had once been black, appeared upon the threshold of the cottage.

"Ah!" cried the woman, in a tone of despair, "the tax gatherer!"

Brillat-Savarin, who, in his capacity of

councillor of the Court of Cassation, was perfectly well acquainted with the condition of France, knew what the country suffered from a scarcity of men to till the soil, and the severity with which the taxes weighed upon the people; the war caused even greater distress in the departments of the south, than in those of the north, and the country was, at that time, confined to its interior commerce, that is to say, to a commerce of consumption.

The presence of the tax gatherer told him all; he was under the roof of a poor, impoverished woman, who was unable to pay her dues to the state. Nothing would have been easier than to give fifteen or twenty francs to the officer, and thus preserve his hostess from a calamity which appeared imminent; but this was not the manner in which Brillat-Savarin usually acted; possessing an exact and accurate mind, he dispensed much in alms, but usually to old age; he preferred to furnish the robust pauper with the means of labor, without humiliating him by alms, which sometimes degrades the soul, and destroys the courage.

The little man in black had not expected to find a stranger in the house of the poor woman, from whom he came to demand her taxes; still, however, he said—

"To-morrow you will have the bailiffs here, if you do not pay your taxes, my good Julianne; then follows the distraint, then the sale. I have come to give you a last warning."

"And I have come to eat my dinner," said Brillat-Savarin, in a sonorous voice. "If you feel disposed, sir," he added, addressing the tax gatherer, "to partake of a hunter's meal, you have only to say so. Have you come from a distance? from Grenoble, perhaps?"

"No, sir; I have come from Villard de Lens, two good leagues, and in this sultry weather."

"A cold chicken," said Brillat-Savarin, "a bottle of Pouilly."

The tax gatherer bowed to the ground, and accepted the invitation. But while Julianne was listening to her guest, and the abashed children were contemplating the shining buttons of his hunting jacket, the dog, as famished as the rest of the family, and attracted by the odor of the chicken, had thrust his nose into the game

bag, and seizing the fowl with a sure tooth, had dragged it forth upon the floor. The tax gatherer was the first to remark this disaster.

"My good sir," he said to Brillat-Savarin, with an air of dismay, "the chicken"—

"The chicken will be tender; I will answer for it."

"Julienne, your dog"—

"Ah, *mon dieu*! my chicken!" said Brillat-Savarin.

"Bryan! Bryan!" cried the woman, striking her hand upon her knee.

But Bryan, who was not in the habit of resigning that which he had once seized, with a prodigious leap, at once placed himself beyond all danger of being caught, and took to flight, with his booty. The tax gatherer and the children ran after the animal, and Brillat-Savarin was left alone with Julianne.

"They will not succeed in making him resign his prize," said the magistrate, with an air of consternation. "Your dog is a wolf-dog, a voracious species. What a pity! the chicken is fat, tender, and roasted to a turn. Bryan, as you call him, appears to me endowed with a great appetite; the fowl is probably finished, at the moment we are speaking. I am sorry, for in my own mind I had intended the two thighs for your children. And this tax gatherer that I had invited! So then, my good woman, you do not pay your taxes?"

"Ah, sir, if you knew the poverty"—

"Never mind! we will return to the subject by and by. The business now is, to procure materials for dinner, and to soften the tax gatherer's heart by serving up something nice. You have eggs; I will make an omelette."

"We have no eggs, sir."

"You have no eggs?" said Brillat-Savarin, slightly scratching his temple, with his index finger; "your cutlets I suppose, are tough."

"We have no cutlets."

"You alarm me, my good dame; but you have some game, doubtless, in your larder. I see no spit here, but no matter for that!"

"Sir, we have no game."

"A bit of pork?"

"Not even a bit of pork."

Brillat-Savarin, greatly discouraged, resigned himself to the most poignant reflections.

"In the earlier ages of the world," he said to himself, "it was art that was wanting to man; all the productions of nature lay beneath his hand; the bird did not fly, the hare came to nip the thyme at his feet, the stag bounded along at his side; quails, thrushes, partridges, were caught by hundreds, in the rudest nets; but there were then neither spits, nor cooks, nor kitchens; to-day, the art has become popular, the use of the kettle widely known, and there are poor creatures, who have not a morsel of pork at their disposal."

"But what do you eat, then?" he asked, with anxiety.

The poor woman went to the chimney, and took from the cold hearth an earthen skillet, in which a few slices of barley bread were swimming in water, enriched with pepper, salt, and a drop or two of vinegar. Never did the women of Sparta bring to the common table of those primitive citizens a broth so transparent and so thin. The *ragout*, nevertheless, although but slightly savory, had been prepared with a neatness which did honor to the good dame, and Brillat-Savarin, who under the Directory had been secretary to the staff of the armies of the Republic in Germany, had often seen, at the bivouac, the soldiers feed on broth, quite as thin, and far less tempting.

"It is impossible," he said, "to invite the tax-gatherer to dine upon that, and I myself, who have never found any attraction in barley bread, would prefer any thing else in the world. Come, come, my good friend; we must contrive some means to get ourselves out of this difficulty. Your accursed dog has played us a villainous trick. Suppose, while I am cooling the wine, you should go to that pretty village, that I saw a moment since from the heights."

"To Vif?"

"Yes, to Vif, and you will return with"—

"Willingly; and I will be back in two hours."

"Is it a two hours' walk, from here to Vif?"

"Yes, sir, to go and come."

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* and I am dying of hunger."

Appetite announces itself in a man, by a slight languor of the stomach, and a faint sensation of fatigue; at the same time, the mind occupies itself with objects analogous to its needs; memory recalls those things which have delighted the taste; the imagination sees them; there is something dream-like in this condition, which is not so entirely uncomfortable. Such was the situation of Brillat-Savarin, as he thought of the roast chicken which had been in his game-bag. Soon, however, the entire nutritive apparatus rebels, the stomach becomes irritable, the gastric sensibilities are stimulated, the mouth is filled with the assimilating juices, and all the digestive powers are under arms, like soldiers waiting the word of command, to fall on. In a short time we feel spasmodic movements, we gape, we suffer, we are hungry.

Brillat-Savarin had reached this point, and his brow was already darkening, when Julianne said:

"I have cheese, sir."

"Of Sassenage?"

"No, sir; cheese of Vif."

"How! why, what kind of cheese is that? I have never heard of it."

"Oh, sir, it is an excellent cheese."

"Very well! that will do for the desert; for a repast without cheese, is like a woman with but one eye; but on what are we to dine?"

"How, sir, when you have eaten cheese, do you wish for anything more?"

Brillat-Savarin sighed as he thought of the poverty in which this woman must have passed her days, to suppose that a morsel of cheese could suffice for a repast.

"You are right, my good woman," he said; "prepare the table, and serve up your cheese."

Julianne obeyed; she spread a clean cloth upon the table, took from a cupboard a small, round cheese, a savory disk, quite tempting to the eye and nostrils of Brillat-Savarin. Scarcely were these preparations terminated, when the tax-gatherer returned, accompanied by the two children, each of whom held in his hand a leg of the roast chicken—this was all that remained of it.

CHAPTER II.

"You comprehend," said Brillat-Savarin to the tax-gatherer, "that if I offer you a poor repast, I have no need to make excuses; the fact here, will speak louder than I could do. You have seen the chicken—you have seen, perhaps, with what rapidity the dog dispatched it?"

"Yes, sir," said the tax-gatherer, "it was but the affair of a moment."

"A proof," rejoined Brillat-Savarin, "of the tenderness of the fowl; you must allow that if it had been old and tough, it would have taken the dog more time to devour it. Dogs know how to appreciate a delicate morsel as well as we do; fortunately, they do not drink wine, and that is the reason, doubtless, why Bryan has not cracked my bottle of Pouilly. Come, then, render thanks to Heaven, and let us dine on cheese of Vif, since we have nothing else to eat!"

During this while, Julianne had left the hut, and had gone to despoil the neighboring orchards, for the benefit of her guests. In the country, and, above all, in the mountainous but highly-cultivated department of the Isère, a peasant who cannot hang the pot over the fire more than once a month, has still at his disposal the finest fruits in the world. Julianne returned with all the treasures of September—muscadine grapes, odorous apricots, red mulberries, and, above all, fresh figs, which are as sweet in Provence and Dauphiné as in Ionia, the luscious savor of which is far superior to the watery taste of those which grow in the neighborhood of Paris. Brillat-Savarin's features expanded at the sight of these luxuries, upon which he had not counted.

"Julianne," he said, in his softest tone, "your cheese is excellent; you have been the means of my discovering a precious dish, worthy the best tables. I knew that Dauphiné was celebrated"—

"For its seven wonders?" interrupted the tax-gatherer.

"Not at all, sir; the wonders of Dauphiné, thanks to the advance of the sciences, and the careful scrutiny of the learned, are the simplest things in the world. Dauphiné is celebrated for its game, and, above all, for its plump hares, but I did not know

that so good cheese was to be met with here. Who made this cheese, Julianne?"

"I, sir."

Brillat-Savarin now sunk into profound thought; he had just discovered a new source of gastronomic enjoyment, and he merited, doubtless, the prize that Apicius, formerly, offered to the inventor and propagator of a new dish; unfortunately, Apicius had died long since, and died insolvent, if we may believe history. Still the mine, buried in the department of the Isère, existed, and the point now was to bring this hidden treasure to the light, and to inform the poor Julianne what a source of wealth she held in her hands; but, in the first place, it was necessary to discover whether Julianne would be equal to her mission, and to learn something of the previous character and history of this woman, who was destined to furnish France with a cheese, better, in his estimation, than that of Chester or Stilton, nay, even preferable to the national Brie. He then asked for glasses, and after having cheered the hearts of the mother and her children with a drop of Pouilly, he said:

"Julianne, we are now your guests and friends; even this worthy officer bears you no ill will; he is but the agent of superior orders. At the bottom of his heart, doubtless, he is vexed at the rigor with which he threatens you; besides, he has just drunk of the same wine with yourself; he has eaten of your cheese; let us speak freely, therefore. You are poor; how have you fallen into such a state of poverty, and how is it that you cannot rise above it by industry?"

Julianne cast a glance upon her children, and drew from her pocket the little pruning knife, which the vintagers of Dauphiné are accustomed to use; this was an answer to Brillat-Savarin's second question. To reply to the first, she took a seat, and, encouraged by the benevolent face of her guest, and perhaps, also, by the wine of Pouilly, she began her history, while her children, who had caught the dog Bryan, administered to him his well-merited chastisement.

"I was born," she said, "at Pariset, a small village but a few leagues distant from Vif, where may be seen one of those wonders of Dauphiné, in which you, worthy

air, do not believe—I mean the tower *Sans Venom*.”

“Ah! my child,” said Brillat-Savarin, “depend upon it, it is as dangerous to be bitten by a scorpion or a viper in this tower as elsewhere; it is a corruption of the word which has led to the belief in this miracle. This tower is an ancient chapel, built in honor of Saint Verin, and the name, thus distorted, has given rise to the prodigy.”

“It may be so,” said Julienne, and she continued: “My father was not rich, and had no dowry to give me; but I was pretty, and two young men of Vif paid their court to me.”

At the words ‘I was pretty,’ Brillat-Savarin gazed attentively at Julienne, and he saw, in truth, that the peasant of Dauphiné must have, once, been very comely, and that she could recover her beauty if a little comfort should come, one day, to efface the traces of her poverty. A tall and slender form, a white forehead, handsome eyes and an oval face—such were Julienne’s physical advantages, and, besides, she could not be more than twenty-four years of age.

“If I could subject her,” he said to himself, “for a month or two, to a suitable regimen; that is to say, to roast beef or mutton, fresh eggs and farinaceous food, she would soon be a fine-looking woman.”

This reflection was made in an undertone, however.

Brillat-Savarin always thought that every meagre woman must wish to grow fat, and that the secret of growing fat consisted in a suitable diet. They fatten sheep, calves, oxen, poultry, carp, crabs and oysters, he said, and hence he concluded that everything that eats can grow fat, provided the food is well and carefully chosen.

“One of these two young men,” said Julienne, “was called Jerome Beru, the other Philippe Jazel; Jerome Beru was the richer, but Philippe Jazel pleased me better. Without speaking of his face, his disposition was mild and his habits correct—two things upon which, in my opinion, the happiness of a wife greatly depends; besides, he owned this house in which we are now sitting, and several acres of land that misfortune has compelled me to part with. Beru, on the other hand, was proud

and haughty, and his face, as well as his demeanor, bore the traces of his character. I am convinced that he never loved me, but that the pride of having a pretty wife, and the wish to humble Philippe, whom he hated, were the only motives which induced him to ask for my hand. They both addressed themselves to my father, who called me to him, and said:

“Julienne, we are poor, and if a suitor should appear and ask for you in marriage, I should say to you, Take him at once, rather than wait for an occasion which may never return; but two young men of Vif wish to espouse you; choose between them.”

“I did not hesitate; I chose Philippe Jazel.

“‘Very well,’ said my father, ‘he is the one I should choose myself.’

“When Jerome Beru heard that his rival had been preferred to him, he fell into a violent rage, threatened to kill my father, to kill me, and to beat out Philippe’s brains the first time that he met him. It was, perhaps, easy to dispatch my father, and, above all, me; but as for Philippe, it was a different affair. I am speaking now of six years ago; Philippe was then strong and active, and need fear no one.

“The marriage bans were published, and as I was no stranger to Beru’s indomitable character, I felt exceedingly anxious; a few days afterwards I received a letter from him.

“‘I am about to quit Vif,’ he wrote; ‘fear nothing for yourself, nor for your father; but woe to Philippe, if he espouses you; sooner or later, I will be avenged!’

“He departed, indeed, and we heard nothing more of him, and, notwithstanding his threats, my marriage with Philippe took place. I became Madame Jazel; my husband and I came to live in Vif, and for two years we enjoyed undisturbed happiness. We were not rich, that is, what you city gentry call rich, but we were so for peasants. My husband cultivated a little spot of ground of his own; he sold the produce of his labor to advantage, and we soon laid up a reasonable sum for unexpected needs. Two pretty children brought joy into the house; one was but just born, and the other was beginning to run alone, and to play with poor Bryan, who has eaten your chicken.”

"Poor Bryan, indeed!" cried Brillat-Savarin; "it was the best chicken in Grenoble and its environs! Continue, Julianne!"

The wife of Philippe Jazel continued:

"I was as happy as a woman could be; my husband loved me, and our marriage exempted him from the conscription, a burden that oppresses us very heavily here in our mountains. I no longer thought of Beru and his threats, and if I had remembered them, I do not think they would have alarmed me. Philippe was a man of courage; and there is no woman, who is at all attached to her husband, that does not believe him superior to a rival; now, I was very fond of Philippe, and I had entirely forgotten Beru and his projects of vengeance. It happened about this time that my husband left Vif, with a small flock of sheep, which he entrusted every year to the shepherds of Provence, as the inhabitants of this district often do.

"He took the road which leads to Grande-Chartreuse, expecting to meet the shepherds upon the way, who, for a slight recompense, take charge, for three or four months, of the flocks in the country round. I was alone, here, one evening, with my children, and was rummaging in an old oaken clothes-press, which contained, among other things, my wedding dress, when, by chance, my hand fell upon Beru's letter. I shuddered, involuntarily, at the sight of it. In spite of all the confidence I had in my husband's strength and courage, I could not repress an emotion of terror, at the thought that we had an enemy as incapable of forgetting an injury as of honorably avenging it. I was upon the point of destroying this proof of hatred and this menace of murder, when a heavy blow against the door prevented me; I stood, trembling and motionless, before the open clothes-press, uncertain what to do, when I heard my husband's voice.

"Julianne! Julianne, open!"

"My fears at once vanished, and I ran to the door. It was, indeed, Philippe; he entered, pale, agitated, and stained with blood.

"I have killed Beru!" he said.

"With these words he sank in a swoon at my feet."

"The d—l!" cried Brillat-Savarin; "why, you have represented Philippe Jazel as a man mild in disposition, and an enemy to all violence; how can it be that jealousy?"—

"Ah! sir," replied Julianne, "the meekest mortal has still an instinct of self-preservation; and mildness is not incompatible with courage."

"You are right," said Brillat-Savarin.

"As to the jealousy of which you speak," continued Julianne, "it was a feeling with which Philippe was unacquainted; he loved me, and he was sure of my affection; it was not even jealousy that animated Beru; it was, as I have said, pride and hatred. When Philippe recovered his senses, he informed me of the particulars of the misfortune which had just occurred.

"At the moment when my marriage was resolved upon, Jerome Beru was about to be drawn as a conscript; he did not wait to be summoned, however, but entered the army voluntarily. As desirous of leaving a village where his pride had been humbled, as he was eager to carve out a fortune with his sword, he hoped to return soon, and with a rank which would prove his superiority over his rival, and make me repent not having preferred him. It seemed to him, also, as if vengeance was easier to a soldier than to another, and that Philippe, who was not terrified at his smock frock, would tremble at his uniform. Beru knew how to read and write, and the career of arms was open to him as to any one else. I have heard it said, gentlemen," added Julianne, "that in the army everybody is brave, and that something more than courage is required to gain promotion. Beru could not bend beneath the yoke of discipline; his vindictive disposition led him into many difficulties, and he remained a common soldier. He fought several duels, but as his conduct on the field of battle was, at times, equivocal, he was never considered truly brave. Four years ago, as ill fortune would have it, his regiment passed through Grenoble,

"There lives here," he said to his comrades, "a fellow who does not expect me, and he shall soon hear news of my arrival."

"He then spoke of the grudge that he had against Philippe, and declared that he would not leave Grenoble without being revenged. Beru's captain, M. Robert, by

name, was informed of his project of vengeance, and sent for him.

" 'I am aware,' he said, 'that you are a native of Vif, and you intend, doubtless, to demand leave of absence, for a few days, to visit your family; but you will not obtain it. I know what you meditate; you are forbidden to leave the barracks until the day when your regiment quits Grenoble.'

"Beru feigned to obey, but that very evening, before the closing of the gates, he succeeded in leaving the city, with his musket and a cartridge-box, containing a few cartridges. You are acquainted with the Grande-Chartreuse?"

"Yes," said Brillat-Savarin, "I visited it a few days since."

"Two roads," continued Julianne, "lead to this monastery; the one, rough and difficult, is practicable only for travellers on horseback and on foot; it passes through a continual forest of cedars; it was not this, of course, that my husband chose, when he had to drive a flock of sheep before him; he had taken a longer route down the valley, through which flows the Isère, and which runs as far as the town of Saint-Laurent.

"It was here that he was to place his flock in the care of the shepherds, who had engaged to take charge of it; but on his return, as he would be alone, without any companion but his dog, he would, of course, prefer the shorter and more difficult road. Beru, having left Grenoble, arrived at Vif in the evening; he here heard of Philippe's temporary absence, and readily divined the way by which he would return; he set out, without delay, and placed himself in ambush, a little beyond the borough of Vareppe, near a deserted mill; he kept himself concealed in a thicket of maples, about two paces from the torrent, called the Raize, intending, after he had slain Philippe, to cast his body into it. My husband would, of course, pass through Vareppe, and follow the Raize. This did not fail to happen, and in the night, as Beru had conjectured.

"The latter, still fearing Philippe's courage, had resolved to attack him by surprise, and had stationed himself so that he could fire at him, without even being seen; but Philippe had his dog with him, and when he was within thirty paces of Beru, the

animal stopped, and began to bark. My husband stopped also, and perceiving something like a human figure in the darkness, and as the barking of his dog admonished him that it was an enemy, he cried—

" 'Holla! who is there?'

"Beru at once recognized Philippe's voice. Then my husband saw a streak of flame, and heard a report; Beru had just fired. Philippe rushed upon his enemy, Bryan followed him, and by the light of the moon, which was now rising, the two adversaries could plainly see each other.

"The one was armed only with the iron-shod staff which the peasants of our mountains usually carry with them; the other had his sabre and his musket, which he was busily reloading; but Philippe did not give him time; with a stroke of his staff, he sent his musket flying to a distance of ten paces.

" 'Beru,' he then said, 'when I married Julianne, I expected to fight with you, though nothing could have been more ridiculous, for how could you have been happy with a woman who did not love you? From all that I know of my wife's character, I do not think you would have succeeded in obtaining her hand, even if she had not known me; but all this happened more than two years ago, and you wish to assassinate me now! Listen to me: return to Grenoble, rejoin your regiment, and I will disclose to no one how you have dishonored the uniform that you wear.'

"Instead of listening to this amicable overture, Beru drew his sabre, and advanced a step toward Philippe.

" 'You are still resolved to assassinate me,' said my husband; 'if you wish to fight a duel, I agree to it, but let it be tomorrow, by daylight, and in the presence of seconds, who can testify to our conduct.'

" 'No,' replied Beru, 'you shall die here!'

" 'You have a sabre,' said my husband, 'and a bayonet also; give me one of these weapons, that, at least, the combat may be equal.'

"Beru's sole reply to this demand was to brandish his sabre, and rush upon Philippe."

CHAPTER III.

"I assure you, sir," continued Julienne, addressing herself particularly to Brillat-Savarin—for the tax-gatherer, like all the inhabitants of Vif, was well acquainted with the story which she was narrating—"I assure you that, in all that I am relating, there is not one word of falsehood, and that my husband was compelled to defend his life against a bloodthirsty enemy. Although Philippe did not fear his antagonist, still he thought of taking to flight; it was the wisest way, he reflected; he advanced to seize Beru's musket, intending, when he had secured it, to set off at full speed towards Vif, in hopes of outstripping the assassin; but at the moment when Philippe was about to put this project into execution, Beru, as I have said, rushed upon him, sabre in hand, and wounded him in the thigh. What could he do? Flight had now become impossible, and Philippe, menaced by the point of the sabre, could not suffer himself to be slain."

"It is better to kill the d—l," said Brillat-Savarin, "than to let the d—l kill you."

"So thought Philippe," said Julienne; "and you comprehend, sir, that, already wounded, and with no other defense than a staff against an armed foe, he was in a difficult position. It is true, his staff was shod with iron, a dangerous weapon in the hands of a mountaineer; add to this the darkness, the necessity of vanquishing his enemy, and you will not be surprised at what happened. Beru advanced upon Philippe with the evident intention of slaying him. Philippe raised his staff, which fell upon his antagonist's head, and stretched him dead at his feet."

"There were two courses to take—either to fly, to quit the country, or to deliver himself over into the hands of justice. Philippe chose the latter. He stopped at the first village, he entered it, had his wound dressed, and, on the following day, dragged himself homeward, as well as he was able, where he informed me of all that I have just related to you. I did not, for a moment, doubt the truth of his recital, and still I felt that we were lost. Fortunately, I had preserved Beru's letter, and the threats contained therein might prove an important piece of evidence. We re-

paired to Grenoble, and went at once to Beru's captain, to whom Philippe made a sincere confession of all that had passed. M. Robert listened, tranquilly, to Philippe, and had him placed under temporary arrest. 'Justice should be done,' he said, 'but he must be brought to trial.' The captain was a handsome man; he commanded a company of grenadiers, and took great delight in having his men tall and well shaped; being a native of Dauphiné, he preferred to select them from among his fellow-countrymen. Philippe would make a magnificent grenadier, and thus advantageously replace Beru. When they had kept my poor husband for several weeks in prison, Captain Robert went to see him.

"Philippe," he said, 'your affair is a serious one.'

"Do you think so, Captain?"

"Certainly: you have killed a French soldier, a soldier of the Emperor's."

"True," said Philippe, 'a soldier who attempted to assassinate me, and I killed him, only in self-defense.'

"That is your account of the affair."

"Excuse me," said Philippe. 'I grant the encounter took place in the night, and in a lonely spot, but night and solitude are friends of the assassin.'

"True; but which was the assassin?" rejoined the captain; 'he or you? that is the question—for, after all, Philippe, Beru loved your wife, and had asked for her hand in marriage.'

"It was for that reason that he bore me malice," said Philippe. 'I was contented, happy, and wished only to be left in peace. I returned from Saint-Laurent, without even knowing that Beru had reappeared in the country; when he attacked me, he was armed with a sabre and a musket, and I had nothing but a staff. Besides, when I am brought before the tribunal, I will produce a letter, containing threats, which will prove that he has harbored feelings of hatred against me for more than two years; and then I have a good witness to testify in my behalf.'

"A good witness to testify concerning an affair in which, according to your own confession, God alone beheld you! And who is this witness?"

"Yourself, captain."

"I?"

" 'Yes, you. Were you not informed of Beru's project?—did you not forbid him to leave the city?—did he not quit Grenoble contrary to your orders? What more could be said in my favor?'

" 'You are right, Philippe,' replied the officer, after a few moments' reflection, 'and my testimony shall not fail you; I will speak the truth. Still, I do not think that this will suffice.'

" 'How?'

" 'Why, the question is not now of a duel in open day, but of a murder; you will prove that Beru bore you malice, and this very circumstance renders it probable that you, on your side, bore him malice also. Hatred begets hatred. I know that a soldier may be an assassin, but your judges will scarcely admit it. They may think, indeed, that you acted in self-defense, but they will refuse to believe that there was no provocation on your part, and you will be condemned.'

" At this word Philippe started.

" 'I? condemned!' he cried.

" 'Take courage,' resumed Captain Robert, 'not to death, but to a punishment, which, light as it may be, will lead to your ruin, by the loss of the time that you will pass in prison, and by the expenses of the trial. But I know of a way.'

" Philippe, with drooping head, and his eyes filled with tears, no longer listened to the captain; he thought of the disgrace of the sentence, of the infamy of being condemned as an assassin.

" 'There is one way,' repeated the captain.

" 'A way! what way?'

" 'It is this: if you would offer to the State a compensation, I will undertake to put an end to the affair.'

" 'A compensation? And what compensation can I offer?'

" 'Restore to the State the soldier of which you have deprived it.'

" 'Enter the service? But my wife and children?'

" Captain Robert so terrified Philippe by his description of the consequences of a trial, and pictured a soldier's life in so charming colors, that he overcame my husband's repugnance.

" 'I began, as you will,' he said, 'by being a common soldier, and now I am a captain; and I hope I shall not stop here.

You are a young, a handsome fellow; you will make your way; you will be a captain one day, and perhaps a colonel.'

" Philippe yielded; he signed his engagement, and that very evening he was set at liberty.

" 'I will not speak of my despair,' continued Julianne, 'still, I was very glad to see my husband escape a trial. Philippe departed with his regiment, and when he left the house, poverty entered it. A woman cannot dig, nor sow, nor reap; she is obliged to hire laborers, and that is the first step to ruin. Philippe was no sooner in the garrison at Paris, than he fell sick. I borrowed money to send to him, and when once in the clutches of usurers, all was lost. By degrees I have sold all that we had, and to-day the tax gatherer threatens to deprive me of the last shelter which remains to me and my children.'

" 'Believe me, my good woman,' said the tax gatherer, 'it is not I, who'—

Brillat-Savarin took upon his knife the last morsel of cheese that remained upon the dish; he ate it gravely; it was a final trial.

" 'Excellent!' he said; 'and could you make such cheeses, Julianne, and send them to Paris?'

" 'As many as you please, sir! I have often made them.'

" 'And at what price would you sell them?'

" 'Why, sir, they should bring six sous, if I am to earn a livelihood.'

" 'Six sous! Reflect, Julianne, you have two children, you are in debt, and your husband is in the army. You must sell your cheeses for thirty sous. At Paris a cheese that is not rather dear, is never thought good. You must send a hundred of your cheeses to Madame Chevet at the Palais Royale, with a bill receipted, for I am going to pay you for them in advance.'

With these words he drew from his pocket seven napoleons, to which he added two crowns, and placed them upon the table.

" 'Pay the tax gatherer his dues,' he said, 'and set to work. When Madame Chevet has sold these cheeses, she will write to you for more, which you will send with a bill, not receipted; then you must make ex-

rangements with a banker in Grenoble, who will act as agent between Madame Chevet and yourself."

Julienne overwhelmed him with expressions of gratitude. Brillat-Savarin asserted that it was he who was the obliged party, since he had discovered an unknown dish, a new enjoyment for which his friends, the gourmands of Paris, would be highly indebted to him. He took his fowling-piece, threw his game-bag across his broad shoulders, and started off to resume his hunt, and thus escape the thanks of the peasant woman of Dauphiné, and the obsequious salutations of the tax gatherer.

Not long after, he returned to Paris, and extolled the cheese of Vif to M. d'Aigrefeuille, that intelligent disciple of the gastronomic tastes of Cambacères. The cheese of Vif appeared upon the table of the arch-chancellor, and if the truth must be told, it was eaten in great moderation. It was declared good, but they reproached Brillat-Savarin for having suffered himself to be carried away by too sudden an enthusiasm, and for not having taken into account his condition, when he tasted it for the first time, the absence of all other viands, and an appetite excited by the keen air of the mountains. Brillat-Savarin, they said, had been moved, doubtless, with compassion at the sight of the unhappy woman's poverty, and his heart had influenced the judgment of his palate. The cheese of Vif was declared to be inferior to Chester or to Stilton, and it was decided that it would never bear away the palm from its neighbor of Sassenage. Nevertheless it had its day, like every thing that is new in Paris; but this day at last declined, and in 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, the cheese of Vif was no longer spoken of. Brillat-Savarin, himself, had forgotten that mine, whose veins had not yielded the treasures which they had promised. He was like all the world, absorbed in the grave affairs which then occupied Europe, and more especially France, when on rising one morning, after having sat late at his desk the night before, a letter was placed in his hands, which ran as follows:

"SIR—Will you be so kind as to accept

a dinner from a captain who is under the greatest obligation to you, and who, despairing of ever being able to pay his debt of gratitude, wishes at least to have the pleasure of thanking you, glass in hand. As he hopes you will not refuse him this additional favor, he will have the honor to call for you at five o'clock this evening."

"No signature!" said Brillat-Savarin. "A captain! Well, well, I shall be obliged to put up with a poor dinner, at some *restaurateur* of the third class; but never mind!"

Brillat-Savarin happened at this moment to be in one of those disagreeable moods, in which almost every man finds himself, when he has passed at labor a good portion of the time which should be devoted to sleep; in the mood, indeed, of every man of sense, who feels that he has become temporarily stupid; who finds the air damp, the time slow, and the atmosphere oppressive. He breakfasted, therefore, upon a cup of chocolate, perfumed with ambergris, a preparation that he recommends in such cases, and waited.

At five o'clock a domestic ushered into his saloon, a handsome man of about thirty-six years of age; he wore on his breast the ribbon of the Legion of Honor; his wife was leaning upon his arm, and they were followed by two lads, the eldest of which could not be more than thirteen years of age. The captain embraced Brillat-Savarin, and his wife and children did the same; the councillor submitted to these caresses without remonstrance. They descended the stairs, stepped into a carriage, and the coachman was directed to drive to the *Rocher du Cancale*.

"I am saved!" thought Brillat-Savarin, who feared that he was about to be subjected to a plain family dinner, and who, besides, set a high value upon the fish and game of the *Rocher du Cancale*.

He was led into an apartment, where a splendid first course augured well for the two courses which were to follow. All took their seats, but at the moment of unfolding the napkins, Brillat-Savarin said—

"Excuse me, but who are you, my good friends? worthy people doubtless; and you, captain, a brave officer. I do not question it; but one is not sorry to

now more of his companions at table ; all me, therefore, your name, captain, if you please."

"Let us dine," replied the captain, "and you will then be able, perhaps, to name me yourself."

As he spoke, he pointed out to his guest some oysters of Ostende, as fresh as they were fat and inviting. The dinner was faultless. The cook of the *Rocher du Cancale* had surpassed himself, and at the second course, a pheasant, *a la sainte-alliance*, was served up, according to a method recommended by Brillat-Savarin himself. At last came the dessert. After two sumptuous courses, it seemed reasonable to expect that it would be worthy of so excellent a dinner. It consisted, however, merely of a small, white, round cheese, which the waiter, with a grave air, placed in the centre of the table. At the same moment an old dog made his way into the dining-room, and rushed between the legs of the guests.

"Down, Bryan! down, Bryan!" said the captain.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Brillat-Savarin, struck by a sudden remembrance, "the cheese of Vif! Bryan, who devoured my roast chicken ten years ago! You are Julianne, madam?"

"And I am Philippe Jazel, the husband of a wife, and the father of children, whom you, sir, saved from poverty."

The kind and worthy magistrate was again clasped in the arms of this grateful family; and when the general emotion had somewhat subsided, and to the solitary cheese of Vif were added champagne and the fruits of the season, Brillat-Savarin said:

"This poor cheese of Vif has not made its fortune in Paris. The Parisians would not bite at it. It has never been popular."

"Still, it has made our fortune," replied Julianne. "Madame Chevet has taken a

great number from me, to say nothing of Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux."

"It seems that the departments have a better taste than the capital," said Brillat-Savarin.

"From that moment good fortune seemed to attend my wife," said the captain; "she paid her debts, and educated her children; a rich uncle died not long after, and left her all his wealth; she then purchased back the land which she had sold, and planted it with mulberry trees. Yes, sir, it is even better to raise silkworms than to sell cheeses. Julianne is, to-day, at the head of the most lucrative establishment in the department. As for myself, at the time when Julianne had the good fortune to provide you with so wretched a dinner at Vif, I was ill at Paris. I quickly recovered, however, and rejoined my regiment. I have fought in many battles, sir, and you see how I have been recompensed; I have the cross, and am a captain. My poor captain, M. Robert, who had been promoted to the rank of colonel, fell at my side, upon the field of honor. Ah, sir," continued Jazel, again clasping the magistrate's hand, "your benefits were not bestowed upon ingrates; what can we do for you?"

This poor family could do nothing for a councillor of the Court of Cassation; the latter, on the contrary, continued to protect them; obtained places for each of the sons; through his patronage, and thanks to the brilliant condition of the service, the captain was soon appointed a commandant.

Brillat-Savarin, who has enriched his work with many personal anecdotes, has neglected to insert this, and many others which do him no less honor; a good citizen, an irreproachable magistrate, and a *gourmand* as amiable as erudite, he never reproached Napoleon with but one fault:

"His majesty, emperor, and king," he often said, "always ate too fast."

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

SESSION OF THE EVERGLADES OF FLORIDA.

In our summary for February we were compelled from want of space to break off from this subject.

On Friday, 22d December, the debate on the above bill was continued. On motion of Mr. Yulee, the condition requiring the State to commence the work in two and complete it in ten years, was stricken out.

Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, moved to amend the bill so as to appropriate a certain sum of money to enable the Secretary of War to have the everglades explored, and a report made to Congress, as soon as may be practicable, with a view of ascertaining what action is necessary in regard to them. He did this, he said, for the purpose of testing the principle involved in the bill, and to ascertain how far they were to depart from the usual legislation of Congress on this subject. They had had propositions from Arkansas, and might have, should this bill pass, from every State in the Union where there are public lands, for grants of all swamp lands within their respective limits. He was willing, as a member of the Committee on Public Lands, to have all this land explored by the topographical engineers of the United States, and reports made by them, stating the nature of the improvements which ought to be made, the quantity of land which would thereby be rendered saleable, its value, and the expense attendant upon these improvements. He then proceeded to remark upon the vagueness of the information submitted to the Senate as to the nature and expense of the work to be performed; but, he continued, his objection to the whole bill lay a little beyond this. He wished, if it could be done, to allow the General Government to retain its jurisdiction and control over the public lands, not only in Florida and Arkansas, but in every other State construct all necessary drains, and then sell the lands and allow every State in the Union to participate in the distribution of the proceeds in an equal interest. But, as he would not play the policy of the dog in the manger, if the Government will not do this, then rather than that the country should remain in its present unproductive condition, he would be in favor of the States draining these lands, and appropriating them to some useful purpose. But he believed the General Government would do it better than the States, and ought to do it. He did not know but that

after they had sent out competent engineers to explore, to level, and to estimate the cost of such a proceeding, and had received from a full report of what they had done, they ultimately adopt the course now proposed to give these lands to the States in which they lie. By obtaining this knowledge, they determine whether to do so or not; and the information thus acquired would be of great value to the States to whom such lands might be given. The estimate of the maximum cost of this work is \$500,000. Could the work be accomplished for that sum, it would be a great benefit to the General Government one, two or three years at the farthest, to do it; whereas, if it be commenced by the State within two years, especially under the present condition of its finances, its completion need not be so long for some ten or fifteen years at the least.

Mr. Westcott contended that a topographical survey of these lands would be of no use to Congress. They had already obtained authentic information from various most reliable sources, all of them agreeing that the lands were perfectly worthless, and would pay the cost of surveying. The question was, whether the Senator, if he mistook the matter, whether Congress was prepared to enter upon the business of improvement with respect to these lands, as well as to those overflowing the Mississippi and its tributaries? There were some who entertained constitutional objections as to the power of Congress to make the value of either public or private lands making public improvements within the limits of the State. But he (Mr. Westcott) had other objections. Of all public improvements, those devised and completed by the Federal Government were the worst. It takes a year to prepare to enter upon the work; another year to make the necessary reconnaissances and surveys; another year to put the results in form, in printed statements and maps; another year to bring the matter before Congress; another year or two to have it criticised and passed; and some three or four years more to get an act passed authorizing the commencement of the work. Except for its peculiarly scientific character, the army were the worst persons to be employed on it. They are gallant in warfare, but the very little of other matters. He would trust the execution of a work to a practical civil engineer than to the whole corps of topographical engineers, as high a respect

ad for most of them. It would be executed infinitely better by officers appointed by the State, who would be interested in having it done effectually.

Mr. Downs, of Louisiana, contended for the general principle embraced in this bill. All admit, he said, that it is an interference with the authority and resources of a State, to hold large bodies of public land within it which are not available either for the purposes of the General Government or for the use of the State. There was not less than one-eighth of the State of Florida totally worthless both to that State and the General Government. The State thinks that, instead of permitting these lands to remain a desert, where a human being can scarcely penetrate either by land or water, she can make them available. This fact being satisfactorily ascertained, there ought to be no hesitation in ceding them even without conditions.

In reply to the supposition of Mr. Downs, that Mr. Underwood's amendment embraced the principle of the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, the latter stated that his amendment did not touch that question. He had only referred to that policy for the purpose of showing that he wished to get rid of the system which now prevails in regard to those lands. The simple question upon the amendment was, whether they should, by a little delay, get more information, or give away at once seven million eight hundred thousand acres of land? His friend from Florida must excuse him if he had more confidence in the officers of the topographical corps than in any gentlemen who might be selected for the occasion.

Mr. Johnson, of Louisiana, considered it utterly out of the question for the General Government to attempt improving those lands. There had not been a single instance of such a measure being adopted since the formation of the Government. Mr. Underwood replied, that in all applications heretofore for the cession of lands to aid in the construction of public works, the principle upon which they had been sought to be justified was, that it would render the land still retained by the Government so much the more valuable. Why may not the Government, he asked, accomplish the same object by opening a canal or otherwise draining the land, for the purpose of making the whole so much the more valuable?

Mr. Benton thought the officers of the General Land Office were the proper persons to look to for such information as they might need in relation to these matters. In an official report from this source they were told that the overglades could not be surveyed without first being drained. So, then, they had all the information they needed in order to act definitively upon this bill. There is an axiom that when any property passes from hands that

cannot use it into hands that can use it, there is a public gain, and it was in that point of view that he regarded all these inundated lands in the United States. He had no idea of the Federal Government making money by any operation it engages in. He did not think it could do so, and it ought not if it could. Upon national considerations, as well as upon those which apply to the State, he thought it important that they should pass this bill.

The further consideration of the bill was here postponed; and the attention of the Senate was mainly occupied, until after the holidays, with private and other bills of little general interest. The only question bearing upon this subject, which has since occupied the attention of Congress, was the Bill for the

DRAINAGE OF SWAMP LANDS.

On the 2d of February, Mr. Vinton moved to lay the bill on the table, giving to Louisiana the overflowed and swamp lands in that State, now unfit for cultivation, but his motion did not prevail; yeas, 45; nays, 100.

The bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

Mr. Vinton moved to reconsider the vote first taken. He said that he would be glad to give his support to the bill, if he could believe that it could be done without setting a precedent which would involve the Government in very great difficulty in disposing of the public lands hereafter. This bill proposed to do what never has been done before. It does not undertake to tell the amount of lands in Louisiana unfit for cultivation. Pass this bill, and you cannot sell lands there until it be decided what lands are unfit for cultivation. The effect is to take every foot of land out of the market, until the fact is settled by somebody.

Mr. Hall, of Missouri, said that Congress had last session passed a law authorizing those who had selected lands unfit for cultivation, to select other lands in lieu thereof. Mr. Vinton replied, that that subject bore no relation to this. The greatest objection to the measure was this. Many years ago, under a resolution which was passed, the land officers and receivers were directed to report to the Government what lands were unfit for cultivation. They reported three fourths in Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and even in Illinois, one of the richest countries in the world. If this bill pass, these States will come in on Congress for similar favors, and with just as much reason. The swamp lands cost twice as much for the surveys as the other lands.

Mr. Thibodeaux said, that to his personal knowledge, surveyors, in order to draw money from the Treasury, surveyed the marshes which have not been sold, and never will be. Mr. Vinton replied, that the bill grants all the lands which have not been surveyed. Mr. Harman-son said, that the number of acres of swamp

lands in Louisiana was originally five millions. That State had made thirteen hundred miles of levees at a cost of more than eight millions of dollars; by this three millions of acres had been rendered fit for cultivation, and the Government, without contributing a dollar in return for these advantages, had put the money derived from the sales into the Treasury. The lives of some of the people of Louisiana depended upon the passage of this bill; much of the land was now overflowed. Pass it and the place of pestilence will be made a place of health.

After some remarks from Mr. Brodhead in favor of the bill, Mr. Boydon moved to lay the bill on the table, which was negatived, and it was then passed; yeas, 101; nays, 61.

CASE OF A NEW YORK SANTA FE TRADER.

On the 22d of February, the Bill for the relief of Peter X. Harmony, of New York, was taken up in the Senate on motion of Mr. Yulee. It appears that in the spring of 1846, Mr. Harmony left St. Louis with a large caravan of merchandise for Santa Fe and Chihuahua; near Santa Fe he was stopped by the advanced corps of General Kearny's army, and ordered into the rear with his train, and was informed that war existed between the United States and Mexico, he being ignorant of it up to that time. Subsequently, however, Mr. Harmony was permitted to leave Santa Fe and to move on with his caravan toward Chihuahua, in pursuance of his original intention, under information that he would be allowed by the Mexican authorities to trade with the Mexican people. On his way he was intercepted by Col. Doniphan on his march to Chihuahua; his mules and wagons were pressed into the public service, and employed as part of the army train till their arrival at Chihuahua. The fatigues of the march broke down the animals of the caravan. The goods were declared to be contraband of war by the Mexican authorities, and all Mexicans were declared to be traitors who should trade for them. After remaining in Chihuahua some two months, Colonel Doniphan moved on to Saltillo, and offered his army as an escort to Mr. Harmony's train, if he should think fit to accompany the troops. Mr. Harmony could not go from the crippled condition of his mules; and thus the animals, the wagons, and the goods were lost. The Bill as it passed the House provides for compensation for the mules and wagons. The committee of the Senate report an amendment, providing an indemnity for the other property—that is, the goods of the caravan. The whole bill will amount to \$80,000 or \$100,000.

Mr. Mason, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Underwood, Mr. Rusk, Mr. Walker, Mr. Hale, and Mr. Upham advocated the passage of the bill as amended.

Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Miles, and Mr. Bradbury

opposed the amendment making restitution for the goods.

The amendment was agreed to and the Bill passed.—*New York Herald*.

ARMS FOR CALIFORNIA ADVENTURERS.

On the 22d February, the Senate by unanimous consent took up for consideration the joint resolution in favor of furnishing emigrants to California, New Mexico, and Oregon with arms and ammunition from the public stores, at the government price.

The Bill was passed after a few explanatory remarks.

A NEW DEPARTMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

A report of a Bill to establish a department of the interior was presented to the House of Representatives on the 12th of February, by Mr. Vinton of the Committee of Ways and Means. This Bill was opposed by several of the members on the ground that it was brought forward too late in the session. The Bill was however read. It enacts that from and after this act there shall be created a new executive department of the government, to be called the Department of the Interior; the head of which is to be called the Secretary of the Interior, to be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, and to receive the same salary as the other secretaries, \$6000. The Bill defines the duties of the new office and provides for the appointment of a Commissioner of Customs, and for an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The Bill was then ordered to be printed to enable the members to look into it.

On the 15th February, the House resumed the consideration of the Bill, and after some debate the question on the passage of the Bill was taken, by yeas and nays, and decided in the affirmative. Yeas 112. Nays 78. The title of the Bill was altered to an Act to Establish the Home Department. The Bill was the next day transmitted to the Senate, duly signed by the Speaker, by the hands of the Clerk of the House.

On the 17th of February, this Bill was read in the Senate and referred to the Committee on Finance.

On the 3d of March, the Home Department Bill was taken up in the Senate. The Department was to include the Bureau of Pensions, Indian Affairs, and Patent Office. The debate was animated, and was conducted by Messrs. King, Cameron, Bright, Jefferson Davis, Calhoun, and Foote. It was continued in the evening session, when the Bill was warmly opposed by Mr. Mason, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Dickinson, and supported by Mr. Webster, Mr. Jefferson Davis, Mr. Berrien, and Mr. Downs.

The Home Department Bill then passed—thirty-one to twenty-five.

THE MILEAGE QUESTION.

In the House of Representatives, on the 21st February, this bill was taken up, regulating the mileage of members, and providing that the distance for which mileage shall be allowed be computed by the shortest continuous mail route; and likewise restricting the amount to be appropriated to the purchase of books for the members. After some debate, the yeas and nays were called for, and taken on the passage of the bill, and decided in the affirmative by—yeas, 157; nays, 16.

FOREIGN PAUPERS.

On the 17th of February the Senate took up the resolution offered by Mr. Webster on the 8th of that month, directing an inquiry to be made into the expediency of requiring security from emigrant paupers, in order to prevent them from becoming a public charge. An amendment making provision for printing certain directions of the Supreme Court on the subject, was then submitted and agreed to, and the resolution adopted.

RELIEF TO SUFFERERS BY THE WAR.

A bill was reported in the House on the 12th February, making provisions for the families of those who have died since the war of wounds received, or diseases contracted in Mexican service. The bill was considered, read, and passed.—*New York Herald*.

CIVIL AND DIPLOMATIC APPROPRIATION BILL.

The chief battle-ground of the contending parties of the North and South has, since our last summary, been an amendment, backed by Mr. Walker, the Senator from Wisconsin, to the bill for making appropriations for the civil and diplomatic expenses of Government. The amendment provided, "under the direction of the President, to extend the revenue laws, the navigation laws, the Indian laws, with all other general laws of the United States, as far as applicable, over the territory of California and the territory of New Mexico."

On the 12th February the Senate took up the bill making APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE CIVIL AND DIPLOMATIC EXPENSES of the Government for the ensuing fiscal year.

Several amendments were recommended by the Committee, and Mr. Atherton, of New Hampshire, gave a detailed explanation of them.

All the amendments proposed, except one, were then adopted collectively, without opposition. The bill contains a provision for the

ABOLITION OF FLOGGING IN THE NAVY,

which the Finance Committee recommended should be stricken out.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, was opposed to this recommendation, and made an eloquent speech against the whole system of flogging.

Mr. Badger, of North Carolina, spoke at some length in favor of the recommendation of the Committee.

Mr. Yulee, of Florida, made a few remarks in favor of striking out this provision, chiefly on the ground that it did not appropriately belong to this bill. It would be better to let the Committee on Naval Affairs look into the subject of flogging; and if they should find it proper and convenient to do so, they might then recommend a suitable law for abolishing it.

Mr. Niles spoke against the recommendation of the Committee, and Messrs. Butler, Breese, Clayton, Phelps, in favor of striking out the clause. The question was taken, and the motion to strike out carried.

On the 20th Feb. Mr. Walker, of Wisconsin, submitted an amendment for the extension of the revenue laws of the United States over California and New Mexico; also to extend the Constitution of the United States, and all general laws which are applicable, over the same; likewise, that the President appoint the officers and make the necessary regulations to carry these provisions into effect—the object being to preserve order and administer justice in these territories.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, offered an amendment to the amendment providing for a State Government in California, and striking out of Mr. Walker's amendment everything which is inconsistent with Mr. Bell's proposition.

A discussion ensued as to the propriety of Mr. Bell's amendment, which was sustained by the Chair and by a vote of the Senate.

Mr. Bell, in reply to the remarks of the Senators, said, that he was much embarrassed by the disapprobation evinced by several of the Senators to his proposition; but a sense of duty prompted him to persist, however unpleasant it might be. He saw that it was the only chance for getting a vote on this most important subject. Without concluding his remarks, at the suggestion of several Senators, Mr. Bell gave way.

On the 21st. Mr. Bell resumed his remarks in support of the amendment he had submitted. He contended, that the creation of a State Government, as provided for in his amendment, was strictly constitutional, and proceeded to show that such an amendment could be properly engrafted upon the bill which was under consideration.

Mr. Berrien, of Georgia, rose and addressed the Senate, in an able and eloquent speech, denouncing in warm terms the proposition of the honorable Senator from Tennessee. The mode which the gentleman had taken to introduce it was a departure from all parliamentary precedent, and contrary to every rule of propriety. He replied to the arguments of the Senator, and took exception to some of the positions which were assumed in the report of the Judiciary Committee on the subject.

The yeas and nays were called, on motion, on Mr. Bell's amendment. The result was, yeas, 4; nays, 39.

The vote on Mr. Walker's amendment was postponed, in order to afford an opportunity for revision.

On the 22d, Mr. Webster submitted a few remarks, with reference to the territorial question. He concluded by exhibiting a paper which he proposed to offer, hereafter, as an amendment to the general appropriation bill, authorizing the President to maintain possession of New Mexico and California, and, for the purpose of preserving authority and order in those territories, directing him to employ such force as may be necessary of the army and navy; the existing laws to remain in force there, and officers appointed to see that they are regularly executed; martial law not to be proclaimed at any time, and an appropriation to be made by the Government, with the view of carrying out the object of the bill. The report was ordered to be printed.

On the 23d, the Senate resumed the consideration of this bill.

Mr. Dayton, of New Jersey, submitted, as an amendment to Mr. Walker's amendment, the proposition of which he had given notice on Wednesday. It provides for a temporary government to be extended over New Mexico and California.

Mr. Webster rose and addressed the Senate, in an eloquent speech. He said, the Senate and the country would bear him witness, that he had no hand in bringing about the state of things which had called for these proceedings. The state of things now existed; and the business in which the Senate was now engaged showed, in a very marked manner, the impolicy of their territorial acquisitions upon the Southern border. But things past should not be mingled with things present. Sufficient for the day was the evil thereof. It was not well to dwell too much on the past, nor wise to attempt too much for the future. Our present duty was to give a peaceable government to California, to preserve the lives of well-disposed residents, and to restrain those who were evil-disposed. We should not go beyond this object at present. No attempt should be made to execute the revenue laws. It could not be done without courts, which could only be established under a regular government. Any government for those territories must, at present, be substantially military. A bill had come from the House, for extending the revenue laws over the territories. The course he would recommend to the Senate would be, to resist all these amendments to the general appropriation bill; and when that bill should be disposed of, to take up the subject of the territories, and act independently on it. If the Senate should see fit to adopt this course, when the House-bill alluded to came up, he would move to strike out all af-

ter the enacting clause, and insert the proposition handed in by him on Wednesday. The disposition which had been manifested by the Senate showed, that none of these amendments to the general appropriation bill were acceptable. He had avoided, and would avoid all extraneous subjects, and would bring up no subjects which were calculated to excite local prejudices. He would oppose all movements which were calculated to prevent the adoption of a secure system for regulating and preserving peace in the new territories.

The Senate adjourned without taking any further action on the bill.

In the House of Representatives, on the same evening, a debate arose, incidentally, on the question of the new territories, and which we cannot refrain from giving, in order to afford our readers the perusal of a sketch of one of the most able speeches which has been delivered during the late Session. It was induced by some observations offered by Mr. Turner, of Illinois, who said:

That as this was perhaps the last time that his voice would be heard in that hall, he proposed to make a few remarks, expressive of some views which he held on the subject of slavery, and, in connection with this subject, with regard to the territories of New Mexico and California. He held it to be the duty of the present Congress to provide a government for each of those territories, and for this he had several reasons. First, by treaty stipulations we have bound ourselves to the inhabitants of those territories, to furnish them protection until such time as they may be admitted into the Union, as States. Many propositions have been brought before Congress pointing to this result. We have had territorial bills, and bills which proposed to admit those territories into the Union as States. He, for one, was decidedly in favor of giving them territorial, and not State governments. "It is well known to every member, that there are now people in the territories who emigrated from all parts of the Union. They have gone there, many of them, to take up permanent abodes; others, to amass fortunes and return. But would it be just to those people, and to our friends and brethren, to impose on them the burden and expense of State governments? Why, these emigrants have not yet houses to shelter them; their fields are not yet cultivated, and they have to rely on the surrounding country for their means of subsistence. Should we, then, throw on them the burdens of State government—burdens never before thrown on any people without their consent?"

Here Mr. Turner was interrupted by a question of order, which the Chairman and the House decided in his favor.

Mr. McClelland, by permission of his colleagues, said, that if Congress should pass a law enabling the people of California to form a

State government, it was for the people to accept or reject the law. It was not obligatory on them. He would vote for such a measure, to let the people there come into the Union.

Mr. Turner was aware that there are many persons in favor of State governments for the territories at this time. He was not vain of his qualities, but he believed that, if prejudices were entirely laid aside and stripped of externals, he could convince every member that it is not proper to create State governments for the territories. There are, however, so many externals, that the minds of members are not able to receive sound arguments. But he addressed himself to his constituents and to the country; let the test of time bear him out whether he was right or wrong. He was not aware that there was any large or respectable body of citizens of New Mexico or California who wished to come into the Union as States. Conceiving the fact that the people have the right to organize State Governments, and apply for admission into the Union, he would ask his colleague, whether the people of New Mexico and California have met in convention and applied for admission? Until they made application, it would be an act of tyranny to force State governments upon them. Many gentlemen are in favor of this, for the purpose of avoiding the vexed question of slavery. It is not right it should be dodged in any way. It should be met boldly and fearlessly. So long as slavery tends to array one section against another, it should be settled, some way or other. It threatens the permanence of the Union. He then took up and reviewed, in condemnation, the Southern address of members of Congress.

This brought up Mr. McDowell, of Virginia, who said, that he was in favor of admitting the territories of New Mexico and California as States. The bill which had been proposed by his colleague, (Mr. Preston,) and that introduced by the Senator from Illinois, (Mr. Douglas,) rest on the same basis, and must be rejected or passed on the same foundation and for similar reasons. Both these measures, however, are liable to objection; not, in his opinion, fatal objections. He looked on them as furnishing, at a critical moment, a means by which the existing difficulty may be settled. Mr. Madison said, that the right of Congress to control a territory was founded in necessity, being a suspension of self-government; and ought never to be extended farther, and continued longer, than occasion may require it. We have the national safety to protect—the most important and imperative obligation. On the other hand, government and laws are to be provided for the territories. In all the attempts hitherto made there has not been success; but they have been rather prolific of apprehension and alarm, and stirring up a spirit of enmity and feud among us. In this gloomy conjuncture, mediation and peace, which had no intimacy

with sectional interests and feelings, which cut loose from the abounding sources of jealousy and disturbance, and to which there can be no constitutional objections, can pacifically terminate all national disputes. Our Constitution was founded upon compromise. It was a question of wisdom at that day, and is so at the present. He called upon Congress to carry out the spirit of that instrument. The South, being the smaller portion of the Union, was not able to protect itself from aggression from without; therefore he asked gentlemen to act in accordance with the objects for which the Constitution was formed, and in its spirit. The people of that section, however, were determined to stand on it while it should exist. If it fall—which, God in his mercy forbid!—and if their interests be not protected, then they will have to seek a remedy without the limits of the Constitution, as their own hearts may direct. Before such a state of things should occur, he would invoke the interposition of the safeguard of the Constitution. What State ever sacrificed so much as Virginia? She was the most powerful of all the States, in numbers, wealth, physical capacity, and political influence; and yet she resigned many of her advantages for the protection of the weak. He asked that the North would measure out, in return, the measure of justice which she had meted out to them; and let the South realize, in her experience, that national generosity is not simply unadulterated national folly. Some men will not permit, by their votes, slavery to exist in the territories; and this brings the North and South face to face in dread array. But the bills to which he had adverted buried the agitating question, and made up a new issue. He asked, that the judgment of the Court, as the lawyers say, be entered on a new record. He desired to sink the question of government for the territories, and entertain the proposition to admit them, on an equal footing with the members of the confederacy, as States, with the rights and jurisdiction of States. We have no control over the international affairs of States. The proposition plants itself on the ground of common agreement, and asks all to come forward to its support. If this be adopted, the bond of our brotherhood will be more complete; the heaving ocean which rises to our feet will sink back, as smooth as glass, and tranquil as a summer's sea. Reject it, and you may open up a pit, horrible only as the home of the lost. As to the introduction of slavery into the territories, it would not increase the number of slaves, nor add one particle to their present hardships. It adds strength, however, to the South, and this is in perfect accordance with the Constitution. It was a change of locality—nothing more. Instead of letting slavery drain off, there is a desire to hedge it in.

Mr. McDowell then commenced an eloquent appeal to Massachusetts, but his hour had ex-

pired. There were cries of "Go on, go on," and by common consent he proceeded.

He said that Virginia and Massachusetts were twin sisters, and had shared the horrors and perils of the Revolution; together resisted tyranny, and assisted in establishing a common government. It was their privilege to worship here, standing at a common altar, with clean hands and honest hearts, doing right to all and wrong to none. It is their hope to carry on a glorious national career, comforting, supporting, cheering one another through the trials of the day, and showing to mankind that nothing can corrupt, and only death can destroy their union. They were equal before the Revolution, and at the beginning of the Revolution; they were associates in 1777; they were united and equal in 1787, co-operating equally in every sense. Was Massachusetts agreed that they should still continue to be equal? We are admonished that republics which lose their liberty never revive. Although the spirit never dies, it does not reanimate. Would that there were here the spirit of the elder Brutus, who gave his son to the axe of justice, because he loved his country better than his son! Would that there were here the spirit of the younger Pitt or the elder Adams, who in the midst of suffering never forgot his country, and who in his dying hour prayed that God would remember the land of his birth! Would there were the spirit of the enthusiastic Frenchman, who, while listening to Mirabeau when vindicating human rights, saw him fall and dying for want of blood, and who ran to him, stripped his arm, and said: "Take it from me; let me die, that Mirabeau and the liberties of my country may not perish." Give us that spirit, and our difficulties will pass away like the summer cloud. Leave the subject of slavery to the consciences and the counsels of those on whom the providence of God and the Constitution leave it. Leave it there now and forever, and stop while stop is possible, and the land of Washington will still be ours, an undivided heritage.

The honorable gentleman's remarks were so eloquent, and delivered in a strain of such deep pathos, that many hoary statesmen,

— "whose eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Dropp'd tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum."

As we have said before, the foregoing is but a sketch, a mere skeleton of the speech, and conveys but a faint idea of its merits. When Mr. McDowell resumed his seat, there was a general cry for the committee to rise.

The debate on this bill was resumed in the Senate on the 24th of February, and we give some extracts from it in order to lay before our readers Mr. Webster's opinion as to the extending of the Constitution of the United States over a new territory. The amendments with

regard to California were discussed, upon which Mr. Dayton modified his proposed amendment.

Mr. Downs insisted that the Constitution does extend over the new territories; that it is competent to admit them as States; and that California must and will, perhaps within a year, be admitted as a State into the Union.

Mr. Bell took occasion to make some remarks on a speech made by Mr. Berrien in answer to his arguments on the subject. Mr. Bell contended that the position he had taken was, that Congress may create a State without admitting it into the Union; that the people of the territory may erect themselves into a State; but that Congress alone can create a State of this Union.

Mr. Berrien disavowed any intention of misrepresenting the remarks of the Senator from Tennessee. He objected to Mr. Dayton's amendment, because it does not declare that the Constitution is extended as a panoply for the protection of the rights of the people over the territory.

Mr. Underwood argued that the Constitution of itself extended over the territories of the United States, and referred to some point of Mr. Webster's argument of Saturday, which he desired to answer.

Mr. Webster explained that the Congress was subservient to the Constitution in their regulations for the territories; that the Constitution applied to the governing power of Congress, not to the territory itself.

The discussion was then continued, when Mr. Butler having said that the Northern States have not observed, but have broken the compromise of the Constitution, which called up

Mr. Webster, who said: If the honorable Senator from South Carolina is prepared to reduce what seemed to be a general charge to a particular charge, and if he shall undertake to specify or particularize any case in which the Legislature of the State whose representative I am here has forborne to observe, or has broken, or attempted to break or violate the compromises of the Constitution, it will be my duty to meet that question, and defend the State in which I live. I do not intend to go into that, sir, at all at present. Other States can answer for themselves. It is of some importance that we should seek to have clear ideas and correct notions of the question which this amendment of the honorable Senator from Wisconsin presents to us; and especially that we should seek to get some conception of what is meant by a proposition of law to extend the Constitution of the United States to a territory. Why, the thing is utterly impossible. All the legislatures in the world, in this general form, could not accomplish it. There is no congruity; there is no case for the action of legislative power in such a regard as that. The Constitution—why, what is it? We ex-

tend the Constitution of the United States, by law, to a territory. Well, what is the first principle of the Constitution? Why, is it not that all within its influence and comprehension shall be represented in the legislature which it establishes; shall have not only a right of debate, but a right of vote; that all shall have representation in both houses of Legislature? Is not that the fundamental principle of the Constitution? Does it not all rest upon that? Can we, by law, extend that to a territory of the United States? Everybody will see that it is altogether impracticable. Well, the amendment goes on in the same way, and says further, that the revenue laws shall, as far as they are suitable, be applied to this case. Now, I should like to know whether that qualification of the honorable member, as he understands it, applies, as far as it is suitable, to the Constitution itself? or whether he understands that qualification as applicable only to the revenue laws of the United States, which he proposes to establish in the territory?

Mr. Walker.—I would say this, sir, that whatever may have been said in the discussion of that point, it certainly was not my meaning to frame the amendment to extend the Constitution to this territory in those respects in which it is not applicable, but only those in which it may be applicable.

Mr. Webster.—Then it comes to this, that the Constitution, as far as practicable, is to be extended to the territory, and how far it is practicable is to be left to the President of the United States; and therefore the President of the United States, after it is a territory, is an absolute despot over that territory. He is the judge of what is suitable and what is unsuitable, and what he thinks suitable he applies, and what he thinks unsuitable he refuses to apply. He is *omnes in hoc*. It is to say in general terms that the President of the United States shall govern this territory as he sees fit until Congress makes further provision. If that be it, it is leaving the territory exactly under the military rule which now subsists over it. . . . In its general sense there is no such thing as extending the Constitution of the United States over a territory. The Constitution of the United States is established over the United States, and over nothing else. It can be established over nothing else than the existing States, and over new States that shall come in hereafter; when they do come in then, they come under the Constitution.

The debate was continued for several hours, in which Mr. Calhoun, with his usual eloquence and ability, argued that the adoption of this proposition, that the Constitution of the United States does not extend to the territories, will have the effect of narrowing the controversy in a very great degree between the North and South on the slave question; but contended, in opposition to Mr. Webster, that the Con-

stitution of the United States extended over all its territories.

We are sorry that our want of space precludes us from giving even a slight sketch of the many interesting debates which occupied the time of the House in regard to this subject, until the very last hour of the session; indeed, so as to jeopardize the passage of the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill altogether, when, at 5 o'clock on Sunday morning,

Mr. Bright moved that the Senate disagree to the California amendment of the House, and recede from their own amendment, thus clearing the bill of the last obstruction.

The question was put, and the motion was carried, 38 to 7—sweeping everything out of the bill relating to a temporary government for California and New Mexico; and thus, at a quarter past five, was the bill for the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriations finally passed.

The House bill, for extending the revenue laws to California, was then, on motion of Mr. Dix, taken up and passed.

The following is the bill, the sole result of all the arguments and discussions which engrossed the attention of Congress during so many weeks.

THE BILL RELATING TO CALIFORNIA.

An act to extend the revenue laws of the United States over the territory and waters of Upper California, and to create a collection district therein.

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that the revenue laws of the United States be and are hereby extended to and over the main land and waters of all that portion of territory ceded to the United States by the "treaty of peace, friendship, and limits, between the United States of America and the Mexican Republic," concluded on the 2nd day of February, in the year 1848, heretofore designated and known as Upper California.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, that all the ports, harbors, bays, rivers, and waters of the main land of the territory of Upper California, shall constitute a collection district, by the name of Upper California; and a port of entry shall be, and is hereby established for said district at San Francisco, on the bay of San Francisco; and a collector of the customs shall be appointed by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to reside at said port of entry.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, that ports of delivery shall be, and are hereby established in the collection district aforesaid, at San Diego, Monterey, and at some convenient point within the territory of the United States, to be selected by the Secretary of the Treasury, as

near as may be to the junction of the rivers Gila and Colorado, at the head of the Gulf of California. And the collector of said district of California is hereby authorized to appoint, with the approbation of the Secretary of the Treasury, three deputy collectors, to be stationed at the ports of delivery aforesaid.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, that the collector of said district shall be allowed a compensation of \$1,500 per annum, and the fees and commissions allowed by law; and the said deputy collectors shall each be allowed a compensation of \$1000 per annum, and the fees and commissions allowed by law.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, that, until otherwise provided by law, all violations of the revenue laws of the United States, committed within the district of Upper California, shall be prosecuted in the district courts of Louisiana, or the supreme court of Oregon, which courts shall have original jurisdiction, and may take cognizance of all cases arising under the revenue laws in the said district of Upper California, and shall proceed therein in the same manner, and with the like effect as if such cases had arisen within the district or territory where the prosecution shall be brought.

Sec. 6. And be it further enacted, that this act shall take effect from and after the 10th of March next.

INAUGURATION SPEECH.

On the 5th of March, at 12 o'clock, General Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, delivered the following Inaugural Address to the Senate and Members of the House of Representatives of the United States, and a vast concourse of citizens assembled in front of the Capitol.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Elected by the American people to the highest office known to our laws, I appear here to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution; and, in compliance with a time-honored custom, to address those who are now assembled. The confidence and respect shown by my countrymen, in calling me to be the Chief Magistrate of a republic holding a high rank among the nations of the earth, have inspired me with feelings of the most profound gratitude; but when I reflect that the acceptance of the office which their partiality has bestowed, imposes the discharge of the most arduous duties, and involves the weightiest obligations, I am conscious that the position which I have been called to fill, though sufficient to satisfy the loftiest ambition, is surrounded by fearful responsibilities. Happily, however, in the performance of my new duties, I shall not be without able co-operation. The legislative and judicial branches of the government present prominent examples of distinguished civil attainments and matured experience; and it shall be my endeavor to call to my assistance in the Executive depart-

ments individuals whose talents, integrity, and purity of character will furnish ample guarantees for the faithful and honorable performance of the trusts to be committed to their charge. With such aids, and an honest purpose to do whatever is right, I hope to execute diligently, impartially, and for the best interests of the country, the manifold duties devolved upon me. In the discharge of these duties, my guide will be the Constitution, which I this day swear to preserve, protect, and defend. For the interpretation of that instrument, I shall look to the decisions of the judicial tribunals established by its authority, and to the practice of the government under the earlier Presidents, who had so large a share in its formation. To the example of those illustrious patriots I shall always defer with reverence, and especially to his example who was, by so many titles, the Father of his country. To command the Army and Navy of the United States; with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties and to appoint ambassadors and other officers; to give to Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend such measures as he shall judge to be necessary; and to take care that the laws shall be faithfully executed—these are the most important functions entrusted to the President by the Constitution; and it may be expected that I shall briefly indicate the principles which will control me in their execution. Chosen by the body of the people, under the assurance that my administration would be devoted to the welfare of the whole country, and not to the support of any particular section or merely local interest, I this day renew the declarations I have heretofore made, and proclaim my fixed determination to maintain, to the extent of my ability, the government in its original purity, and to adopt as the basis of my public policy, those great republican doctrines which constitute the strength of our national existence. In reference to the army and navy, lately employed with so much distinction in active service, care shall be taken to insure the highest condition of efficiency; and in furtherance of that object, the military and naval schools sustained by the liberality of Congress, shall receive the special attention of the Executive. As American freemen, we cannot but sympathize in all efforts to extend the blessings of civil and political liberty; but, at the same time, we are warned by the admonitions of history and the voice of our own beloved Washington, to abstain from entangling alliances with foreign nations. In all disputes between conflicting governments, it is our interest, not less than our duty, to remain strictly neutral, while our geographical position, the genius of our institutions and our people, the advancing spirit of civilization, and, above all, the dictates of religion, direct us to the cultivation of peaceful and friendly relations with all other powers. It is to be hoped that no international question can now arise which a government, confident in its own strength, and resolved to protect its own just rights, may not settle by wise negotiation, and it eminently becomes a government like our own, founded on the morality and intelligence of its citizens, and upheld by their affections, to exhaust every resort of honor-

able diplomacy, before appealing to arms. In the conduct of our foreign relations I shall conform to these views, as I believe them essential to the best interests and the true honor of the country. The appointing power vested in the President imposes delicate and onerous duties. So far as it is possible to be informed, I shall make honesty, capacity, and fidelity indispensable prerequisites to the bestowal of office; an absence of either of these qualities shall be deemed sufficient cause for removal. It shall be my study to recommend such constitutional measures to Congress as may be necessary and proper to secure encouragement and protection to the great interests of Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures; to improve our rivers and harbors; to provide for the speedy extinguishment of the public debt; to enforce a strict accountability on the part of all officers of the government, and the utmost economy in all public expenditures; but it is for the wisdom of Congress itself, in which all legislative powers are vested by the Constitution, to regulate these and other matters of domestic policy. I shall look with confidence to the enlightened patriotism of that body, to adopt such measures of conciliation as may harmonize conflicting interests and tend to perpetuate that union which should be the paramount object of our hopes and affections. In any action calculated to promote an object so near to the heart of every one who truly loves his country, I will zealously unite with the co-ordinate branches of the government. In conclusion, I

congratulate you, my fellow-citizens, upon the high state of prosperity to which the goodness of Divine Providence has conducted our common country. Let us invoke a continuance of the same protecting care which has led us from small beginnings, to the eminence we this day occupy; and let us seek to deserve that continuance by prudence and moderation in our councils—by well-directed attempts to assuage the bitterness which too often marks unavoidable differences of opinion—by the promulgation and practice of just and liberal principles—and by an enlarged patriotism, which shall acknowledge no limits but those of our own wide-spread republic.

LIST OF THE NEW CABINET.

On the 6th of March a message was received from the President, after which the Senate went into Executive Session on the following nominations:

JOHN M. CLAYTON, of Del., Secretary of State.
 WM. M. MEREDITH, of Pa., Secretary of the Treasury.
 THOMAS EWING, of Ohio, Secretary of the Home Department.
 WM. BALLARD PRESTON, of Va., Secretary of the Navy.
 JACOB COLLAMER, of Vt., Postmaster General.
 GEORGE W. CRAWFORD, of Ga., Secretary of War.
 REVERDY JOHNSON, of Md., Attorney General.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE British Parliament has hitherto been principally engaged with matters relating to Ireland. From a return to the House of Commons of all persons who have been committed or detained in Ireland since the passage of the act suspending the habeas corpus, by warrant of the Lord Lieutenant or Chief Secretary, it appears that, from the 26th July last, the date of the first warrant, to 18th December, 118 persons had been committed to prison: of these 83 were discharged, principally on bail, and the remainder were still in custody. A formal application was made by Lord Clarendon to the Home Secretary, on the necessity of further continuing the powers of the act. After stating it had been his earnest endeavor to limit its operation as much as possible, and contrasting the present tranquillity with the terror that reigned throughout Ireland at the time the act went into operation, he says, "But on the part of those engaged in the late treasonable movement, no indication of sorrow or repentance for their misdeeds has been observed: their regret is confined to their failure, and their hopes are directed to a more successful issue on the first favorable opportunity; nor is there any reason to believe (and on this point I have collected information from various persons on whose judgment and local knowledge I could rely) that the recent orderly conduct of the people in the districts where disturbances prevailed or were threatened, proceeds from any improved feeling as regards either the law or the Executive Government. * * * That the country has been too long trained to a system of agitation to be at once weaned from such a course, and nothing but a continued enjoyment of that peace which the absence of all political excitement has now created, the improved habits it will generate, and the social advantages it will not fail to produce, can save Ireland from wasting her energies in the strife of rival factions, instead of exerting them by industry for the improvement of the country," and that to secure this repose, and to preserve the country from that agitation which has for many years disturbed its tranquillity, scaring away capital destroying confidence, and rendering impossible the steady application of industry, he was strongly impressed with the necessity for a renewal of the act.

Sir George Gray, the Home Secretary, accordingly introduced a bill, on the 6th February, on which Mr. John O'Connell moved, as an amendment, for a committee of inquiry; but

the bill was brought in on a division of 231 against 18. Mr. J. O'Connell, who is desirous of resuscitating the defunct Repeal Association, moved, at subsequent stages of the bill, an amendment to preserve the right of meeting to petition for the enactment, repeal, or alteration of acts of Parliament, or for the redress of grievances, or for other constitutional objects; but in this he was equally unsuccessful, and the bill passed the House on the 19th February, on a division of 166 to 11, continuing the provisions of the previous act until the 1st September next.

A select committee has also been appointed to inquire into the subject of the Irish Poor Laws, the Government considering it unwise to act upon so difficult and complicated a question without full inquiry. Since 1847, all the relief afforded has been through the medium of the Poor-law, and the same agency is proposed to be continued; but to avert starvation in some parts of Ireland, it is still necessary that some of the unions should receive assistance from the public treasury, and for this purpose the House has voted a grant of £50,000; and the Government, in reply to members who objected to the principle of such grants, refused to give a pledge that this should be the only sum asked for. In the last year the amount raised by the Irish Poor-law was £1,600,000, and in some districts this has borne so hardly upon the landlords that it is impossible for them to pay the present rates; and it has likewise created so great a panic in the minds of tenants, that the money due to the landlords for rent has been used for purposes of emigration to a very great extent.

The trial of Charles Gavan Duffy has resulted in the discharge of the jury, who disagreed. The cases of Smith O'Brien and others are carried to the House of Lords by writ of error, where they will be disposed of after the Easter recess.

The Ministry has also introduced a proposition for altering the British Navigation-laws, giving up the restrictions on foreign vessels by which the monopoly of the colonial trade, the trade of long voyages, and the direct European trade, was attempted to be maintained; also for permitting foreign-built vessels to acquire a British register when owned and manned by British subjects; and to modifying the restrictions on the coasting trade, by allowing British or foreign vessels, when sailing from a British to a foreign port, to carry their cargoes from

one British port to another and then clear out for a foreign port—the latter provision to be limited to vessels of not less than 100 tons burden. It is, however, proposed to leave to the queen in council the power of enforcing the old restrictions, either in whole or in part, as against any country in respect of which it might appear to Government necessary for British interests so to do.

The expenses of the packet service for the post-office for the ensuing year is estimated at £748,296. The sum required last year was £814,360.

By a return to the House of Commons it appears that from 1842 to 1847-8, inclusive, the Parliament passed 2,463 bills, of which 830 were public, 236 private, and 1,397 local and personal acts.

The last has been an unusually wet year in England. By monthly registers kept at Witham, in Essex, it appears 17.60 inches fell in 1847, while in 1848 the fall amounted to 30 inches. Last October was the wettest month, 4.85 inches having fallen, against 1.56 in the corresponding month of the previous year.

The ceremony of consecrating an abbot took place on the 18th February last, for the first time in England since the Reformation, when the Rev. J. Palmer, otherwise Father Bernard, was installed at the monastery of Mount Saint Bernard, in Charnwood Forest, and was presented with a crozier, ring, mitre, and gloves, each of which was separately blessed by the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, Roman Catholic bishop of the Midland district.

Dr. Sutherland, one of the chief medical superintending directors of the Board of Health, whose duties have been performed at Dumfries, during a very serious outbreak of the cholera there, considers the only means of dealing with the pestilence in localities threatened with the disease, is the organization of a staff of visitors to go from house to house, to discover and treat on the spot the slightest diarrhœal symptoms. He says: "It has been proved by melancholy experience, both in Dumfries and Glasgow, that neither rich nor poor will, of their own free choice, apply for medical aid until the time for its efficient exercise is either passed, or the chances of recovery reduced to a very small proportion. The premonitory diarrhœa is, in a large number of cases, attended with sensations rather agreeable than otherwise; hence the sufferer is lulled into a fatal security, and no alarm is consequently taken until it is too late."

A resident of the southern part of London, who has attentively registered the changes of the barometer over a space of 30 years, records a most unusual state of the atmosphere. He reports the greatest degree of pressure ever previously indicated by his barometer was 31 inches, and that degree he had observed but five times during the period before mentioned,

but that on the 11th February last, the pressure was 31.40 inches, and on the following day 31.35. On the 11th it also was at Bristol 30.95, and continued slowly rising during the day, until nine P. M., when it registered 31.20, being 2-10ths above the range of the ordinary barometer scale.

The city of Paris, from various causes, was a scene of the greatest excitement during the latter part of January. Military preparations of a most formidable nature were made by the government, in expectation of a Socialist and Red Republican movement, while its enemies charge the government with having meditated the subversion of the republic by a *coup d'état*, and with an intention to provoke an outbreak, to make use of its suppression as a means of furthering their object. M. Léon Faucher, Minister of the Interior, introduced to the Assembly a measure for closing the clubs, which he declared to be nothing more nor less than the nucleus of secret societies, and that behind these tumultuous assemblages there were secret bodies and dark intrigues to which the public meetings were a mere cloak; and demanded a suspension of the rules in order for an immediate passage of the measure. The first clause proposed was in these words: "Clubs are prohibited. Every public meeting held periodically, or at irregular intervals, for discussion of public affairs, shall be considered a club." Considering the cause of the late revolution, this was certainly a singular proposal to emanate from a cabinet headed by M. Odilon Barrot. It then proceeded to inflict fines and deprivation of civil rights on the officers of clubs and those who should lend their houses for places of meeting. A committee to whom the proposition was referred, reported against the measure, both on the ground of principle and urgency. It declared that, since the 28th July, the number of clubs had decreased from 37 to 11, and of these, 5 had been closed within the last few days by judicial decisions, and that the proposed measure would have the effect of annulling a right guaranteed by the Constitution; and this report was confirmed by a majority of 418 to 382. The following is Article VIII. of the Constitution. "The citizens have the right of associating together, of assembling peaceably and without arms, of petitioning or manifesting their ideas by way of the press or otherwise; the exercise of these rights has no other limits but the rights or the liberty of others, and the public security."

The ministry also received two other checks from the Assembly: the adoption of a report to pass the Budget of Receipts before that of Expenditures, which, in the hands of a body so adverse, will render the ministry completely subservient to the Assembly; and a resolution to elect the Council of State by the present body, instead of by the Legislative Assembly to be shortly elected, as was proposed by the min-

istry. It is supposed that in the present state of public feeling in France, the opponents of a republic will have a large majority in the new Assembly, from the depression caused by the events of the last twelve months, the vastly augmented distress and public expenditure, and the disgust felt in the departments towards the overbearing character of Parisian rule.

In addition to these difficulties, another of a threatening nature occurred with the Garde Mobile. The large pay and greater indulgences granted to this body, excited much discontent among the regular troops, and as their period of service was not prolonged beyond February, it was determined to reduce their numbers from twenty-five to twelve battalions, and to adopt other regulations with regard to their pay and discipline. These measures the Garde Mobile determined to resist, and sent delegates to the President to protest against the change; to whom, however, admission was refused. A delegation was afterwards received, on the 28th January, (Sunday,) by Gen. Changarnier, who peremptorily refused their demands, and a violent scene ended by his committing Col. Aladenize and four other officers to prison. During the night the government received information that the disaffected portion of the Garde Mobile had made overtures to join the Socialists and Red Republicans in a rising projected for the following day; and on Monday morning the *rappel* called out all the National Guards in Paris, while crowds of ferocious looking men continued to emerge from the faubourgs. The whole of Paris however was filled with troops; 80,000 soldiers of the line, of all descriptions of arms, were present, in addition to the National Guards; and Marshal Bugeaud left the city to assume the command of the army of the Alps, with orders to march on Paris at a moment's notice. The troops in the city were concentrated in commanding situations, and strong patrols were placed in all directions, with directions to fire on the slightest attempt being made to raise a barricade or create a tumult. These measures proved sufficient to ensure the peace of the city, which on the following day appeared as tranquil as usual. During the height of the excitement, the President made a tour of inspection through the city and was every where well received.

It is confidently stated that a deep-laid conspiracy existed for an outbreak to take place on the 29th January, which had its ramifications throughout France. Upwards of two hundred arrests have been made, and among those siezed is the ex-Count D'Alton Shee, a late peer, who has gone through all the various grades of political parties, from legitimacy to socialism. The state of uncertainty engendered by these attempts is said to have a strong re-actionary and anti-republican tendency among all but the lowest and worst disposed classes; as the *bourgeoisie* and the industrious

mechanics feel that nothing but a settled and stable government can preserve them from suffering and ruin. The desires of the army are said to be towards an empire, but the feeling in favor of Henry V. to pervade the citizen classes; and the government have thought it necessary to seize upon his portraits and that of his wife, which were in the *atelier* of M. Perignon, a Parisian artist, notwithstanding his denial of their being publicly exhibited. The mob have followed this example, and seized and destroyed the numerous other portraits of the prince, which were for sale in numerous stores in Paris. Meanwhile, the Legitimists, as a party, adhere to their determination to bide their time, and not compromise their cause by open action.

Five of the persons convicted of the murder of Gen. Brea and Captain Mangin have been condemned to death, and twenty-seven others to hard labor for life, or limited periods. M. Barbès refuses to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the High Court of Justice before whom he is ordered for trial, or to appoint an advocate. When M. Béranger, the president of the court, attended at Vincennes to interrogate him, he refused even to answer by giving his name; he was told that if he refused to name an advocate the court would appoint one *ex-officio*, against which he protested, and declared his intention to refuse the services of one so appointed. The trials will take place at Bourges.

The temporary residents and visitors of Paris are returning, and trade is reviving there. The customs duties received at the capital from the 1st to the 8th January exceeded by 48,000 fr. the amount received during the same period of 1847; and in the duties on wines and spirits there was an excess of 33,000 for the same time. The proposal for an amnesty to the insurgents of June has been rejected in the National Assembly by a vote of 531 to 167.

The election of members of the Constituent Assembly for the Roman States passed off quietly. The names of the deputies elected were proclaimed in Rome on the 28th January, and on the 5th of February they went in procession from the Capitol to the Palace of the Chancery, where their sitting was opened. On the evening of the 8th the following decree was proposed by M. Savini: "Art. 1. The Pope has fallen *de facto* and *de jure* from the temporal throne of the Roman state. Art. 2. The Roman Pontiff shall enjoy all the guaranties necessary for the exercise of his spiritual power. Art. 3. The government of the Roman State is to be a pure democracy, and to assume the glorious name of the Roman Republic. Art. 4. The Roman Republic shall maintain with the rest of Italy the relations required by a common nationality." The Assembly then decreed the downfall of the Pope and the establishment of a Republic. Until that form of government is constituted, the Assembly are to

govern by means of an executive committee of three Italians, responsible and revocable at the will of the Assembly. The persons appointed are Armellini, Salicetti, and Matthias Mantecchi. The Italian colors, green, red, and white, are adopted for the army.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has fled from Florence, from apprehension of the anger of the people, caused by his refusal to sanction the possession of unlimited powers by the future general Italian Constituent Assembly. A Provisional Government has been appointed, who assumed their powers on the 12th of February. An offensive and defensive alliance is entered into with Rome and Venice, and a committee of military defense appointed.

The election returns in Prussia are said to be favorable to the Liberals.

In Vienna large seizures of arms and ammunition have been effected in the town and the faubourgs, and also incendiary rockets. The police had discovered a club, which, to avoid detection, changed its place of meeting every night; and it was rumored a second insurrection was intended to take place in March. A secret brotherhood has been established for the assassination of officers and soldiers, and attempts are continually made, without any clue being obtained as to the conspiracy with which those crimes originated.

General Bern still holds out in Hungary, and a portion of the Hungarian Diet still holds its sittings at Debrezin. The General having transferred the seat of war to Transylvania, overcame a body of Imperialists under General Puchnu, at Hermanstadt, and sacked the place on the 26th January, for its hostility to his men. The Imperialists have also suffered another defeat at Zibactraz, on the banks of the Theiss. It is said that Russian troops have entered Transylvania to defend the Saxons of that province against the Magyars. It seems that the present war in Hungary did not originate in democratic or even liberal motives. The population of that kingdom, with Croatia and Slavonia, is about ten millions and a half, out of which about four millions and a quarter only are Magyars. The latter, although forming a minority, have always been the dominant race; but not content with mere supremacy, they have lately sought to absorb all the other nationalities of which the majority is composed. They attempted to impose their language on the Wallachians of Transylvania, and the Slavonic races of Hungary and its dependencies. The kingdoms of Croatia and Slavonia have a joint Diet, distinct from the General Diet of Hungary, and although the same laws and institutions prevail in the Slavonic kingdoms as in the rest of Hungary, the Diet of Agram sometimes exercises the right of refusing to adopt the acts of the Diet of Pesth. Notwithstanding all remonstrances, the Diet of Pesth, in 1843, resolved that the Magyar language should be

adopted in all official transactions, in all public schools—in the Diets, both general and provincial; that the deputies of Croatia and Slavonia should be allowed to vote, but not to address the General Diet, in Latin, during a period of six years, after which the Magyar should be alone used in discussion. Hungary had already a ministry peculiarly its own, and responsible to its own Diet, when in March last the dominant party demanded from the Emperor a separate administration of war, finance, and foreign affairs. The Croats, who had been content to remain dependent on Hungary, so long as the latter was governed from Vienna, revolted at the idea of becoming wholly subjects of the Magyars; and in March sent a deputation to Vienna to lay their complaints before the Emperor. Upon these questions the Magyars and the Croats, under Jellachlich, prepared to have recourse to arms; the latter were at first declared rebels by the Emperor, but on the attempt of the Magyar ministry, under Kossuth and Batthyani, to separate Hungary from Austria, the Croats became allies of the Austrians, and have since rendered signal service to the common federal head.

Two religious questions are causing great perplexity in Austria—the Jewish disabilities, and the emancipation from the State of the Roman Catholic clergy. The priests, upon the strength of some paragraphs of the fundamental rights as voted by the Diet at Kremsier, peremptorily demand a separation, and insist on having the uncontrolled disposal of the enormous revenues of the church.

The committee on the constitution has made its report, which proposes that the empire shall consist of ten "crown lands," with a government, an administration, and a diet in each. The latter to sit for two months in the year; and a General Diet in Vienna, which is to consist of two houses, or chambers—the duration of the upper to be six, and the lower two years; the Emperor to have the usual prerogatives of executive power, and each province to have a separate financial administration.

The proposed German federation seems likely to fail of organization; Austria positively declines to join, and Prussia is backing out. The Parliament at Frankfort seems powerless and bewildered.

Cabrera, who quitted Spain in 1840, on account of the hopeless state of the Carlist cause, after the dethronement of Louis Philippe again entered the scene of his former exploits. From money furnished by secret friends of the cause, he has obtained supplies of arms and ammunition; and artillery which was buried at the close of the former war is now reproduced for his use. His efforts have yet been confined to guerilla warfare, in which he is well skilled, and he has been enabled to baffle the Queen's generals, and to arouse the Carlist feeling.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Poems. By WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON. Cambridge: George Nichols. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1849.

Among the many volumes of poems which have been laid upon our table during the last year, we have opened none that contain more evidence of care and critical study on the part of the author than those of Mr. Bacon. The volume contains a great variety of verse on a great variety of subjects, but all showing evidence of genuine poetic feeling, and of that peculiar turn of imagination which characterizes natural genius. Our space will not allow us to enter upon a full analysis of these poems, and we must content ourselves with a few extracts, premising that they are chosen as specimens of what seems to us the best moods of the author. Mr. Bacon gives us to understand in his preface, that he is a political editor. If he finds it possible to unite the duties of such a function with the more elegant pursuits of literature, we cannot but admire both his versatility and his industry. One feature, we may be permitted, with all modesty, to commend in his poetical works, and that is that they express a purely poetical phase of imagination, and do not convert the winged genius of verse from its aerial functions to be the trumpeter of vain philosophy and false pathos. When Mr. B. writes a poem he writes it as a poet, and not as a humanitarian preacher, or a socialist lecturer. There is not a single poem on Labor in the whole book, which seems to be a very sure indication that the poet is himself a laborer in his vocation. This by-the-by. The metres are the old ones, such as our language naturally fell into, before we began to imitate the harsh trotting and cantering measures of the German. Want of space obliges us to limit our extracts to the two following poems.

REPROOF.

Why should we be for ever drooping, sighing,
When so much round us is to make us wise?
We cannot look upon an insect dying,
We cannot look on the eternal skies—
We cannot look abroad upon "boon Nature,"
Nor hear a voice loud ringing from her soul,
But there is that to teach the immortal creature
Some mighty truths that ever should control.

And yet we go, one race upon another,
Drooping and sighing all along our way;

No one dares call his neighbor friend and brother,
Nor lets such feeling in his bosom sway;
Wrapping himself in selfishness and sorrow,
Seeking his own nor caring for aught more,
So waits each soul the light of each to-morrow,
While travelling here along this wondrous shore

Oh, is such lesson taught us in this being—
Comes it from earth, or th' all-embracing skies!
Who looks abroad and finds this in his seeing!
Who hears it where earth's mighty heart replies!

Is it the voice of ocean surging, rushing!
Is it the voice of mighty waves that roar!
Comes it from sweet brooks holy valleys brushing!
Breathes it where vernal groves their pines pour!

Comes it from the great souls of ancient ages—
The mighty ones—the infinite in heart;
The far-eyed seers—heroic bards and sages—
Who for their age have felt and done their part!
Comes it from the pure word, God-given and holy,
Placed in each hand, by every humble hearth,
To stay the soul, when crushed by guilt or folly,
And cheer the drooping spirit of the earth!

O no, O no—then let us no more wonder
At the strange mysteries that round us crowd,
But hear the voice loud echoing like deep thunder,
And sounding on from age to age so loud;
Hear it, wherever we may be, life giving,
Gain courage, and still hoping press along;
From holy earth, from holy heaven receiving
The voice of Wisdom and the tide of song!

THE FIRST DECEMBER SONG.

It has come again, and it sweeps along,
The storm in its rapid might;
We hear it howling among the woods,
It sweeps from the stars their light;
We hear his voice as he rolls along,
Borne from the icy north,
And we feel it shake to his fearful wing—
This old and crazy earth.

We have had the Spring in its light and bloom,
The vales and the hills all flowers,
And the lovely light of the sweet Spring sky,
And all its sweets were ours;
The Summer came too, in matron grace,
And the world smiled as she moved,
And the Summer blessed us as she can bless,
She hath loved us and was beloved.

a pleasant Autumn passed along,
 a pleasant power she had,
 around the heart she flung her chain,
 its very bliss was sad !
 the leaves, over the flowers,
 to the earth along,
 singing a melancholy note,
 her heart joined with her song.

the we have, and he comes in wrath,
 tyrant of the year ;
 breathes from his furious lips the snows,
 the sleet and the ice severe ;
 over the hills, over the vales,
 flies with rapid wing,
 chains the waves, and withers up
 what danced to the touch of Spring.

is not, surely without some charm,
 see ! where he drives along ;
 what clouds he wraps himself,
 hark ! to his thunder-song ;
 's the forest with his fierce breath,
 reads himself on the waves,
 the old waves pause in their stormy joy,
 howl in their hidden caves.

as the snow in the vales, he heaps
 hills till they prouder are ;
 's the forest with all the fires
 live in the rainbow's glare ;
 goes us, too, the thoughts of home,
 'e gather the hearth-stone round,
 'e, while his voice is heard without,
 oves and its blessings found.

t not now such as shrink to-day,
 the storm that howls along ;
 yet not the wretches that shrink to-night,
 hey hear from on high his song ;
 ings such as wake the heart
 feels for its brother's woe,
 to send to the God of storms,
 y for earth's wretched now !

the Winter, coming on
 as and driving by,
 with thoughts of joy, and wake
 social sympathy ;
 ther—bless the heart with thoughts
 yearn for our human kind,
 learn to welcome the god of storms,
 he howl of the wintry wind !

f English Literature. By THOMAS
 v, B. A. Professor of English Literature
 the Imperial Alexander Lyceum of
 rburg. Philadelphia : Lea & Blan-
 1849.

thor of this volume has been engaged,
 e years, as Professor of English Literature
 Imperial Alexander Lyceum of St.
 ; and, both in the discharge of his du-
 ty in his private teaching, he has very
 felt the want of a *Manual*, concise but
 alive) on the subject of his lectures.

The plan generally adopted in foreign countries,
 of allowing the pupil to copy the lecturer's man-
 uscript notes, was in this case found to be im-
 practicable ; and the often-repeated request of
 the students to be furnished with some elemen-
 tary book, as a framework or skeleton of the
 course, could only be met by a declaration, sin-
 gular as the fact might appear, that no such work
 cheap, compendious, and tolerably readable, ex-
 isted in English. The excellent volumes of War-
 ton are obviously inapplicable to such a purpose ;
 for they only treat of one portion of English literature—the poetry ; and of that only down to
 the Elizabethan age. Their plan, also, is far too
 extensive to render them useful to the general
 student. Chambers's valuable and complete
 'Cyclopædia of English Literature' is as much
 too voluminous as his shorter sketch is too dry
 and list-like ; while the French and German
 essays on the subject are not only limited in their
 scope, but are full of very erroneous critical
 judgments.

" Induced by these circumstances, the author has
 endeavored to produce a volume which might
 serve as a useful outline Introduction to English
 Literature, both to the English and the foreign
 student. This little work, it is needless to say,
 has no pretensions whatsoever to the title of a com-
 plete course of English Literature ; it is merely
 an attempt to describe the causes, instruments
 and nature of those great revolutions in taste
 which form what are termed " Schools of Writ-
 ing." In order to do this, and to mark more es-
 pecially those broad and salient features which
 ought to be clearly fixed in the reader's mind be-
 fore he can profitably enter upon the details of
 the subject, only the *greater* names—the greater
 types of each period—have been examined ;
 whilst the inferior, or merely *imitative*, writers
 have been unscrupulously neglected ; in short,
 the author has marked only the chief luminaries
 in each intellectual constellation ; he has not at-
 tempted to give a complete Catalogue of Stars.

He has considered the greater names in Eng-
 lish literature under a double point of view ;
 first, as glorified types and noble *expressions* of
 the religious, social, and intellectual physiogno-
 my of their times ; and secondly, in their own
 individuality ; and he hopes that the sketches of
 the great Baconian revolution in philosophy, of
 the state of the Drama under Elizabeth and
 James the First, of the intellectual character of
 the Commonwealth and Restoration, of the ro-
 mantic school of fiction, of Byronism, and of the
 present tendencies of poetry, may be found—
 however imperfectly executed—to possess some
 interest, were it only as the first attempt to
 treat, in a popular manner, questions hitherto ne-
 glected in elementary books, but which the in-
 creased intelligence of the present age renders it
 no longer expedient to pass over without re-
 mark."

The author further informs us that this vol-
 ume is to be followed by a second, nearly equal
 in bulk, containing a selection of choice pas-
 sages, forming a chrestomathy to be read with
 the biographical and critical account of each

other. The style, both of language and remark, in this work is correct and elegant, and we freely commend it to those who wish to go over the general ground of English literary history preparatory to reading the great authors of our language, with a view to an historical and philosophical comparison of their character and merits.

Essay on the Union of Church and State. By BAPTIST WRIOTHESLEY NOEL, M.A. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1849.

This is a labored argument against the establishment of the Church, by one of the most celebrated evangelical preachers of this day, in England. It condemns the Union of Church and State upon constitutional grounds, by arguments drawn from history and the Mosaic law, and from the prophecies and the New Testament. It condemns also the maintenance of Christian pastors by the State, and undertakes to show the evils of such maintenance. It then shows the influence of the union of church and state upon church dignitaries and pastors, and upon dissenters. A third series of objections discovers many miscellaneous evils resulting from the same to the people and country generally, and to religion. The last chapter of the work is devoted to the means and methods of promoting a revival and extension of religion. The volume is a small, cheap octavo.

The Gold Seeker's Manual; being a Practical and Instructive Guide to all persons emigrating to the newly discovered Gold Regions of California. By DAVID T. ANSTED, Professor of Geology, King's College, London, Consulting Mining Engineer. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

A small pamphlet containing an account of the great gold regions of the earth, but more especially of California, by an author of great scientific reputation. A book needed by all emigrants, and all who seek solid information on gold regions.

The California and Oregon Trail; being Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, Jr. New York. 1849.

A spirited narrative of prairie life and travel, well worth the leisure of an evening to read it. Among the many works upon California and western life this volume ranks well, both for the variety and interest of the adventures, and

the clear, straightforward, descriptions. The author seems to be an honest man and a "good fellow."

Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, First President of France. Biographical and Personal Sketches, including a Visit to the Castle of Ham. By HENRY WIKOFF. New York. George P. Putnam. 1849.

This is a very amusing and sprightly little book, though at the same time ludicrously pert and conceited. The author gives an account of his acquaintance with several of the Bonaparte family, and with the famous dandy, Count D'Orsay, who it would appear, from Mr. Wikoff's description of him, is a kind of philosopher in disguise. The sketches of French manners are very funny and brisk. A very good book for the cars or steamboat, or to be read while dinner is getting ready.

Oregon and California in 1848. By J. QUINN THORNTON, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon, and Corresponding Member of the American Institute. With an Appendix, including recent and authentic information on the subject of the Gold Mines of California, and other valuable matter of interest to the emigrant; with Illustrations and a Map. In two volumes. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1849.

A great deal of very pleasant reading will be found in this book, compressed together with a great deal of sentimental cant and positive "stuff." The latter part of the book must be really valuable to persons about to go to California, as it contains an account of the gold regions, and certain practical directions necessary to those who mean to cross the Isthmus. The details of the incidents of the author's adventures are so peculiarly silly and impertinent in some parts, that it reminds one of the feeble twaddle of an over-sanctimonious, henpecked schoolmaster.

God in Christ. Three Discourses, delivered at New Haven, Cambridge, and Andover, with a Preliminary Dissertation on Language. By HORACE BUSHNELL. Hartford. Brown & Parsons. 1849.

This volume is devoted chiefly to a discussion of the doctrine of the Trinity. The author seems to hold a middle position between Unitarianism and Orthodoxy, with a leaning toward the former in point of doctrine, and toward the latter in matters of discipline.

technism of the Steam Engine, Illustrative of the Scientific Principle upon which its operation depends, and the Practical Details of its structure, in its application to mines, mills, steam navigation and railways. With various suggestions of improvement. By J. BOURNE, C. E., Editor of a Treatise on the Steam Engine, by the Artisan Club. From the last London edition. New York. Appleton & Co. 1849.

The author of this valuable work has also published a quarto treatise on the Steam Engine, to which this is a supplement and in part an introduction. In a moderate compass the author has given an outline of the entire subject. It embodies the best information on the steam engine and its practical applications.

Leophany, or the Manifestation of God in the Life, Character and Mission of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. ROBERT TURNBULL, author of the "Genius of Scotland," "Pulpit Orators of France and England," &c. Hartford: Brockett, Fuller & Co. New York: Carter & Brothers. 1849.

The first part of this work is a life of Christ. The second part is a dissertation, in six chapters, on the mystery of his character and incarnation. In this the religious idea of Christ as head of the Church is presented, and also philosophical idea of him as the Mediatorial Formative Power, the Logos.

A Dictionary of the German and English Languages, indicating the accentuation of every German word, containing several hundred German synonyms, together with a classification and alphabetical list of the irregular verbs, and a dictionary of German abbreviations. In Two Parts. 1. German and English. 2. English and German. By G. J. ADLER, A. M., Professor of German Language and Literature in the University of New York. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.

This is by far the most serviceable and agreeable German dictionary we have ever opened. It is a compilation from the works of Hilpert, Flügel, Grieb, Heyse, and others. The compiler dedicates it to the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, LL.D., Chancellor, and to the Faculty of the University of New York city, of which he declares himself a graduate. The book itself is the finest thing of the kind, for mechanical execution and elegance, and clearness of type and arrangement, ever got up in this country. We have seen no dictionary equal to it. The publishers have fairly outdone themselves and all others. The book lies delightfully upon the table, remains open at any page, and invites the eye by sharp, clear letter, on the best of paper. To students of German, these recommendations will have great force, if they have been used to read in the cramped, eye-killing type of German dictionaries, printed in Germany. The literary merits of the work cannot be pronounced upon, except after long use, or by a native scholar. It has all the authority of great names.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

REVIEW OF WHIPPLE'S ESSAYS.

We have been very seriously blamed by several friends and correspondents for having adopted the expression of some rather strong "high church" sentiments and opinions in our twenty number, in the review of "Whipple's essays." It is, perhaps, necessary to assure friends and readers generally that the essay review was admitted on the score of literary merit, which is freely acknowledged. The editor is obliged to admit that he regards critical controversies with no degree of enthusiasm; to be a sound republican, and to

enter with a right feeling into the affairs of one's own country and age, seems to be sufficient for a moderate ambition. Touching the sneers at New England Calvinism in the same article, a very learned theologian informs him that the celebrated South, whose writings are so highly praised by the author of the review, was himself a very good Calvinist. These are difficult points, and require great study. It is, perhaps, a pity any thing had been said on the subject, but the editor hopes no man's belief or faith may be taken from him, or his spiritual condition in the least jeopardized by this review of Mr. Whipple's essays. Indeed, we may rest

assured that the Calvinists generally are too firmly seated to be shaken by a few tilting sentences in a review. Nor will the admirers of *Paradise Lost* think any the less of John Milton by hearing a High Churchman call him a radical. Radical, indeed, in those days, but of such a sturdy and legitimate kind, as our modern radicalism may dread to think of. In a word, we endorse nothing of the ultraism of the offending article, and desire our kind readers to weigh against them the brilliancy and originality of style and manner for which its author is so justly admired.

It is objected, too, that the style and eloquence of two very distinguished gentlemen, namely, Dr. Tyng, of New York, and Theodore Parker, of Boston, are too severely criticised; but at the same time, nothing, it must be observed, is advanced against the eminence, ability, or character of these gentlemen. The criticisms are literary, and not personal, though affected somewhat by the theological prejudices of the writer. Certainly, nothing could be further from the heart of the writer of the article, (we happen to know,) than bitterness or malice; it is an affair of the brain merely, and not of the heart; and should any real hard feeling on the part of the friends of these gentlemen result from it, we shall regret that we did not rather deprive our readers of the entertainment they must find in its brilliancy, keenness, and direct and studied opposition to the usual and established course of opinion on the subjects it treats of. For, on our part, we derived a real satisfaction from it, if it were only the pleasure of hearing some of our own favorite opinions handled with such a saucy freedom. Somewhat too much of this.

PORTRAITS OF STATESMEN.

It is the design of our series of portraits of living statesmen, to give one of every eminent political name in the country. The choice of these has not been, nor will be, guided by any scale of merit established by our own poor judgment, but by such various circumstances of propriety and convenience as may combine to make a name eligible *for the month*. In every instance the portraits have been obtained by the personal solicitation of the editor, and

some have been got with great difficulty, because of the reluctance of the persons solicited to make their faces public. Many distinguished names have been passed over because of the difficulty of procuring good portraits in time for the engraver. Others have been inserted, not merely because they were well known, but because they were in New York or Washington at the time, and could be daguerreotyped in a style fit for engraving. Notwithstanding, however, the many difficulties that have been got over, and the general satisfaction expressed with the appearance of our portrait series, a great deal of jealousy has appeared among the friends of some gentlemen, who conceive that their favorite names have been neglected, and others preferred. In some instances names of some eminence have been withdrawn from the subscription list, apparently through jealousy of the appearance of certain portraits. The editor will not say that such a withdrawal justifies him in his choice, but he will venture so far as to regret his inability to do entire justice, and to beg the forbearance of his subscribers. It is clearly impossible to discover, to a certainty, who are the most eminent persons in every part of this vast continent. Conspicuous and powerful men, and those who are well and popularly known, must sometimes be preferred before those whose fortune has not blown their fame quite as loudly in the direction of New York. We would therefore repeat the assurance, that we do not assume in this series, to establish by our feeble judgment any scale of merit; it is enough for the purpose that a name is conspicuous and eminent, either in a social, moral, or political sense. The procuring of these portraits is a profitless and invidious task for the editor, and nothing would have tempted him to engage in it but the belief that it would be rendering a real service to the party to make its leaders and statesmen known, if only by their portraits, in all parts of the Union. It will indeed rarely happen that, even with the best engraver, a perfect likeness will be given; the most that can be expected is an approximation—a tolerable resemblance. Imperfect, however, as the best portrait must be, it is better than none, and when the best is done no more can be required.



Genl. F. A. Parker

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THE
AMERICAN REVIEW,

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FOR MAY, 1849.

POLITICAL PROSCRIPTION.

WITHSTANDING all that is averred by those who express an extreme veneration for the past, we are constrained by many reasons to believe that society has made very great advances, if not in practice, yet in the theory of moral civilization during many ages past, from the dawn of Christianity even to the present moment. What system of government, for example, was ever known more perfect in its theory than our own? What system of morals more complete than that of the Christian, republican philosopher of the present day, believing as he does that "the innate freedom of the human breast" is the first argument for political liberty,* and equally the first argument for independence?

And a perfect practice, the first result of a perfect theory; without a perfect theory of morals, there can be no perfect practice of morals; without a perfect theory of laws and constitutions, governments are necessarily defective in their practice; and we do believe that if the minds of the people were thoroughly imbued with the principles which gave origin to our system of government, the errors of our theory and practice would be comparatively diminished and trifling. The duty of the conservative politician is therefore evident.

The innate spirit of freedom first told me of the measures which the administration have taken since time been, and now are most violently opposed to every principle of nature."—*Letters of Washington, Sparks, 397.*

III. NO. V. NEW SERIES.

Having established in his mind the perfect theory of the government, as it stands in the written laws and their great commentaries—in the Constitution, and the writings of those who founded it—he is to put that theory in practice to the extent of his power, not only in the simple acts of authority, where the path of duty is plain, but in that freer and more responsible field of party conduct; wherein, far more than in the exercise of a legitimate authority, the knowledge, the power, and the virtue of the statesman make themselves conspicuous. To be a man of principle, and at the same time an active politician, is so rare a union of qualities, that the ambition of attaining it is perhaps the most generous ambition that can call any man into public life.

It is, therefore, not without a sentiment of the deepest regret that we hear many of our friends appealing to the worse passions of the party, and of those that have come newly into power, to urge them into a line of conduct that must inevitably weaken their hold upon the affections of the people, and debase them in the estimation of the best men; urging upon them, and promising for them, a proscriptive and partisan employment of their new authority. The authority of a great master in politics is quoted for their instruction; the example of the Jackson administration is held up to them as a model, for its good success; and the appeal to their gratitude is urged with an air of threatening, as if to say, "Do as we desire, or you will suffer by your friends."

It must not be forgotten, say they, "that during the late administration, those who were not of a particular sect of politics were excluded from all office; that nearly all the offices of the United States were monopolized by this sect." "Is it, then," they continue, "to be imagined that when the public sentiment at length declares itself, and bursts open the doors of power and confidence to those whose opinion they more approve; is it to be imagined that this monopoly of office is still to be continued in the hands of the majority?" "Does it violate their *equal rights* to assert some *rights* in the majority also?"

What, then, is this new doctrine? Is it true that the offices of this government are subject to the claims of individual citizens? Is it to be believed that what is here implied—that there is in this and that citizen a *right* to this or that office—is a true doctrine? Who gave them this right? In what part of law or equity do we find this right—right to office? "Ours is an agency government," says a most liberal and learned authority, "and of the kind denominated 'free'; but if the office-holder is the *agent* of those who elect or appoint him, does his right begin with his appointment or election, or does it lie in him while he is a private citizen? In governments of the kind denominated 'free,' the right to office surely lies in those only who are in office—not in those who are out of office. And that *right* is given by the laws, and not by any natural claim in the person chosen or elected. It is necessary to dismiss this new opinion of a right to office in any person not chosen by the people or appointed under the law, into the general chaos of demagogical opinion, as unworthy of any serious discussion.

"Is it political intolerance," they continue, "to claim a proportionate share in the direction of public affairs?"

A valid inquiry! Is any person so simple as to imagine that the Whig party, since they are well in power, intend to give their adversaries, *as such*, "a proportionate share" in the administration of "public affairs?" That were indeed to commit a folly. They do *not*, we think, intend in *that way*, at least, to become contemptible. *Such power as they have, they no doubt mean to use to its full extent, to carry out*

the doctrine of the majorities who put them in.

But that is not all that is implied by the question of our friends which we have just quoted, as they quote it. When "*shares*" are talked of, *rights* are supposed. In whom, then, lie these rights? In whom does the "*right*" lie of conducting the affairs of this nation, if not in those men who have been elected by the people? And are they thinking of *sharing*? What a simplicity of understanding do our friends attribute to those whom they have assisted to elect, when they quote such ill-digested sentences for their instruction!

"Shares" and "*rights*!" *Shares* in the administration of the empire; *shares* in the fishmongers' company; *shares* in this and that. But, indeed, our dear fellow-citizens know more than they seem to know. They know that there is a difference, a profound difference, between *property* and *power*; that power is a sacred trust, for which men are responsible to God and the nation; and that they can no more think of sharing it with the minority than of putting it to sale.

The election, by a majority of the people, of particular *men* to fill the great offices of government, is in order to an exact execution of the *measures* of that majority; and the men thus elected and for that purpose, under the Constitution, are responsible, by the spirit of the Constitution which has put them in power for that purpose, for the full execution of those measures. They cannot, in honor, pursue any others. They therefore have no "*right*," (in honor,) indeed, to endanger the failure of that intent by "*sharing*" their power, or by conferring the least particle of it upon such persons as may endanger its fulfillment. We repeat it with a perfect confidence, that as the whole system of the government looks towards a rule of majorities, everything must be done by those elected to fulfill the wishes of the *legally ascertained* majority who elected them. That majority exists, and is in full force until it is annihilated by a succeeding election. As it is evident, that the fundamental law permits the opinion of the *legally ascertained* majority to rule, it provides also, by consequence, that those elected shall be free to carry out that opinion. Majorities are ascertained by law

ance in four years; they exist, in full force, in the interim, by a necessary supposition.

There is indeed no remedy for the betrayal of the people, except by the ejection from office of those who dishonor their own election, at the end of their term. If governments were like calculating machines, it might be differently arranged; but they are moral machines, rather, they are *moral responsibilities*, and moral responsibilities are liable to moral contingencies. Governments, being moral powers, cannot be adjusted to a fluctuation of variable moralities.

But is the jealousy of the majority to defend itself over every petty office in the Commonwealth, without any regard to the political importance of the occupant, or the power and responsibility of his place? We trust not. Let us consider it.

There is a certain clerk in the custom-house of a certain seaport, which shall be nameless, who maintains a worthy family out of a salary of a thousand dollars; from which he is obliged also to deduct an election tax levied upon him by the club of which he is a member. This clerk is a very honest man, but quite ignorant, though we grieve to say it, of the science of political economy. His notions of free trade, and the utility of *ad valorem*, are the crudest, and those of his friends to respect his understanding, are shy of stating him on the tariff. Though his demeanor is altogether grave and quiet, he is never suspected of an intrigue, nor would his bitterest enemy go so far as to charge him with a design of altering the constitution.

The person aimed at in the above paragraph, will be instantly identified by the following reader, when we give his initials. S., as his neighbor J. B. is ready to take oath, is a notorious democrat, and has voted the party ticket these eight years. His father, he avers, did vote so before him, and for aught he knows, his ancestors too, as far back as the days of Charles whose head, he says, was cut off by a democrat, but whether in the tenth or the twentieth century he seems generally to be doubtful. Mr. Smith, (for it is idle, after glaring a description of the man, to make a secret of his name,) is just at this moment in danger of proscription. His neighbor, Mr. John Brown, has lodged a

political information against him in the Treasury office at Washington, and he is at this moment sitting by his poor little grate, looking into the fire with the air of a man who expects every moment to receive sentence of death. His wife is weeping beside him, and his children gather about him, and cling to his knees with an affectionate, inquisitive sorrow.

Poor Smith deserted a very good business to become an office-holder. He came in with his party, and now, after four years of regular and ill-paid industry, during which he has formed no new connections, and has lost his hold upon his old ones, he is about to be turned out upon the world a beggar and a vagabond. Mr. John Brown, who now comes in with *his* party, steps into his place, leaving a better business than his predecessor, to be in *his* turn spoiled and ruined, and at length turned out upon the world to die of hard work and misery.

As the calamity of Messrs. Smith and Brown is the calamity of thousands, it were perhaps injudicious to expend much sympathy upon them as individuals. Let their wives and children, their mothers and sisters bewail their unhappy fate or folly; for ourselves, it seems more appropriate to inquire into the merits of the system itself, the system of political proscription which inflicts all this mischief, and, if possible, to ascertain by what good, if by any good, it is compensated. It seems to be the duty of those citizens whose political successes have given efficacy to their opinions, to weigh very carefully the merits of this system, which the Mr. John Browns are so assiduously urging upon them, and to consider whether, taken in the whole, and viewed in its origin and consequences, it is not at once a vicious and an injurious system, injurious not only to the people at large, but to the party that relies upon it. First, however, it seems proper, in deference to some great names, and to the practice of many wise politicians, to set forth in fair colors the good aims and honest purposes of the system, if it can be thought to have any, and to offer all the excuses and defenses that reason and imagination can bring together, lest we lay ourselves open to the charge of ignorance, or of using partisan logic, when our design is purely to effect a good; and though we

confess that we are actuated by the strongest party enthusiasm, we wish to have it so tempered with reason, that it shall appear that our enthusiasm is itself created by a conviction of reason, and not by any factious heat or prejudice.

The apologist of the system relies for its defense upon *three* arguments; the first of which, being the doctrine of rotation, is purely theoretic; the second, drawn from political expediency, is founded on an imperfect experience; and the third, from convenience, for the filling of offices with younger and more assiduous functionaries, an over-refinement upon policy; and it has a face too specious and proper not to move a doubt. Let us consider each of these, and if they carry any force with them, let us allow them to affect us without prejudice; until it be shown that the injury inflicted by the system in practice, bears down all argument, and defies all theory, expediency and policy, to defend it.

We shall assume it to be a rule established and certain, that offices of political responsibility, or that carry with them a weight of political opinion, for the impeding or accomplishing the measures of the party in power, should be filled by men of that party. For the same reason that the majority of a State legislature will send only such a senator as will truly represent their opinion, it is necessary for a President to choose such persons to be members of his cabinet as will represent the opinion of the party. It were clearly an absurdity to do otherwise; it would be a defeating of the design of the Constitution, which intends that the majority of opinion shall have its way. That offices of responsibility, or, in other words, such offices as enable their incumbents to operate *ex-officio* upon the opinion of the people, or to thwart or execute the laws, according to their pleasure or displeasure—that such offices should be filled by the appointment of members of the ruling party is, we think, most necessary; for if it is provided by the Constitution that the majority should shape the conduct of the government, it is also provided, by necessity, that those only should be appointed to execute them, by whom we are most sure they will be freely and willingly executed. From *this point of view* it appears just, and even constitutional, that the entrance of a new

party into power should be followed by an ejection of all from office who were the originators, supporters and executors, in a moral sense, of the measures of the displaced party. The important offices in the gift of the people have been changed by the people, and their old incumbents ejected; and it is equally necessary that all important offices which carry with them a representative influence, bearing upon opinion, and the character of whose incumbents confirms or impairs, by official influence, the prevailing party, should be also ejected. Independently, therefore, of all theories of a rotation in office; independently of that political expediency which stimulates the canvasser with the hopes of office; independently, also, of all arguments that look to the effect of office-holding upon the characters of men, we hold it to be a necessity created by the nature of our government, that the change of rulers accomplished by the votes of the citizens should be followed by a change in the character of the government itself, sufficiently, but not more than sufficiently extended, for the complete establishment of the party, and the accomplishment of all its measures, during the four years of its probation. What these offices may be, can be known only by experience. It might not seem, at first view, to be a matter of the least importance, whether the cabinet should be of one mind on the leading questions of policy; and yet experience has shown that their unanimity on all important measures is necessary for the efficient conduct of the government.

In a word, every office of political importance, or that confers a power to impede or favor the execution of the laws, or that has any executive responsibility to be exercised for or against the measures of the majority, must necessarily be filled by members of the prevailing party. The filling of the elective offices with that party by the people, gives them a liberty of carrying out the popular will by filling appointments with the same. The purpose of the popular election was to give the supporters of a certain system of policy and economy, a fair opportunity of trying it. The majority judged that it should be tried. But if the opinion of the majority prevails at all, it should prevail entire, else it is of no force. Half measures, or

impeded measures—impeded by the personal opposition of members of the government, would not answer the end; when a party is in power, it must instate itself to the full, and rely upon the full efficacy of its policy to secure the favor of the nation, and not upon any *compromises*, or bribes to influential persons, who, in the end, would certainly thwart and traverse the measures of a government which they despise.

But while we advocate the filling of every office that carries a weight of political influence with it, by members of the prevailing party, in order that the policy and economy of the party may be fairly and fully tried, without thwart or hindrance, we do this upon grounds of common sense and common justice, and in fulfillment of the spirit of the constitution; making no concessions to those who advocate a system of rotation in office.

It is implied by the doctrine of rotation, that the office is created for the convenience and benefit of its incumbent, and not for that of the citizens at large. And because it were improper to favor one man more than another, therefore each man must at some time in his life enjoy an office.

Let us suppose for a moment that offices are in fact created for the benefit of those who hold them, in the nature of pensions and annuities. Unless they are equally distributed among all, they are converted into the most odious of all monopolies. The party who have just now lost their power, were divided into two factions, one monopolizing, the other demanding office. The latter faction is created by the opinion that there ought to be a rotation in office, and that those who have not "enjoyed" office should in their turn "enjoy" it. The opinion and the desire seem at first sight so very just and natural, and are held by some of our modern democrats in such a simple spirit, that they even declare their willingness to give the Whigs *their turn*; it being due to them that they take their turns with the rest. These simple-minded persons look upon offices as they do upon pensions and annuities, as benefits created for those who hold them, and they very justly conclude that those benefits should be enjoyed in rotation; but when it is perceived

that offices are *not* established for the benefit of their incumbents, the idea of a right to office, or a turn in office, vanishes quite away. It is then only necessary to inquire by what system of appointments the performance of official duties will be best secured; the offices being established for the public benefit, and not for the convenience of office-loving citizens.

We might, therefore, dismiss the argument from this doctrine of rotation at this point, and give ourselves no further trouble about it; but as the opportunity is too good to be passed by, we cannot refrain from mentioning a few of the absurd consequences that flow from it in practice. For, first it would happen, that if any system of rotation were established, the necessity of elections and appointments would be done away with, and each citizen would come to office in his turn, whether qualified or not. But as the number of offices is small, and that of citizens great, a vast number would lose their turns of appointments, the life of one man being an insufficient time for a complete rotation of all the citizens through every office in the commonwealth. And if, in consideration of this difficulty, it happens that a certain class or body of citizens are selected and set aside by law to hold office in rotation for their lives, they are thus constituted *a class* of office.

If, on the other hand, some of the citizens coming to their turns should pass them over, caring only for such offices as were very lucrative, it would be necessary to exclude them entirely; for, being on an equality with the others, they have no right to be picking and choosing.

The system of election is directly opposed in spirit to the system of rotation; for while election leaves it free to the electors to choose whom they think fit, and the party in power to appoint whom they think will best accomplish the designs of their constituents; rotation, on the other hand, takes away all power from the electors, and indeed from every one else, and leaves no remedy for malversation. And should a rotated official misbehave, it is a matter of no consequence; no impeachment can be brought against him, since the office was made for him, and not for the people, who have therefore no right to complain. Such are the

absurdities of rotation. It reduces government to a machine for extortion and monopoly, and defeats the true end of election, which is established in order that the interests of the people may be taken care of by those who are most likely to attend to them; namely, by those men who have acquired experience in public affairs, and have shown that they can hold office with credit and benefit to the commonwealth. Nothing, in a word, can be more opposite in idea than the having an equal right to office and an equal right to vote. While the people have a right to choose such an officer as they like, no man has any right to any office not conferred by their votes; nor can any principle of rotation be established without striking down at once the right of free election, the strongest safeguard of the popular liberties.

So much, then, for the argument from rotation; it seems unnecessary to add the inference, that no man ought to be ejected from office merely because he has held it for a long time. While an officer does his duty, he is a good officer; if he never, in any instance, impedes the accomplishment of the policy of the prevailing party, either because he does not care to do so, or because his station does not give him an opportunity of doing so, it is impolitic, perhaps unjust, to eject him, for anything that can be gathered from the argument of the rotationists.

The argument from party expediency, for the general ejection of all office-holders, is probably of much greater force in the minds of most men. By this argument, every office-holder is looked upon as a canvasser, and the expectants of office, who canvass before the general election, are supposed to have a superior claim to office in regard of the service they have rendered to the party. We are told that it would be dangerous to deny the validity of such claims, because of the necessity of securing an efficient body of canvassers to excite the people previous to an election. It is certain that a great number of canvassers, perhaps a fair majority of them, are stimulated by the hopes of office; it is even said that an election can be managed in no other way than by an organization stimulated and enlivened by the hopes of office; that as the office-holders of the

ruling party constitute of themselves a powerful and effective organization, contributing time, and money, and influence to the support of their own party, it can be met only by a similar organization, stimulated by the hopes, as the other is stimulated by the desire of retaining office. By such an organization, interest is opposed by equal interest, and the enemy are met with their own weapons.

Under the system in use with the old administration, a system which took its rise in the Jacobin clubs, and reached its perfection under the administration of Mr. Van Buren, every office-holder, and, in short, every expectant of favor from the government, was subject to a tax for election purposes. Office-holders contributed freely from their means, and will always contribute in proportion to their incomes, in order to secure themselves in office. If there were not, then, organization of this character, it is supposed by many, that the very considerable expenses of elections would not be met, and that if one party employs the system, the other must of necessity do the same; that as it is very certain that the party now out of power would, if they returned to power, eject every man from office who did not hold with them, it is but fair that they should themselves be ejected from their offices.

That these arguments will have the greatest weight with those persons who are most deeply engaged with party politics, that they will operate with a peculiar force upon the minds of all those who are expecting office under the new administration, may be well believed; nor will it seem possible, at first, to meet them, without venturing much farther into the region of theoretic and ethical politics than is prudent at the present juncture. If it can be proved beyond a doubt that no party can maintain itself in power for any length of time, except by the system of political proscription carried into every department of the government, it would indeed be idle to contend against it; but the necessity of such a system has not yet been demonstrated; it is by no means an unquestionable fact that those who are now in power owe their election to the exertions of those who expect office under them.

Among the influences which are most operative in effecting a change of popular opinion, we find three prominent :

First. The desire of the great interests of the country, of agriculture, of commerce, of mines and manufactures, and of the learned professions, to secure for themselves a government that will protect and sustain them. These interests expend money, time, and influence upon elections. Elections in England, to a great extent, are controlled by these interests. In our own country they are the great, if not the greatest, of those powers which are brought immediately to bear upon opinion, at the eve of an election.

Second. The interest of office, and of all those who depend upon the existing administration for their support. Previous to the establishment of universal suffrage in France, the number of office-holders and of pensionaries very nearly equalled, it is said, the entire number of national electors in the kingdom. To be an elector was to be an office-holder ; and the power of the government rested, through its entire extent, upon its patronage. It maintained itself by conferring office, and could not, but by bribery in this kind, have existed for a day. It bribed itself in. This system, pursued by Louis Philippe and his ministers, is perhaps the most complete example that has ever been, or ever will be, of this second means by which parties are maintained in power ; that it is the least reliable of all, even in its full efficacy, will not be denied by any person acquainted with the history of French politics during the reign of Louis Philippe.

Third. The influence of popular ideas—of schemes for the reformation of society, and of progress and revolution, in all their forms. These influences we have put last in order, although they are really of greater force than the second class named. When they are united with the two former, they acquire indeed an unnatural force. The reformer who not only seeks office, but who is able to identify himself with national interests, with the interests of commerce or of manufactures or of agriculture, or of the learned professions, is not only inspired himself with a peculiar and irresistible enthusiasm, but is able to give an air of sincerity and importance to his projects for reform, which communi-

cates itself to the imagination of those who listen to him. The experience of the reform parties in France and England, and, in general, of reform parties in all parts of the world, may enable the discerning politician to assign its true value to the force of enthusiasm, as compared with that of interest in the management of elections. For our own part, we are not inclined to put confidence in the success of any movement, that turns primarily upon reform enthusiasm. The most powerful of all enthusiasms, that of superstition, is ineffectual against the continued, unseen and silent pressure of interest : a party that means to endure, must ground itself upon the physical hopes and necessities of the middle classes of men, those whose property and whose affections are engaged in permanent industry, under the protection of permanent institutions. Masses of poverty and ignorance may be roused and agitated by eloquence and sympathy : that natural sympathy which unites the extremes of imaginative speculation with brute ignorance and ardor ; which brings the lowest grade of humanity into a momentary agreement with the highest ; but these movements, though vast and terrible, are like the swellings of a shallow sea, dashing over and submerging everything that rides upon its bosom. Witness the disasters of the radical and socialist parties in Europe of late years, and in former times ; or the no less eminent, though less ruinous, failures of the radical enthusiasts in England and Ireland. Witness the apparent strength, and, in times of trial, the real weakness and discord of the Abolition party in England. Opinion, taken by itself, has no binding or harmonizing quality ; it is upon INTERESTS, the life of society, the bond of union and the soul of the body politic, that the skillful party leader founds his movement ; enthusiasm is only an accessory to it.

Let us now inquire what means will be employed by the far-sighted politician to secure the triumph of his party. His first effort will be for a period of years, before the coming on of a general election, to diffuse through all ranks and in all parts of the country a knowledge of the common interests of all. He will, if possible, convince the agriculturist that his own interests are identical with those of the merchant

and manufacturer; he will discover to the learned professions the secret causes of their own decline, and show them by what great national measures their own prosperity and that of every species of industry may be secured. To the slaveholder he will impart a spirit of confidence in the Union and the Constitution; and while he will not hesitate to disclose to him the economical reasons of his losses and misfortunes, he will inspire him with a confidence in the forbearance of those whose religious and moral prejudices incline them against him; he will found all arguments upon wants, necessities and facts, and rarely or never upon magnificent hopes, or hypotheses of a better state; he will take care to let all men see that he is himself a man, and that the interests he advocates are his own interests; he will avoid, as ruinous, the reputation of a theorist, a metaphysician, or a fanatic; he will as carefully fly from the other extreme, and show in every word that he is no bigot; his enthusiasm will be sincere and ardent, but it will rarely assume the character of a partisan enthusiasm. And now, when the time has nearly arrived for the trial of the great question, and parties are coming to a distinct and final issue, he will find himself acting in harmony with the sense, the property, and the permanent wisdom of the nation. Such is the course of the skillful politician in all ages.

While the imagination is occupied with these, the solid means and true causes of political success, worthy as they are of the most dignified and the most intelligent minds, and while at the same time the sudden and terrible, though transient energy of reform movements is exciting the wonder of those even who are least

given to admiration; combinations of office-holders and office-seekers, founded on a handful of paltry interests and meagre hopes, without dignity, without magnanimity, in a word, without any moral value or permanent importance—such combinations shrink into a contemptible insignificance. It becomes evident, it becomes certain, that they are not of that value and importance which they seem to be of. That they *have* a value, no man will indeed pretend to deny, but that *these* interested combinations are the great levers by which the million are moved, it is absurd to suppose, even for an instant.

We have already pointed out the causes of the late successes of the Whigs; we have attributed them not to the efforts of an interested band of office-seekers, nor to the enthusiasm of reform movements; but solely to a conviction in the minds of those who represent the great interests of commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and all liberal pursuits, that the measures of the late administration, and of the party who elected them, were injurious to the country, and that therefore new men should be elected, who would allow the measures of the majority to have an unimpeded course. *The causes of the first successes of the party, must be relied on for its continuance in power. Should it resort to other means, and adopt the policy of its antagonists—the policy of indiscriminate proscription, its moral power will be lost, and it will no longer occupy the grand position which it now holds; of a party founded upon the wants and necessities of the people, and which makes the prosperity of the working classes, and not the mis-called “reward” of office-seekers, the true end and aim of its existence.*

HON. BENJAMIN F. PORTER.

A GENTLEMAN of the other party has furnished us with the following very agreeable account of Judge Porter, of Alabama, an engraving of whose portrait embellishes the present number. The characteristics of the man and politician are touched in, with so light and friendly a hand, we have preferred presenting them to our readers in extracts from the letter, just as they came. To have worked them into a formal biography, would have destroyed their agreeableness.

Our correspondent writes :

"I made the acquaintance of the Hon. Benjamin F. Porter in the summer of 1827, at Chester Court-house, South Carolina, and could not fail to mark the superiority of his manners, conversation, and deportment. Judge Porter was handsome, with a large and brilliant eye and jet-black hair, of slender person, and uncommonly neat and genteel in his appearance; evincing at once that he had been well educated and accustomed to the best society. The beauty of his chirography, his anxiety to acquire legal knowledge and to do justice to clients, was a general subject of observation among the professional gentlemen acquainted with him. When called upon to address the court or his fellow-citizens, there was a terseness of language, correctness of sentiment, and pertinency in his remarks, that produced an effect greatly in his favor, and furnished infallible indications of future usefulness.

"In June, 1828, Judge Porter married Miss Eliza Taylor Kidd, a young lady of most respectable parentage, small in her person, very pretty, quite young, yet endowed by nature with a large fund of good sense; of domestic and retired habits, and who had acquired in her education a liberal share of useful knowledge. In the general features of her character she was a counterpart of her husband; and her correctness of judgment and strength of mind, as well as good taste, were manifested by adventuring cheerfully into this matrimonial alliance. Slight obstacles

were raised, as I understood, by the parents of the young lady, perhaps arising from the youth and inexperience of the parties; but the affianced couple had made up their minds. The lady stole a march upon her friends; and the marriage took place on a June afternoon, under a tree, at a spring—a romantic spot—not far from the paternal residence, and in the presence of the setting sun and two or three select friends.

"Judge Porter was born in the city of Charleston, on the 16th day of September, 1808. His father, Benjamin Richardson Porter, of Irish descent on the father's side, was a native of the Island of Bermuda. His mother, Mrs. Eliza Porter—previously to her marriage, Miss Eliza Fickling—was, descended from a Welsh family, who had migrated to Carolina at the first settlement of Charleston. Owing to paternal embarrassments, Judge Porter was deprived of the advantages of an education; a circumstance by no means to be regretted, as it led to more strenuous exertions on his part for the acquisition of knowledge, when he subsequently became sensible of its importance. Much diversity of opinion obtains as to the advantages or favorable influence of being born with a 'silver spoon in one's mouth,' in reference to one's future destiny. A little reflection on the subject, and an examination of facts, will satisfy us that the chances of success, or of eminence, arising from the circumstances in life of our immediate ancestry, are about equal. If they incline either way, the happy medium desired by the Hebrew prophet, 'Give men either poverty nor riches,' is perhaps to be coveted. The acquisition of 'worldly goods' is certainly one inducement to youthful exertion and enterprise; and a desire to acquire them, in many instances, the guardian angel both of morals and reputation. But if the prize be beforehand thrust upon the young adventurer, all aspirations to future eminence are in danger of being stifled, and an apology.

almost invincible, furnished for the indulgence of mental indolence and unrestrained voluptuousness. In the dispensations of a kind Providence, Judge Porter in youth enjoyed the greatest of earthly blessings, the care of a pious mother, who planted deep, in the soil of a susceptible heart, the germ of piety, and watered it with anxious tears; watching its buddings with a solicitude which none but mothers feel, and none but grateful sons appreciate. Such was the feeble and precarious state of his health at this period, arising from a constitutional debility which clung to him almost to manhood, that his appearance excited the sympathy of beholders; indicating with unerring certainty, as was supposed, habits of confirmed consumption, and all pointing to premature death and an early grave. But whether arising from some latent principle of vitality, or a mild and propitious climate, the care of a judicious mother, or perhaps a union of all these causes, as Judge Porter increased in years, and his mental powers and bodily vigor became successfully developed, his health became generally confirmed, and he may now enjoy anticipations of living to a reasonably advanced age.

"Having spent a year or more in a counting-house, Judge Porter, at the age of fifteen, was placed in the employment of Dr. Thomas Legare, one of the most respectable men engaged in the medical profession in Charleston. This step, I am inclined to think, exerted a most favorable influence upon his future character. He was here at once introduced into a field where he could collect at his leisure a vast body of useful information, and was also restrained from allowing a mind, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, to be diverted towards frivolous pursuits and useless studies. Natural science, chemistry, botany, zoology, anatomy, and a knowledge of materia medica and pharmacy, were studies in the acquisition of which facilities were rendered him; and our young student did not hesitate to avail himself of the advantages of his situation. In a short time he acquired a fund of most valuable information, the benefits of which he felt long and sensibly afterwards, and which aided him greatly in the prosecution of those literary researches to which he was devoted. The bar of Charleston, at this

time, furnished in its members some shining examples of proficiency in logic, legal learning, and elocution. Visiting the courts of justice frequently, Judge Porter was captivated with the forensic discussions to which he was often an attentive and willing listener. Filled with a generous ambition, he, as soon as circumstances permitted, entered the law office of William Crafts, Esq., a gentleman who at that time enjoyed an extensive and enviable celebrity as a poet and orator, and who united to these a practical knowledge of both the statute and common law, as administered in the courts of South Carolina. The business of Mr. Crafts was also extensive; and such was the rapid progress of his pupil in acquiring the various branches of a legal education, that in 1825 he was admitted, by the Court of Appeals, an attorney and counsellor at law and solicitor in chancery, with authority to practise in any of the courts of law and equity in his native State.

"In December, 1830, Judge Porter removed with his family to Claiborne, Alabama; and his talents being by his new acquaintances justly appreciated, he was chosen, at the general election in 1833, to represent Monroe County in the popular branch of the State Legislature. Such was the favorable impression made upon the General Assembly, upon his first appearance in that body, that he was subsequently, in 1834, elected to the office of Reporter of the Supreme Court, an office at that time vacated by the resignation of G. N. Stewart, Esq. He was also elected Judge of the County Court of Monroe County, and continued a member of the House of Representatives and Judge of the County Court until he ceased to be a citizen of the county. In 1835 he took up his residence at the capital; and in 1837 was chosen by the people of Tuscaloosa County to represent them in the Legislature, and served in that capacity also in '38, '39, and again in 1842. In 1840 he was appointed Judge of the Circuit Court for the Mobile District, the duties of which he discharged with great approbation to the people of that city, but which he resigned at the close of the year. It may be mentioned, as an evidence of superior industry, that during the time he held the office of Reporter, fifteen

volumes were published by him, nine of which bear his own name, and six of which are entitled 'Stewart and Porter,' from the fact that the cases contained in them were decided during the time Mr. Stewart held the appointment.

"It will easily be imagined that under a government where every man feels a personal interest in the administration of public affairs, Judge Porter, from his peculiar temperament, warm and ardent, would almost insensibly find himself connected, more or less intimately, with the discussion and management of political questions, and the organization of parties. The exciting questions that several years since arose out of the controversy between the State of South Carolina and the general government, also rendered such a connection on its part inevitable. The protective system, against the oppression of which South Carolina had for many years remonstrated, having in 1832 reached its most obnoxious state of alleged rigor, that State, by a general convention, declared the whole protective policy to exist in derogation of the Constitution, and its various enactments therefore void and no law, and that after a certain day specified in an ordinance to that effect, no more taxes levied on the part of the general government should be paid in that State. This movement threatened an immediate and hostile collision between the two governments. Judge Porter was not unmindful of his duty as a true son of South Carolina. In December, 1833, he introduced resolutions in the House of Representatives of Alabama, expressing, in unambiguous language, a determination to sustain the State of South Carolina, in case an armed conflict grew out of her resistance to the oppressions of the federal legislature. These resolutions, although they were not adopted by the Legislature of Alabama, yet served to place their author in the front rank of the State Rights party, a position which, with uniform consistency and energy, he has since that time occupied. In the presidential canvass of 1840 he took an active and efficient part in favor of the election of Gen. Harrison, and was successively president of the Young Men's Whig Convention, and of the General State Whig Convention, of that year.

"The benefits which the Whig party, who

were successful in the election of General Harrison to the presidency, flattered themselves would flow to the people of the United States, in raising the agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of the country from the depression in which they were sunk by the financial mismanagement of preceding administrations, failed to be realized, in consequence of the death of the President elect, almost immediately after his inauguration; and the refusal of his successor to afford his sanction to the measures esteemed, by the two houses of Congress, necessary to produce that effect. The result of this disagreement between two co-ordinate branches of the federal government, was the overthrow of the Whig party, and the ascendancy of their opponents in the popular branch of the federal legislature, at the succeeding congressional election. All eyes in the South were now turned to Mr. Calhoun, the South Carolina Senator, formerly Vice President of the United States; and who had gained a high reputation for wisdom, patriotism, and disinterestedness throughout the Union, as a statesman eminently qualified to fill the presidential chair. In this movement, as was natural, Judge Porter engaged with his usual energy of character, under the impression that it was the policy of the Whig party to effect a division of the Democratic party, between Calhoun and Van Buren, as the only means of defeating the latter; but the friends of Mr. Calhoun having unwisely pledged themselves to abide by a nomination to be made by a general convention of the political party of which he was a member, to be held at Baltimore; the friends of Mr. Van Buren, ejected from the presidency in 1840, arranged the measures preliminary to the meeting of that assembly, in a manner so unsatisfactory, that Mr. Calhoun felt himself bound to prohibit the use of his name in the proposed convention. Mr. Clay, having been long a favorite with the Whig party, was then, by common consent, received as the Whig candidate; and a choice being now confined to Messrs. Clay and Van Buren, Judge Porter was not long in coming to a conclusion to which of the competitors to yield his support. He took the field with enthusiasm in favor of Mr. Clay; and his determination was everywhere received

with acclamations by the Whig party, who became unanimous in their preference for the distinguished Kentuckian. Judge Porter's opinions, during this canvass, upon the tariff policy, which were expressed and advocated with a boldness equalled by no politician of the section of the State where he resides, were, that Congress having ascertained, in good faith, the necessary amount of revenue, had a right to discriminate, in the assessment of duties, in favor of the industry of the country.

"No man in the State of Alabama, of the age of Judge Porter, has acquired a higher reputation at the bar. His appearance is commanding; and a stranger does not hesitate to perceive, at once, the superior air of intelligence that both his physiognomy and person indicate. His voice is clear and harmonious; his enunciation distinct; his language chaste and select, and there is a calmness and candor in his introductory remarks that conciliate the favorable opinion of his audience. His arguments demonstrate also, that the facts, as well as the law, bearing upon his case, have been well studied. There is no unmanly trick, no mean resort, no cunning subterfuge, or legal chicanery, discoverable in the management of his cases.

'Ars est celare artem.'

"In his deportment and bearing at the bar, he unites the character of a sound lawyer to that of a candid, honorable, and high-minded gentleman; and his legal erudition, imbued with sound philosophy, is always compatible with the principles of immutable justice. In his general appearance, and the distinctive features of his elocution, Judge Porter more nearly assimilates those of the late General Harper, of Baltimore, than any other public speaker with whom it has been my fortune to be acquainted. I heard General Harper in Philadelphia, in the spring of 1824, on the subject of African colonization; and know the high opinion generally entertained of his merits and accomplishments as an orator. I may add, that General Harper was a native of South Carolina, and for many years stood in the front rank of jurists and civilians in Maryland and Pennsylvania; as a forensic orator he was excelled by few of his contemporaries in the United States.

"In private life, Judge Porter is indeed exemplary. By nature, bland, affable and courteous, he wins golden opinions from all ranks of men who come within the attractive influences of his orbit. No violation of decorum—no impulse of passion—no harshness of invective—no severity of reproach—is permitted to sully the purity of his most excited addresses, or disturb a temperament unusually serene and placid. The uniform dignity and correctness of his deportment are the highest evidences of a mind uncommonly well balanced. Liberal to a fault, his ear is never deaf to the language of entreaty, nor his heart callous to the claims of humanity. In acts of beneficence to his friends, personal considerations are never consulted, and in his pecuniary dealings the measure of justice is always heaped and overflowing. Devout without bigotry, and conscientious without ostentation, his life is a model of the practical effect of religious sentiment fervently embraced, while mysteries and metaphysics are relinquished by him to the ingenuity of polemics. Having the care of a widowed mother and mother-in-law, with dependent families providentially cast upon him in early life, his promptness in the performance of duty, and the cheerfulness with which he discharged the onerous obligation, are both proofs and illustrations of filial piety. As a parent, and the head of an interesting and numerous family, Judge Porter cannot be too highly appreciated. Unlike the ungracious pastors spoken of by the poet, he does not point out the steep and thorny path to heaven, while he is himself indulging in the primrose path of dalliance and sensual pleasure. By commendable restraint, abstinence and self-denial, he sets an amiable example before them of purity, moral excellence, unremitting perseverance, and untiring industry. His domestic circle appears a little paradise, to be emulated and envied, and he enjoys in an eminent degree all the advantages of social intercourse.

"In '46, Judge Porter, after an absence of eighteen years from the place of his birth, visited the city of Charleston, and was received with the warm affection so eminently due to a son worthy of the best wishes of a gratified mother. In May, 1848, in again visiting his maternal city,

he was prevailed upon to give utterance to the feelings of attachment and veneration entertained by him for South Carolina. As his speech delivered before the Association of the Friends of Irish Independence contains also a succinct statement of his position as a politician during the memorable struggle in which South Carolina threw off the burthens of the Tariff policy, a short extract from it will not be inappropriate here. The extract furnished may also be considered a fair specimen of the usual extemporary style of Judge Porter as a public speaker.

“Very powerful sensations agitate me at the idea of addressing a Charleston audience. I am here, in the city of my birth, amidst scenes and before faces, recalling most interesting recollections, after an absence of twenty years. If, according to my friend’s undeserved compliments, my name has been heard of by you, and reached beyond my residence in my adopted state, it has been altogether owing to the fact, that all I have done, in all I have said, in every one of my transactions as a public man or citizen, I have kept constantly before my mind the brilliant example of South Carolina. (Cheers.) In my early youth, I tore myself from you, reluctantly. I left you, with no distrust of your institutions, no fears of your justice; but you know that, when poverty presses heavily upon the mind of a young person, despair takes the place of confidence, and we feel less at ease among our friends than with strangers. It thus becomes a part of our nature to seek in foreign lands, a theatre on which to display whatever energy we possess, and where we can be stimulated to greater exertions in the objects of life. Though long identified with another State, I am sure I have never ceased, for a moment, to feel the greatest affection for the land of my childhood. In no period of my life, have I forgotten how much I owe, for every success which has attended my exertions, in professional, political, or private life, to the lofty fame of my native State, and to the examples afforded in the lives and characters of her illustrious sons. Sir, it has been the highest reach of my ambition, whenever fortune has given me the power to indicate a course of conduct for my adopted State, to endeavor to inscribe upon her institutions,

the institutions of South Carolina; to engraft upon her politics the principles of your constitution, which affords such security to civil and religious rights; of those laws which are so venerable from age; of those manners, which dignify life and impress all its relations with most refined sentiments, and most benevolent actions. (Cheers.) Sir, I felt most sensibly the differences which existed, during the period of your great controversy with the General Government: and I trust the reference I now make to them will not be considered indelicate, or revive the slightest painful sensation. The sons of South Carolina were, all of us, in Alabama, on the side of this State. Not that we intended to commit ourselves fully to every abstract doctrine which was pressed by your statesmen. We never felt the necessity of deciding a question merely of reason in that contest. All that we knew or cared to know was, that South Carolina was in danger; all that we trusted ourselves to feel, was for her safety. Our first, our last emotion was to return and strike for the State; our highest resolve was, to come back and array ourselves against the the side of military coercion. Hundreds of us were under a solemn pledge to this purpose; not for the political question, but for South Carolina. Had the opposition of the General Government been to Union men, our course would have been the same. The same ardor, the same love for our birthplace, the same veneration for your noble institutions, the same affection for your people, the same detestation of the principle of military force against a free people, would have prompted us to arrange ourselves in your ranks, and given up our lives for your protection. (Cheers.) Mr. President, I have touched upon this topic, less to revive an unpleasant recollection of it, than to congratulate you that the embers of controversy are extinguished; to express my satisfaction at finding you now all united in a measure, which is designed to lay the broad foundations of liberty in other lands.”

“From this extract it will be perceived that Judge Porter does not place his sympathy with South Carolina, evinced in 1832, on the ground of a perfect harmony and agreement with her in political sentiment, but upon the ground of his filial

relation to her. What would be thought of a son who, at the moment of a threatened assault upon a beloved parent would stop to make inquiry into the origin of the controversy, or form a judgment of its merits? Judge Porter, like a true son of South Carolina, when an assault from the hand of brute violence was impending over his native State, prepared himself to rush into the thickest of the fight, and to receive as well as give blows in the unequal contest. His course of conduct in the estimation of every right-minded man must redound to the lasting honor of Judge Porter, and no argument of inconsistency can be derived from this circumstance to impugn his general character as a Whig politician, or his fidelity to the Whig cause. Judge Porter, during the pendency before the country of the various issues on these subjects, was the invariable friend of a revenue tariff, a national currency, and a judicious system of public improvement, under the patronage and control of the federal government, and his splendid exertions made during the campaign of '44, were eminently productive in scattering rays of light in thick and fast succession on these subjects in the State of Alabama. Judge Porter's politics are decidedly national, catholic and American. He does not hesitate, on every suitable occasion to evince a cordial opposition to the anti-social and anti-federal tendencies of

many of the junior politicians of the South, and his confidence in the integrity of the North on the excitable subject of slavery has been frequently expressed.

"In the midst of a large and widely extended practice at the bar, and numerous political engagements, Judge Porter has yet found opportunity for cultivating the society of the muses. His review of Howitt's *Homes of the Poets*—An appeal to the Whigs of the Union for the sake of the Union, in the pages of the *American Review*; his essays on the Civil Law, Cicero, Burr's life, British Reviewers, Criminal Law, &c. &c., in the *Southern Quarterly*—and various articles in *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine and Commercial Review*, are evidence of uncommon industry on his part, and exhibit him in a point of light decidedly advantageous as a political writer, and the votary of elegant letters.

"As a member of the State legislature, he is unwearied in the cause of humanity and reform. His exertions to secure the abolition of imprisonment for debt—to secure separate estates for women—to protect the homestead of the family from seizure and sale for the debts of an improvident head—in the cause of education and internal improvement—are noble monuments of the proper application of talents to the accomplishment of great and worthy objects."

PASSION.

ON that a low-born thought would not intrude,
 Or earthly come in heavenly worship's place!
 I saw her where a temple's arches brood—
 I saw her near a marble column's base
 That lent a warmer beauty to her face,
 And made a softer home her bosom nude.
 No rose-bloom, from a window's pictured pane,
 Blushed on her face, as on fair Madeline;
 No sunbeam found her in that holy fane;
 But, like an alabaster cup of wine,
 She seemed from inner rosiness to shine—
 Her hair a living daylight to retain;
 She burned and burned, upon my giddy eye—
 The evening planet, fallen from the sky!

THE TRAVELLING TUTOR.

CHAPTER IV.

shades of evening had fallen upon
 lley, and the pale moon, casting her
 d beams upon the rippled bosom of
 untain stream, tipped with a silvery
 e every circling eddy in its current.
 yriad stars, gleaming in the cloud-
 y, seemed like the eyes of countless
 odied spirits keeping watchful guard
 e world, now buried in slumbering
 ; and among the green blades of
 assy turf the glowworm, with his
 mps, seemed to emulate the bril-
 of the mighty heavens, while the
 flitting on light and nimble wing,
 he greenwood sparkle with unnum-
 mimic meteors, darting from shrub
 ver, and illumining with evanes-
 ashes the solemn darkness of the
 ting woods. The feathered song-
 f the grove had hushed their merry
 igs, and the shrill grasshopper still
 his sprightly chirrupings, and ever
 on the piercing note of the night-
 oused with its discordant tones the
 of slumbering Nature.

as one of those glorious nights in
 the care-worn spirit feels gently
 y over it the calm and tranquil in-
 of Nature's loveliness; soothing
 into repose, and arousing, in the
 bowed down with woe, glad hopes
 pier days in the bright world be-
 he stars; in which the anguished
 r, gazing into the noble expanse of
 angled firmament, loves to dream
 e spirits of the dead are looking
 upon him from their home in heav-
 id pictures in the soft breathings of
 ening wind the voices of the angel
 bearing to his willing ear sweet
 of hope and solace to his woe-worn

For amid all the turmoils and
 urning of human strife the face of
 ever presents the same heavenly
 of serene and perfect beauty; let
 heart be never so sad, creation

wears the same unvarying smile, and, like
 the merry partner of a moping husband,
 strives to win him back to happiness and
 peace. Well indeed would it be for the
 world, if men would more willingly lend
 ear to the majestic tones which are borne
 upon the crashing thunder amid the whirl
 of elemental strife, and listen more reve-
 rently to the gentle whispers which float
 upon the soft autumnal breeze; for these
 are indeed the voice of Heaven. In all the
 wondrous beauties of creation, the pious
 heart recognizes the mighty hand of the
 Eternal, and reads the noble lessons with
 which Nature strives to lead back the err-
 ing soul to virtue.

Such influences, however, failed to reach
 the hearts of Rushton and Lord Arthur
 Ellerton, who were at that moment re-
 clining in the shade of a projecting rock,
 the base of which reached almost to the
 river's brink. No one who listened for a
 few moments to their conversation could
 fail to perceive that they were intent upon
 a scheme of villany; and although Lord
 Arthur's resolution seemed to be often con-
 quered for a moment by some qualms of
 conscience, these rays of virtuous purpose
 were but evanescent flashes, and held but
 brief empire over his mind.

At length, after a silence broken only
 by the plashing of the rippling current,
 as it danced merrily over its rocky bed,
 Lord Arthur said, "Look out, Rushton,
 and tell me whether you can see any one
 approaching."

"Not a shadow; but the moon has this
 moment passed under a cloud, and it is
 not very easy to distinguish. At nine, I
 think you said, she was to meet you?"

"Yes; and now I almost hope she may
 not come. Such innocence, such confid-
 ing love, makes my perfidy appear the
 more atrocious. You say you have all in
 readiness?"

"Everything; it is impossible that we
 should not succeed. Within fifty yards of
 this spot our horses are now waiting to

convey us beyond the reach of pursuit. It only remains for you to try and persuade her to become the companion of your flight; since you will insist upon trying persuasion first, instead of adopting my safer plan, and carrying her off without parley."

"But should she refuse?"

"We have gone too far to retreat. If she should escape us, and inform these fellows of our attempt, we should have the whole mountain horde upon us, and our lives would not be worth half an hour's purchase."

"Oh! Rushton, I wish I had never consented to this villany. Let us abandon the whole scheme. I will sue her honorably to become my wife, and then"—

"Become the outcast of your family, the despised of your friends, the ridicule of your old associates. Pshaw! cast aside these idle scruples, and do credit to your education by showing yourself free from such craven qualms. You! one of the *roués* of the West End—the pride of Crockford's, and the darling of Almack's—and yet afraid to carry off a peasant girl!"

"Yes, yes, Rushton, I suppose you are right. And yet I confess that I wish we had never come here. I know that I have plunged deeply into the tide of dissipation; but to betray such love, such innocence, seems to me almost a crime."

"Are you content then to resign the pursuit; to abandon your fair enslaver to become the wife of some honest bandit, or the prey of some less scrupulous intriguer?"

"No, the thought of that were madness! Are you sure that we are safe from the chance of successful pursuit?"

"Everything has been done to secure our safety in flight. But you are not generally so fearful."

"No, no. I am not afraid; but my heart is ill at ease, and conscience makes me a coward. If these fellows should take us, I should be more afraid to encounter their looks than to meet their poignards."

"You may be sure that if we have the ill luck to suffer the one, the other will soon follow. But so far fortune has already smiled upon us. This very day a party of dragoons has tracked to their some of the mountain robbers; and as

most of the honest inhabitants of this valley are in some way connected with the pursuits of these gentry, they have fled in all directions. Ah! some one is coming down the valley. As I live, it is the fair Elenor herself. Now I will leave you, and remember, you are to lead her in the direction in which you see me go. Be firm, and recollect that if you falter you endanger not only our success, but our lives!" And, so saying, Rushton disappeared rapidly among the trees.

Lord Arthur had no time for thought, for no sooner had his companion left him than he was joined by a lovely girl, tripping lightly along with almost fairy footsteps, the sight of whom at once caused passion to extinguish in his heart all the impulses of remorse. Her figure was *petite*, but, though slightly formed, it was exquisitely moulded, and presented, in the picturesque garb of her country, a perfect model of rustic gracefulness. Her features would not have been deemed handsome by a connoisseur, but she had the clear olive complexion of her sunny clime, into which love had summoned a rosy blush which warmed it into glowing beauty, and from the depths of her liquid eyes shone forth the full radiance of a true woman's heart. Her beauty was a grace, not of form but of soul; and the joyous steps with which she now approached her lover, and the timid yet confiding fondness with which she placed her little hand in his, and raised her blushing cheek to receive his tender greeting, told at once all the history of her loving, trusting heart.

"My sweet Elenor, I feared you had forgotten your promise to bless me with so much happiness."

"Nay, Arthur, you should not have distrusted me. Indeed, I could not join you earlier. The soldiers are lurking in every dell, and ambushed in every ravine, and even now it is at the peril of my safety that I have kept my word."

"Devoted girl! to see you once again repays me for all anxieties; though it makes me the more heart-broken to think we are so soon to part forever."

"To part forever! Oh! do not alarm me with such dreadful words; you cannot mean to leave me; me, who love you so dearly, and will cherish you in my heart so truly?"

"Alas, Elenor! I cannot escape from a fate which to me is worse than death. This very night I must leave this happy valley, and retrace my steps to England."

"But you will soon return?"

"Perhaps that may be impossible, but even if I should, it will only be to find you the wife of some happier man."

"Arthur, dear Arthur, you do not know my heart, or you would not wrong me by such suspicions. In the warm heart of an Italian maiden, love is not the idle fancy of a passing hour; it is her soul, it is her life. The sanctuary in which your loved Elenor has found a shrine can admit no other divinity; the empire over which you reign can own no new supremacy. Ah! Arthur, you cannot believe that I love you, or you would not doubt my truth. You say that we must part; and though it should break my heart to lose you, I would not ask you to remain, if absence would secure your happiness. But do not think that you will be forgotten; though you may suffer the remembrance of poor Elenor to pass from your recollection, you will still be my life, my soul, my existence. Waking, your image shall be my only idol; sleeping, your shadow shall alone gladden my lonely dreams; living, I will cherish your memory with undying love; dying, a prayer for your happiness will be breathed in the last accents of expiring existence!"

"My sweet Elenor! we will live, then, in the hope of future happiness, when the gloom which now lowers around our destiny shall be chased away by the bright sunshine of joy. And see, dearest, the moon breaking from her bed of silvery clouds, gives omen of our happy days to come. Let this last evening at least be sacred to love. The cool breeze which wafts its balmy breath from yonder hills seems to invite us to wander beside the mountain streamlet, whose course is now as troubled as our own fate, but which will soon expand into the calmly gliding river, foreshadowing our joyous destiny. Come, dear Elenor, for one hour at least let us defy the frowns of fortune." And circling with his arm her slender, graceful waist, he led her unresistingly along the path which skirted along the margin of the woods, pouring into her ear the while sweet words of hopeful love, upon

which she hung with all the absorbing devotion of her pure and guileless heart.

For a few brief moments all was still. But scarcely had the retreating shadows of the two wanderers disappeared among the trees, when a few shots fired in quick succession broke the solemn silence of the night, and Beppo, swinging himself from shrub to shrub with well-practised dexterity, descended the hillside with the agility of the mountain roe. Reaching the valley, he prepared himself for yet further flight; but at that moment a piercing shriek struck upon his ear, whose well-remembered tones sent the warm blood coursing in a fiery torrent to his heart. Again and again the cry arose, and Elenor, her hair flying wildly in the breeze, and her face pallid with alarm, came running rapidly along the valley, followed by Rushton, whose swift footsteps gained quickly upon his retreating prey. She saw him; with a wild cry of joy she bent her steps towards him; in another moment she would have been in his arms; in an instant the ball from Beppo's levelled pistol would have sent the soul of the dastardly assailant to its long home beyond the grave. But at that moment the well-directed aim of a trooper's carbine, discharged from the hill above, sent the bandit reeling to the earth; the soldiers, pouring down the hillside, gathered around him, and secured his limbs with cords, while his senses were yet steeped in stupor from the sudden shock of his wound; and when Beppo again woke to recollection and started to his feet in mad frenzy, at the remembrance of the scene which had last met his view, the wild shrieks of Elenor had almost died away into silence among the distant hills.

CHAPTER V.

Again Time had winged his eager flight over the lapse of three revolving years. Three years! Small item in the great account of eternity, yet to some a lifetime of despair. Three years! To the voluptuary, but a moment for enjoyment; to the favorite of fortune, but an hour for happiness; yet to the poor, friendless outcast, an age of speechless agony. Three years!

To the flippant fancy of those who weigh the destinies of others in the balance of their earthly justice, a term of suffering almost too short to be assigned to the meanest offender against their laws; yet to the mourner, an age of misery; to the lone and desolate, a century of undying woe.

The great world of London lay hushed and cradled in uneasy slumber. In the lordly palaces of the silent city, the high and mighty ones of the land—the titled favorites of fortune, around whom wealth had strewn her glittering treasure, dreamed, with fitful starts, then waking visions of avarice and ambition. In the pauper hovels of the obscure and crowded alleys, where the pure air of heaven never fans the pallid cheek of stunted and decrepit childhood, but filth, and want, and woe, vegetate in an atmosphere of corruption, the poor, tossing on their uneasy pillows, dreamed of happy and contented homes, and wholesome food and ample raiment—never, alas! to be realized in their wakeful hours; and in the dark and gloomy cells of the felon's prison, the convict rattled the heavy chains which manacled his aching limbs, as before his sleeping fancy rose bright visions of the cheerful fireside, and kindly looks, and loving words, which had gladdened his stainless infancy, now fled, to return no more. High and low, rich and poor—all revelled in the world of visions. In the disordered fancies of many slumberers dark forms of vicious passion sprung into wild developments, and evil phantoms grinned upon their repose; but around many young, sleeping heads, wreathed other and more hopeful fancies; and many gentle hearts, shrining in their visions the idols of their young affections, dreamed dreams of love, and innocence, and peace, such as might make the weeping angels, who mourn in their high homes the vices of a selfish world, smile, and bless the dreamers as they slept.

London slept! Yet not all its denizens were wrapped in slumber. In the dark and narrow streets which skirt the haunts of vice, the thief lurked in obscurity, watching for some stray traveller who might become his prey; close to the walls of great houses, whose outward aspect spoke of wealth within, the burglar crept, with soft and stealthy footsteps, to pursue his fear-

ful and unholy trade; and in the wide avenues, where splendid buildings reared their sculptured fronts, and the bright gas-lamps rivalled the brilliance of the open day, the wretched beings who spread a moral pestilence among men, and lay around their steps their dreadful snares, as if to avenge upon the race the cruel wrongs which caused their early fall from virtue, swept along, arrayed in flaunting finery, laughing the hollow laugh of vice; too often, alas! hiding beneath the gaudy mask without, an endless store of aching woe and bitterness within.

In one of the streets, in the fashionable quarter of St. James's, there is, or was, not long ago, a house of staid and decorous aspect, possessing, externally, no features likely to attract a stranger's notice; and as, on the night to which our history now carries us, the shutters were closed, and no signs of wakeful existence were apparent to the closest observer, a passer-by would have been inclined (if he took any notice of it all, which it is most likely he would not) to set it down, at once, as the abode of some inoffensive citizen, who had followed at least one of the precepts of that golden rule, commonly prescribed to infancy as the unfailing key to the attainment of vigorous constitutions, large fortunes, and oracular wisdom, by retiring early to repose.

The light of the tall gas-lamp which reared its head before the door of this building fell, about two hours after midnight, upon two individuals who approached the house, and, after glancing cautiously up and down the street, gave three soft and peculiar taps upon the door. A slide, which covered a little grating in the panel, so small and well-concealed that it would have passed unnoticed, save by a very careful observer, was quickly but noiselessly drawn back, and a watchful eye peered out upon the new comers. Apparently, the result of the inspection was satisfactory, for the door was softly opened, though only wide enough to allow the ingress of one person, and the two visitors passed through the narrow opening, and entered an ill-lighted hall. At the end of this, another door interposed to bar their progress; but, at a few words from the man who had first admitted them, this was opened also, and, ascending the narrow

re, they entered the principal apart-

was a small, but sufficiently lofty room, lighted by a hanging gas-lamp, the four burners of which green threw the full glare of brilliance on the table below. The furniture behabits of luxurious occupancy. Soft lighted the walls; and all the appli- were upon a scale of elegant and splendor. But the atmosphere was stifling; the closed windows exclu- every breath of pure air; and the crowd of occupants combined with ring lights to make the heat insuf-

There were all gathered round the table centre of the room, except one leth- argic visitor, who, having imbibed more rough of the generous wine which stood in crystal decanters upon the side- table, had fallen on the floor, and lay, his head resting on the sofa, in undisturbed ; and another, who, with pallid and bloodshot eyes, and hands clenched in the mute agony of despair, sat staring wildly on vacancy, apparently un- conscious of all that passed around him. The rest all bent over the table, watch- ing the progress of the play, with an anxiety of men whose fate hung on the issue of the game.

It would have been a curious study, to observe the varied aspects of those who were crowded together in this den, and to dis- tinguish the infinitely diversified shades of character which presented themselves on every side. There was the jolly coun- try squire, who had been decoyed into en- tering the house by the questionable man- nion, who stood beside him, and kind- ly managed his play," and at whose ; and advice he staked and lost his money mechanically, gaping around the in wondering astonishment at the mess and novelty of the scene before him. There was the professed gambler, who made his living in such haunts—cool, and calculating; of polished bear- ing, with gleams of native vulgarity ; through his artificial covering of ; gaily dressed in the extreme of fashion, and his fingers heavy with of questionable metal. There was a clerk, who had appropriated his em- ployer's money to risk upon the hazard of

the game, and whose anxious eye was now fixed nervously upon the progress of the play, awaiting, in agonized expectation, the coming crisis of his fate. Could a calm observer have scanned the hearts of all this motley throng, and read the secrets that were there enshrined, how dark a page would he have perused in the book of fate! how many entries would have met his eye, which would have made the blood run cold within his veins, and chilled his heart with misery!

But there were no calm observers there; all were lost in the wild whirl of tumultu- ous excitement; none had any eyes but for the game before them; any ear, but for the sounds which told them whether they had lost or won. Now and then, some poor ruined wretch would rush from the table, and throwing himself upon the sofa, clench and twine his hands in his dis- ordered hair, abandoning himself to ago- nized despair; while others, who saw the gulf of ruin yawning wide before them, yet lacked the resolution to spring back from the margin of the abyss, hurried to the wine-bottle, and fed their frenzy with draughts, which poured upon their mad- dened brains like oil upon a blazing fire. Curses and execrations were borne upon every breath; obscene jests and blasphe- mous ribaldries passed from mouth to mouth; infuriated gamblers, raising the wine-cup to their lips, heard a new loss proclaimed, and dashed the untasted gob- let wildly on the floor; while others, flush- ed with wine, and elated with success, gave vent to their glee in boisterous and unruly merriment. All was tumult, riot, and de- bauchery—a living image of an earthly hell!

The new comers were of a class some- what superior to those who were already gathered within the apartment; but each man was so absorbed in the chances of his own game, that their entrance passed al- most unobserved. The elder was a tall, handsome man, the expression of whose face bespoke the thorough and hardened libertine; but the younger, though he bore on his countenance sad traces of dissipa- tion, was yet of nobler mould, and, though he seemed but too much habituated to such scenes as those in which he was now an actor, looked as if formed for better things. But he appeared to abandon him-

self entirely to the guidance of his companion, and now threw himself on the sofa beside him, with an air of careless and uncasy negligence.

In a little while they rose and joined the gamesters at the table. For a time they played carelessly, as if rather to dissipate *ennui* than to tempt the smiles of fortune; but soon the flushed cheek and kindling eye of the younger player betokened a deeper interest. He staked higher: he lost. Again and again he doubled his hazard, and each time fortune frowned. Curses on the dice! Will the luck never change? He flew to the bottle; poured down his parched and burning throat brimming goblets of the fiery wine, which inflamed yet more ardently his burning brain, and then—back to the game again, with redoubled energy. Hours flew by like minutes. With the mad fury of desperation, he laid at last upon the board a stake so high that the pallid gamblers forgot for an instant the interest of their own play, and watched, in hushed and breathless silence, the hazard of his cast. Another moment, and, with a wild and agonized cry, he rushed from the table, and throwing himself on the sofa, buried his face in his hands, in abject misery.

All this time his companion had remained a passive spectator; occasionally staking small sums, but never venturing upon a larger hazard. He watched with a curious eye the maddened energy with which the young man played, and a careful observer might have detected many significant looks of intelligence which passed between the proprietor of the bank and himself, as stake after stake was swept off the board in rapid and terrible succession. But now he approached his friend, and made an effort to induce him to resume his play.

"Come," he said, touching him on the shoulder, "do not give up yet. Another throw, and you will retrieve all your losses."

"Away! tempter," cried the young man, shrinking from him, "it is to you I owe my ruin."

"Pshaw! man, a mere run of ill luck, which must soon have a change. Ruined! while the dice still rattle, and Fortune still has smiles to greet her votaries?"

"Never! I have forsworn the gaming table forever."

"What folly! Come, give fortune another trial. This very day you may retrieve all your losses. Your stakes upon the event of the Derby are enormous."

"If I lose, I am dishonored."

"But if you win, you may defy forever the caprices of fortune. Come, let us leave this close and stifling atmosphere; a breath of pure air will put you in good spirits. Never be disheartened, man; life is all ups and downs, and we must all expect to be in the mire sometimes."

He put his arm through his companion's and led him down the staircase. As the door opened, and the cool breath of morning fanned their burning brows, each almost started to see how hollow and haggard looked the other's cheeks in the brilliance of the early daylight.

On the door-step a swarthy, ill-dressed man, whose hand-organ, resting on the pavement beside him, sufficiently indicated the miserable means by which he gained his precarious subsistence, had laid him down to sleep in utter weariness and exhaustion. The elder of the two kicked him, and gruffly bade him rise. The man roused himself with a grumbling malediction, and turned slowly to depart. But what is this? What means that change, as his eyes rest upon them, from a dogged look of obstinacy, to a wild glare of terrible revenge? Why put his hand mechanically in his bosom, as if in search of some accustomed weapon, and, finding none, clench his fists and scowl at them like a living demon?

The pair walked together to the corner of the street. "At Epsom, then, to-day?" said the elder as they parted.

Why does the strange man gaze so fiercely after them? Why start as if he would have pursued them, and then, as he hears their parting greeting, pause as if a sudden thought had struck him, and shake his fist at their retreating figures with an exulting and devilish smile?

CHAPTER VI.

The sun was shining brightly upon the race-course at Epsom, and lighted up a scene brilliant with gaiety and life. From a hundred booths of snowy canvas, gay

and gaudy flags fluttered in the breeze; on the grand stand a perfect sea of bright and joyous faces beamed forth radiant and bewitching smiles; in unnumbered carriages proud beauties sat enshrined in state among a host of slaves, and bewitching belles wielded with fascinating grace the sceptre of their gentle empire. Even the motley crowd on foot presented many features of beauty. The very beggars, in their many-colored rags, afforded so picturesque a contrast to the monotonous array of black coats around them, that you would, for the moment, have been almost sorry to see them better clad; and although there mingled with the host of pedestrians some whose countenances bore villanous indications, and whose studies seemed to have perpetual reference to the interior of their neighbor's pocket, yet the entire aspect of the scene was so joyous and cheerful, that the eye gladly avoided all its unpleasant features, and rested only on its forms of gaiety and beauty.

There were enough of these drawbacks, however, if you chose to spy out their existence. The drinking tents swarmed with a noisy and riotous crew; the gambling booths were crowded with a motley herd, presenting all the unpleasing varieties of character commonly to be met with at such resorts; and around the pea and thimble tables had gathered many crowds, eager to enjoy the plundering of some unhappy victims, who played with an air of innocence, plainly betokening the absence of all knowledge of the real character of those notable contrivances for the plucking of greenhorns.

Foremost in the small knot of betting men who had gathered together near the judges' stand, were two individuals whom the eye could scarcely fail to recognize, though each had undergone some change since this history last encountered them; but still the marked characteristics of Rushton and Lord Arthur Ellerton had suffered but little alterations. The one, as handsome and as dashing as ever, had been developed by time and assiduous cultivation from the embryo rake into the full-blown *roué* and scoundrel; the other, still too indolent to be virtuous, and wanting strength of mind to resist temptation, was still the slave of his quondam preceptor, who bent him easily to his will;

but the joyous light of his eye was quenched and dim; his cheek had lost its hue of health, and his pale and haggard face gave token that sorrow had been busy with his heart.

When Lord Arthur returned to England with Rushton, having succeeded in bearing off Elenor from her mountain home, he was able for some time to keep concealed the history of his achievement, and he and his fair enslaver whiled away their happy hours in a life of love, but not, alas! of virtue. For Elenor had soon forgiven her betrayer; the love which filled her fond and generous heart had pleaded his cause with her when he sued for pardon, and told her that it was the ardor of his passion which had caused his error; and her pure and guileless mind, itself innocent of deceit, gave ready credence to the specious and plausible pretenses which he urged as excuses for delaying yet further their lawful union. In burying his *liaison* with Elenor in concealment, Rushton gave him all the aid in his power; for this man, when his connection with Lord Arthur as his travelling tutor was at an end, became the parasite of the weak young lord, feeding daily upon his bounty, luring him to the gaming-table to be fleeced by his vile confederates, and making him, in a thousand ways, his unresisting prey; and he well knew that if Elenor's history should come to the knowledge of the Earl, an explosion would be the result, which might leave Lord Arthur penniless, and thus deprive himself of his odious and most despicable subsistence. So he kept all quiet, and though it was noticed that Lord Arthur Ellerton withdrew himself from gay society, and led a secluded existence, none penetrated the mystery which enveloped his movements; no prying and inquisitive eye discovered the retreat in which he spent so many joyous hours.

But at length an event occurred which rendered a crisis inevitable. The Earl of Rosedale was a man proud of his lineage, and absorbed in the one idea of transmitting the honors of his house to a long line of remote posterity. He had often viewed with displeasure the aversion which Lord Arthur manifested to the matrimonial alliances which had been at various times propounded to him; and at length, growing

fearful that the grave would claim its own before this darling wish of his heart had been accomplished, he laid his positive commands upon his son to become a suitor for the hand of Lady Catharine Mowbray, the lovely and wealthy daughter of the Duke of Windermere. With this mandate Lord Arthur positively refused to comply; prayers, threats, entreaties, all failed to move him; and at length, in a torrent of angry passion, the old Earl drove him from his roof, and bade him darken his doors no more.

In this posture of affairs it became evident to Rushton that an *eclaircissement* would not be long delayed; and this worthy was not long in determining upon the course which best accorded with his own immediate interests—the only consideration which ever weighed for a moment in his deliberations. If Lord Arthur's *liaison* were discovered as it really stood, his own ruin was inevitable. He had been the prime agent in the original abduction of the Italian girl; he had kept the whole matter concealed from the Earl's knowledge; and although it was true that it was by his influence alone that Lord Arthur had been prevented from marrying her, he was too well acquainted with human nature to imagine for a moment that, in the torrent of the old Earl's unbridled indignation, he would pause to give him the benefit of this consideration.

To do Lord Arthur justice, it must be admitted that he loved Elenor with passionate devotion; and the warm affection which he lavished upon her was all the more ardent from the chilling blight which the rigid formalities of his caste had early cast upon his heart. At the moment when he first owned to himself the empire which she had attained over his soul, he had no thought but of honor; and, had he been left to his own control, he would have sooner died than done her injury. But it was the misfortune of his life that he was weak and infirm of purpose; the wily tempter who had cast his unholy spells around him found it an easy task to mould him to his will; and when the die was once cast, and he saw that Elenor was happy, it needed but little art to persuade him not to endanger the ruin of all by a step which would have made him an outcast from his home. And she, poor, trust-

ing, loving heart, was too joyous when he was by her side to dream of aught but the happiness of possessing undisputed the whole devotion of his soul.

Rushton saw that a bold step was now his only chance of escape from ruin. So he went at once to the Earl, told him of Lord Arthur's passion (concealing, of course, his own connection with its early history) and offered to become the means of weaning him from his delusion, and driving his love for Elenor forever from his heart.

The Earl gladly seized upon this new thread of hope, and, stimulating his proffered ally by many promises of rich reward, urged him to devote himself to his task without delay; and he had no reason to complain of the zeal which the treacherous Rushton displayed in carrying out his scheme of villany. With right good will he betook himself to the work before him, stimulated to energy not only by the prospect of the reward which was to repay his services, but by the impulses of private hatred; for Elenor, with the ready quickness of woman's wit, had soon seen through his character, and strove, by every means in her power, to break the chains of his evil empire. But what need to trace the odious steps by which he gradually approached the fulfilment of his wicked purpose? Little by little he succeeded in poisoning the young lord's mind against this simple girl, who had bestowed upon him all the rich treasure of her love; by forged letters, and not less dastardly inventions, he led him to believe that she was false to him; and poor Elenor was stricken almost to the earth by the news which a few brief lines from his loved and fondly remembered hand conveyed to her one dreadful day, that she was deserted and forsaken, and cast forth upon the cold charities of the lonely world.

Yet she never believed that he had of his own free will spurned her boundless love. In her true heart, his worshipped image still held its ancient shrine; the fair presentment of his cherished form, still shadowed in her memory, was blotted and bleared by no disfigurements; and when, in her abject and friendless misery, she turned back to dwell upon the glad remembrance of sweet hours of vanished happiness, she still thought of him as the

bright being who had first won her maiden love ; still clung with fond tenacity to the belief that the cloud which now hung around her fate would pass away, and the sunshine of his affection fall once more upon her aching heart. She never sought by importunity to win him back ; but she hung upon his footsteps like a shadow ; many and many a time did she watch for hours that she might catch one glimpse of that loved face and well-remembered form ; and often, in her saddest moments, did she long for the day to come, when, a disembodied spirit, she might hover around him, seeing, yet unseen, and guard him from every woe and danger with her angel love.

Oh woman ! woman ! thou loveliest spirit of the land of dreams—thou brightest angel of the waking world—how little do the dull casuists, who, in the calm tones of cold philosophy, discuss the unfathomed secrets of the human heart, know of the boundless riches of this most unselfish love ; how little guess the heavenly purity of thy angel soul ! And when the great account shall come, and the buried secrets of all hearts shall be laid bare before the assembled world, how many a tale shall come to light of thy pure, unfaltering devotion, which shall make the wretches that have betrayed thee find in thy forgiving smile the heaviest punishment for the wrongs which on earth have crushed thee to despair !

Rushton succeeded in his purpose, and succeeded beyond his most daring hopes. For from the moment when the young lord, maddened by the doubts with which he had poisoned his mind, cast off the love which was to him all the world, he became at once an altered being ; his pale cheek and saddened eye told the sad history of a broken heart ; he was a crushed and spirit-broken man. When his tempter strove to lead him yet further into vicious pleasures, and lured him often to the gaming-table, where his wealth became an easy prey to the practiced sharper who had entrapped him, he gave himself up unresistingly to his control. By quick degrees he became entangled in the meshes of the net which the wily hand had spread around him on every side ; and he trod, like one in a trance, the path to ruin, seeming to lack the energy to pause a moment in his mad career.

The great race of the day was over ; the winners, flushed with triumph, crowded around the winning horse, and exchanged congratulations with those who had shared with them the smiles of fortune ; the losers, cursing their ill-luck, retired, grumbling and discontented. The mighty struggle at an end, all prepared for feasting and enjoyment ; hampers were unpacked, knives and forks rattled, and glasses clinked in carriages ; the sparkling champagne rivalled in the brimming goblets the bright glances shot from the eye of beauty ; the merry laugh rang musically from ripe and rosy lips ; and all was revelry and joy.

But who is that meanly dressed and swarthy man, who, with knitted brow and fiercely gleaming eye, and hand buried ever in his bosom, lurks on the outskirts of the course, and wanders stealthily around, as if in search of some one in the motley crowd ?

One alone of all the varied throng upon the course seemed sad and desolate. Refusing the urgent entreaties of his friends to partake of their good cheer, and shrinking even from the proffered arm of Rushton, Lord Arthur separated himself from his companions, and wandered alone to a quiet spot, where the loud murmuring of human voices subsided into a dull and monotonous hum, like the rushing of distant waters, and paced the turf in rapt and melancholy abstraction.

It is a beautiful thing in our nature, that, in our hours of sadness and dejection, unbidden thoughts of innocence and peace find easiest entrance to our woe-worn hearts. It is at such times that the memory of the dead comes over our spirits with a calm and gentle influence ; as if there were some mysterious affinity between the visible and the unseen, called into life only by the touch of sorrow, by which the spirits of those we loved on earth are suffered to carry solace to the hearts which in life were all their own, and, hovering in their angel shapes around the mourner's head, to guide his thoughts to Heaven ! To Lord Arthur, Elenor was as one dead ; he knew not whether she slumbered in the grave, or still lingered in the world of life. In his inmost heart he had ever cherished a hope that some distant day would prove that he had wronged her ; often did he sigh to think that he

never suffered her to plead in her own defense; often did he picture to himself what boundless joy it would have been to have heard her tell him that she had never been traitor to his love, and, pressing her to his heart, to have acknowledged her, before all the world, his true and faithful wife. Oh! vain regrets and, fruitless yearnings for a past beyond recall! serving only to increase the agony of present woe!

That day, however, other thoughts had tended to disquiet him, and to fill his mind with uneasy cogitations. In the crowd upon the course he had seen a female form, hooded and muffled in a gipsy cloak, which had called strange and indefinable fancies into his heart. He almost smiled at himself for giving way to such feelings; and yet he could not shake off the mysterious influence which overpowered him. As he strove to reason himself out of this strange delusion, for such it seemed to be, looking up he beheld the same figure crossing the path which he had that moment trod.

A vague but uncontrollable impulse led him to hurry after the stranger; though why he did so, he could scarcely explain even to himself. He gained quickly upon her, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

Ah! stranger, why does thy form tremble; why mounts the blush into thy pallid cheeks; why stands the tear-drop in thy mournful eyes, as that touch rests upon thee?

She tried to escape from him, and hurried on with yet more rapid footsteps. But the mysterious prompting which had before impelled him, grew yet stronger in his mind, and he placed himself before her in the path.

"Do not be alarmed, fair stranger," he said, "I mean you no injury."

"Let me pass! I implore you, let me pass!" Her voice was choked and smothered as with strong emotion; even these few words seemed uttered with a painful effort.

"Nay," he said, gently detaining her, "do not avoid me so harshly. Come, your garb bespeaks you one of those who read in the stars the history of the past, the destinies of the future. You shall be my Cassandra; though not, I hope, so dark a prophetess."

"Have a care," said the gipsy; "do

not tempt misery by seeking to fathom the dark secrets of the book of fate. To some the knowledge may bring happiness; to many, it is but the exchange of the joys of hope for the motiveless apathy of despair."

Why does Lord Arthur listen so intently? What strange fascination hangs upon the gentle accents of that gipsy girl, to chain him in such rapt attention? What bewildering thoughts rush in wild currents through his distracted brain?

"Fear not," he said at last, "fear not; I shall not grieve over the future. It is enough for me to repine at the present, and to mourn over the past."

"Is the present so gloomy? Are the memories of the past so full of sorrow? You are too young for misery; youth and happiness should ever hold close kindred; hope and ripe manhood should share a joint existence. What matters it that fleeting clouds obscure the mid-day sun, while the glorious orb still holds his meridian radiance, and waits but their rapid flight to shine again in unabated splendor?"

"But when hope is dead within the heart, when all that could give joy to life has vanished like a dream, never to return, what hope of happiness but in oblivion? what home of refuge but in the grave?"

"Your years are few, young stranger, to have numbered so many sorrows."

"What need of many sorrows, when one great blow can blight the heart forever, and make the memory of vanished happiness the parent of despair? What cares the gambler for the smaller chances of his play, when the one great hazard, on which hangs all his destiny, plunges him into utter ruin."

Ah! fair stranger, why that wild look of almost frenzied happiness as these sad words break upon thy listening ear? What boundless joy is borne into thy heart upon the music of that mournful sigh? And when he places his hand in thine, that thou mayst read his map of destiny, why tremble as his outstretched palm touches thy dainty fingers? Be still! thou panting, throbbing heart, be still!

"Stranger," she said, "you have loved, and loved truly. But your love has been crossed. You have been deceived, betrayed."

"Alas! alas! too true!"

not by her you love."

what say you?"

heart has never faltered in its
 en now, in abject and utter mis-
 aises in her lonely hours fervent
 Heaven to shed rich blessings
 path, and gild your life with
 rays of joy."

on, say on; your words strike
 heart like a voice from beyond

"
 have been duped; but not by
 se friends have poisoned your
 calumny, and in an hour of pas-
 have cast off her who lived but
 mile; but she was faithful to you,
 most truly so when you made
 tcast from her happy home."

all me that this is true, that it is
 wild dream of my disordered
 shapes distempered fancies into
 ties, and pours upon my ear those
 joy which lighten with rays of
 lonely, wretched heart!"

ur! dear Arthur! deceived, de-
 id betrayed! but ever fondly
 en when you seemed most cruel,
 d the truth!" And Elenor flung

herself weeping into his arms, and pressed
 her burning brow upon that beating heart,
 which never throbbed with such wild, de-
 lirious happiness as in that moment of un-
 spoken joy.

She was yet hanging upon his neck,
 covering with kisses those dear, pallid
 cheeks; he was yet telling her how he
 would atone for all her wrongs and all her
 sorrows, by making her the mistress of his
 happy home—his true, fond, loving wife;
 when a tumult of many voices was heard
 upon the distant course, and the crowd,
 parting asunder, made way for some who
 bore along the bleeding body of a mur-
 dered man. None could say how he had
 met his fate. A man of foreign aspect
 had been perceived lurking about his steps
 during the day, and was in the crowd
 around him a moment before he fell; but
 he had vanished, and none could tell
 whither he had fled.

They drew the dagger from his bleed-
 ing side, and upon the blade, scratched in
 rude characters, was graven "BEPRO,"
 nothing more!

It was the corpse of Henry Rushton!

SONNET.

As one, who, from a weary bed uprising,
 Invokes with languid eyes the sleepless stars;
 And prays, that if, in destiny comprising
 All evil that the unborn future mars,
 They hold a good in store, reserved to him,
 The twilight of that happiness may rise
 With rising day; then while his eyeballs swim
 In tears, the pledge of joy, new destinies
 With day uprising in the saffron east
 Appear, adorned with hope's auroral sign;
 He welcomes the fair dawn with joy increased
 By grief remembered; so, the light divine,
 Thy dear eyes gave me when I walked forlorn,
 I hailed for earnest of eternal morn.

REMARKS ON MY FAVORITE AUTHORS.

Oh thou, whoever thou art, that dost seek happiness in thyself, independent of others, not subject to caprice, not mocked by insult, not snatched away by ruthless hands, over which Time has no power, and that Death alone cancels, seek it (if thou art wise) in books, in pictures, and the face of Nature, for these alone we may count upon as friends for life. While we are true to ourselves, we cannot forget them. As long as we have a wish, we may find it here; for it depends only on our love for them, not on theirs for us. The enjoyment is purely ideal, and is refined, unembittered, unfading for that reason.

William Hazlitt's "Picture Galleries of England"

ONE cannot but love *Thomson*, the author of the *Seasons*, personally; one loves him in his books. His character was remarkably amiable, and it is not known that he ever gave a single human creature pain. He was once seen eating peaches from a tree, with his hands in his pockets. And after remaining in bed till two o'clock in the afternoon, think of his writing lines such as these:

Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due, and sacred song?

Nevertheless, he was fond of walking in the fields and woods, even when the paths were matted and choked with dreary showers. How true to nature is his description of a rain in spring-time!

The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

And afterwards, "Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around." The white, unblemished manners of the golden age, flowers, rural labors and amusements, possess an eternal freshness in his pages. The description of the caravan overwhelmed in the desert, the stag-hunt, the man buried in the snow-drifts, are affecting in the extreme.

In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire, fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence.

Thomson delighted to look on

The verdant field, and darkening heath between,

And villages embosomed soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns marked,
Of household smoke.

* * *

The gray-grown oaks
That the calm village, in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace.

* * *

Now from the town,
Buried in smoke and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trem-
bling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant mass
Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk,
Or taste the smell of dairy.

* * *

Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.

The following wishes find an echo in the bosoms of us all:

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.

* * *

Now all amid the rigors of the year,
In the wild depth of winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves;
A rural, sheltered, solitary scene,
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.

* * *

Sit at the social fire, and happy hear
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along.

He calls society "the first of joys," and
home the resort

Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,

Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

Madame de Stael, in her work "*De la Littérature*," observes :

"Est il une plus délicieuse peinture de l'amour dans le mariage, que les vers qui terminent le premier chant de Thomson, sur le Printemps?"

Southey, in his life of Cowper, writes, that a taste for descriptive poetry, of which none was produced in the school of Pope and Dryden, and which professional critics had vilified and condemned, had been revived by Thomson. So little was it favored in his time, that it was long before he could find a publisher for his "*Winter*;" and when, upon Mallet's recommendation, a bookseller ventured to print it, the impression lay like waste paper in his warehouse, and was in danger of being sold as such, when one Mr. Whatley (his name deserves to be recorded) happened to take up a copy which was lying on the publisher's stall. He was a lover of poetry, and, as it appears, a man of reputation among own wits, for he brought the poem into notice by spreading its praise through the coffee-houses; and the edition was sold in consequence of the zeal with which he commended the poem. A genuine critic has said of Thomson, that Nature in his descriptions is seen growing around us fresh and lusty as in itself. We feel the effect of the atmosphere, its humidity or clearness, its heat or cold, the glow of summer, the gloom of winter, the tender promise of the spring, the full, overshadowing foliage, the declining pomp and deepening tints of autumn. He transports us to the scorching heat of vertical suns, or plunges us into the chilling horrors and desolation of the frozen zone. We hear the snow drifting against the broken casement without, and see the fire blazing on the hearth within. The first scattered drops of a vernal shower patter on the leaves above our heads, or the coming storm resounds through the leafless groves. In a word, he describes not to the eye alone, but to the other senses, and to the whole man. He put his heart into his subject, writes as he feels, and humanizes whatever he touches. He makes all his descriptions seem with life and vivifying soul. Dr. Johnson said that Thomson had as much

of the poet about him as most writers, and that everything appeared to him through the medium of his favorite pursuit, and that he could not have viewed two candles burning, but with a poetical eye. Perhaps no poet has ever addressed himself to the feelings of a greater number of readers. Coleridge, when on an excursion in Wales with Hazlitt, finding a little, worn-out copy of the "*Seasons*" in a window-seat in an inn, exclaimed, "*that is true fame*."

Thomson was in stature above the middle size, handsome in his youth, with an animated countenance, that expressed all the emotions of his heart; and so he appears in Aikman's picture, for which he sat in his 25th year. This is the portrait of him that usually accompanies his poem of the *Seasons*. Johnson, who could not have seen him before 1738, and probably not so soon, says, "he was of a dull countenance, and of a gross, unanimated, uninviting appearance, silent in mingled company, and by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved." He had a slouching way of walking or rather sauntering on the road, and in the field, with his hands behind his back, and his head a little on one side, and when he walked in his own garden, which he dearly loved, to view his flowers, and fruit-trees, he wore a cap carelessly placed on his head, his knees unbuttoned, and his stockings loose. He was inclined to corpulence from his youth, and finally became "more fat than bard beseems." Wit and sensibility entered largely in his character. Autumn was the chosen period for his studies, and midnight his favorite time for composition, when he would be often heard walking backwards and forwards in his library, humming over as he went, what he wrote and corrected the next day. In boyhood one of his great pleasures was to sit near the sources of the Jed, and watch the stars appear one by one, and the clouds gather, and the sudden storm sweep over the landscape.

When nursed by careless Solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain,
Trode the pure virgin snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar and the big torrent burst!
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brewed,
In the grim evening sky.

His education was eminently pious, and

his fireside instruction had a great influence on his future life. His mother, a remarkable woman, had many social and domestic virtues, with great vivacity and warmth of temperament. Thomson's character was in every respect consistent, amiable, generous, humane, equable and affable. He was fond of poetry, music, gardening, books of voyages and travels, painting and sculpture, and formed a fine collection of prints and drawings. Those who were acquainted with him, never ceased to love him. He lived in a genial, elegant and simple way—fond of the country, the companionship of books, and intercourse with his friends. He was generous in the extreme. At a time when his means were far from being large, he settled sixteen pounds a year on his sisters Jean and Elizabeth, who had opened a milliner's shop in Edinburgh. He somewhere exclaims—

Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse.

He was too indolent to learn to play on any instrument, but he had an Æolian harp, the music of which seems to have pleased him greatly. He wrote an ode on it, from which the verses have been set to music, beginning—

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir.

And he mentions it again in the Castle of Indolence.

His death greatly affected his friends. *Collins*, his neighbor, forsook Richmond, to which he never returned, and gave utterance to his grief in exquisite and pathetic strains.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

* * * * *
And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veiled the solemn view !
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu !

Armstrong wrote, "This blow makes a hideous gape; and the loss of such an agreeable friend turns some of the sweetest scenes in England into something waste and desolate, at least for the time. It will be so for a long time with me, for I ques-

tion if ever I shall be able to see Richmond again without sorrow and mortification." "We have lost," says *Murdoch*, "our old, tried, amiable, open and honest-hearted Thomson, whom we never parted from but unwillingly, and never met but with fresh transport; in whom we found ever the same delightful companion, the same faithful depositor of our inmost thoughts, and the same sensible, sympathizing adviser." Are not these glorious tributes of love, respect and admiration? *Shenstone*, in his letters, has the following remarks: "Thomson was very facetious and very complaisant, and invited me to his house at Richmond. I was really as much shocked to hear of his death, as if I had known and loved him for a number of years." It is said that *Quin*, the actor, freed our poet from prison, but the report wants confirmation. A warm attachment existed between them. *Leigh Hunt* with much truth and discrimination observes, that

"Cowley and Thomson were alike in their persons, their dispositions, and their fortunes. They were both fat men, not handsome; very amiable and sociable; no enemies to a bottle; taking interest both in politics and retirement; passionately fond of external nature, of fields, woods, gardens, &c.; bachelors—in love, and disappointed; faulty in style, yet true poets in themselves, if not always best in their writings, that is to say, seeing everything in its poetical light; childlike in their ways; and, finally, they were both made easy in their circumstances by the party whom they served; both went to live at a little distance from London, and on the banks of the Thames; and both died of a cold and fever, originating in a careless exposure to the weather, not without more than a suspicion of previous 'jollification' with 'the Dean,' on Cowley's part, and great probability of a like vivacity on that of Thomson, who had been visiting his friends in London. Thomson could push the bottle like a regular bo-vivant: and Cowley's death is attributed to his having forgotten his proper bed, and slept in a field all night, in company with his reverend and jovial friend, Sprat. Johnson says that at Chertsey, the villagers talked of 'the drunken Dean.' But in one respect it may be alleged, Cowley and Thomson were different, and very different; for one was a Tory and the other a Whig. True, nominally, and by the accident of education, that is to say, Cowley was brought up on the Tory side, and Thomson on the Whig; and loving their fathers and mothers and friends, and each seeing his cause in its best possible light, they naturally adhered to it, and tried to make others think as well of it as they

selves. But the truth is that neither was Whig or Tory in the ordinary he word. Cowley was no fonder of the understood Tory sense, than was of liberty in the restricted, un- sense of King William. Cowley is beau ideal of Toryism; that is, for restraint, as being the only safe- liberty; and Thomson was for a d freedom of service, the eventual of which would have satisfied the antic of Radicals. See his poems it, especially the one entitled 'Lib- owley never *vulgarized* about Crom- was the fashion for his party to do. ht him a bad man, it is true, but also an; he said nobler things about him royalist, except Andrew Marvel, (if can be called a royalist;) and he was om a factious partiality, that in his he 'Cutter of Coleman Street,' which ed as a satire on the Puritans, he help seeing such fair play to all par- the irritated Tories pronounced it a themselves. There are doubtless h Tories still as Cowley, owing to predisposing circumstances of educa- urn of mind—men who only see the ts graceful and poetical light—whose n of power takes it for granted that r will be well exercised, and whose an indulgence of the disposition to attachment. But if education had sympathies of these men their natu- cy to expand, they would have been anti-Tory side; just as many a pre- ver of liberty, (whom you may know rogance, ill nature, or other want of) has no business on the Whig or side, but ought to proclaim himself is—a Tory. Had Thomson, in short, Cowley's time and had a royalist to ; the same affections that made him a the time of George II., would have n just the sort of Tory that Cowley ng the Restoration; and had Cowley /hig for his father and lived in the rt of Frederick, Prince of Wales, he ve been just the same sort of Whig as Thomson; for it was rather per- an political friendship that procured is ease at last; and Frederick, Prince s, was mean enough to take back the he had given Thomson, because his s had become offended with the poet's yttleton. Such is the completion of rkable likeness in character and for- ween these two excellent men. Nor rit of the similarity injured by the be one as a writer, consisting in what l *conceits*, and that of the other in tur- or neither of the faults touched the the writers, while both originated in humility and simplicity of the men,

and in that disposition to admire others which is most dangerous to the most ingenious, though not to the greatest men. Cowley and Thomson both fancied their own natural lan- guage not great enough for their subjects; and Cowley, in the wit which he found in fashion, and Thomson in the Latin classics which were the favorites of the more sequestered world of his youth, thought he had found a style, which, while it endeared him to those whom he most regarded among the living, would, by the very help of their sanction, secure him with the ages to come."

Thomson was twice in love, first with a Miss Stanley, who died young, and upon whom he wrote an elegy:

"Tell me, thou soul of her I love," &c.

He also alludes to her in "Summer," in the passage commencing:

"And art thou, Stanley, of the sacred band?"

His second passion was a Miss Elizabeth Young, and they lived on in the hope that fortune would relent, and enable them to marry. She finally married Admiral Campbell. She was his Amanda. And Mrs. Jameson thinks that if she in the least answered the description of her in his "Spring," she must have been an ami- able and lovely woman:

"And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song," &c.

And if his attachment to her suggested that beautiful description of domestic hap- piness with which his Spring concludes—

"But happy they, the happiest of their kind," &c.

who would not grieve at the destiny which denied Thomson pleasures he could so eloquently describe, and so feelingly appreciate.

From D'Israeli we learn that Thomson met a reciprocal passion in his Amanda, while the full tenderness of his heart was ever wasting itself like waters in a desert. As we have been made little acquainted with this part of this history of the poet, I shall give his own description of those deep feelings from a manuscript letter written to Mallet.

"To turn my eyes a softer way, to you

know who—absence sighs it to me. What is my heart made of?—a soft system of low nerves, too sensible for my quiet—capable of being very happy or very unhappy. I am afraid the last will prevail. Lay your hand upon a kindred heart and despise me not. I know not what it is, but she dwells upon my thought in a mingled sentiment, which is the sweetest, the most intimately pleasing the soul can receive, and which I would wish never to want towards some dear object or another. To have always some secret, darling idea to which one can still have recourse amidst the noise and nonsense of the world, and which never fails to touch us in the most exquisite manner, is an art of happiness that fortune cannot deprive us of. This may be called romantic, but whatever the cause is, the effect is really felt. Pray, when you write, tell me when you saw her, and with the pure eye of a friend, when you see her again, whisper that I am her most humble servant."

Perhaps no work in any language has appeared in so many beautiful editions as Thomson's *Seasons*. Tilt and Bogue, and Longman, within a few years past, have published gorgeous editions of our poet, profusely illustrated, but by some strange oversight no likeness of Thomson appears in them. It was published in two volumes, folio, by Foulis in Glasgow in 1783; at Parma, in the luscious types of Bodoni, folio, 1794, (this is the finest printed volume I have ever seen,) and by Bensley, 1797, folio. Bensley's edition is ornamented with choice engravings. Aikman painted a portrait of Thomson, and J. Paton another in 1746, which was engraved by S. F. Ravenet.

Allan Cunningham truly says of the *Seasons*, they "give a tongue to inanimate nature, while it elevates and chastens the human heart." Professor Wilson writes, "It lies in many thousand cottages. We have ourselves seen it in the shepherd's shealing, and in the woodman's bower; small, yellow-leaved, tattered, mean, miserable, calf-skin bound, smoked, stinking copies—let us not fear to utter the word ugly, but true—yet perused, pored and pondered over by those humble dwellers by the winter ingle, or on the summer brae, perhaps with as enlightened—certainly with as imaginative, overmastering a delight as ever enchained the spirits of the high-born and highly taught, to their splendid copies lying on richly-carved tables, and bound in crimson silk or velvet,

in which the genius of painting strove to embody that of poetry, and the printer's art to lend its beauty to the very shape of the words in which the bard's immortal spirit was enshrined." Sir Egerton Brydges, in his autobiography, gives his meed of praise to our poet. "He who assists others to admire Nature, performs a work of moral merit. This admiration softens, enlarges and elevates the heart. No one can read Thomson's *Seasons* with pleasure, and not be the better for it."

Thomson was very fond of compound epithets; they occur on almost every page, as for instance, "gay-shifting," "deep-tangled," "balmy-breathing," "soon-clad," "world-rejoicing," "rosy-fingered," "tempest-winged," "blood-happy," "thick-nibbling," "wild-throbbing," "loose-floating," "manners-painting," &c. He is picturesque and minute in his descriptions; here is a picture in a hay-field:

Even stooping age is here, and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.

* * * * *

All in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun.

In Autumn, describing the hare-hunt; speaking of the poor animal, he says:

She springs amazed, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once.

And of the stag, in similar circumstances:

Gives all his swift, aerial soul to flight.

A herd of cattle take an alarm, from the attack of gad-flies:

Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the
plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon.

The *Seasons* is eminently imbued with a religious feeling, and the beauty and order of the universe are invariably ascribed to the Giver of all good.

Let no presuming, impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was formed
In vain, or not for admirable ends.

There is no gloom, superstition, or big-

the entire poem; all the various
ons of Nature are looked upon but
"varied God," and one of the
magnificent hymns ever written,
in fittingly to close and crown the

of light and life! thou good Supreme!
show me what is good! teach me thyself!
free from folly, vanity and vice,
very low pursuit, and feed my soul
knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
re;
substantial, never-fading bliss.

ford, in a note, in his edition of
works, says, that the authority of
Thomson has given currency to an
t, that the Seasons of Thomson
ot been much improved by the suc-
alterations of every fresh edition.
s that they lost that raciness which
rst possessed. This opinion, I may
s to say, is by no means correct.
mproved very much, and very rap-
the course of the second and third
s; so much so, that I have often
struck in reading them, in different
of their improvement. Mr. Mitford
hat he possesses an interleaved copy
Seasons, (of the edition of 1736,)
belonged to Thomson, with his own
ons, and with numerous alterations
ditions by Pope, in his own writing.
; all the amendments made by Pope
dopted by Thomson in the last edi-
nd many lines in the Seasons, as
ow stand, are Pope's own compo-
The last four lines of Palemon
vinia are Pope's entirely.

ds, the master, all, my fair, are thine!
; various blessings which thy house
; me lavished,
wered upon me, thou that bliss wilt add,
(dearest)
weetest bliss, the power of blessing
hee!

four lines which Thomson wrote,
uch stood in the place of these, in
nted edition of 1736, were:

urvest shining all the fields are thine;
my wishes may presume so far
aster too, who then indeed were blest
e the daughter of Acasto so.

III. NO. V. NEW SERIES.

In the same episode, Thomson has print-
ed the following lines:

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse among the woods; if city-dames
Will deign their faith: and thus she went, com-
pelled
By strong necessity, with as serene
And pleased a look as Patience e'er put on,
To glean Palemon's fields.

These lines Pope erased, and wrote the
following in their place, which now stand
in the subsequent editions:

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
(deep-)
Recluse among the close-embowering woods,
As in the hollow breast of Apennine.
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises far from human eyes,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild:
So flourished, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till at length compelled
By strong necessity's supreme command
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields.

The 259th line of this episode now
stands—

And as he viewed her ardent o'er and o'er.

But in the edition of 1736 it is some-
what comically expressed—

Then blazed his smothered flame avowed and
bold,
And as he run ardent o'er and o'er, &c.

This however Thomson himself altered.

Leigh Hunt informs his readers, in the
London Journal, that Thomson wrote part
of his Seasons in the room over the shop
of Mr. Egerton, bookseller, where he re-
sided when he first came to London. He
was at that time a raw Scotchman, gaping
about town, getting his pocket picked,
and obliged to wait upon great men with
his poem of Winter. Luckily his admira-
tion of freedom did not hinder him from
acquiring the highest patronage. He ob-
tained an easy place, which required no
compromise with his principles, and passed
the latter part of his life in a dwelling of
his own at Richmond, writing in his gar-
den, and listening to nightingales. He
had the luck to have the occupation he
was fond of, and no man, perhaps, in his

native country, with the exception of Shakspeare, has acquired a greater or more envied fame. His friends loved him, and his readers love his memory.

Walton's and Cotton's Complete Angler is a production unique in its kind, and which will never have an equal. A rural simplicity hovers over it, and quiet and contentment are the constant guests of the noble-hearted fishermen. The air of the fine fresh May morning on which the sportsmen met is balmy still; we see the honest ale-house with its cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall, and the hostess neat, handsome and civil. We listen to the voice of Maud, the pretty milk-maid, who casts away all care, and sings like a nightingale; and we sit beneath the high honeysuckle hedge while the refreshing shower is quietly falling on the earth.

While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton, sage benign!
Whose pen the mysteries of rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine,
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline—
He found the longest summer day too short,
To his loved pastime, given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford
brook—

Fairer than life itself, in this sweet book
The cowslip-bank and shady willow tree;
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from
every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome piety.

WORDSWORTH.

Smith, in his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," a most excellent work, truly says, no benevolent man ever lost altogether the fruits of his benevolence. If he does not gather them always from the persons from whom he ought to have gathered them, he seldom fails to gather them, and with a tenfold increase, from other people. Kindness is the parent of kindness; and if to be beloved by our brethren be the great object of our ambition, the surest way of obtaining it is by our conduct to show that we really love them. Walton retained to the last an unworldly, stainless nature, and a love for country pastimes. He was blessed with a circle of choice friends,

whom Sir Henry Wotton styles "the living furniture of a place." His wife also added greatly to his enjoyments, for she was a woman of remarkable prudence and primitive piety. His book is full of geniality, and its great charm springs from its truthful character. His sole aim is to make the reader love what he loves, to fill his mind with generous feelings, to give him a taste for poetry, and the beauties of Nature, and imbue him with cheerfulness,

"Trouthe and honour, freedom and curtesie."
CHAUCER.

The work closes with some wise advice, written in a language as sparkling as the thoughts are wise and beautiful. He had a great admiration for books and pictures, and a desk of them at Farnham Castle he left to his son. He must have relished music, judging from the impassioned tone where he exclaims, "He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear as I have done, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of the nightingale's voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth!" Lamb, in a letter to Coleridge, prays him to make himself acquainted with Walton's *Complete Angler*, and goes on to observe it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianize every discordant, angry passion; and Hazlitt thought it was perhaps the best pastoral in the language, and that its romantic interest was equal to its simplicity, and arising out of it. Leigh Hunt writes, that the book of Izaak Walton, upon angling, is a delightful performance in some respects. It smells of the country air, and of the flowers in cottage windows. Its pictures of rural scenery, its simplicity, its snatches of old songs, are all good and refreshing; and his prodigious relish of a dressed fish would not be grudged him, if he had killed it a little more decently. He really seems to have a respect for a piece of salmon; to approach it, like the grace, with his hat off. Hunt thinks fishing a cruel amusement, but Walton defends its lawfulness on the ground of our Saviour's bidding St.

Peter cast his hook into the water and catch a fish, for money to pay tribute to Cæsar. But leaving this out of view, it is certain Walton's piscatory feats exercised no injurious effect upon his disposition; he was pious, "true piety is cheerful as the day," independent, sincere, affectionate, simple in his tastes and habits, refined and gentle in his manners; and he inculcated a philosophical spirit, which cannot be too zealously imitated, and truly enjoyed a happiness which he desired all to taste. Walton, in composing his book, says, "I have made myself a recreation of a recreation." "I write not to get money, but for pleasure. * * * And however it proves to him, yet I am sure I have found a high content in the search and conference of what is here offered to the reader's view and censure. I wish him as much in the perusal of it."

John Major, a zealous and affectionate admirer of Walton, has edited several editions of the Complete Angler, the last one of which, published by Bogue, for the beauty of the illustrations by Absolon, and the engravings of Willmore, and the paper and type, make it one of the loveliest books ever issued from a British press. Pickering has also issued a gorgeous edition. Walton retired from business in 1643, and lived for forty years after in uninterrupted leisure, a rich harvest-time. The Complete Angler appeared in 1653, and four more editions were called for during Walton's life, namely, 1655, 1664, 1668, and 1676. Temperance and cheerfulness caused Walton's life to be a long one. In a letter to Charles Cotton, dated from London, April 29, 1676, he writes, "Though I be more than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age, yet I will forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon." He wrote the life of Sanderson in his eighty-fifth year, and on the anniversary of his ninetieth birth-day he, in his will, declares himself to be of perfect memory. In the very year in which he died, (1683,) he prefixed a preface to a work edited by him, "Thealma and Clearchus, a pastoral history, in smooth and easy verse, written long since, by John Chalkhill, Esq., an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser." His lives of Donne, Sanderson, Wotton, Hooker and Herbert,

are exquisitely written, simple, touching, impressive and sincere, with a flow of generous sentiment. This volume is a transcript of the author's mind.

There are no colors in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men

Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye

We read of faith and purest charity
In statesman, priest and humble citizen :
Oh, could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die !
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,

Apart, like glowworms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray, or seen—like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

WORDSWORTH.

Walton tells some good stories of the amiable and accomplished Sir Henry Wotton, who was a great enemy to wrangling disputes of religion. "Having, at his being in Rome, made acquaintance with a pleasant priest, who invited him one evening to hear their vesper music at church; the priest seeing Sir Henry stand obscurely in a corner, sends to him by a boy of the choir this question, writ in a small piece of paper, 'Where was your religion to be found before Luther?' To which question Sir Henry presently underwrit, 'My religion was to be found then where yours is not to be found now, in the written Word of God.' The next vesper, Sir Henry went purposely to the same church, and sent one of the choir boys with this question to his honest, pleasant friend, the priest, 'Do you believe all those many thousands of poor Christians were damned, that were excommunicated, because the Pope and the Duke of Venice could not agree about their temporal power? even those poor Christians that knew not why they quarrelled? Speak your conscience.' To which he underwrit, in French, 'Monsieur, excusez-moi.' To one that asked him, 'Whether a papist may be saved?' he replied, 'You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself.' To another, whose earnestness exceeded his knowledge, and was still railing against the Papists, he gave this advice, 'Pray,

air, forbear till you have studied the points better; for the wise Italians have this proverb, 'He that understands amiss concludes worse;' and take heed of thinking the farther you go from the Church of Rome, the nearer you are to God.'"

Dr. Donne, beholding the vision of his dead wife in Paris; the interview between Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, with Richard Hooker, whom they find tending sheep and reading the Odes of Horace; and George Herbert consoling the poor old woman at Bemerton—are described in our author's best manner. Walton's interview with Dr. Robert Sanderson, whom he meets in one of the streets of London, is exquisitely related. "The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently, and therefore turned to stand in a corner, under a penthouse, for it began to rain; and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much, that both became so inconvenient, as to force us into a cleanly house, where we had bread, cheese, ale, and a fire for our money." Walton then gives the interesting conversation that passed between them. A sweet and gracious picture might be painted of this scene.

Howitt, in his "*Visits to Remarkable Places*," observes—

"If we had quitted Winchester Cathedral without paying a visit to the grave of one of the best and most cheerful-hearted old men who lie in it, we should have committed a great fault. No; we stood on the stone of the floor of Prior Silkstede's chapel, in the old Norman south transept, which is inscribed with the name of *Izaak Walton*. There lies the prince of fishermen, who, when Milner wrote his history of this city, was so little thought of, that he is not once mentioned in the whole huge quarto. But the restored taste of these better times has reinstated the fine old fellow in his just niche of public regard. And if the whole kingdom had been sought for the most fitting spot of burial for him, none could have been found more fitting than this. Is it not in the neighborhood of that beautiful river, Ichen, whose water is so transparent, that it looks like condensed air, and in which his beloved trouts sail about as plain to the eye as the birds on the boughs that overhang it? Is it not by that sweet valley in which he delighted, and in that solemn minster that he loved, and by that

daughter whom he loved still more; and amid the haunts of those bishops and pious men whom he venerated, that the good old disciple, not only of Christ, but of Andrew and Peter, and of all sacred fishermen, lies? Peace and lasting honor to him! And great thanks should we owe him, had he never left us any other sentiment than that which he penned down when he heard the nightingale's singing as he sat angling—'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'"

Cotton, the friend and disciple of Walton, was one of the most accomplished men of the day, cheerful, witty, and beloved by all; but his carelessness kept him in constant pecuniary difficulties to the close of his life, and only the grave shielded him from the persecutions of bailiffs. His paternal property, at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, descended to him much encumbered, and Cotton was not the man to lessen these encumbrances; even a fortunate marriage with the Countess Dowager of Ardglass, who had a jointure of £1500 a year, failed to relieve his necessities. This Ashbourne was a sweet spot; a transparent stream flowed about the house, which stood on a small peninsula; a bowling-green was close by, and lovely meadows and mountains enriched the neighborhood. Cotton was justly proud of the friendship felt for him by Walton. "My father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like; and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men; which is one of the best arguments, or, at least, of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me, one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me." Cotton's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* is spirited, and with a few exceptions a faithful version "of one of the golden books of literature." In some "*Stanzas Irregular, to Mr. Izaak Walton*," we obtain an insight to Cotton's fondest wishes and pleasures.

Farewell, thou busy world, and may

We never meet again;

Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,

And do more good in one short day,

Than he who his whole age out-wears

Upon the most conspicuous theatres,

Where naught but vanity and vice appear.

Good God ! how sweet are all things here !
How beautiful the fields appear !

How cleanly do we feed and lie !
Lord ! what good hours do we keep !
How quietly we sleep !

What peace, what unanimity !
How innocent from the lewd fashion,
Is all our business, all our recreation !

Oh, how happy here's our leisure !
Oh, how innocent our pleasure !
O ye valleys ! O ye mountains !
O ye groves, and crystal fountains !
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye !

Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man, acquainted with himself, dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend,
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still ;
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone,
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none !
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And pleasing a man's self, none other to dis-
please !

* * * *

Lord ! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be ;
Might I in this desert place
(Which most men in discourse disgrace)
Live but undisturbed and free !
Here, in this despised recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old ;
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

William Shenstone, although he pos-
sessed from nature a fine disposition, and
was born to wealth sufficient for all rea-
sonable purposes, appears not to have led
a happy life. The Leasowes became a
kind of hobby to him, but not a hobby of
the right sort. He wanted others to ad-
mire it, and was not satisfied unless the
incense of praise was continually rising to
gratify his senses. His neighbor, Little-
ton, of Hagley Park, had more extensive
grounds, and more money to spend in
adorning them. This was not pleasant to
Shenstone. His great misfortune was

being a bachelor, and to use his own
phrase, "he glutted himself with the ex-
tremity of solitude," which he would have
avoided in a marriage with Miss Graves—
Charlotte Graves, the Phillis of the Pas-
toral Ballad, and sister to Graves who
wrote the *Spiritual Quixote*. I believe he
was restrained from entering into the en-
gagement on pecuniary considerations—a
poor excuse. He died unmarried. D'Is-
raeli writes, "He, who is no husband,
sighs for that tenderness which is at once
bestowed and received ; and tears will
start into the eyes of him, who in becoming
a child among children, yet feels that he
is no father. These deprivations have
usually been the concealed causes of the
querulous melancholy of the literary cha-
racter." Such was the real occasion of
Shenstone's unhappiness. In early life
he had been captivated by a young lady,
adapted to be both the muse and the
wife of the poet, and their mutual sensi-
bility lasted for some years. It lasted
until she died. It was in parting from her
that he first sketched his Pastoral Ballad.
D'Israeli says that Shenstone "had the
fortitude to refuse marriage. His spirit
could not endure that she should partici-
pate in that life of self-privations to which
he was doomed ; but his heart was not
locked up in the ice of celibacy, and his
plaintive love-songs and elegies flowed
from no fictitious source."

This is all fudge, for a small portion of
the money that Shenstone was daily spend-
ing in adorning the Leasowes would have
supported a loving wife, and made two
persons happy. He saw not how it was
possible to possess improvable scenes and
not wish to improve them ; but designs
and improvements followed fast on one
another, and caused him so much annoy-
ance that the murmurs of his cascades
were utterly lost to him. His discontent
is visible in some of his letters ; in one of
them he says : "Solitary life, limited
circumstances, a phlegmatic habit, and
disagreeable events, have given me a mel-
ancholy turn, that is hardly dissipated by
the most serene sky, but in a northeast
wind is quite intolerable." On these occa-
sions, however, he found the best cordial
was to read over all the letters of his
friends. He had a great fondness for toys,
utensils, and viewed his watch, standish

furniture, and snuff-box, with a sort of tender regard. He loved to pass by crowds, and to catch distant views of the country as he walked along, but generally chose to sit where he could not see two yards before him; and says he never saw a town or city in a map, but he figured to himself how many agreeable persons it contained that he wished to be acquainted with. He compared the ease and freedom he enjoyed to an old shoe, where a certain degree of shabbiness is joined with the convenience. The Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, nor even the Chinese language, was not so difficult to him as the language of refusal. If he had had a fortune sufficiently large, he would have made himself a neighborhood, built a village and church, and peopled it with inhabitants of some branch of trade that was suitable to the country round. Then at suitable distances erect a number of convenient boxes, and amuse himself with giving them all the advantages they could receive from taste. These he would people with his chosen friends, assigning to each, annually, a sufficient sum for life. This should be irrevocable, in order to give them independency; the house to be of a more precarious tenure, that, in case of ingratitude, he might choose other inhabitants. This is somewhat plausible; and a good novel could be written on the inconveniences likely to arise from it. Shenstone was placable and kind-hearted, and thoroughly believed that not an insect should be destroyed, nor a dog quarrelled with, without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality. He somewhere observes that it was a melancholy affair to travel late and fatigued, upon any ambitious project, on a winter's night, and see the lights in cottages, where all the unambitious people are warm and happy, and at rest in their beds. Shenstone, like all true lovers of books, wished two editions of a favorite author—one the simple text, published by a society of able hands; the other with the various readings and remarks of the ablest commentators. Shenstone's *Maxims and Essays on Men and Manners*, display exceeding acuteness, sound reflection, and knowledge of human nature, benevolence, and gentleness of disposition. The following are some specimens of them: "Be cautious not to con-

sider a person as your superior, merely because he is your superior in the point of assurance. This has often depressed the spirit of a person of desert and diffidence." "Think, when you are enraged at anyone, what would probably become your sentiments, should he die during the dispute." "People say, do not regard what he says, now he is in liquor. Perhaps this is the only time he ought to be regarded." "I doubt whether it be not true, that we hate those faults most in others, which we are guilty of ourselves." "A liar begins with making falsehoods appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood." "Fools are often found united in the closest intimacies, as the lightest kinds of wood are the most closely glued together." "It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest; as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave." "Every single instance of a friend's insincerity increases our dependence on the efficacy of money. It makes one covet what produces an external respect, when one is disappointed of that which is internal and sincere. This, perhaps, with decaying passions, contributes to render age covetous." "A wife ought in reality to love her husband above all the world; but the preference, I think, should in point of politeness be concealed. The reason is, that it is disgusting to see an amiable woman monopolized; and it is easy, by proper management, to waive (all I contend for) the appearance." "There is none can baffle men of sense but fools, on whom they can make no impression." "A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind." "There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy." "I consider your very testy and quarrelsome people in the same light as I do a loaded gun, which may by accident go off and kill one." "It is a fine stroke of Cervantes, when Sancho, sick of his government, makes no answer to his comforters, but aims directly at his shoes and stockings." "Hope is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites, for he frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior." "The most reserved of men, that will not exchange two

es together in an English coffee-house, should they meet at Ispahan, would sherbet and eat a mess of rice together." "Bashfulness is more frequently attended with good sense, than we find vice, on the other hand, is often the effect of downright stupidity." "A branching, aged oak, is perhaps the venerable of all inanimate objects." "Mistaken reflections are unjust, because all good men in all nations, are not at all wars upon much the same footing."

"The love of popularity seems else than the love of being loved, and is very blamable when a person aims at the affections of a people, by means in appearance honest, but, in the end, pernicious and destructive." "The whole mystery of a courtly behavior seems included in the power of making general favors appear particular ones." "Spleen is often little more than an obstructed perspiration." "The picture appears to me to discover herself most in her mouth and eyes; with the difference, that the mouth seems the more expressive of her temper, and the eye of the understanding." "When misfortunes happen to us, we dissent from us in matters of religion; we call them judgments; when to ourselves, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we content to impute them to the settled course of things." "The making presents to any one addresses, is like throwing into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it." "The best time to answer to the letters of a friend, is the moment you receive them. Then the warmth of friendship, and the intelligence received, most forcibly coöperate." "A person is somewhat taller by holding his head." "The world would be more cheerful, if persons gave up more time to the discourse of friendship. But money consumes all our deference; and we can no longer enjoy a social hour, because we have it unjustly stolen from the main business of our lives." "A sunshiny day,

a tavern supper after a play well acted, and now and then an invigorating breath of air in the Mall, never fail of producing a cheerful effect." "If I wish for a large fortune, it is rather for the sake of my friends than myself; or, to compromise the matter with those moralists who argue for the universality of self-interest, it is to gratify myself in the company and in the gratification of my friends."

The original portrait of Shenstone was the gift of a master to his servant; for on its back, written by the poet's own hand, is the following dedication: "This picture belongs to Mary Cutler, given her by her master, William Shenstone, January 1st, 1754, in acknowledgment of her native genius, her magnanimity, her tenderness, and her fidelity. W. S."

Much cannot be said in praise of Shenstone's poetry. The ballad of Jemmy Dawson has been highly admired and praised; but the *Schoolmistress* is a poem of undoubted excellence, and sufficient to render its author immortal. It is imbued with a humane and thoughtful sweetness. The birch tree still waves in the air, that worked the simple vassals mickle woe; not a stain has yet appeared on the old dame's cap, "far whiter than the driven snow;" her blue apron and russet gown have not faded, but have grown brighter and more lustrous with time; the herbs of grey renown that in her garden grew, the tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme, fresh balm and marygold of cheerful hue, and lavender, "whose spikes of azure bloom lurked amid the produce of her loom," and "crowned her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume," still perfume the atmosphere, still glow with undying beauty. The picture of "the unmoney'd wight" peering the pears or cherries, "with thread so white in tempting posies ty'd," or "the plum all azure, and the nut all brown," pleasantly, and yet affectingly, bring to mind our own childhood, and the tempting fruit-stands.

G. F. D.

THE REPUBLIC.

NO. II.—GENERAL ASPECT OF THE GOVERNMENT, AND OF THE DIFFICULTIES THAT ATTENDED THE CONSTRUCTION OF IT.

THE merits of a political system depend upon the fitness of its ends, and the success of its arrangements for attaining them.

Its ends ought always to be popular; that is to say, they should embrace the liberty and welfare of the people at large, rather than of one or more classes of men in particular. So, at least, we judge in this country. The early State constitutions hold the doctrine in very strong language.

But to make a government the blessing it ought to be to a whole people, it is necessary, in framing it, to resolve the benevolence of its general scope into two specific aims—one, the present care of men's rights under it; the other, its own preservation, as material to their future safety. The latter, be it borne in mind, is by far the most difficult part of the business.

Antecedently to our national era, there were three forms of political organization, of which it was vulgarly supposed all human governments were either pure specimens or mixtures. Aristocracy and monarchy were two. But of these it is needless to say much, because their very ends were such as to unfit them for our use; being designed essentially for the benefit of a few, and not of the many. Such polities belong to privileged orders, of which we have none. They are wont to be administered for the peculiar advantage of those orders. It is of their nature to be so administered. And whatever the people at large get from them in the way of benefits, is rather accidental than proper to their main purpose; a kind of crumbs from the rich man's table.

But how as to the third or last variety of the classical forms? Democracy, it must be owned, is popular enough, both

in drift and composition. Why, then, did it not present itself to the patriarchal law-givers as the very thing they wanted?

There was a difficulty of another sort. Those sages knew something of history, something of human nature, something of circumstantial aptitudes and dependencies, in political affairs. Democracy, in the technical sense of the term, is incapable of successful application to the use of a great country like ours. The people cannot assemble to deliberate, in mass, upon public measures; nor would it be well to do so if they could. The people at large are not wise enough for this; they are not cool and dispassionate enough. Many of them are too dependent in condition, too low in character and standing, let me add, too poor in principle, to be safely intrusted with a voice in all State questions. The idea of doing everything by universal suffrage, and without the intervention of agencies, would be no better than a mad-house project in a land of such vast territories. It is not much better anywhere. That democracy *means well*, is nearly all the good you can say of it. And though you could say more, its career is seldom long enough to give a sure value to its attributes. In the very nature of things, as well as by the evidence of past ages, it is a kind of polity, well intentioned if you please, but frail in structure, fickle, changeful, uneasy in the working, and doomed, under all possible circumstances, to an early grave. It cannot be otherwise. There are no checks that can be relied on to curb such a government; no balance-wheels to regulate the waywardness of its action. What have you to take hold on for any manner of conservative purpose? No division of the sovereignty can take place. The men who administer the system are the very same persons who alone

are interested in the consequences. What appeal in such a case? What power anywhere to interfere? All concerned are on board the vehicle that is running away. And this vehicle is not a ship, with sails filled with one element while its rudder plays effectually in another; but a balloon, that has absolutely nothing to steer by, and which is therefore incapable of keeping to any course but that of the wind itself, that bloweth where it listeth.

How, then, were the constitutional fathers to act? Monarchy wouldn't answer their turn. Aristocracy wouldn't answer. These forms, if adopted, might last a long while, no doubt; but then, the longer the worse, from the obliquity of their main ultimate design. Democracy was indeed sufficiently popular in its bearing, could it only be kept steady in its action. This, however, was quite hopeless. It would require a community of angels to carry on such a government successfully for a great length of time.

The conclusion was, that neither democracy, aristocracy, nor monarchy would suit the occasions of the country; and it was therefore necessary to contrive a scheme materially different from them all.

Even mixtures wouldn't do; for schemes made up by taking part from one of the old forms and part from another would involve a conflict of aims and tendencies hard, if not impossible, to harmonize. A government was wanted that should seek, not only in part, but *altogether*, the popular, general welfare; and how could elements be drawn for this out of systems in which the people made no figure, but where kings and princes and hereditary nobles had the disposal of everything by right of blood?

To be sure, the English government is itself a mixture, and the fathers had their eyes upon it as such. They saw in it, besides monarchy and aristocracy, a third ingredient, commonly but untechnically termed democratic. Could such a union of parts, especially as between the popular branch and the two others, be perfect? Aristocracy and monarchy may find it politic to join hands, their ends not being wide apart; but one would think democracy, or anything in the spirit of it, not only ungenial to those politics, but antagonistic, having an end of its own that

is decidedly inconsistent with the exclusiveness of their pretensions. When privileged estates, whether royal or only noble in rank, are associated in a government system with the people or their representatives, there may be joint action for immediate purposes, but there cannot well be harmony of ulterior views, nor general sympathy of design; and it is odds but there will sometimes be open war in the political household, with more or less disturbance of the balance of power among its inmates.

As a whole, the English government is by no means what it once was, or what it was for centuries after the people came to have a share in it. During the Tudor dynasty, the prerogative was uppermost, and the House of Commons under foot. Then came a struggle of four reigns, and the political machine was righted again. Since that period, the Commons have gradually got the better both of the monarchical and aristocratic estates, and are now higher in the ascendant than ever. Well for the kingdom that it is so; well that in a system almost necessarily agitated by conflicting aims and policies, the people occupy, and are intrenched upon, the heights of the domestic battle-ground. But of the system itself what shall we say? What can we say but this?—God bless it to England! and this?—God save America from everything like it!

But suppose the popular part of the British constitution were taken for a nucleus, and the requisite complement of additions gathered around it on a corresponding plan, so as to give us an agency government *throughout*; how would that answer? The fathers could not but see that the House of Commons was an admirable contrivance, by itself considered. It was democratic in spirit; yet without the ignorance, the haste, the caprice, the turbulence, the instability of governments technically so called. Why might not this suggest the capital thought of a *fourth form* of political organization, distinct and equidistantly remote from all the other three? Such a form would be likely to work harmoniously in its various branches, and to keep the State at peace with itself. It would secure unity of design at home, and probably a due measure of respect abroad. Above all, by partitioning the

sovereignty between public agents and their principals—the people—an invaluable resource might be found in the electoral part for setting up a system of conservative oversight to guard the walks of administrative power, and thus, if such a thing can be, to perpetuate the career of liberty, by institutions safe from the contagion of democratic disease, while yet as truly free and popular as democracy itself could make them.

The capital thought here mentioned did arise in those pure minds that had the framing of our polity, and they acted upon it; establishing a government (the States were all fashioned on one model) that had no monarchy, no aristocracy, no democracy, in its composition; not a particle of either. Semblances may be traced, just as you may find human profiles in the clouds. The offices of Governor and President, for instance, may be said to wear a *semblance* of monarchy. The Senates of the different Legislatures savor faintly of aristocratic ideas; and there is an infusion of something easily mistaken for democratic liqueur throughout the whole contents of the political caldron. It has often been predicted that our system would develop into a one-man government. But I believe the prevailing sentiment is now that, in a vague sense of terms, we are already a democracy. Foreign writers so speak of us. De Tocqueville seems everywhere to take it for granted; and Lord Brougham not only states the fact to be so, but applies to our democracy the very epithet by which it is usual to distinguish the technical form of government known by that name.* This, however, is loose writing. The truth is otherwise. The fathers of the country never dreamed of such a thing; and though we are not at present just what they meant us to be, we are still no democrats in the form and theory of our system. At the polls, no doubt, and in the newspapers, an unscrupulous man will say anything to gain his purpose. In this way, democracy has become a word of cant among our own citizens; and so would diabolism, if the people loved to hear it. I am for all the just freedom of the country, but I will never hoist a false flag to please anybody.

* Pol. Phil. ii, 4.

I love the people, possibly, as much as some who bend lower at their shrine; but I have my own way of showing it, and decline to be a conniving spectator of the inroads that are making on the inheritance their glorious ancestors have left them. To call the government a democracy, is either to mistake or to slander it. To call the people democrats, or to profess, with fawning cant, to be democrats at their service, is to make them objects either of insult or cajolery. The truth appears to be, that to a very great extent the popular origin, bearing, and working of our institutions has involved men's minds in a confusion of ideas as to the name and character of the economy they belong to. And as misapprehension here is mischievous, drawing practice after it, perverting the views of our too frequent constitutional conventions, and so putting everything at hazard; the cloud must, if God permit, be dissipated, and the clear, benignant sky of the country's morning brought back.

What, then, you will ask, is that fourth form of government, that new-invented form, so different from all others?

It is, as I have phrased it before, an *agency government throughout*, and technically a *republic*. Its peculiarity lies mainly in this, that the sovereignty being divided, public measures are all taken by means of delegated power; while the people, or a very large proportion of them, are the appointed *visitors* of these agency proceedings, and hold the residue of the sovereignty for that purpose; employing it at discretion on the *men* of the government, as terms of office expire, but standing quite aloof from its *acts*; content with a supremacy over these by *influence only*, through public opinion and the ballot-box.

And if this be not a peculiar form of government, unknown to the ancients, unmixed with any that they knew, I have entirely mistaken its character. It works *entirely by agencies*. It has no monarch, no privileged orders, no legislative popular assemblies. It does nothing as the old forms do, and almost everything in a way to them impossible. Agents, and popular agents are no new discovery; but they were never thus combined before in a complete government mechanism. Steam and steam-engines were abundantly common before Fulton was born, and lakes and

rivers were alive with water-craft, but there had been no combination like the one he made; and here his merit lay—he was a true inventor. The hint that gave birth to our scheme of government may have been derived originally from the lower house of the British Parliament. Nothing more likely. There was popular agency in that body from very early times, and with it representative government (which is more) upon a partial scale. But the first use made of that hint, on our side of the water, was in the colonial period of the country. It was then tried, and tried again; tried everywhere throughout the colonies, and the result was, that it answered well. The colonists were all agreed about it. They could think of nothing better; and they carried the principle as far as their circumstances allowed. Provincial governors could not be popularly chosen: there was a royal master in the way. For the rest, however, the people governed themselves by their own agents; that is, by delegated power. And when at length all shackles were broken and all barriers removed, the patriots of a reer, happier day went farther, and constructed their whole edifice in the agency style, giving us a government “every-
 nch” a republic—a thing the stars had never looked down upon before.

Yes, a republic! Should not this new and beautiful creation have a name?

True, every form of government that looks broadly to the general good, as its constitutional object, is etymologically, and in vulgar parlance too, republican. I say, *its constitutional object*. Popularity of mere administration is not enough. We would not call a monarchy or pure aristocracy republican, even in an untechnical sense, though ever so liberal and catholic in its present tone of operation; and the reason is, it is not of the *nature* of such governments to operate thus; nor would it do to ascribe to *them* what arises only from the accidental temper, character, or policy of those in charge of them for the time being.

Speaking *descriptively*, apart from technical ideas, *democracy* is called a republican polity; being altogether popular, and making use of the general will to attain that will's own ends. It is indeed a bubble. Bubble-like, however, it has a witch-

ery of coloring about it, that all eyes are taken with. A popular bubble! blown up, and then blown about, by the people, just to please themselves—the wide welkin ringing with their acclamations, as it sails along. Essentially, a popular gewgaw, from first to last! No favored classes, no favored individuals, save the demagogue of the hour. It is, in short, the toy, the plaything of the commonwealth. And as no mildness or beneficence of administration can entitle one of the governments “made for Cæsar” to be termed a republic, neither is a democracy to be refused this name, in common speech, because unfitted to make good in practice the promise of its import.

But, after all, the word *republic* is, in technical strictness, applicable only to a kind of polity, in which the people govern themselves *by representative agents*. And why not?

In the first place, such a polity needs a technical name; for it is widely different from the old forms, and is too much spoken of withal, to admit of being tumbled about in endless circumlocution.

Secondly, the vulgar meaning of the word *republican* is no obstacle to this appropriation of it, in a strict sense, any more than the vulgar meaning of the word *democracy* vitiates the use of that word, as a term of art, to designate a polity in which the people govern themselves *without* representative agents.

And finally, the fathers have settled the business for us; our peculiar institutions being what they chose to call a republic, emphatically and exclusively such, in technical language, whether we like it or not. And for this fact I refer generally to the mass of our political literature of the first age. The reader will see for himself.

As, however, we have so-called *democrats* among us, and not a few of them, it may be well to specify, for their particular behoof, a writer or two whom they profess to regard as a kind of ancestors in their own political genealogy, and whose statements they are themselves likely to hold in due respect.

I begin with Mr. Jefferson, the hero of “a second revolution.” Look at his works, and see if he professed to be a democrat. *Republic, republican, republicanism*, are the burden-terms of his style. He never thinks of democracy. The word, if I re-

member right, (some years have come and gone since I perused the four volumes of his published "writings,") has scarce a place in his vocabulary. "The constitution," says this gentleman, "was meant to be *republican*, and we believe it to be republican, according to every candid interpretation."* This was written in 1800, the great year of his life. And, what is not a little singular, he seems to have thought the actual state of the government, as it came to his hands from those of Washington and Adams, to be not quite popular enough for its republican pretensions; for he adds, immediately, "we have seen it so interpreted," (not administered merely, but *interpreted*,) "as to be truly what the French have called it"—and what is that, do you think? a democracy? Oh, no! his pendulum is in the other extremity of its arc; the monster those French fingers are pointing at is "*monarchie masqué*," monarchy in a mask!†

I am not responsible for the philosopher-president's wisdom or sagacity; nor am I going to contend for the precision of his ideas as to what essentially constitutes a republic. His definition, I am ashamed to say, is this: "A government by the citizens in mass, *acting directly and personally*, according to rules established by the majority."‡ A definition, at first blush, of pure democracy! But a moment's reflection brings relief. His meaning is not all expressed. Consider his subject in general: it is the constitution of the country in its actual state; and he is writing about it in a letter of friendship, with nothing to put him upon studied accuracy of phrase. There is, therefore, an ellipsis. Ours is truly "a government by the citizens in mass," (the electoral portion of them,) "acting directly and personally"—but upon what? Is it *men* or *measures* that the people act upon? Certainly not *measures*. At his day, especially, the direct action of the people was upon *men only*. It was *electoral* action. So that if he was supposed to mean, that the government of a republic like ours is *administered* "directly and personally" by the people, instead of being merely kept in a state of sound organization by them, for that pur-

pose, the definition would be plainly false, in matter of fact, and contrary to his own knowledge of the truth; a thing, of course, not to be thought of. Let us be reasonable. It is as easy to supply the ellipsis by inserting the word *men*, as by inserting that of *measures*, after what is said of the direct personal action of the people. And so the enigma is cleared up.

At all events, Mr. Madison, another idol of democratic veneration, and, as I think, a much clearer-headed politician, has told us, in a formal treatise on the subject, that a republic is "a government in which the *scheme of representation* takes place." In other words, an agency government; a government by delegated power.

And what entitles Mr. Madison's language to more particular attention is this, that he is running, in the place where they occur, a deliberate contrast between republican and democratic institutions. In the *latter*, he says: "the citizens assemble and administer the government in person;"* a mode of business which he looks upon as bad in the extreme, because "admitting of no cure for the mischiefs of faction." Such, at least, is one of his reasons. And he presses the discrimination of the one polity from the other as alike marked in theory and momentous in practice; summing up the matter, however, in a formal statement, not very logically constructed: "The two great points of difference," he says, "between democracy and a republic are, first, the *delegation of the government*, in the *latter*, to a small number of citizens elected by the rest; and secondly, the greater number of citizens, and greater sphere of country over which the latter may be extended."† This concluding passage, though true and important, is inaccurately associated with the other which precedes it, being circumstantial only; but the point respecting agencies and delegated power is one of substance, and goes home. It is the grand distinction in the case; giving us, on one hand, a scheme of things that acknowledges some men wiser, abler, honester than others, and confides in them accordingly; while, on the democratic side of the question, we have a jealous, churlish polity, that trusts nobody, respects nobody, and delegates nothing; but insists the

* Jefferson's Writings, iii, 443.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. iv, 275.

* Federalist, No. 10.

† Ib.

people at large shall do their own work, and huddles them confusedly together for the purpose, making every man, without regard to talents or qualities, a governor in chief for the whole!

In the 39th "Federalist," the subject is resumed and further prosecuted, the writer there insisting strongly on the vitality of the question whether the constitution of the general government is truly of the nature he has previously ascribed to it; and using this unqualified language, "that if the plan of the convention" (meaning that constitution) "shall be found to depart from the *republican character*," (as above explained,) "*its advocates must abandon it as indefensible.*"

Here, then, we have the very highest authority (not only Madison, but his co-peers, Jay and Hamilton; not only the men, but their immortal work, which has been, from that day to this, in universal credit as our best political text-book,) for two pregnant propositions: one, that our system is *republican*, as *contradistinguished from democracy*; the other, that its whole value depends upon *the certainty and precision of this truth*.

But here another topic of inquiry naturally starts into view. How was it known, how could it be known, by the first founders of our system, that a pure republic was so much better than a pure democracy, the experiment having never yet been fairly tried? They had seen republican institutions mixed up with others of a different nature, but they had never seen them used for the entire fabric of a government. Perhaps some of those other ingredients might be necessary, in the long run. Who could tell? Democracy was indeed sufficiently understood. It was notoriously a factious, fickle, mutable, short-lived thing; a thing to be eschewed, at all events. The *hope* was, that a republic would work better and wear longer. But who could tell with certainty beforehand? Might not a republic have its own infirmities—if not as threatening, yet as surely mortal in the end, as those of its elder sister? Or, supposing remedies possible, how were the dangers of the case to be foreseen?—how guarded against?

Let us pause a little here for reflection. By glancing at some of the difficulties with which the fathers had to struggle, we

shall be the more able to comprehend the policy and appreciate the wisdom of their doings.

As already intimated, republican and democratic governments are of one character in the popularity of their ends and general scope. Both forms are alike free, for in both the people govern themselves. It is only in their working frame and apparatus, their plans for compassing their ends, that each can be said to have a character of its own, in which the other does not participate.

But here the difference between them is world-wide. For, while pure democracy is the very simplest of governments, despotism alone excepted; a republic, from the fact that it does everything by agencies and trusts, is one of infinite complication.

And what follows? Why, that a republic is just the kind of government where most depends on *structural contrivance*. Checks, balances, braces are necessary; a nice adjustment of machinery, part to part; and a discreet accommodation of the whole system to the actual elements of society, such as it happens to be; or at least, to the principal classes of those elements. It must be so. The greater the number and variety of ingredients, the more urgent the need of a skillful and workmanlike putting together. Moral influences are to be anticipated; moral causes foreseen and countervailed. Every organic weakness must be searched out in advance; a guard must be set upon every point of probable exposure; the force of every dangerous tendency must be measured and neutralized before events develop its existence. Can all this be done?

Let us not balk the truth; *free governments are prone to change*; nor can it be denied, *to change for the worse*. What a whole people have once acted on as sovereign lawgivers, (common law institutions fare better,) they seldom find in their hearts to let alone afterwards. And what they are forever dabbling at, they commonly spoil in the end.

It is notorious that strong governments suffer less from innovation. Why? Because they have already undergone the worsening process to a degree that defies it? or have been too bad from the beginning to admit of danger on that score?

In sober earnest, the selfishness of such governments takes care of their conservation. Tyrants rule for themselves; and they are the keepers of the systems that uphold their sway. When, therefore, they have got these systems moulded to their wishes, they are too wise to alter them, or allow them to be altered. And it is because freedom is a principle of activity, progress, change, that tyrants hate freedom and free institutions. This is the secret of their aversion to all popular movements.

No doubt the people have often much enjoyment, both of civil and political rights, under strong governments. A bad system may be so administered as to give the masses of the governed nearly all they can desire for a season. There have been instances of this. Yet freedom is none of the attributes of such a system, for want of a popular principle in it to secure a continuance of right management. Without a principle of this kind in the frame of the government, the people can neither be said to govern themselves, nor even to have any certain hold upon the future indulgence of their masters.

In a mixed government like England, where the people have a regular share of control in public affairs, it is not by mere accident that their rights are cared for and their interests cherished. They have a guaranty for this; a free element in the constitution. And one is almost ready to rank such a government in the free class, from the predominance of freedom in its working character, as well as in its effects. But after all, it would be a mistake to do so. That government has not always worked as it does now. And notwithstanding the present lead of the Commons in the administration of it, we may not overlook the constitutional fact that it is still a government in part by *prerogative*, and has an *irresponsible peerage* in its structure, and a *state-church*. To be free, in round terms, a system must be popular throughout; every department of power characterized by one common relation of dependence, service, responsibility, to the whole country.

Whether England has not freedom enough in her composition to leave the great point of *stability* uncompromised, is another and far graver question. The

crown and peerage certainly hold the Commons much in check even at this day, and exert thus a conservative influence against the tendency of popular power to some well-known species of abuse. And if the comparison lay between such a government, just as it is, and pure democracy, a choice were easily made. Liberty itself, if time be anything, is larger and better in the mixed monarchy. A pound of liberty in fee is worth twice the quantity at will or upon sufferance.

Alas, for democracy! It is a rich and glorious conception, but a poor reality—a thing not suited to this fallen world. It asks too much of us. It requires that a whole people, or at least the majority, shall be always virtuous, and wise, and thoughtful, and dispassionate, and vigilant, and far-sighted. What a demand! and this, under pain of speedy death to their institutions if they fall materially short of the mark! "The spirits of the just made perfect" would perhaps be equal to the task of carrying on such a government; but no less gifted community can hope to do it for a length of time. I say it sorrowing, there is not a people under heaven that could be expected to maintain a pure democracy for fifty years together, uncorrupted, unchanged. It never was, and never will be done.

Our republican institutions have been resorted to by way of escape from that desperate dilemma. It is well if we can govern ourselves permanently by delegated power, that is, by the use of agents. This is now the problem. Let us look to it.

The great feature of a republican economy is this, that it divides the sovereign power into two parts, of which one is delegated to public agents for the purposes of ordinary government, and the other distributed more or less extensively among the people as a sovereignty of electoral oversight and conservation. The arrangement is peculiar. There is nothing like it elsewhere. In monarchical and aristocratic governments, so far as they are purely such, the men who rule are deemed proprietors of everything, and especially of the power they wield. Nor is this power regarded as a detached portion from a large stock; it is full and complete sovereignty. And they personify it; they are sovereigns; claiming allegiance from

all around, and owing it professedly to none. In like manner, where the people attend personally to their government affairs, the sovereignty is kept together in a mass; there is no partition of it, because no agency-corps to be invested with a part.

Now this great feature of our system must be thoroughly attended to in all its bearings. We suppose there are advantages in it. May there not be disadvantages in it? Few things are good without abatement or mixture. May there not be evil tendencies and hazards as peculiar to republican polity as are some of its undoubted advantages?

Observe the state of facts resulting from the very frame of such a polity. It clothes public men with *half the sovereignty* of the nation (so to speak) on one hand; while on the other, the electors, as such, hold the *remaining half*; neither party to the division having the *whole* power, but each a *moiety only*.

And imagine the consequence. Is it likely that a man intrusted with a limited political authority (the most tempting of earthly things) will not instinctively yearn for more?—will not endeavor to enlarge his stock as opportunity offers? His principles may restrain him if he be an honest man. His character may also help to hold him back. But the tendency of his corrupt nature will and must be to grasp—grasp—grasp. The thing is inevitable.

Try it on the side of *the officer*. He has power, but the modicum is not sufficient. It leaves him still a deputy, a servant. There is a controlling power behind him. Can he be satisfied with the subordination, that cries *fie!* continually to his “pride of place?”

For a time, it is probable, the electors will keep an eye upon his movements, provided they are of a grade to do so intelligently. But long vigils lead to weariness and slumber. And if the people find that all is seemingly well for the time being; that to-day is as yesterday, and the flow of things unbroken; they will be likely to relax their vigilance, and suffer their minds to be insensibly drawn off into channels of private interests, to the neglect of their political duties. Then comes the day of ambitious enterprise for the functionary. Will he let it pass without improvement?

Office is indeed a name for *duty*, and implies a trust. But it is power too, and money, and distinction; and this under limits that are sure to whet the appetite for an increase of these dainties. And when the office-holder feels himself secure, and can have everything his own way, what are we to expect? What does history, observation, philosophy, warrant us in expecting? Men's integrity fails when hard-pressed by opportunity. Indeed their very judgment is apt to play truant under that temptation, and they often do wrong without conscious guilt. A tale which the teller of it knows to be false, will yet lull his own mind into credence by continual and applauded repetition. Long possession of land by another than the true owner will ripen, under the sun of selfishness, into a claim of property. Scarcely can a free servant grow old in his master's house, (the windows being closed against inspection from without,) but he is in danger of being turned into a slave—and then a chattel. Might begets right (that is, a conviction or presumption of right) in almost every one's conception. A man on horseback is a more considerable man in his own eyes than he was before he mounted; and he is capable of a rudeness towards foot-travellers that he would not venture upon as one of them. Even a pedestrian, with a stick in his hand, carries his head higher, and is less cautious whom he jostles, than if supported by his legs alone. Such is human frailty. And when we see it thus displayed in private life, and by persons not intentionally wicked or brutal, it is fearful to think of its possible developments in other circumstances, where easy principles are planted in the hotbeds of political forcing-houses, and left to all the excitements of the sun and soil, unpruned, untrained, unwatched, from year to year.

In short, let public men alone, and *trust* and *duty*, as connected with their stations, will soon turn to “airy nothings” in the minds of many; while *power*, sole survivor of the family of official ideas, will grow big and burly, as if it had eaten up the others, which indeed is likely to be true without a very violent metaphor.

But then it may be said *short terms* and *frequent elections* give us a remedy for all this. Do they indeed? And can they

be certainly relied on for the purpose? Will they extinguish the thirst of half-power for the whole? Will they root out the self-aggrandizing instinct of a place-man's nature.

True, they are good and necessary things, and calculated to have very important conservative effects, provided the *precise medium* could be found between terms of office too long and too short; between elections too frequent, and too few and far between? Has such a medium been arrived at? When—where—if at all? The fathers thought one thing, their descendants think another; who is right? The probable aggregate of all sorts of official terms now is less than half its original magnitude; though some of the States maintained their position nearly as at first in this respect.

Let us take the general case as it stands. Are the enticements of power neutralized by the necessity public men are now very generally under, of going back *yearly* to the polls to get their commissions renewed? It would be nearer the truth to say, that this necessity *only changes the direction* of men's efforts in pursuit of their political objects, while the objects themselves remain as they were, with attractions not sufficiently diminished to let go one votary in twenty of the captivated throng. The office-holder, now unable to give up his idol, and compelled at such short intervals to go back to the people for leave to retain it, becomes a general suitor at their doors, spends his time in saying pleasant things to them; calls them whatever names he thinks they love to hear, be it democrats, be it gods upon earth. In a word, he plays the *demagogue*. This is his line of action, his *modus operandi* for securing the very ends of his ambition; especially in those parts of the country where the electoral will is forever grinding, and the true sentiment of respect and veneration for the dignity of office, consequently, at a low ebb; so that instead of correcting entirely what is evil in the tendencies of the agency system, the expedient of over-frequent elections, while doing some good, doubtless in the way intended, has incidentally contributed to stir up a prodigious amount of cajolery and misguidance in the prevailing treatment of the popular mind.

At any rate, the point was a delicate

one for settlement in the first instance. Whether the fathers or we have acted upon it with the greater wisdom, is not the present question. That it was a delicate and trying point to them in their circumstances, may be well affirmed. Indeed, the whole subject of the administrative sovereignty was full of difficulties.

On the other hand, the electoral sovereignty itself was not an easy matter to dispose of. There, too, was power, under the provoking stimulus of *felt incompleteness*. Add to this, it was power in *retirement*; shut out from the bustle and display of public life—another disquieting circumstance. And though the reins of empire would in fact be held by the electors, their supremacy could have no visible triumphs, nor make the kind of figure to put the vainglorious passions of men at ease. Was there no danger of discontent on this score? And might not the goadings of such motives push the electors to an *over-reaching* policy as regards the agents they were to be instrumental in advancing to public stations? Was it not to be apprehended they might gradually trench upon the authority or liberty of these agents, and so plunge the commonwealth, sooner or later, into a modified democracy; subjecting not only men, but *measures*, to immediate popular dictation?

And then imagine the influence of a race of demagogues—men in office, wishing to keep their places, and men out of office striving to get in—imagine their influence brought to bear upon feeling already excited and misdirected in the public mind. What temptation on the part of candidates to sell or pawn the freedom of their future conduct in office for the patronage that has office to bestow. Will these mercenaries shrink from such a trade? Will the people shrink from putting the seeming gains of it into their pockets? It will indeed be losses and not gains in the end; no doubt of that; but will they see it so beforehand? or seeing, will they have the magnanimity, the good sense, the wisdom, to forego a present gratification for the sake of a greater good at some distance of time?

Assuredly, the case for which the fathers had to legislate, was of a nature to put all their prudence in requisition. The framing of democracies, and aristocracies,

and monarchies, would have been child's play in comparison with their task.

See what they had to do.

In the first place, there was wanting a vast agency mechanism for ends of ordinary government.

And things must be so managed as to bring into the service of the country a variety of personal qualities and talents. There must be men for making laws, men for seeing laws executed, men for judging in detail of common justice between party and party, men for all sorts of ministerial labor in aid of the more prominent functions of political life. In some of these walks of duty, great abilities were necessary, in some, professional skill; a measure of undoubted character for principles, in all.

How was the selection to be made. That was one point of difficulty. To some extent, the people might be supposed competent to choose their own agents. This was eminently true in reference to the legislative and chief executive functions; involving services, which though of vast importance, were not of a kind to call for much technical knowledge or specific preparation, so that the leading business of the government, and that upon which all else depended more or less, might be safely organized in the way the general liberty required, namely, by votes sufficiently numerous to express the popular sentiment of the country. Had it not been so, the republican scheme must have altogether failed as impracticable. But legislation was no mystery of art, and the people could not well be mistaken in the kind of evidence by which the fitness of a legislative agent should be indicated. High standing for integrity, good sense and acquirements, with some experience in affairs, was all they wanted. So also, the executive function (apart from its judicial subdivision) could be judged of in a general way by everybody. And these are the parts of the system where it was especially momentous that the people should be as closely and sensibly present as possible. But in descending from hence to other branches of the public service, such as the courts, particular bureaus, &c., the case became harder for the common mind to manage. It was not enough that candidates for such places were well reported of. There was to be a special adaptation of the men

to the offices, a fitness of artificial skill, concerning which the multitude were scarce capable of forming an intelligent opinion. It would, therefore, be safer as to stations of that sort, to entrust the appointing power with persons of eminence in the government, who from their position might be expected to exert it more cautiously and discreetly than the people could. And fortunately, there was nothing in the economy of the public liberty that was likely to take harm from such an arrangement.

Still, beyond the question how far it was best to organize the public service by popular vote, how far by substituted agencies, (no inconsiderable question by itself,) ulterior matters were to be attended to. There was danger of bad men's coming into office through ignorance or incaution on the people's part, or by the arts of deceivers; and there was danger of men's becoming bad under the perverting influence of office, after their elevation to it. How were evils like these to be guarded against?

One expedient was that of dividing public power into several parts, called jurisdictions, and setting these in counterpoise against each other. Hence the well-known legislative, executive, and judicial departments of government, each under separate charge, and fenced, as far as practicable, against encroachment from the rest. The early constitutions lay great stress upon this.

Another expedient was the territorial division of the country into states, counties, and townships; or rather the making use of these divisions (they existed already) to distribute the dispatch of public business over a wide surface, and so to prevent a plethora of the central system, and keep down the fever of the head by drawing off as much as possible of the elements of active power into the extremities.

Other securities of a personal nature were added to these; such as age, residence, property, religion, and the like; required partly in candidates for office, partly in electors, more or less in both. Nor does it need much knowledge of human history to determine that all the guards and cautions which the case admitted of, were not likely to be more than enough.

But, in the second place, *the sovereignty of the polls* was also to be looked after.

And here the first inquiry would naturally be directed to the proper vesting of this all-important power. Who should have it? From whom should it be withheld? For observe, it belonged of right to nobody, save as the constitution should give it, being a mere functionary power, to be held, not for the special emolument of individuals, but in trust for the commonwealth. Who, then, in matter of safety and prudence, should have it, and who not?

Women and children were of course out of the question. It is incompatible with female delicacy to join the scramble of an electoral contest. And as for children, they could not understand the thing at all; their votes would be no better than a lottery. So that two-thirds, three-fifths of the entire community, are thus set aside at once.

Would it do to clothe fresh-landed aliens with a suffrage of this kind? How much better than children could they understand the use of it? Or what stake have they in the country that could be supposed to give them a proper sense of concern in the consequences?

Finally, are there not native citizens in abundance to whom such a franchise cannot be prudently confided?—men without virtue, without intelligence, without property, without patriotic attachment, without anything to bind them to the country, or fit them for a voice in its affairs?

It is difficult, you will say, to apply tests. It is, indeed. But it is harder still to preserve free institutions without them. Our antipathy to tests is apt to become morbid. In some forms they are odious things, but in some they are necessary. So, at least, the fathers thought; nor has their judgment in the matter fallen yet into quite universal disrepute.

I conclude, in the third place, with one suggestion more.

The fathers had to suit their measures to the *social and civil elements* of the land they were providing for.

What were those elements? Different classes of men, distinguished from each other, not in rank or privilege, but in education, refinement property, habits, and pursuits. Was there not something due

to such peculiarities?—to each and every of them in particular? Would it do to frame the government with a view to the rich only, or the educated and refined? Would it do to frame it in utter neglect of these portions of the general mass of citizens, as if their existence were unknown. Government is moral power in the hands of a few over the many. The balance of physical force is with the governed. Supposing, then, the people to be free, the political system must in prudence be so fashioned as to please them, lest their physical force should not be quiet under it. And how, as a whole, are they to be pleased and satisfied, unless their prominent diversities of character, business, and condition, are all taken into view, and made something of in the economy of the constitution?

Let us illustrate in the article of wealth or property. Some men are very rich, some poor, and some in middle circumstances. Would it be wise to take no note of this in framing a government for all? Would it be safe? Suppose numbers disregarded, and wealth made a test of admissibility to every kind of office whatsoever; is it likely the poor and middle orders of society would be satisfied? Or if property were disregarded, on the other hand, and not only the right of suffrage, but office too, in all its grades and forms, thrown indiscriminately to the multitude, would this be satisfactory to the more opulent classes? There might, in one case or the other, be no sudden outbreak of impatience, but there would certainly be a leaven of discontent in the body politic, calculated to put it in a ferment by and by.

All this should be avoided; and with reasonable care it may be. What is easier than to make some offices accessible to all ranks, and confine others to men of good estates? Or, if you wish a property qualification to be general and uniform, let it be adjusted to the notion of a *medium* between rich and poor.

As regards the franchise, there is no convenient alternative but to try for such a medium. For, since the men who have nothing are always more numerous than the rich, and often compose a majority of the whole people; if you make the suffrage universal, you annihilate the influence

of property ; while, on the other hand, if you give the poorer classes no vote, you annihilate the influence of numbers. Now, you should do neither of these things. Take the world as it is. Let those who pay the taxes, and bear the chief burdens of the state, have an influence directly proportioned to their usefulness and merit as citizens. This is just, and you cannot otherwise make them feel that they are rightly dealt with. It is therefore politic too. Yet do not hurry off to the other extreme, and stifle utterly the voice of mere numbers. Men who have nothing, are yet men ; and not a few of them are citizens of high desert. Their poverty may be owing to other causes than sloth, intemperance, or dissipation. It is not always the lot of industry or enterprise, or both together, to make large acquisitions. In a free country, the voice of the poor man, as well as of the rich, must have its share of political weight. There will otherwise be a feeling of injury here also. How, then, are you to manage ? As to office, there may be something like an *apportionment*, by opening the doors of certain employments to the property classes only, while others are made accessible to all ; but in the matter of the franchise, where one uniform rule may be desirable, I see no better way than to *mediate* between the very rich and the very poor, by giving the right of suffrage to the inter-

vening portion of society, which approaches both extremes, and is capable of feeling for the interests of both, so as to vote impartially, and with probable satisfaction to the whole community.

At any rate, the founders of our government seem to have acted upon a policy of this kind. We do not enter practically into such refinements now-a-days. We are too busy, and prefer a more dashing style of politics. Constitution-making is become a humdrum business. "Nature's journeymen" can do it, and with cigars in their mouths. It was not so at first. A republican state was then regarded as a piece of moral clock-work ; a complicated mechanism, full of parts requiring the most careful and precise adjustment. And there were three great topics of interest combined in the general subject. First, government proper ; secondly, the vesting and qualification of the franchise of election ; thirdly, (not apart from the others, but in close connection with them,) the accommodation of the political to the civil and social system, for ends of justice and of popular peace. These topics claimed and received attention, each on its own account, and with an anxious regard to its own occasions. The result was an economy of peculiar and very decided character, which I propose to examine with some care.

THE SHADOW.

A moon ascending, full and small,
A lone and snowy road ;
And, here and there, a wild-wood tall,
With branches bare and broad.

A lone, dark figure moving by—
Its shadow goes before ;
The figure and the shadow fly
As on a silver floor.

The sky is blue, the trees are black,
And white the sheeted ground ;
And, now and then, the form looks back,
Or, stealthily, around.

But whether from suspected harm,
He hurries on his way,
Or if to keep his chill blood warm,
I know not which to say.

He hastens on his way, and still
His shadow goes before ;
And now, to nerve his fickle will,
His heart he will outpour :

“ Ha! ha! I wander all alone,
In all the wide world drear,
And nothing can I call my own
But this my shadow here.

They say that I am going mad,
Because I love my moods,
And speak in rhyme when I am sad,
Or wander in the woods.

Ha! ha! I thank thee, gentle moon,
For this my shadow here ;
It is a friend—a madman's boon,
And chides my foolish tear.

It walks—it runs—it leaps along,
Yet keeps so kindly near ;
And, if it had a voice, a song
’Twould carol in my ear.

It goes before, and, if I turn,
Will follow me behind—
A truant hiding from the moon—
The moon our mother kind.

Now slow and dark it glides along,
And *will* be moving near,
As if it were a thought of wrong—
A thing to hate and fear.

Oh, leave me, Shadow, grim and black,
Oh, leave me to myself !
And haunt no more my lonely track,
Thou shapeless demon-elf.

Away! away! blot not the light,
Thou dark, forerunning Doom ;
Oh, hide it, moon—oh, come thou, night,
And drown it in thy gloom !

But see! its arms it gaily flings;
My merry dwarf it is,
And I, the merriest of kings,
Will hold my revelries.

And I will stop and sit me down;
This drift shall be my throne;
The dazzling frost shall be my crown—
My realm the wild-wood lone.

Ho! ho! my Shadow, bring me wine,
For I am weary now,
And thou shalt be my harlequin
And dance upon the snow.

Haste thee! haste thee!—the minstrels bring;
Let clouds of music roll;
Let star-eyed Beauty smile and sing,
Or wreath the brimming bowl.

They come!—fair forms begin to float
Transparent to the moon;
Soft airs swell near—now die remote—
A glory bursts like noon!

Come near, more near, ye loving eyes;
Gaze on me ere we part;
I cannot clasp you—cannot rise—
The ice is on my heart.

Oh, stars, no more the eyes ye seemed;
Oh, harps—the wind's shrill cry;
Oh, forms—the clouds; I have but dreamed,
And, dreaming, waked to die!"

He said, and clouds began to loom
Above the darkened wood;
The Shadow melted in the gloom—
A drop within the flood.

All night there raged a wintry storm,
And sunny morning-tide
Revealed a shadow and a form
Close sleeping side by side.

And soon a passing traveller found
The fair-haired, youthful one,
Stretched pulseless on the snowy ground—
His face against the sun.

The form was wrapt in winter's pall;
In death the lips were clasped;
And, in the hand, an icicle
Was, like a sceptre, grasped.

THE PUPILS OF THE GUARD.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF ST. HILAIRE.]

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

CHAPTER I.

THE REVIEW.

One Sunday, in the month of August, 1811, about ten o'clock in the morning, a vast crowd thronged toward the *Place de la Carrousel*. At noon, Napoleon was to hold one of those magnificent reviews which always excited the admiration of the Parisians. But on this day their curiosity was the more aroused, as the Emperor was to inspect a newly created corps, that of the Pupils of the Guard, which no one in Paris had yet seen, and which had arrived from Versailles the evening before.

Fortune, which thus far had not ceased to smile upon Napoleon, had six months previous crowned his wishes, by granting him an heir. After having given his son a throne for a cradle, a royal crown for a cap, and the sceptre of Charlemagne for a rattle, he resolved to surround him with a guard, which should accord with his age.

A great number of his soldiers had sons or nephews, as yet too young to enter into the ordinary regiments; none of them were able to meet the expenses of their education at a military school, and besides, among the latter there were many orphans, for glory has always its sad side, and every victory which illustrates a nation, clothes many families in mourning. Wishing therefore, that war should in some sort repair the inevitable misfortunes which it inflicts upon its children, Napoleon conceived the idea of restoring to them what they had lost.

"It is in the ranks of the army that their fathers have fallen," he said, on this

occasion; "it is the army entire which shall supply that which they have lost."

Consequently, on the thirtieth of March, 1811, a decree had been promulgated, which directed the formation of a regiment composed of two battalions, of six companies each, which should bear the name of Pupils of the Guard. This corps was to be placed on the same footing with those of the Young Guard, except as to the pay, which was less. Among other qualifications requisite to admission among the Pupils, it was necessary to be the son, or at least the nephew, of a soldier who had died on the field of battle, to know how to read and write correctly, to be less than five feet high, and to have been duly vaccinated. Ten complete years was the minimum, and sixteen the maximum age for admission.

The uniform consisted of a green coat, with a yellow border, a shako and gaiters, with wide pantaloons of the same color as the coat; the subalterns were entitled to wear a sabre only; the sword was the weapon of the officers. The corporals, quarter-masters, sergeants and sergeant-majors were chosen according to merit and seniority. The officers, from the grade of sub-lieutenant to that of colonel, were named by the Emperor, upon the recommendation of the minister of war. Particular regulations were to govern this corps, if it should ever enter upon actual service. The decree terminated in these words: "There shall be no grenadiers." This clause sounded almost like a jest, and the following might have been added, with equal certainty of its being obeyed: "Moustachios shall not be rigorously required."

This regiment in miniature had been

organized at Versailles. The brave colonel Bardin was appointed to the command of it; the *chef de bataillon*, Dibbets, was named major. The greater number of the officers had been chosen from among the scholars of St. Cyr and Fontainebleau. This body of little infantry was soon increased to four thousand men. Afterward the Emperor augmented it to such a degree, that at the close of 1812, it was composed of eight battalions of eight companies each. The Pupils had a sub-lieutenant, a band of musicians, fifers, drummers, a drum-major, and even sappers. A simple tri-colored banner supplied the place of a standard, as a new regiment could receive its eagle only at the hands of Napoleon, and the latter never granted one, unless it had been merited upon the field of battle.

The four regiments of the Old Guard were already ranged in order of battle in the court-yard of the Tuilleries, when the spectators beheld with surprise a regiment of little foot-soldiers, the oldest of whom was scarcely fourteen years, defile from the gate of the Pont Royal, and approach in good order. From their erect and military bearing they might have been taken for old troops, such were the regularity of their movements, and the uniformity of their march. One would have thought them a corps of the Guard under arms, seen through an opera-glass reversed.

First came a platoon of sappers—fair-haired boys, with fur bonnets, whose beardless chins and roguish mien contrasted strangely with the terrible air which they endeavored to assume; then, a drum-major, four feet eight inches in height, who, as he passed before his colleague of the Old Guard, a veritable colossus, twirled his staff above his head with extraordinary velocity, as if challenging him to a trial of skill. He was followed by his drummers, beating *La Favorite*, that march of the grenadiers of the Old Guard, a true funeral knell to the Russian and Prussian battalions. The band of music came next; it was without its bass drum, because none of the performers had the strength to bear this heavy instrument. After these rode the staff, followed by the regiment with musket upon shoulder.

These embryo heroes formed themselves in order of battle, in front of the first

regiment of grenadiers, not a man of whom was less than six feet in height. At the sight of these children the old soldiers smiled, and whispers ran from rank to rank; but the drummers having beaten the march to announce the arrival of the Emperor, all became silent and motionless. Napoleon rode directly to the Pupils, who had opened their ranks to receive him; he dismounted, spoke a few words to Colonel Bardin, and, accompanied by the staff of the regiment, commenced his inspection. Suddenly taking a little corporal by the ear, and drawing him gently forward:

"How old are you, master *blond*?" he said to him, in a tone almost of severity.

"My Emperor, I was thirteen the 20th of last March, the birthday of the King of Rome."

"Why did you laugh a moment since, when I was speaking to your colonel?"

"Sire, it was from pleasure at seeing you?"

"And if I should send you to the guard-house, when you reach Versailles, to teach you that a subaltern officer should not laugh in the ranks, what then would you say?"

"My Emperor, I should say that I was very fortunate, for that would prove that you had noticed me."

"The little fellow has an answer for every thing," said Napoleon, pleasantly; and he walked onward.

At a sign from Major Dibbets, the little corporal returned to the ranks.

His inspection terminated, Napoleon ordered the Pupils to advance a few paces, and placing himself between them and his grenadiers, he said:

"Soldiers of my Old Guard, behold your children! Their fathers died fighting at your side; you will supply their place. In you they will find at once an example and a support. Be their guardians! In imitating you, they will be brave; in listening to your counsels, they will become the best soldiers in the world. I have confided to them the safety of my son, as I have confided mine to you. With them I shall have no fear for him, as with you I have no fear for myself. I ask your friendship and protection for them."

At these words, deafening shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur! Vire le Roi de Rome!*" burst from the ranks. Napoleon with a

gesture restrained this enthusiasm; then, turning towards the pupils:

"And you, my children!" he resumed, with a voice faltering with emotion; "by attaching you to my Guard, I give you a difficult duty to fulfill, but I depend upon you; and I hope that it will be one day said of you—'these children are worthy of their fathers.'"

Frenzied acclamations followed this harangue. Napoleon at once directed his aid-de-camp, the Count of Lobau, to command them to defile before him, and the Pupils, the heroes of the day, marched in good order and with great regularity at the head of the Old Guard. Scarcely had the drummers of the first regiment of grenadiers, which followed them, arrived opposite the group of the Imperial staff, when a boy from among the crowd, about twelve years of age, leaving his comrades, advanced timidly toward Napoleon, and standing at a respectful distance, held out his cap toward him, upon which he had placed a petition.

"Ah, ha!" said the Emperor, with a smile, "here is a little fellow who has ambition already! he is beginning early!" Then addressing another aid-de-camp, he added: "Durosnel, see what the lad wants."

The latter approached the boy, took his petition, addressed a few words to him, and then returning to the Emperor, said:

"Sire, it is an orphan."

"An orphan!" said Napoleon, extending his hand, "give me the paper."

And unfolding the petition, he read as follows:

"To his Majesty, the King of Rome, at his domicile of the Tuilleries in Paris.

"SIRE—Pierre Mouscadet, aged eleven campaigns, exclusive proprietor of five wounds not mortal, and foot grenadier of the 1st of the Old Guard of your honored father, who with his own hand bestowed the cross upon your petitioner at the camp of Boulogne, informs your majesty that he has just inherited a nephew, whom he is at a loss how to dispose of, seeing that he is at present under marching orders.

"Sire, the said nephew is for the present an *enfant de troupe*, and already one of your most profound admirers. Blond by nature, in height one metre thirty-

three centimetres, and he has been vaccinated according to the rules, by the aid-major. The said nephew will indubitably make a good soldier. He knows how to read and to write, and possesses a knowledge of the respect due to his immediate chiefs, and to the heir-presumptive of the empire. For this reason your petitioner prays you to have the goodness to permit his nephew, François Mouscadet, bearer of this present writing, to be incorporated with all speed into the corps of the Pupils of the Guard, which is your guard, and whose head-quarters are at Versailles. Your petitioner promises you that he will do honor to the regiment, and that he will never put in the service of your Imperial, royal and Roman person.

"Sire, excuse me if I simply place my mark at the end of this petition; it was in this manner that I was obliged to sign my engagement to serve as a volunteer, which has not prevented it from being good and valid, as you may learn from your honored father, our worthy Emperor, with whom I have the honor to be slightly acquainted.

"Sire, I have the honor to remain, Pierre Mouscadet, marked as below, and barracked at Courbevois.

"At the barracks, 15th August, 1811, day of Saint Napoleon, the *fête* of your honored father.

his
PIERRE X MOUSCADET.
mark."

Napoleon had smiled more than once during the reading of this epistle, and when he had reperused the address, "To his Majesty, the King of Rome, at his domicile of the Tuilleries in Paris," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "Why, it is not for me."

Still, he made a sign with his hand to the boy, who stood motionless in his place, and said to him:

"Approach, my little friend. Your name is François, then, and you are the nephew of Pierre Mouscadet, a grenadier of my Guard."

"Yes, my Emperor," replied the boy timidly, turning his leather cap in his little hands.

"Well, then, you will tell your uncle that he is a blockhead."

"Yes, my Emperor," and the child

cast his eyes to the ground. Napoleon, smiling at his simplicity, rejoined.

"Henceforth, when he has anything to ask for, it is to me, to me alone, do you hear, that he should apply."

"Yes, my Emperor."

"Still, the commission of Master Pierre Mouscadet shall be punctually executed; for, after all, it would be unjust that you should suffer by your uncle's stupidity."

Then, addressing his aid-de-camp, and placing in his hands the petition of the old soldier:

"Lauriston," he said, "conduct the petitioner at once to my son; you will afterwards bring him here again."

The general now led little François into the chamber of his majesty, then six months old, whom he found sleeping in his cradle, surrounded by the ladies attached to his service. Madame de Montesquieu, in accordance with etiquette, placed the petition respectfully at the feet of the child, who, waking in an ill humor, uttered a long, loud scream. The aid-de-camp, thinking his errand duly executed, led little François back to the Emperor, who was busied in watching the light artillery, as they defiled before him.

"Well, sir," he said at once, turning to the aid-de-camp, "have you done as I directed?"

"Yes, sire."

"What did his majesty, the King of Rome, answer?"

"Sire, his majesty, the King of Rome, answered nothing."

"Well," replied Napoleon, smiling, "silence gives consent. Lauriston, you will lay this petition before me this evening, that it may pass through the requisite forms. As for you," he added, turning to François, "go and rejoin your comrades, and take care that you are not run over by the cavalry that I see approaching yonder."

Napoleon gazed after the boy as he disappeared, running with all his might through the ranks of the last battalion of grenadiers; and when he had lost sight of him, he said, in a tone of lively interest, "I will wager that he is not a blockhead! But his uncle is, not the less, one of my *braves*, and I wish him to be satisfied with me."

Immediately after the review, the Pu-

pils entered upon their duties about the person of the King of Rome. The Empress' ladies in waiting took great notice of these little soldiers, whom they thought charming. They handled their little muskets, they pitied them, they consoled them, and on the following day, when the company, having been relieved from guard, and replaced by another, returned to the military school, instead of finding cartridges in their cartridge-boxes, they found them filled with marbles, chocolate-drops, sugared almonds, and bonbons of every description.

A few days afterwards, young François Mouscadet took his place among the Pupils, after having passed the requisite examination.

CHAPTER II.

THE GRENADIER.

In the first regiment of the foot grenadiers of the Old Guard, there was a soldier, named Pierre Mouscadet, who was what, in military phrase, is called an *old mous-tache*. Having set out, in 1792, with the first battalion of volunteers, Mouscadet had not left his colors for a single moment; and still it was not until the battle of Austerlitz that he was admitted into the Guard; for, unfortunately for him, his education had been sadly neglected; he could not even write his name. Mouscadet, therefore, could hope for no higher grade than that of *officer of the sentry-box*, as the common soldiers were sometimes called.

He was in garrison at Courbevois, when one morning the wagon-master brought him a letter, post-marked Saint-Jean-Brevelay, a large borough situated near Vannes, in Lower Brittany, and the native place of the old soldier. It was the first letter that he had received since he had been in the service, and he was greatly embarrassed at its reception. He went to the quartermaster of his company, and begged him to read it. It was from the schoolmaster of Saint-Jean-Brevelay, who informed him that his brother, François, was very ill, and that he wished to see him before he died. Mouscadet had an excellent heart, and although he had not

seen his brother since childhood, he did not hesitate for a moment. With the schoolmaster's letter in his hand, he appeared before his captain, in order to obtain a month's furlough. Two days after, Mouscadet, with his pipe in his mouth, his knapsack on his back, and a stout staff in his hand, was upon the road to Brittany, marching sadly onward, in harmony with his reflections. On the tenth day of his journey, he reached Saint-Jean-Brevelay, and found without difficulty the cottage in which he was born; but, alas! François was dying, and was scarcely able to press his hand, and to say, with a faint voice—

"Brother, I thank you for having come. That is all that my poor Jeanne left me when she died; I give him to you."

François was unable to say more. A few moments afterward he breathed his last.

The bequest which Pierre's brother had left him, was a stout, ruddy-cheeked boy, who had gazed with an air of wonder upon this sad scene, without appearing to comprehend it; the little fellow seemed more occupied with the uniform of the grenadier, than with the irreparable loss which he had just suffered.

On the following day, when Mouscadet had paid the last duties to his brother, he was seated before the door of the cottage, tranquilly smoking his pipe, and watching his nephew, who, with the carelessness natural to his age, was playing with a large dog that belonged to the schoolmaster.

"What the d—l shall I do with the fellow?" he said to himself, after a quarter of an hour, passed in deep reflection. "I will never abandon the son of my poor François; that is indubitable. I have only my rations to share with him, but as long as there is enough for one, there will be enough for two, and if the rogue eats for four, why, he must make it up in potatoes—that is not the difficulty—it remains to be seen if the colonel will receive him into the regiment in the capacity of *enfant de troupe*. Never mind, I will carry him with me to Courbevois; I will dress him carefully when I arrive, and then I will present him to the major."

Delighted with his idea, Mouscadet fastened on his knapsack, paid a last visit to his brother's grave, thanked the school-

master for the cares which he had rendered him, and, accompanied by his nephew, retook the road to Paris.

"Well, then," he said, turning to his nephew, when he had lost sight of the steeple of Saint-Jean-Brevelay, "what is your name, my little fellow?"

"François," replied the orphan, clinging to the arm of the old soldier.

"Well, François, I forewarn you, that it is something of a stretch from here to head-quarters; try, then, to measure your step by mine, which I will consequently moderate; that will make you grow; and height—do you see, my friend François—height is of the greatest consequence, if you would join the Grenadiers. Would you like to be a grenadier?"

"A grenadier? are you a grenadier, uncle?"

"Rather so, my nephew!" replied Mouscadet, passing the palm of his hand complacently across his thick, black moustache.

"Oh, yes! I should like to be a grenadier. I should like to have a fine coat, and a sharp sabre, as you have."

"You are by no means dainty, my lad. Well, let me arrange business with the major, who is on the best terms with the little corporal, for, d'ye see, my puppet, the little corporal can as easily make a quartermaster of the Guard, as he can make a monarch in Europe; the main thing is to profit by the moment. I have my idea; but that it may be completely successful, it is necessary for you to stretch your legs a little more quickly than you do, and march straight forward, physically as well as morally; otherwise the little corporal will never make your fortune."

"Yes, uncle," replied little François, exerting himself to the utmost to keep step with the old grenadier.

But it was a difficult business. The boy was already completely out of breath, when Mouscadet, judging that his nephew could not travel long at that rate, seated him astride his knapsack, and continued his march at a quicker pace.

During their journey the old soldier became more and more attached to François, on account of his gaiety, his resolution, and the courage with which he supported the fatigues of the road. Thus they at last reached Courbevois. Little

François was an orphan no longer ; he had found a father in his uncle, and friends in his comrades the grenadiers.

Mouscadet's first care was to present his *protégé* to the major, who admitted him at once among the *enfants de troupe* of the regiment, with half pay. But at this time peace was not of long duration in France. They soon spoke of a new war, and for the first time in his life François' uncle did not receive the news with pleasure. He was no longer alone. Should he expose this child to the fatigues of forced marches, to the privations of the bivouac, to the chances of battle ? He resolved, therefore, to have him incorporated with the Pupils of the Guard.

"Now, since the regiment," he said to himself, "is no other than the guard of the King of Rome, it is to his Roman majesty directly that I must apply, because if the son has no right to receive my petition, I have still a resource in the father, who has as yet refused me nothing, perhaps, because I have never asked him for anything."

Satisfied with this reasoning, Pierre Mouscadet sought out a quartermaster of his battalion, who was renowned for the beauty of his penmanship, and dictated to him the petition which we have given above. The sole question now was how to send it by some sure hand to the Emperor. A grand review of the Guard having been appointed for the following Sunday, the occasion seemed an auspicious one. The reader has seen the manner in which Napoleon received the petition of the old soldier, as well as the result which followed. Mouscadet, now tranquil as to the lot of his adopted son, departed gayly the following year for the Russian campaign—a campaign which was destined to be as fatal in its results as it was admirable in its conception.

CHAPTER III.

ACTUAL SERVICE.

Young François, who was endowed with more than ordinary intelligence, had made rapid progress. At the end of a year he was a corporal, and at the commencement

of 1813 he was the best drill-sergeant of the battalion. He had often written to his uncle, but his letters had never been answered. In the mean while the disastrous retreat from Moscow occurred. Napoleon had returned in haste to Paris to organize a new army. France had lost her men ; she gave her children ; and the first battalion of the Pupils of the Guard, placed upon a war footing, joined the army which was approaching the borders of the Saale. Conquerors at Lutzen, at Bautzen, and at Dresden, these noble youths did what their fathers had so often done ; they crushed the Russian and Prussian phalanxes ; but the fatal hour had struck. Entire Europe had basely coalesced against France. What had become of Pierre Mouscadet in the midst of these sanguinary calamities ? Was his young *protégé* an orphan a second time ?

"If I had had the honor of belonging to the war battalion of the Pupils," said François to himself, "if I had been at Leipsic, I should have heard something about my uncle Pierre. It seems to me that I am strong enough, and have courage enough, to do something else beside teach the step in 12 time to these babes in the barracks. There is a new army forming they say ; I should like to join it this time, if it were only as a simple musketeer."

Accordingly, one day our young sergeant heard that the Emperor was to hunt the next morning in the forest of Sartory. The Pupils were not in the habit of lounging in the streets of Versailles ; they never left their quarters except to promenade in a body, with the drummer at their head. Scarcely had the day dawned, when, taking advantage of a moment when he could not be seen, François descended into a back court of the quarters, clambered up a tree, from the tree to the wall, and with a leap found himself on the plain below. He soon reached the forest of Sartory, and placing himself in ambush behind the statue of the chevalier Bernin, which is situated at the extremity of the sheet of water called *Des Suisses*, before which the imperial train must necessarily pass, he waited with patience, while he rehearsed in his memory the words which he intended to address to Napoleon, and upon the effect of which he counted with the utmost

certainty. He had not been long there, when the gallop of several horses was heard. It was the Emperor with his suit. François advanced and stood motionless, in the position of a soldier without arms. Napoleon, surprised at meeting a Pupil of the Guard in this spot, paused, frowned, and inquired in a stern tone :

"What are you doing here, young man?"

François, with both heels in line, his chest advanced, the back of his right hand to his shako, replied calmly :

"Sire, I was waiting for you."

"Ah!" rejoined the Emperor, who did not expect such a reply, "but why are you out of your quarters at this hour?"

"To speak to your majesty."

"How did you leave them?" cried the Emperor, impatiently.

"Sire, by leaping over the wall."

"Young man," said Napoleon, who now remarked the lozenge-shaped band upon the pupil's sleeve, "such an act of insubordination on the part of a subaltern officer is unpardonable! Do you not know that you should set an example of discipline to the rest?"

"I know it, sire; but it was necessary above all things that I should speak with your majesty."

"Be quick, then! what do you want?"

"The honor, sire, of joining the war battalion of the Pupils of the Guard, of fighting against your majesty's enemies, and of dying, if necessary, in defense of my country."

At these words, uttered as they were, with an accent truly heroic, the expression of the Emperor's features changed; his glance, so stern a moment before, became mild and almost affectionate.

"Your name, young man?" he said.

"François Mouscadet, nephew of Pierre Mouscadet, grenadier of the 11th regiment of the Old Guard."

"Indeed!" cried the Emperor; and turning toward the grand huntsman, he addressed a few words to him with a smile; then resuming his serious air, he added coldly :

"François, you will at once return to your quarters."

"Yes, sire."

"You will tell the adjutant to place you in the guard-house."

"Yes, sire."

"Begone! I will remember you." And Napoleon set off at a gallop.

François, transported with joy, retired to his quarters, and gave himself up to the adjutant of the guard, who placed him under arrest. But what was this to him? The Emperor had said to him, "*I will remember you*," and these words were a sufficient consolation. He remained in confinement for eight days; on the ninth he was summoned before Colonel Bardin, who embraced him, and placed in his hands a lieutenant's brevet in the corps of the Pupils, with written directions for his route to join the battalion of war.

Words can scarcely describe François' happiness at first wearing an epaulette upon his shoulders. His joy approached delirium. He was an officer in the guard of the King of Rome. It was a hundred times more than he had dared to hope for. He wrote to Pierre Mouscadet informing him of what had passed, adding that he hoped soon to meet him upon the field of battle, and to prove to him that he was worthy of being his nephew. The old soldier showed François' letter to his whole company, swearing that he was ready to be killed for *the use* of the Emperor, who demeaned himself so agreeably towards a nephew who was the son of his own brother.

The campaign of 1814, during which a single army disputed every foot of ground against the combined forces of Europe, seems truly fabulous. The second battalion of the Pupils had been summoned into the field, as the first had been the preceding year, and both were embodied in the war battalion of the Guard.

One day, in the plains of Champagne, Napoleon wishing to deceive the enemy, in order to insure the success of a particular movement, directed a battalion of his Old Guard to advance, at the same time sending forward a company of its Pupils as tirailleurs. This company was François! It was a strange sight to see those brave youths deliver their fire with such coolness against the Russians, who were twice their size and triple their age; to see them take aim with as much calmness as if they were engaged at a game of marbles, while the old grenadiers, with musket upon arm, awaited with impatience the

order to advance, cheered them with their voices, all watching with paternal eye, lest they should be surprised by the enemy's cavalry.

The engagement was long and sanguinary, but the Pupils of the Guard behaved so bravely that the success of the movement was insured. Stationed in the rear upon a slight eminence, Napoleon had watched the whole affair. After the action he approached to congratulate them. As he reached the front of the battalion of his grenadiers, a young officer of the Pupils was carried by upon a litter formed of crossed muskets; he had been severely wounded in the early part of the engagement, but had refused to be carried from the field of battle until after the retreat of the Russians, and notwithstanding his painful condition had not ceased to cry, "*Vive l'Empereur! vive la France!*"

Napoleon approached to address him, when a grenadier suddenly stepped from the ranks, rushed wildly towards the wounded boy, and clasped him in his arms with the liveliest emotion. It was Pierre Mouscadet; he had recognized his nephew, but the next moment he beheld Napoleon standing near him, and casting upon him one of his flashing glances.

"Pardon, excuse me, my Emperor!" said the old soldier, in a tone trembling with fear and emotion; "I have left the ranks without permission; I ought to be punished, but it is my nephew, it is little François, my adopted son; I could not restrain myself, I was carried away."

"Silence!" said Napoleon, sternly. Then taking the hand of the wounded youth: "*Captain François,*" he said, emphasizing the word which announced the rank which he gave to him, "this cross has been waiting for you since our interview in the forest of Sartory; receive it from my hand."

Big tears flowed from the eyes of Pierre Mouscadet, and he stammered forth:

"My Emperor, I received the same honor from you at Boulogne, but I was then a man, and François is but a child. Well, I have left the ranks without permission. I ought to be"—

"Adieu, Captain François," resumed Napoleon, without listening to the words of the grenadier, "we will meet soon again, I hope."

"Pardon me, excuse me, my Emperor; I have left the ranks, I ought"—

Napoleon, who wished only to recompense, interrupted the old soldier, saying in an impatient tone:

"You are mistaken. Did you not see the sign I gave you to approach and embrace your nephew? Silence then, and return to the ranks!"

CHAPTER IV.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

Some days since, as I crossed the Square Dauphiné at Versailles, I observed a man with a wooden leg, standing as if in contemplation before the colossal statue of General Hoche; I thought I recognized him. Although attired in citizen's dress, yet he wore upon his head a policeman's cap of dark green leather, ornamented with a yellow tassel, and bordered by an edging of the same color. I approached him.

"Good day, captain," I said, cordially reaching him my hand, "do you not recognize me?"

Captain François, for it was he, gazed upon me, at first, with hesitation, then casting his arms about my neck, he embraced me.

"Parbleu!" he cried, "I remember you now."

"Yes," I replied, smiling, "it is I, indeed, with thirty years more upon my head."

"Oh!" cried the captain, raising his eyes sadly towards heaven, "do not let us speak of those times!"

"On the contrary, let us speak of them always."

The brave captain then informed me, that in consequence of the wound which he had received in Champagne, he had been obliged to lose his leg; that after the events of 1815, he had retired to Versailles with his uncle Pierre, who died not long after; that, finally, he had married, and had had a son.

Here the captain drooped his head sadly, and passed his hand over his eyes.

"And this son?" I asked.

"Died in Africa—the Arabs assassinated him."

In order to turn the conversation from a subject so painful, I hastened to add :

"It seems as if I still saw the Pupils of the Guard, marching through the park, in winter, with their handsome green uniforms"—

"*Ma foi !*" he cried, interrupting me,

"I had mine all complete, a short time ago ; but as I am not rich, I tried to turn it to some use, and see !"—here the captain uncovered his head, and pointed complacently to his leathern cap—"see ! this is all I could get in exchange for it."

THE CHILD AND THE AURORA BOREALIS.

THE air is sharp—the cloudless night
All glittering with a frosty light.
The sky above is deeply blue,
And crisp and cold the stars look through.
The sun hath had no power to-day
To melt the crusted snow away ;
And on its glancing surface bright
Sparkles like gems the clear starlight.
The trees with icy beads are strung
From branch and spray unnumbered hung.

Maria, upon thy wondering sight
What vision breaks this silent night ?
Her eyes, so exquisitely clear,
Are raised to heaven. It is not fear,
It is not joy ; perhaps the twain—
Some wish yet undefined as vain,
Some quick, unspeakable surprise,
That fixes thus her ardent eyes.

A vision, never seen before,
Spreads half the wide horizon o'er ;
A light, like torches waved on high,
To light some herald through the sky,
Or troops of armed horsemen prancing,
With glittering spears and banners glancing ;
Now brightening like the coming day,
Now fading like a mist away.

New to her childish gaze the sight—
New all the glories of the night—
For ay, till now, the evening hour
Hath found her like a folded flower,
Ere yet the stars begin to peep,
Wrapped in the honey dew of sleep.
All new to her the wondrous light,
The glory of a winter night.
In mute perplexity, apart
She stands, and in her simple heart
Can find no words to speak the wonder

That ho'ds her rosy lips asunder.
What can she do ?—how freely tell
The doubts that in her bosom swell ?

Come teeming now her memory o'er
All wondrous tales of fairy lore—
Of palaces with gold bedight,
And shining host with banners bright ;
And founts and diamond waterfalls,
Enchanted groves and glittering halls—
'Tis all bewilderment. But now
A gradual calmness lights her brow—
The spirit's calmness softly shed
Like moonlight on a lily-bed.
She thinks—perhaps the gates of heaven
Are thus in glorious light unruven,
And there, to meet their angel kin,
That little children enter in.
So, touched with awe, athwart her face
There steals a softer, soberer grace :
The sweet solemnity she feels,
Dimly a mystery reveals,
And of that mystery apart,
Thought trembles at the young child's
heart.

A dawning sense, a lesson new,
Defining other mysteries too,
That evermore the earth, the air,
To her shall holier aspect wear ;
And haply from that blessed hour
Shall kindle in her soul a power,
Whence, through the future's weal or woe,
Shall richer dreams and memories glow,
Emitting radiance from afar,
Like summer's bow, or evening star ;
And born of that discerned to-night,
Shall come yet unrevealed light ;
And future hours to this return,
That Age from Infancy may learn.

A. M. W.

MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.*

Few books, within our recollection, have been looked for with so much interest, or grasped at with so much avidity, as Mr. Macaulay's History. The reason of this is obvious:—Mr. Macaulay had written somewhat largely and acceptably on historical subjects: he was generally understood to be a man of rather liberal and popular principles: he was thought to be a writer of great talent, research and accuracy, of a remarkably discriminating and impartial judgment, and of a most original, brilliant and impressive style; and he was reported to be engaged in a work on that period of which a good history was most wanted. Two large volumes of the work, covering, exclusive of the introductory matter, a period of about three years and eleven months, have at length appeared, and we presume have, if anything, rather surpassed the public expectations. To paraphrase one of Mr. Macaulay's own sentences,† he writes ten pages of history where another man writes one, and one of his pages is thought by many to contain as much excellence as another man's ten.

Lord Mahon's work, so far as we know, was not heard of by the public until it appeared, and has been little noticed in this country since its appearance. First published in 1844, it has waited five years for republication in America. At length the Messrs. Appleton, one of the best and largest publishing houses in the country, have put it forth in their best style, under the editorial supervision of the able and judicious Professor Reed, of Philadelphia, a man of extensive learning and excellent taste, and one of the fairest, clearest, calmest minds that have lately appeared in the field of American letters. The work could

not have passed to the public through better hands, and but that we dislike the mode of expression, we would add, those hands could not well have been employed on a more acceptable work. Both the editor and the publishers are the more entitled to our thanks, forasmuch as they have performed the task with the prospect of but a remote and slender advantage to themselves: for it could hardly be expected that a work which had waited so long for a publisher should have a very quick or very large sale when published. This fact, however, must not be supposed to indicate a want of taste and appreciation in the public for historical literature. For if Lord Mahon has waited five years to find one publisher, Mr. Macaulay has found three publishers in as many months; and four or five large editions of the latter are likely to be disposed of before the half of one small edition of the former shall have been sold. Nor do the two works differ more in popularity than in temper and style: Lord Mahon uniformly writes like a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian; Mr. Macaulay writes just like himself; in their views, feelings and dispositions they are almost as unlike as Edmund Burke and Thomas Paine; in short, however much we may respect so high an authority as popular taste, we feel bound to confess, that in the most essential qualities of an historian Lord Mahon seems to us as much better than Mr. Macaulay as he is different from him. Nor is this conclusion taken up lightly and unadvisedly; it is the result of a pretty careful study and comparison of the two works: we know, moreover, that there are a few who agree with us in opinion now; and we have the confidence or the vanity

* *Essays, Critical and Miscellaneous.* By T. Babington Macaulay. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847.

The History of England, from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1849.

History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris. By Lord Mahon. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton, 164 Chestnut street. 1849.

† *Essays*, p. 171.

to think the number will increase. The book has nothing savoring of "a nine-days' wonder;" without any of the qualities that ordinarily make men mad, it has come forth silently, and, we venture to predict, will silently make its way. Though but little if any longer than Mr. Macaulay's two volumes, it covers a period of nearly fifty years; and that, too, without any appearance of incompleteness or want, or a sacrifice of any matter that would add to the real interest or value of the work. But though about the same length as Macaulay's two volumes, it is a book which one would naturally be much longer in reading, because it never puts one in a hurry; abounding in inculcations to linger and contemplate and reflect, it seldom if ever leaves on the mind that sense of positiveness which men are more apt to crave than to be the better or wiser for having.

But Mr. Macaulay's popularity and Lord Mahon's merit entitle them to a pretty thorough examination at our hands; and such an examination we shall now proceed to give them, as far as our time and space and ability will permit. We shall endeavor to discuss their respective qualities with tolerable candor and moderation; though we freely acknowledge an aversion to the one and an attachment to the other, which may more or less bias and disqualify our judgment concerning them; and we shall deeply regret, if, through prejudice or prepossession, we should lay ourselves open to any such impeachment of temper or of statement as we shall feel obliged to urge against one of them. We have thus taken care to indicate in the outset, "the gross and scope of our opinion," to the end that if any determined admirers of Mr. Macaulay should chance upon this article, they may know from the beginning what they have to expect.

Attention was first drawn to Mr. Macaulay in this country, by an article on Milton, published in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1825. Most of the author's admirers whom we have met with, dated their admiration from the reading of this article; to this they commonly appealed in justification of the high praise which it became fashionable to bestow upon him. *It cannot be denied that there is much in the article well adapted to produce such a*

result. A very small logic wielded with surprising agility, that master-weapon of special pleading, whereby readers are easily made to think they understand the things they do not; a fearless leaning to his own understanding, and scorning of all who do otherwise, which is often mistaken for the confidence of certain truth; a cheap and ostentatious mannerism of style, which keeps the author always in view, and the reader always thinking, "what a splendid writer he is!" a dashing, off-hand, superficial ingenuity of phrase, which it requires little culture, less time, and no thought to appreciate; a skillful puppet-show of illustrations which is sometimes called poetry, and which, from its rapidity of movement, leaves on the mind a half-impression of life; and an habitual settling of long-disputed questions, as if there were, and could be, no dispute about them, which naturally encourages some readers in mistaking their own wishes and prejudices for wise and just conclusions; these things, together with a remarkable absence of those moral and intellectual qualities which invite the reader to linger and reflect, and pause and suspend his judgment, and remeasure his ground, and question his premises, and distrust his opinions, and moderate his censures; all these things sufficiently explain why the article on Milton should have won for its author so quick and wide a popularity. That college boys and boarding-school misses, and sophomores of all ages and sexes should rise from such a piece of reading fully convinced that they knew far more of English history than Clarendon and Hume, was to be expected. And it was equally natural that they should entertain pretty tall notions of the writer who had given them so much knowledge at so little cost. When, for example, the critic informs us, with characteristic modesty, that "Hume hated religion so much that he hated liberty for having been allied with religion;" many would, of course, think there could no longer be any doubt why the historian "had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford." By the way, Mr. Hume informs us, in the life of himself, prefixed to his history, that at one time he almost despaired of the success of his work, the publisher having

told him that only forty-five copies of it were sold in a year, and he having "scarcely heard of one man in the three kingdoms, considerable for rank or letters, that could endure the book, except the Primate of England, Dr. Herring, and the Primate of Ireland, Dr. Stone." Now if to the remark just quoted Mr. Macaulay had added, that it was probably for the same cause, namely, hatred of religion, that when the historian was thus despairing of his immortal work, "these dignified prelates separately sent him messages not to be discouraged," he would have nearly reached the spirit of his more mature performances. But, notwithstanding this slight defect, we can easily see how the article in question, even if no more like it had come from the same source, might well enough have lived very fast and died pretty soon. But the latter part of this effect was happily prevented by a succession of papers written with increasing cleverness and effrontery, evincing the same arrogance of temper, the same keen, cold intellectual virulence, the same hardness and hollowness of heart, and made up of the same monotonous smartness and brilliancy; yet coming at such intervals that the admiring readers had time to rest and recover from the monotony of one before they entered upon that of another.

All these things considered, it seems rather unkind in Mr. Macaulay to come out as he has done in the preface to the English edition of his Essays, telling us, "No attempt has been made to remodel any of the pieces which are contained in these volumes. Even the criticism on Milton, which was written when the author was fresh from college, and which contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves, still remains overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." "Call you that backing your friends?" Nevertheless, we acknowledge for once our entire consent with Mr. Macaulay; we fully agree with him that the piece in question is worthless; and we thought so long before his own opinion on the subject was published. For vices of style we believe it has never been surpassed; for vices (or are they virtues?) of temper it has probably been surpassed only by some of his later pieces.

Next, perhaps, to the article on Milton
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in popularity, was that on Croker's edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, published in 1831. This piece opens with several pages of critical plenipotence, nearly or quite equal to anything the author has done; though his manifest redundancy of good nature has here betrayed him into some rather unlucky exhibitions. He says:

"Mr. Croker has favored us with some Greek of his own. 'At the altar,' says Dr. Johnson, 'I recommend my S. φ.' 'These letters,' says the editor, 'probably mean Σνητοι φίλοι, departed friends.' Johnson was not a first-rate Greek scholar; but he knew more Greek than most boys when they leave school; and no schoolboy could venture to use the word Σνητοι in the sense which Mr. Croker ascribes to it without imminent danger of a flogging."*

One would think a man ought to be pretty sure he is right before he goes ahead after this fashion. Yet, if our lexicon does not lie, nothing in Greek is more certain than that the word Σνητοι may be used "in the sense which Mr. Croker ascribes to it," and that as high an authority as Euripides, (*Hercules Furens*, 491,) has used it in that sense, all scholars are agreed except Dindorf. Now we know not what may be the custom in England, having never been to school there; but it is more customary here to flog schoolboys for insulting and browbeating their fellows, than for such mistakes as the one thus charged upon Mr. Croker. Here is another specimen from our accomplished author.

"Mr. Croker tells us that the great Marquis of Montrose was beheaded in Edinburgh, in 1650. There is not a forward boy in any school in England who does not know that the Marquis was hanged. The account of the execution is one of the finest passages in Lord Clarendon's History. We can scarcely suppose that Mr. Croker has never read that passage; and yet we can scarcely suppose that any person who has ever perused so noble and pathetic a story, can have utterly forgotten all its most striking circumstances."†

The passage of Lord Clarendon alluded to is before us; where we find the sen-

* *Essays*, p. 183.

† *Ibid.*, p. 188.

tence against the great Marquis running as follows, the italics being our own: "That he was, on the morrow, being the one and twentieth of May, 1650, to be carried to Edinburgh cross, and there to be hanged upon a gallows thirty foot high, for the space of three hours, *and then to be taken down, and his head to be cut off upon a scaffold, and hanged on Edinburgh toll-booth*; his legs and arms to be hanged up in other public towns of the kingdom, and his body to be buried at the place where he was executed, except the kirk should take off his excommunication; and then his body might be buried in the common place of burial." A few lines after, the noble historian informs us, that having first "pronounced his damnation," "the next day they executed every part and circumstance of that barbarous sentence, with all the inhumanity imaginable; and he bore it with all the courage and magnanimity, and the greatest piety, that a good Christian could manifest." Now, in some respects, the beheading of the Marquis after he was dead, seems to us a more striking and memorable circumstance than the hanging him. For who that has ever read this pathetic story, would not be most likely to remember that noblest part of the noblest speech we ever read, where the heroic Marquis told his bloodthirsty enemies, that "he was prouder to have his head set upon the place it was appointed to be, than he would be to have had his picture hang in the king's bed-chamber; that he was so far from being troubled that his four limbs were to be hanged in four cities of the kingdom, that he heartily wished he had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony of the cause for which he suffered."*

While on this subject we may as well notice a singular instance of inaccuracy that occurs in the History. Speaking of ancient Britain, he says:

"There was one province in our island, in which, as Procopius had been told, the ground was covered with serpents, and the air was such that no man could inhale it and live. To this desolate region the spirits of the departed were ferried over

from the land of the Franks at midnight. A strange race of fishermen performed the ghastly office. The speech of the dead was distinctly heard by the boatman; their weight made the keel sink deep in the water, but their forms were invisible to mortal eye. Such were the marvels which an able historian, the contemporary of Belisarius, of Simplicius, and of Trebonian, gravely related in the rich and polite Constantinople, touching the country in which the founder of Constantinople had assumed the imperial purple."*

Now, unless we be sadly misinformed, this is a strange bundle of mistakes. For the passage of Procopius alluded to has nothing to do with the island of Great Britain, or any province of it. On the contrary, Procopius locates the serpents in an island called Brittia; not in any province of it, but in the whole island; and adds withal the story of Charon's ferry; but, instead of relating it "gravely," prefaces his account with a distinct statement that he does not believe it; but says so many have told him of it, that he might seem ignorant of the state of Brittia, should he omit it. Procopius, indeed, often speaks of Great Britain as Britannia, and in one of his works, (Bell. Va.) he gives a full account of the revolt of Britannia from the Romans, and of the election of Constantine as emperor by the soldiers then on service in that island. From all which it would seem that he regarded Brittia and Britannia as two distinct places; and accordingly he elsewhere says, "The island of Brittia is in the ocean, not more than 200 stadia from the shore, opposite the mouths of the Rhine, between Britannia and Thule." However erroneous, therefore, Procopius may have been in his geography, it seems pretty clear, that to his mind Brittia, with its serpents, and ghosts, and malaria, was not the island where the soldiers elected Constantine to the empire.† To return to the article on Johnson and Boswell.

Mr. Macaulay has several other remarks on Mr. Croker, equally amiable with those already quoted. After alleging against

* Vol. I, p. 5.

† London Athenæum, Feb. 17, 1849. See, however, Gibbon, Decline and Fall, chap. xxxviii, near the close.

* History of the Rebellion, p. 742. Oxford, 1843.

him three rather remarkable mistakes, the gentle reviewer adds, "Two of these three errors he has committed while ostentatiously displaying his own accuracy, and correcting what he represents as the loose assertions of others." Again; "It is not likely that a person who is ignorant of what almost everybody knows, can know that of which almost everybody is ignorant." Again; "Indeed, the decisions of this editor on points of classical learning, though pronounced in a very authoritative tone, are generally such, that if a school-boy under our care were to utter them, our soul assuredly should not spare for his crying." Finally; "If Mr. Croker is resolved to write on points of classical learning, we would advise him to give an hour every morning to our old friend Corderius."* From all which it would seem that our great critic's virtue outstrips his invention; his graces of mind and manners are more than he has "imagination to give them shape or words to put them in;" for which cause he is quite excusable in thus repeating again and again the same manly and generous allusion. And, truly, the jest is so pretty and so original, who can blame him for often recurring to it, and dandling it, and doting upon it? Doubtless the author's ebullient, tumultuous good-nature caused him to overlook the exquisite vulgarity of his iterations. But seriously, we are far from thinking it a very criminal thing in a man to make such mistakes as Mr. Macaulay has alleged against Mr. Croker, or as we have alleged against Mr. Macaulay; but really we cannot see what virtue or wit there is in visiting such mistakes with a severity due only to moral vices, while falling into similar mistakes himself. But even granting Mr. Croker to have deserved the usage here put upon him, it seems strange how any man of but tolerable self-respect, could stoop to such treatment of another. For if a man be so exceedingly vile and mean, that we can have nothing to do with him unless it be to spit upon him, one would think it were best to let him alone, or at least, not to make an occasion and go out of our way to attack him. But Mr. Croker's great mistake, we suspect, is, that he "fears God and honors the king," and this is a mistake with which

we are not aware that Mr. Macaulay has ever been charged.

Mr. Macaulay's treatment of Boswell and Johnson is much of a piece with that of Mr. Croker; indeed, the whole article is chiefly made up of a rather unnecessary display of small learning and great insolence. Many of his remarks on Boswell are such as we do not deem ourselves worthy to repeat. Johnson he allows to have been a man of some benevolence, and on that account not undeserving of praise; yet he does not scruple to load him with such phrases as "the last of Grub-street hacks," and an "ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant;"* and his whole account of Johnson's struggles with poverty and want, is such as we cannot well see how a man of honorable and humane feelings could have given; its tendency being only to excite in the reader a disgust and contempt of that brave, noble, and though rough yet gentle spirit, for the very reasons that ought to draw upon him the greater honor and respect. Though professedly writing a criticism on Johnson, he does not once allude to his greatest work, the Dictionary; whether from contempt of it, or because he could find nothing in it to sneer at, may be a question: yet he finds room for a wretched scoff about Johnson's "celebrating the close of Lent with sugarless tea and butterless buns."† Elsewhere‡ he calls this great and good man "a bigot," which indeed is the gentle word whereby this great professor of liberality usually designates those from whom he happens to differ in opinion. And it is considerable, that even in treating of Johnson's acknowledged virtues, his piety, benevolence, patriotism and honesty, Mr. Macaulay, either from some unhandsome design, or from a spontaneous malignity, sets them forth in such a way, and confines his notice to such manifestations of them, that the reader, if he be at all in sympathy with the writer, thinks rather the worse of the good Doctor for having them. But this, in fact, is Macaulay's usual method of treating the characters of those whose opinions he dislikes, but whose virtues he cannot deny. For example, in the great

* *Essays*, pp. 187, 188.

* *Essays*, p. 145.

† *Ibid.*, p. 147.

‡ *History*.

Duke of Marlborough, he professes to find no one virtue save an unconquerable attachment to the English Church; and he takes care to represent this virtue in such a manner, that the Duke may appear the worse for cherishing, and the Church the worse for inspiring it. Does he fear lest some men's virtues may recommend their opinions, that he surrounds the former with grotesque and ludicrous associations, and thus contrives to provoke a good-natured ridicule upon characters whom every good principle and every right feeling bids us venerate? We hope our readers need not be told that it is difficult to conceive of anything more pernicious and discreditable than such a spirit as this. For, surely, to be of a temper to mock and ridicule the greatest and best of our species, indicates a state of mind and of heart that is very far from favorable to virtue or to truth. In short, this practical atheism of human virtue, which runs through nearly all that Mr. Macaulay has written, is far more vicious in itself, and far more vitiating in its influence, than the honest infidelity of a great many such men as Gibbon and Hume.

Again; Mr. Macaulay says that Johnson's "passions were violent even to slaying, against all who leaned to Whiggish principles."* Now, if the critic had any regard for truth, why did he not tell us how to reconcile this statement with Johnson's well-known admiration and friendship for Burke; and that, too, when Burke was on all hands allowed to be as sound a Whig as any man in the party. Again; he tells us, "The judgments which Johnson passed on books were in his own time regarded with superstitious veneration; and in our time are generally treated with indiscriminate contempt."† We doubt if this be strictly true. We have, indeed, often seen and heard Johnson's criticisms questioned, canvassed and exploded, but we have never seen or heard them treated with contempt, nor does it seem credible that any man should treat them so who was competent to understand them. We believe many of his critical judgments are very erroneous; but even in his greatest errors he evinced a largeness, sobriety and rectitude of mind which, it seems to us,

must secure them a respectful consideration from every one who has a proper respect for himself. Here, again, however, we must plead our ignorance of English customs; but we feel tolerably safe in saying, that it is hardly creditable among us to treat the great instructors and examples of our race in a vain, flippancy and contemptuous style, even when refuting their errors. Besides, Johnson's criticisms, compared with those of his predecessors, seem highly respectable in themselves; and our only wonder is, how with so little help he could do so much towards making the science what it now is. If we be not mistaken, Coleridge is generally ranked at the head of English critics; yet it may be doubted whether Coleridge is more in advance of Johnson than Johnson was of nearly all who had written before him. Of Johnson's efforts in this line, perhaps the "Life of Milton" is the least satisfactory; yet it is very observable, that with all his antipathy to Milton's opinions, he is incomparably more liberal and respectful towards the poet than Mr. Macaulay is towards Johnson, or even Bacon; indeed, we question whether Mr. Macaulay ever spoke so liberal and generous a word of any man as Johnson's well-known remark concerning Milton's piety. But we suspect this is one of the *few* instances wherein Mr. Macaulay has said a *little* more than he meant; for his chief virtue as a writer seems to be an itching fondness for saying smart things, which *sometimes slightly* blurs his perception of the truth.

Of these instances, we will give a few merely as a specimen, before leaving this part of the subject. Speaking of Johnson, he says: "If we judged him by the best parts of his mind, we should place him almost as high as he was placed by the idolatry of Boswell; if by the worst parts of his mind, we should place him even below Boswell himself."* Now, we know that Johnson, with all his vigor and reach of understanding, had the moral simplicity of a child; and like many other great men of childlike natures, and in whom the religious feelings were strong and quick, he had somewhat of a childish regard for ghosts and omens and visions and dreams. Yet even these weaknesses, (for such un-

* Essays, p. 147.

† Ibid.

* Essays, p. 148.

doubtedly they were; nor do we suppose there is any human virtue but is clogged with some unhandsome excrescences,) seem to us to borrow a certain grace and dignity from the principle out of which they sprung. And such, we venture to say, is the view that any right-minded man would take of them; and as such he would approach them with respect, and wish to draw a veil over them; or if truth bid him not conceal them, he would in obedience to the same truth touch them gently, and take care to show them in such a way as should rather humble us than excite our mirth. Yet these are the things which Mr. Macaulay regards as "the worst parts of his mind," which he apparently delights in unfolding, and misderiving, and exaggerating; and respecting which he tells us, that if in his best moments "some childish prejudices, such as would excite laughter in a well-managed nursery, came across him," "his mind dwindled away under the spell from gigantic elevation to dwarfish littleness."* Speaking of Boswell, he says, "Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography. Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived; and he has beaten them all." Again; after mentioning some distinguished writers: "But these men attained literary eminence in spite of their weaknesses. Boswell attained it by reason of his weaknesses. If he had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer." And again; "He had indeed a quick observation and a retentive memory. These qualities, if he had been a man of sense and virtue, would scarcely of themselves have sufficed to make him conspicuous; but, as he was a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb, they have made him immortal."† These are but specimens of the usual agility of our author's pen: in all his many long essays there are but few paragraphs in which similar beauties may not be found. Doubtless, such things are very fine, very wonderful, very profound; but especially wonderful in this, that they enable us continually to see the author, or rather to see nothing else. It may indeed be questioned whether there be any truth in them; but those, we apprehend, who

have learned to relish Macaulay, will hardly esteem this a defect; and all must confess them to be most admirable and exquisite agitations of wit.

Some of our readers may have seen Mr. Carlyle's noble article on Johnson and Boswell, originally published in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1832. If so, they must have been struck with the contrast between Carlyle and Macaulay in the whole spirit and temper of their minds, as shown in their respective views on this subject. Perhaps we cannot better express this contrast than by saying, Mr. Carlyle evidently *thinks*, and would have us think, *the better* of Boswell for his admiration and love of Johnson; Mr. Macaulay, the worse of Johnson for being loved and admired by Boswell: with the one, Boswell seems exalted, with the other, Johnson seems degraded by the sympathy and connection between them. Carlyle, indeed, does not attempt to conceal or disguise the mean and bad qualities of Boswell; neither does he evince any unworthy delight in contemplating and exposing them; but he evidently regards them "more in sorrow than in anger," or in joy; and the manifest reluctance with which he states them, approves his just concern for the truth, in thus disclosing what he wishes were not true; while, on the other hand, he appears to take pleasure in discovering beneath them a vein of manhood which cannot choose but feel the touch and obey the call of real greatness and goodness, and which delights in the recognition and the society of what is like itself or above itself in others. Of course, therefore, he does not set forth those qualities in such a way as to excite an overbalance of disgust or contempt: on the contrary, the ill-tempered sneer which is apt to arise on a superficial view of Boswell's character, relaxes and softens down into a good-natured smile, as the reader attains the deeper and juster view which the critic gives him;—a smile of sympathy, not of scorn, and which assuredly is as much more salutary to the reader, as it is more just to the subject. Nor, on the other hand, does he endeavor to put or to keep out of sight the errors and infirmities of Johnson; but the whole is so done, that Johnson, instead of suffering in his credit from the mean and bad qualities of

* *Essays*, p. 146.

† *Ibid*, pp. 141, 2.

his friend, appears all the greater and better for raising such a man above himself and drawing out whatever of good there was in him. Thus both of them stand before us ennobled by their strange yet beautiful connection; Boswell appearing the better for what he discerned in Johnson, and Johnson the better for what he developed in Boswell.

Now, we have little sympathy with many of Carlyle's opinions, nor have we much patience with his style; we could fill several pages with objections to them: yet we cannot but think that in this case, at least, his representation is as much more faithful to truth and fact than Mr. Macaulay's, as it is more grateful to a humane and benevolent temper. For, assuredly, contempt and enmity are quite as apt to misrepresent their objects as affection and respect; and their exhibitions are much the more hurtful, because their natural effect is to cherish in us the feeling which we are at best too apt to indulge, how much better we are than others. In the article in question, Mr. Carlyle, notwithstanding his obliquities of style and opinion, writes with a manly earnestness and simplicity which makes us feel that he is thinking and would have us think of something besides himself: if his manner be somewhat affected, it is not the affectation of a selfish, ignoble vanity. There is indeed a zeal in his representation, but it is not the zeal of an advocate: he evidently loves both Johnson and Boswell, but it is a love that bids us look at its object, not at itself; and he manifestly endeavors to clear the way for us to take a full and fair view of the persons before him, not to occupy our thoughts with his own diseased and distorted notions concerning them.

It need hardly be said, that one cannot well read Mr. Macaulay's article without feeling that with him the matter is far otherwise. He seems unwilling to be for a moment out of our sight, to let us see or think of anything but himself: there is a manifest laboring to make out a strong case, to see what he can say: he studiously pranks up the subject with the extravagances of mockery and conceit; puts upon it, as far as may be, the constructions of wit and spleen; and with morbid ingenuity rakes together an eclecticism of

vile images and phrases; and the result is a mass of exaggeration, overstatement and caricature, which is the more inexcusable in this case, forasmuch as, if Boswell had many bad and mean qualities, there was the less need of exaggerating and overstating them to produce an effect; and on the other hand, if he had few good qualities, there was the more reason that he should have full credit for those few. Moreover, unless an author be a professed satirist, the rules of good writing, as well as of good nature, require that the unhandsome features should rather be somewhat softened and idealized than caricatured; because blemishes of face are more exposed, and if made too prominent in a picture, defeat the perception of those better things which lie beneath, and which would become apparent in the varying moods and happier moments of the original. Nor should it be forgotten that justice is in its nature a fearful, cautious, painstaking principle, ever on its guard against too little or too much. Mr. Macaulay, however, seldom betrays any signs of apprehension or solicitude on this score; one would rarely suspect him of tempering and moderating his statements through self-distrust: on the contrary, he generally speaks in a very confident, peremptory tone, as if he felt, and meant the reader should feel, that he had so completely surrounded his subject, and mastered it, and got above it, that no scruples were needful in his case: he could not be mistaken; there can be no question about it; his decisions must be just; and none but a dunce would think of deciding otherwise. In short, to approve the certainty and sufficiency of his knowledge concerning those of whom he is speaking, Mr. Macaulay seldom fails to insult over them, to look down upon them, and thrust his spurs into them, as expressive of his assured conquest and superiority; in which respect he often reminds us of a class of "fervent reproachers," whom Hooker speaks of as being "always confident and bold-spirited men;" and he adds, "but their confidence, for the most part, riseth from too much credit given to their own wits, for which cause, they are seldom free from error." Which accounts, perhaps, for much of Mr. Macaulay's success; for most men are naturally some-

what modest, and experience is ever furnishing them new arguments of self-distrust; and they cannot well understand how a man should be so positive and peevish in his sentences, unless he were going upon the most solid and unquestionable grounds.

But of all the things in this article, we confess the strongest repugnance to the author's explanation of the acknowledged merits of Boswell's book. Nor is the smartness of his sentences on this subject any compensation for their manifold and manifest absurdity. And we venture to suspect that he would never have conceived such an explanation of them, but for an overweening desire to shine in paradoxical epigrams and antitheses. Unwilling, perhaps, to deny excellencies which everybody affirmed, or to admit excellencies which he could not explain, or to explain them by any principle too deep for his appreciation, he has fallen, it seems to us, on just the shallowest and absurdest explanation that can be conceived. And his sentences look much more like the flippancies of a presumptuous, though ingenious ignorance, than like the conclusions of a sober, manly judgment. On the whole, we very much prefer the explanation given by Carlyle: that the excellencies in question were by no means in consequence of Boswell's mean and bad qualities, but solely and purely in spite of them; that he wrote a good book, not because he was a fool, but because underneath his folly there was a vein of real wisdom—an eye to discern true worth, a heart to love it, and the art (or was it the nature?) to delineate it. And one of our reasons for preferring this explanation is, that it does not encourage the readers of that book to spurn and scoff at the poor author for the very pleasure and instruction he has given them.

We have dwelt the longer on this subject here, because Mr. Macaulay's paper on Johnson and Boswell rather strikingly exemplifies the strong propensity to ill-natured caricature which pervades nearly all he has written. Of this propensity, this ostentatious redundancy of contempt and scorn, we have a very lively account in a paper on Macaulay from one of our American reviewers, which we the rather quote because it was apparently written

for praise; though we confess it strikes us as somewhat chargeable with the extravagance in which the subject of it so often indulges. "His critical severity," says this writer, "almost actualizes the ideal of critical damnation. . . . He is both judge and executioner; condemns the prisoner—puts on the black cap with a stinging sneer—hangs, quarters, and scatters his limbs to the four winds, without any pity or remorse. He subjects the commonplace, the stupid, the narrow-minded, to every variety of critical torture; he riddles them with epigrams; he racks them with analysis; he scorches them with sarcasm; he probes their most delicate and sensitive nerves with the glittering edge of his wit; he breathes upon them the hot breath of his scorn; he crushes and grinds them in the whirling mill of his logic; over the burning marl of his critical Pandemonium he makes them walk with unsaddled feet, and views their ludicrous agonies with mocking glee."* It need hardly be said, that a man of whom this could be spoken by a professed admirer, is not one from whom much good is to be learned.

With the exception of the paper on Johnson, perhaps there is no one of Mr. Macaulay's articles wherein the bad qualities indicated in the above extract, are more intemperately displayed than in the piece on Southey's Colloquies, published in 1830; though, on the whole, there is not much to choose between this paper and the one on Bacon. The spirit of the whole article is pretty fairly indicated by the following, near the beginning: "It is indeed most extraordinary that a mind like Mr. Southey's, a mind richly endowed by nature and highly cultivated by study, a mind which has exercised considerable influence on the most enlightened generation of the most enlightened people that ever existed, should be utterly destitute of the power of discerning truth from falsehood. Yet such is the fact." Again: "In the mind of Mr. Southey, reason has no place at all, as either leader or follower, as either sovereign or slave. He does not seem to know what an argument is." And again: "A peculiar austerity marks almost all Mr. Southey's judgments of men and ac-

* Whipple's Essays, vol. i. p. 19.

tions. We are far from blaming him for fixing on a high standard of morals, and for applying that standard to every case. But rigor ought to be accompanied by discernment, and of discernment Mr. Southey seems to be utterly destitute.* But let not the lovers of Mr. Southey be discouraged; the gentle, the generous, the high-souled author of *Thalaba* and *The Doctor*, it seems, is not alone in this! O, no! he has a parallel, the critic tells us, in —Burke! who, though not *utterly* destitute of reason and discernment, like Southey, belonged however to the same class of minds, differing from him only in degree, not in kind. He had indeed *some* reason, but then reason with him was but the slave of passion. "Hence," says our critic, "he generally chose his side like a fanatic, and defended it like a philosopher." And again: "It is not difficult to perceive, that his hostility to the French Revolution principally arose from the vexation which he felt at having all his old political associations disturbed, at seeing the well-known boundary-marks of states obliterated, and the names and distinctions with which the history of Europe had been filled for ages, swept away. He felt like an antiquary whose shield had been scoured, or a connoisseur who found his Titian retouched."† So then, we have now at length a clear and intelligible account of the whole matter. Many, no doubt, will be or have been gratified to learn, that the darkest and bloodiest passage in the annals of our race, was quite innocent in itself, perfectly inoffensive to reason; only to Burke it was *new*; it contradicted his tastes; and his war against it was but the work of a splendid madman fighting with shadows: that for the stupendous workings of his most noble and manly soul, no deeper principle is to be sought than that of casual association; and that in his immortal words on this great theme we hear the voice, not of a wise, considerate, deeply-moved statesman, patriot and Christian, but only of a political antiquary and connoisseur. Of course Mr. Macaulay views that movement and its authors in the light of reason. Accordingly one of the gentlest censures we have

seen from him, gentler indeed than he can be fairly supposed to utter against any from whom he greatly differs in opinion, is where, speaking of this band of atheistical brethren, he ventures to suggest, that the religious system of the Middle Ages "might have seemed to deserve a more respectful mention from philosophers and philanthropists."*

If such be his treatment of Burke, it might be expected that Southey would fare rather badly at his hands; and he does fare as badly as could be expected. Thus he tells us, "No man out of a cloister ever wrote about love, for example, so coldly and at the same time so grossly. . . . He seems to have no notion of anything between the Platonic passion of the Glendoveer, who gazes with rapture on his mistress's leprosy, and the brutal appetite of Arvalan and Roderick."† It is difficult to believe that this is spoken of the author of that most charming passage, so pure and yet so human-hearted, beginning,

"They sin who tell us love can die:
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity," &c.

Again, he says, "What theologians call the spiritual sins are his cardinal virtues —hatred, pride, and the insatiable thirst of vengeance. . . . Almost the only mark of charity which he vouchsafes to his opponents is to pray for their conversion, and this he does in terms not unlike those in which we can imagine a Portuguese priest interceding with Heaven for a Jew, delivered over to the secular arm after a relapse."† Here, too, it is hard to conceive that any human being can have in his eye one of the most upright and amiable of men; a character adorned with every private and public virtue; the much-loved, much-honored of such men as Wordsworth and Lamb; and the author of that precious book, *The Doctor*, in one chapter of which is often to be found more of quiet wisdom, of kindly sympathy, of bland philosophy, and benignant good-nature, than in all we have seen of our critic's writing put together. It must be confessed, indeed, that on political subjects Southey often wrote more like a partisan than a states-

* *Essays*, pp. 99, 100, 101.

† *Ibid.*, p. 99.

* *History*, vol. i. p. 7.

† *Essays*, p. 101.

† *Essays*, p. 101.

man; yet we never have seen anything from Mr. Macaulay written with half the candor and liberality, the calmness of temper, and kindness of feeling, and equanimity of judgment, that we meet with in Southey's most delightful and instructive biography of that great and good, but by no means perfect man, John Wesley. If Mr. Macaulay considers these works and others like them to be "totally destitute" of reason and discernment, it might be worth the while to know what he means by those two imposing words. It is true; we do not find in Southey's writings much of the brilliant but feeble declamation or of the no less attenuated than flippant and conceited logic, of which Macaulay is so consummate a master: but really we cannot persuade ourselves to think the less of them on that account.

Of this logical spider-web-spinning we have a considerable specimen, as usual, in the article before us. Mr. Southey, it seems, in one of the "Colloquies," brings in the ghost of Sir Thomas More, saying: "Nothing is more certain than that religion is the basis upon which civil government rests; that from religion power derives its authority, laws their efficacy, and both their zeal and sanction." This absurd and irrational doctrine of course the critic entirely upsets and demolishes, though it has been held and maintained by almost every considerable author that has written on the subject; and he winds up his conclusive refutation, as is his wont, with a few sprightly sneers at Southey, such as these: "He never sees at one glance more of a question than will furnish matter for one flowing and well-turned sentence;" and "We do not well know what his opinion about toleration is; but, on the whole, we take it to be this, that everybody is to tolerate him, and that he is to tolerate nobody."* The orthodoxy whereby our critic overthrows this pernicious heterodoxy of Southey's is briefly and substantially this: The true basis of civil government lies, not in religion, but in the principles of our social nature and the necessities of the social state: men *must* live together, or not live at all; and living together, they *must* be protected in their persons and possessions

from each other's evil passions; and this word *must* expresses the real ground whereon states and commonwealths are built. To give a specimen of the *elevated* language used by our potent critic on this subject: "If Mr. Southey allows, as we think he must allow, that it is for the good of mankind in this world to have civil government, and that the great majority of mankind have always thought it for their good in this world to have civil government, then we have a basis for government quite distinct from religion." And again: "We are at a loss to conceive in what sense religion can be said to be the basis of government, in which it is not also the basis of the practices of eating, drinking, and lighting fires in cold weather."* Unquestionably, therefore, the true stay and support of government is to be sought for in an enlightened selfishness, not in a prevailing sense of duty and moral responsibility: men need no other motives to abstain from injuring their neighbors than those which prompt them to eat and drink and make fires; and it is from the conviction of what they must do, or are interested to do as social beings, not of what they ought to do as moral agents, that "power derives its authority, laws their efficacy, and both their zeal and sanction:" religion and conscience may indeed be useful as auxiliaries in the matter of obedience to law and government, and as such no wise man will despise them, but are by no means to be regarded as the root or ground or life of such obedience.

Now we shall not attempt to refute Mr. Macaulay's reasoning, or whatever else it may be called, on this subject; for to presume that such a refutation were needful, would be little less than an insult to the understanding of our readers. We will simply produce a short passage from Hooker, not indeed to show that Mr. Macaulay is wrong, but only that Southey, however widely astray in this matter, has the happiness to err in pretty good company. "So natural is the union of religion with justice, that we may boldly deem there is neither, where both are not. For how should they be unfeignedly just, whom religion doth not cause to be such; or they religious, which are not found such

* *Essays*, p. 111.* *Essays*, p. 108.

by the proof of their just actions? If they, which employ their labor and travel about the public administration of justice, follow it only as a trade, . . . being not in heart persuaded that justice is God's own work, and themselves His agents in this business; the sentence of right God's own verdict, and themselves His priests to deliver it; formalities of justice do but serve to smother right, and that, which was necessarily ordained for the common good, is through shameful abuse made the cause of common misery."* Now it seems but reasonable to suppose, and perhaps even Mr. Macaulay would allow, that civil government can hardly stand without justice. If, then, government cannot stand without justice, nor justice without religion, we see not but that religion may be justly enough represented as the basis of civil government; though not the only thing, it may be one of the things on which government is necessarily grounded. However, we are not concerned to justify Hooker's view; it needeth not to be encumbered with our help. We will only add, that it would not be difficult to find many wise and good men, both heathen and Christian, speaking in the same or a similar strain: and on the whole it is not so very evident that men can be brought to obey government at all, unless they be taught to obey it for conscience's sake. But even if a still larger number of still wiser and better men were on Southey's side, this were no sufficient reason why Mr. Macaulay should not differ from him, and be right in so differing; but some may consider it a sufficient reason why he should not express his dissent in a contemptuous, ill-mannered, insolent flippancy.

Perhaps we may as well notice in this connection another specimen of Mr. Macaulay's small logic, skillfully used; a logic so small, indeed, that we can hardly suppose himself to have believed it, yet used so skillfully that we can easily conceive many readers to have been abused by it. It is from the article on "Church and State," where he undertakes to demonstrate, in opposition to Mr. Gladstone and divers others, that unity in the matter of the Church is an impossibility, a thing

which never has been, and never can be, and which it is the height of absurdity to expect. Now, we have no concern at present with the Church of England or with any other particular church; but if Mr. Macaulay's reasoning on this subject be good for anything, it precludes all religious unity and community whatsoever. His argument runs as follows: "Unity, Mr. Gladstone tells us, is essential to truth. And this is most unquestionable. But when he goes on to tell us that this unity is the characteristic of the Church of England, that she is one in body and in spirit, we are compelled to differ from him widely. The apostolical succession she may or may not have. But unity she most certainly has not, and never has had. It is a matter of perfect notoriety, that her formularies are framed in such a manner as to admit to her highest offices men who differ from each other more widely than a very high Churchman differs from a Catholic, or a very low Churchman from a Presbyterian; and that the general leaning of the Church, with respect to some important questions, has been sometimes one way, and sometimes another." Then, after mentioning several questions, such as "Calvinism and Arminianism," "the operation of the sacraments," and the just grounds and limits of ecclesiastical authority and private judgment, wherein there have been and are great and manifest differences of opinion, he goes on: "All these different opinions are held, avowed, preached, printed within the pale of the Church, by men of unquestioned integrity and understanding. . . . What, then, becomes of all Mr. Gladstone's eloquent exhortations to unity? Is it not mere mockery to attach so much importance to unity in form and name, where there is so little in substance? . . . And is it not clear that Mr. Gladstone is bound on all his own principles, to abandon the defense of a Church in which unity is not found?"*

This argument has doubtless been by many regarded as perfectly decisive of the question. And if unity of opinion were the only unity possible or practicable or desirable in the Church, unquestionably it would be so; this being a sort of unity

* Ecclesiastical Polity, Book V, ch. 1.

* Essays, pp. 835-6

which it were manifestly ridiculous to assert, and vain to expect. But then it so happens that this is a kind of unity which, we will venture to say, no man in his senses ever thought of asserting or of expecting. The truth is, opinion is in no wise the proper matter of ecclesiastical, any more than of civil or of domestic unity; nor is it easy to read any considerable writer on the subject half an hour without ascertaining so much. And cannot Mr. Macaulay conceive of such a thing as unity of interest, or affection, or spirit, or organization, with diversity of opinion? Is a man bound to consider his own opinions infallible, and so make them matters of conscience, and esteem them above everything else? May not several persons unite in loving and cherishing the same object, without holding the same opinions concerning that object? May not a man think freely and have his own opinions, without preferring them to everything else, to father and mother, or wife and children, or country, or Church? Cannot a man and his wife differ in opinion without breach of that sacred unity in which it is their duty and honor and happiness to live? Nay, cannot a man differ from himself, change his opinions (Mr. Macaulay tells us he has changed his) without ceasing to be at unity with himself? Must any man, does any wise man conceive his own opinions to be so unquestionably and infallibly true, as to be willing to break charity, and commit civil or domestic or religious schism, and curse all who dissent from him, for the sake of them? For example, there are among us many and great differences of political opinion; but is there any American so unworthy of that great and glorious name, so smitten with his own wisdom, so conceited and selfish and base, as to prize his opinions above his country, or above his country's welfare or honor? In short, must a man's opinions, those mushrooms of the brain, be dearer to him than any or all other objects? And if so, what is this but to make his opinions his god? Shame, then, on this everlasting ado about our opinions, as if these were the greatest blessings Providence had vouchsafed us! If we cannot find any other and better things to love than our opinions, the Lord help us, and send us at least a grain of sense!

Undoubtedly we are all of us apt to indulge an overweening fondness for our opinions; and this is especially the case now-a-days, insomuch that divers people make it their chief care to hatch a new litter every little while, to the end, apparently, that they may use them as a capital wherewith to set up and carry on the trade of reformers. But this fecundity and fondness of opinion is but one of the forms, and certainly not the least offensive form of that selfishness whence so many evils spring. "For man naturally is scarce so fond of the offspring of his body as of that of his soul. His notions are his darlings; so that neither children nor self are half so dear to him as the only-begotten of his mind."* And perhaps this is one, and by no means the least of the evils which it is the very office and aim of the Church to cure, by inspiring us with sentiments and attachments, and by giving us loves and cares and aims and objects and hopes and comforts for which we may be willing to sacrifice these puny sprouts of the brain. Who knows but that the Church may be among the chief means appointed "to keep the soul low and humble, and to check those self-complacencies which it is apt to grow into by an overweening conceit of its own opinions, more than by any other thing whatsoever."†

So much for Mr. Macaulay's famous argument to show that there neither is nor can be any such thing as unity in the Church, because we know, forsooth, that there always has been, and from the constitution and condition of the human mind, must needs always be more or less diversity of opinion. And sure enough, if there can be no unity but this, then it must be confessed that unity in the Church is an impossible, or, at least, an impracticable thing: nor is there any remedy at last but every man must be his own church; and when this is the case, it probably will not be long, but every man will be his own god. And the same argument holds equally good in respect of the family and the state; for unity is as inconsistent with diversity of opinion in these as in the Church: so that nothing apparently hinders that we must come to this, that

* Dr. South, *Serm. xxx.*† *Ibid.*

every man is to be his own commonwealth, with a chief magistrate under him. Assuredly, it is not the having their individual opinions, (though it is considerable that wise men are apt to have but few of them, and to set but little by those few,) but the making too much of them, the being unreasonably fond of them, and as unreasonably persecuted for them; it is not the differing in their minds and views, but the preferring their inward, airy and ineffective notions to certain outward, substantial and ennobling objects; this is the main cause that has split men into so many religious sects and parties, and set or kept them at enmity and strife. And surely it cannot be out of place to remember here, that, according to a no less profound than beautiful test, we are to "know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren," not because we love our own opinions. In the strength of which principle, overcoming the dividing forces of self-wise or self-willed opinion, there is room enough for unity: nor can it be amiss to urge and exhort men to such unity so long as those dividing forces continue to operate; and if, as things now are, we cannot have so much unity as might be desired, this is no good reason why we should not endeavor to have as much as we can. And instead of laying so much stress on opinion, as if this were the only matter of unity, how much better would it be to remember the maxim acted upon of old, by different parties in the Church, that "Catholics, as Catholics, agree always in matters of faith, and good Catholics never break charity, but the best Catholics, as men, may vary in their opinions."* Perhaps it should be remarked, before we leave this subject, that both here and elsewhere in this article we use the word Church not in any exclusive or invidious sense, but as expressing the very idea and principle of religious society, leaving it to every man to decide for himself what and where the Church is; but withal assuring him that, whatsoever and wheresoever he may conclude the Church to be, it will not be much for his own good to esteem her of less importance to him than his opinions; and that, if he

can consent to be in unity and fellowship with others on no ground but this, then he has much reason to suspect, that instead of loving and seeking truth, he is but hugging his own brain-sick notions and fancies dressed up in her imagery.

We know not how we can better close this episode, already much too long, than in the words of Jeremy Taylor: "Although the Spirit of God did rest upon us in divided tongues, yet so long as those tongues were of fire, not to kindle strife, but to warm our affections and inflame our charities, we should find that this variety of opinions in several persons would be looked upon as an argument only of diversity of operations, while the Spirit is the same." And again: "It is not the differing opinions that is the cause of present ruptures, but want of charity; it is not the variety of understandings, but the disunion of wills and affections; it is not the several principles, but the several ends, that cause our miseries; our opinions commence and are upheld according as our turns are served, and our interests are preserved, and there is no cure for us but piety and charity." And finally: "All these mischiefs proceed not from this, that all men are not of one mind, for that is neither necessary nor possible, but that every opinion is made an article of faith, every article is a ground of quarrel, every quarrel makes a faction, every faction is zealous, and all zeal pretends for God, and whatsoever is for God cannot be too much: we by this time are come to that pass, we think we love not God except we hate our brother, and we have not the virtue of religion unless we persecute all religions but our own."*

As for Mr. Macaulay, from the way in which he frequently decides theological and ecclesiastical questions, in both his Essays and his History, one might suppose he had spent a whole life in studying them, or rather, perhaps, that he had never studied them at all. For with an amount of furnishing that might indeed be somewhat remarkable in an undergraduate, he pronounces in a most positive and peremptory manner on subjects where a Bull, a Pearson, or a Waterland, in the fullness of his faculties and furnishings,

* Fuller, Church History, vol. vi, p. 74; Oxford, 1845.

* Introduction to Liberty of Prophecy.

could hardly be brought to give more than a probable opinion one way or the other. This way of proceeding in "doubtful disputations" might be pardonable, though scarcely commendable, in an undergraduate; but surely something else might be looked for in one who has had time to outgrow the style of a sophomore; especially since, as he himself tells us, he has already in some instances changed his opinions. But perhaps he is one of those who, instead of becoming more modest and distrustful of their opinions from having often changed them, always mistake such change for progress, and so grow more certain and positive in their opinions the oftener they change them.

One of the cleverest passages in Mr. Macaulay's *Essays* is in the article on Moore's Life of Byron, where he unfolds the distinction between truth to nature and mere correctness in works of art; between that which produces the intended effects, and that which merely conforms to certain prescribed rules.* Perhaps no one passage has been oftener referred to as evincing the author's great powers of thought and expression. The idea of the passage is certainly a very just and important one, and no one can complain that it has not brought it out with sufficient clearness and force. But the idea, as every well-read man must know, had become a commonplace in criticism long before Mr. Macaulay took hold of it. Yet no one can deny that the idea, however old and unoriginal it may be, is large and valuable enough to make a full, strong, rich and generous sentence, or even paragraph, in any essay on the subject. The only ground of complaint therefore is, that while the idea had already become a critical truism and grown old in the service of letters, the author has compelled it to perform an amount of rhetorical labor which the most novel and original idea could not with justice be made to undergo. That vast disproportion between the expression and the matter expressed, between the illustrations and the thing illustrated, which so highly distinguishes Mr. Macaulay's writings, is here displayed in great fullness. The passage, however, very happily exemplifies one quality, in

which we doubt if Mr. Macaulay has any superior; for we have met with no author that comes near him in the singular merit of doing the thinking all up to the reader's hands, instead of requiring or inducing the reader to think for himself, which is probably what most readers like. For it is quite remarkable, that a reader of very little capacity and still less preparation, may go over this passage, as over nearly all the author has written, in a perfect gallop, understanding and exhausting the whole as he goes. The matter is so plainly and so exquisitely turned all into surface, that no one ever thinks of stopping to look round the corners or between the parts, to see if there be not something that he is likely to miss. In short, the author has, if possible, an excess of perspicuity; and in his continual endeavors after this he generally takes care to omit or explode everything but what he can make intelligible to the most moderate capacity without the slightest effort. All this, to be sure, does not hinder that Mr. Macaulay may be a great thinker; it only infers him a much greater rhetorician. Eggs are certainly excellent meat, whether a man lays them himself or not; they are very nutritious and not very hard of digestion; and Mr. Macaulay beats all the men we know of at whipping them into syllabub. Before we leave this subject, it is but just to confess that the above-mentioned passage, after all, is probably about as original as anything the author has written.

It would hardly be right to wind up a notice of Mr. Macaulay's *Essays*, without adverting to the paper on Bacon, which probably exemplifies the qualities and working of his mind better than anything else he has written except the *History*, and has done more perhaps than any other of the *Essays* to favor the notion that "he was master of every species of composition." In some respects Bacon was undoubtedly both one of the best and one of the worst subjects he could have fallen upon; one of the best for him to exhibit himself in, and one of the worst for him to do justice to: for in Bacon's character there was a strange mixture of good and bad, out of which a skillful advocate could easily make strong cases and effective points; while in his philosophy there is a

* *Essays*, p. 120.

depth and vastness, a rich, intricate, manifold complexity, from which a man of one idea may readily draw materials for the support of his favorite theory. It seems to have been necessary for Mr. Macaulay's purpose, that all the bad and weak points in Bacon's character should be singled out and swollen into unnatural prominence, that the critic might indulge with sufficient effect in the rhetoric of condemnation; and that his philosophy should be shorn of its glory, and desiccated of its life, and shrivelled into a shallow, barren, earth-born utilitarianism, that he might indulge with similar effect in the rhetoric of eulogy. Thus, to the end that he may satisfactorily display himself in the censure of the one and the praise of the other, he caricatures and spoils them both. And in his continual effort after brilliancy and effect we see, as usual, much of the critic, but little of the real subject whereof he pretends to be speaking.

Now, if it be true that the life and writings of this wonderful man furnish a singularly inviting field for the exercise of a vain, flippant, dashing rhetoric; it is also true that scarce any field can be named wherein such a style of writing were more out of place. For whatever may have been his faults as a man, or his merits as an author, assuredly neither are to be handled with justice to the subject, or with benefit to the reader, unless approached in a temper and frame of mind far other than that indicated by the style in question. For this Macaulaian intemperance of rhetoric is one, and certainly not the least hurtful, of those "peccant humors" which Bacon designates as "idols of the den;" and concerning which we may justly say in reference to the whole subject of Bacon's character and philosophy what Bacon himself says on another subject: "These idols must with firm and solemn resolution be abjured and renounced, and the mind must be thoroughly purged and cleansed of them; for the kingdom of man, which is founded in the sciences, can scarce be entered otherwise than the kingdom of God, that is, in the condition of little children."* Nor will it be amiss to remember here another admonition from this most profound, comprehensive, and, we

will add, ingenuous mind: "Knowledge, be it in quantity more or less, if taken without the true corrective thereof, hath in it some nature of venom or malignity, and some effects of that venom, which is ventosity or swelling. This corrective spice, the mixture whereof maketh knowledge so sovereign, is charity; for so the apostle saith, 'knowledge bloweth up, but charity buildeth up;' and in another place, 'if I spake with the tongues of men and angels, and had not charity, it were but as a tinkling cymbal.'"[†]

Of course everybody remembers Pope's verse, describing Bacon as

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind;"

which verse contains not much indeed of poetry, but more of poetry than of truth. Mr. Macaulay's article is little more than this verse, prodigiously expanded and blown up; much of it being written very much in the style of what follows:

"The difference between the soaring angel and the creeping snake was but a type of the difference between Bacon the philosopher and Bacon the Attorney-General—Bacon seeking for Truth and Bacon seeking for the Seals. Those who survey only one-half of his character may speak of him with unmixed admiration, or with unmixed contempt. But those only judge of him correctly who take in, at one view, Bacon in speculation and Bacon in action. They will have no difficulty in comprehending how one and the same man should have been far before his age and far behind it; in one line the boldest and most useful of innovators, in another line the most obstinate champion of the foulest abuses."[†]

Now, though there is a degree of truth in the above statements, they are by no means true in the degree to which they are pushed. But Mr. Macaulay seems incapable of moderation; passionately fond of extremes, and scorning "the golden mean" in which all right, and justice, and truth reside, he must needs state everything in excess, and prefers apparently to say nothing, unless he may speak in superlatives; all of which might be better put up with, if it seemed to spring from the

* *Novum Organum*, Book I, Aph. 63.

* *Advancement of Learning*, Book I.
† *Essays*, p. 259.

enthusiasm of thought, and not from ambition to startle and amaze. He therefore represents Bacon as far guiltier of practical abuses, and far bolder in speculative innovation, than the calm, sober student of his life and works would ever imagine him to be. To make good this representation, everything doubtful or reprehensible in Bacon's conduct (and that there was much of this, probably none will deny) is strangely exaggerated and overstrained; while at the same time everything, both personal and circumstantial, that would go to temper and moderate and relieve the bad impression, (for there was much of this also,) is as strangely overlooked or suppressed.

Though Bacon's character should in no wise be held up as a model of virtue and honor, neither can it with any justice be set forth as a special mark of abhorrence or contempt. Morally, he does not appear to have been much, if at all, in advance of his age; though we suspect it would be found, on due examination, that there were many public men of the time below him, where there was one above him, in this respect. He was not only greatly admired as a thinker, but deeply loved and honored as a man, by many of the best and purest men of the age; which could hardly have been the case but that, with all his blemishes, he had great moral and social virtues. Though often straitened or means, he was always very generous to his servants: his temper and carriage were eminently gentle and humane: he was never accused of insolence to any human being, which is the common pleasure of mean-spirited men: he did all that wisdom and friendship could do to keep Essex and Villiers out of crime, and never deserted either of them until other and higher attachments compelled him: his conduct in Parliament was always manly, his views as a legislator were liberal, and leaning strongly towards improvement; and if on one occasion he crouched more than we might wish under the stern rebuke of the queen, it was no more than the whole House of Commons had often done before him: it is not pretended that he ever gave an unjust or illegal judgment as chancellor: his private life was blameless, and abounding in works of piety and charity: and his losing the favor, if in-

deed he did not incur the anger, of the king and Buckingham, when they were in the full career of rapacity and corruption, should perhaps be taken as proof that he had resisted them as much as he could without losing the power to resist them at all. Hallam, who is far enough from sparing Bacon's faults, and whose censure sometimes appears to verge upon excessive severity, admits, however, that "with all his pliancy, there are fewer overstrained expressions about the prerogative in his political writings than we should expect;" and that, "though his practice was servile, his principles were not unconstitutional;"* which is no slight praise for a statesman of those times. And one might hesitate to believe that "the meanest of mankind" could have written the following to a favorite of James I; especially, considering how much power that favorite had to crush whom he feared, and how much reason to fear one that told him the truth: "As far as it may lie in you, let no arbitrary power be intruded; the people of this kingdom love the laws thereof, and nothing will oblige them more than a confidence of the free enjoying of them; what the nobles upon an occasion once said in Parliament, '*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare*,' is imprinted in the hearts of all the people."† From this and other like passages we may perhaps infer why that accomplished profligate joined in crushing so wise and just a counsellor. With an imperious master, a rapacious minister, and a servile court, it strikes us as rather a matter of grief than of wonder that Bacon should have stooped to some unworthy and ill-favored compliances; and when we duly weigh the temptations of his place, perhaps we shall conclude it better to pray that we be not led into similar temptations, than to censure him too harshly for yielding to them.

One of Mr. Macaulay's severest charges against Bacon is for writing the "Declaration of the Treasons of Robert, Earl of Essex." The earl, he informs us, was a great favorite with the people, and "his late excited strong, perhaps unreasonable feelings of compassion and indignation. The queen was received by the citizens of

* Constitutional History, p. 206, note, Harpers.

† Advice to Sir George Villiers.

London with gloomy looks and faint acclamations. She thought it expedient to publish a vindication of the late proceedings;* and she imposed upon Bacon the task of drawing up that vindication. Mr. Macaulay does not question the truth of what Bacon afterwards alleged in excuse of the act, "that he wrote it by command; that he considered himself as a mere secretary; and that he was not answerable for the matter of the book, he having furnished only the arrangement and the style." But the pith of the censure is, "Why did he endow such a purpose with words? Could no hack-writer, without virtue or shame, be found to exaggerate the errors, already so dearly expiated, of a gentle and noble spirit?"†

A thing bearing some resemblance to this was done after the execution of Charles I. This act, as everybody knows, was received by the nation with one long, loud, deep, agonized groan of horror and execration; whereupon the "patriots" "thought it expedient to publish a vindication of the late proceedings." The person pitched upon for the work was John Milton, who probably has the merit of furnishing both the matter and the style of a book enriched with such passages as this: "But Charles murdered both his prince and his father, and that by poison. For, to omit other evidences; he that would not suffer a duke, that was accused for it, to come to his trial, must needs have been guilty of it himself."‡ Of this performance, Mr. Macaulay says:—"Though we think the conduct of the regicides blameable, that of Milton appears to us in a very different light. The deed was done. It could not be undone. The evil was incurred; and the object was to render it as small as possible. We censure the chiefs of the army for not yielding to the popular opinion; but we cannot censure Milton for wishing to change that opinion. . . . For the sake of public liberty, we wish that the thing had not been done, while the people disapproved of it. But for the sake of public liberty, we should also have wished the people to approve of it, when it was done."§

* *Essays*, p. 258.

† *Ib.*, p. 255.

‡ *Prose Works*, vol. ii, p. 81. Philadelphia, 1847.

§ *Essays*, p. 14.

Now we bring up these two cases, not so much for the purpose of justifying either Bacon or Milton, as of showing the singular pliancy and versatility of Mr. Macaulay's logic. Can it be believed that a man who was governed by firm principle, and was not in some degree the servant of occasion, would so contradict himself on a mere change of persons. Mr. Macaulay cannot well deny that the execution of Essex was lawful, while that of Charles was in utter violation of law. Why, then, if knowledge seasoned with charity was his object, could he not add that the execution of the earl, whether just or not, and whatever may be thought of the part Bacon took in his trial, was done, and could not be recalled; and it could not be very criminal in a minister of state to endeavor to prevent the evils likely to arise from the ignorance and anger of the people? Why should he brand the act of Bacon as an effort to murder the fame of one who had already expiated his offenses, and yet praise the act of Milton as the endeavor of a patriot to appease "the ravings of servility and superstition?" As to these two vindications, we confess our judgment of the writers would depend a good deal on whether they told the truth; whether in the pursuit of good ends, or ends which they may have thought to be good, they were careful to use none but just and honorable means; though we are apt to question the virtue of a purpose that requires or prompts the use of bad means: and on this score, we apprehend the issue would not be much to the disadvantage of Bacon.

But the darkest passage in Bacon's life, as we think, and as Mr. Macaulay thinks, is that involved in the charge of bribery and corruption, which brought on his fall. Nor do we suppose any full justification of him in this matter can be fairly made out; but we see no reason why the illustrious sufferer should not have the benefit of counsel in procuring a mitigation of the penalty; and that, as well in respect of his character when dead, as of his person while living. Now it is quite notorious and unquestionable, that for chancellors to receive presents, both from suitors in chancery and from other persons, was customary and common in Bacon's time, and had been so for a hundred years, both

England and in other European states. And indeed Mr. Macaulay allows this: That these practices were common, we admit. But they were common, just as wickedness to which there is a strong temptation always was and always will be common. They were common, just as theft, perjury, adultery, have always been common.* But, surely, this is a very disingenuous and unbecoming piece of rascality. For, if such things as theft, perjury and adultery were common, they were also uniformly regarded, and, when shown and proved, punished as crimes; whereas the receiving of presents was not only common, but was so far from being looked upon as criminal or disreputable, at men of great general integrity and esteem were known to practice it; concealment was scarce attempted: nor does Mr. Macaulay produce, or so much pretend, a single instance before Bacon wherein, common as was the practice, a chancellor or other minister suffered loss of place or reputation under such a charge: only he asserts in general terms that the practice, though common, "was in the highest degree odious." To make good which assertion he cites a passage from honest father Latimer," which, however, if it says anything, proves the reverse of what is cited for. The good bishop says: "Nowadays they call them *gentle rewards*. At times leave their coloring, and call them by their Christian name, bribes." Why this should be quoted to prove that the practice "was in the highest degree odious," is not a little strange; the passage naturally inferring, what is known well enough from other sources, that the thing had grown so common as to be excused under an euphuism. The bishop evidently saw with sorrow that a bad custom had become respectable; and he deserves credit for boldly endeavoring to remove it; but there is no evidence that his labor was at all successful. On the contrary, the practice seems to have continued and even increased down to the time of Bacon; the continual plundering of the Church stimulating the passion for wealth and expense much faster than the reformation quickened the sensibility of virtue and honor.

All which may indeed indicate a low standard of public morals, but not any peculiar guilt in one who did not rise above that standard. Undoubtedly it was "a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance;" yet those who complied with it are fairly entitled to all the mitigation that custom ordinarily brings. Nor does there appear any reason to doubt the truth of Bacon's words to Buckingham: "Howsoever I have acknowledged the sentence just, and for reformation fit, I have been the justest chancellor that hath been in the five changes since my father's time." It is true that Sir Thomas More in the reign of Henry VIII., and Sir Augustine Nicholls in the reign of James I., had the virtue to refuse such presents as Bacon and many others accepted. Yet the fact of presents being offered without offense to men of such clean hands and pure hearts, shows how general the custom was, and how far from being in the highest degree odious. Doubtless these righteous men should be mentioned with special honor for thus discountenancing the corruption of the times; but it does not follow that one should be branded with infamy for not being an exception to the general rule, when these exceptions were so rare and so distinguished.

It is pretty well known that upon taking the Seals Bacon relinquished a salary of £7,600 a year for one of only about £910, which was quite inadequate to his reasonable expenses, and was probably left so small in the expectation that it would be made up by the presents of those whom he served. For the practice in question seems to have grown up in part through default of sufficient public remuneration to official persons; so that there was some ground for regarding such presents rather as fees than as bribes. Moreover, it is not denied that of the twenty-two instances charged upon Bacon, in the greater number the presents were received long after the causes were ended; in some they were received before judgment was given indeed, but then the decisions were against the donors; and in others they were openly and publicly made. All which considered, there appears but little to hinder our crediting the sufferer's no less pathetic than penitent

* Essays, p. 267.

words: "For the briberies and gifts wherewith I am charged, when the book of hearts is laid open, I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart, in a depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice; howsoever I may be frail, and partake of the abuses of the times."

To get over the cases wherein Bacon had given judgment against the donors, Mr. Macaulay resorts to the *presumption* that he had received still larger gifts from the other side. Which surely evinces rather the desire of an advocate to carry his cause, than the solicitude of a judge to decide fairly according to the facts before him. It is needless to dwell on the insecurity of the best man's reputation, if this method is to be followed. But this proceeding becomes doubly offensive when we remember (what Mr. Macaulay doubtless knew; or, if he did not, then his ignorance only aggravates his presumption,) the prodigious industry that was used in hunting up matter against this great man; insomuch that he complained: "But Job himself, or whosoever was the justest judge, by such hunting for matters against him as hath been used against me, may for a time seem foul; especially in a time when greatness is the mark, and accusation is the game." Now Bacon's enemies were so straitened for matter against him, that they saw fit to include things in which Mr. Macaulay admits "there was no gross impropriety." Yet the donors against whom Bacon had decided were at their service, and were openly interested in the prosecution; and of course they could not be ignorant who were on that other side from which still larger gifts had *probably* been received: nor is it easy to see how anything but a very ungenerous wish to make guilt where it was hardly to be found could suppose that in so great a scarcity of matter so sure and obvious a clue to other matter would have been left unemployed.

But the unhandsomest thing of all in Mr. Macaulay's special pleading on this subject, is his urging against Bacon the relinquishing his defense and the sending in his "humble submission" instead thereof; when it is notorious that he did this at the positive command of the king

and the urgent solicitation of the favorite. The constrained and reluctant giving up of his cause Mr. Macaulay resolutely attributes to consciousness of guilt and despair of success; and that, too, in the face (or was it in ignorance?) of his express declaration: "The law of Nature teaches me to speak in my own defense. With respect to this charge of bribery I am as innocent as any born upon St Innocent's day. I never had bribe or reward in my eye or thought when pronouncing sentence or order. If, however, it is absolutely necessary, the king's will shall be obeyed." Nor can Bacon's compliance be fairly attributed to peculiar "meanness of spirit," considering the general obsequiousness and servility of the time, as was often shown by the Commons, perhaps the least obsequious and servile part of the nation.

The truth seems to be, that in the case of Bacon, as hath often happened in other cases, the accumulated faults of the office were visited on the individual incumbent. He had done far more official work than any former chancellor in the same space of time; nobody pretends that he had ever failed to do his work well; and his labors were rewarded, as eminent services are often rewarded in this world, with official disgrace and death; and that, too, for abuses which he certainly did not cause and probably could not cure. Nor, perhaps, could they have been effectually cured but by the destruction of the very man who was least guilty of them, and at the same time the greatest that had complied with them: by such a sacrifice they might indeed become so unspeakably odious, that even the worst men would take care to shun them. At the advice of Bacon himself was called together the parliament that crushed him. The parliament was hot and stout, as it had reason to be, against the maladministration of the state. But they were more just in their anger than discriminating as to its objects. They demanded victims, and were more concerned for the greatness than for the guilt of the persons sacrificed. Bacon, probably by his virtue, had already offended the favorite and through him had lost his former hold on the king. In some respects he would be a most acceptable sacrifice; for, whether guilty or not, the

very height whereon he stood would make his fall the more exemplary. There were enough that wanted the place, and to cover their own ambition they could easily pretend his corruption. Besides, if parliament could not get the chancellor, they might entertain the thought of striking higher. And, indeed, the king and Buckingham seem to have been apprehensive that Bacon might triumph, should he proceed in his own defense, (for who but an angel or a brute could be expected to resist so potent an enchanter, coming to the rescue of his good name?) in which case the popular resentment, sharpened by defeat, might turn to other objects and demand a dearer sacrifice. At all events, "a sop for Cerberus" was indispensable.

"Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in. But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscoured armor, hung by
the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone
round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a
name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'tis surely for a name."

Nothing can be more unfair than to attribute the crushing of Bacon to any peculiar hatred of bribery; it sprung rather from the general and just resentment of the nation at the tyranny and rapacity of the government; a resentment that was right in striking, but wrong in the place where it struck. It is remarkable that some have argued the guilt of Bacon mainly from the fact of his being condemned. Yet the very next act of parliament was one which nobody thinks of defending, and of which Hallam says: "There is surely no instance in the annals of our own, and hardly of any civilized country, where a trifling offense, if it were one, has been visited with such outrageous cruelty."* The case was this: one Floyd, a Catholic barrister, in speaking of the titular king and queen of Bohemia, who were Protestants, had expressed his satisfaction "that goodman Palsgrave and goodwife Palsgrave" had

been driven from Prague. For which offense he was adjudged to be degraded from his gentility, and held an infamous person; to be pilloried four times for the space of two hours each time; to ride once from the Fleet to Cheapside and once to Westminster on horseback, with his face to the horse's tail; to be branded in the forehead with the letter K; to be whipped at the cart's tail from the Fleet to Westminster Hall; to pay a fine of £5000, and be imprisoned for life.* Perhaps this act of the parliament may serve to remind some people of the proceedings of the Star-chamber a few years afterwards. Are we to regard the punishment of Bacon and of Floyd as any just argument or measure of their guilt? The king endeavored to arrest the proceeding against Floyd; for parliament had not the least show of right to meddle in the matter at all; but his endeavors ended in greatly augmenting the severity of their sentence. Such was the scrupulous justice of parliament in those times!

Such, then, are our views of this great man's character; and whatever may be thought of them, we are confident they have not been taken up without a pretty reasonable examination. The truth is, we can think of no uninspired man to whom all men of the present age are so much indebted; and it seems as if we had rather ungenerously endeavored to indemnify ourselves for his acknowledged greatness by exaggerating his faults. Moreover, we are one of "the next ages" to which he left his "name and memory;" and, for one, we are unwilling to withhold the "charitable speeches" which he trusted to receive. It is surely for our interest to do justice to his fame.

Yet, with all the mitigation which the circumstances appear to warrant, we conceive there is still room for no little blame. We have spoken of Mr. Macaulay's censure as being excessive; rather, he makes out an excess of matter whereon to ground it. For our readers err, if they suppose, that because we think Bacon far less criminal than Mr. Macaulay represents him, we therefore incline to blame him less than he does. For nothing is

* Constitutional History, p. 208. Harpers.

* Hallam, p. 207. Lingard, vol. vi, p. 124 Paris. 1840.

more certain than that men often overstate the criminality of others for the very reason that they do *not* feel it, their exaggerations springing from dullness, not from quickness of moral sensibility. Hence their censure is just as disproportionate to the charges they make, as those charges are to the facts upon which they are based. And in reading Mr. Macaulay, one is often struck with the inadequacy of the blame to the weight of the accusation; except where he finds something he can call bigotry or superstition; then, indeed, the inadequacy is all the other way. Thus in the article before us he spares no pains to multiply and magnify Bacon's offenses; he allows no mitigation, no relief, and even browbeats those who presume to urge it; yet he at last assures us that after all Bacon was not a bad man. Wherein we agree with him; but we could by no means say so, if we thought Bacon to be what he represents him, an ingrate, a sycophant, a taker of bribes, and "the most obstinate champion of the foulest abuses." Near the opening of this article, he says: "The genius of Sallust is still with us; but the unfortunate husbands who caught him in their houses at unseasonable hours are forgotten;" and, surely, one who can thus jest and trifle with the crime of adultery, can hardly be expected to feel a genuine, hearty moral repugnance to any crime whatsoever. So that his moral caricaturing of Bacon and others should probably be looked upon as a matter of rhetoric merely, not of virtue. But the practical mischief of such things is, that they minister to license, not to edification.

Nor does he enact the advocate less in respect of Bacon's philosophy than of his character. Intellectually, indeed, it is not easy to set Bacon too high; but it is easy to set him higher than to be well supported by so narrow a basis as Mr. Macaulay assigns him. We may, and perhaps we should believe him wiser than those who wrote before him, but not if, to make room for his wisdom, we must conclude all his predecessors fools. He presented, certainly, a most rare and wonderful union of confidence and modesty; to a faith that would believe anything he joined a scepticism that sifted everything most severely; and, though well assured of his ability to

teach great lessons to mankind, no man ever had an eye and ear more open and apt to learn. And his mind was too elevated and comprehensive not to recognize much that was true and good in the speculations of other men; and what he so recognized he had the intellectual rectitude to employ perhaps the more willingly and prize the more highly, because it was not his own; and he was far too wise a man, his mind was far too calm and clear and serene not to know that if he was to see farther and better than others had done, it must be by standing upon their shoulders, not by crushing them out of the way. We will venture to say that no candid, fair-minded reader of his works would ever suspect him of anything like such a contempt of former writings and writers as Mr. Macaulay attributes to him; there is nothing in his pages smacking in the least degree of the critic's modest assurance, (who can read such a passage without indignation and shame?) that "words, and mere words, and nothing but words, had been all the fruit of all the toil of all the most renowned sages of sixty generations."* Whatever may have been Bacon's faults, he had none of that mean ambition which has sometimes endeavored to put out the lights of others kindling, to create an artificial darkness for the better exhibiting of its own.

This article has already grown beyond the limits we had prescribed ourselves. Of course therefore we cannot think of entering now upon the subject of Bacon's philosophy, which would require an article by itself, and that, too, "unmixed with baser matter." We shall hope to present our views of it at some future time; and we are the more moved to such an undertaking forasmuch as we believe many have been prejudiced against Bacon's writings, and kept away from them by Mr. Macaulay's representations of them; while if any have been drawn to them by that representation, they could hardly have failed to be disgusted at finding, as they must have found, how different those writings are from what they had been led to expect; for it is hardly possible that the same person should relish Bacon as he is, and Bacon as Mr. Macaulay represents him.

* *Essays*, p. 278.

re barely time at present to indicate the general scope and spirit of Mr. Macaulay's discourse on this subject, I will add two or three passages from his works which may serve to put our readers on their guard, and perhaps induce them to seek their knowledge of Bacon himself, or at least elsewhere.

Mr. Macaulay's statements confirm the drift of those statements is fairly evidenced in the following passage: "Then, was the end which Bacon had to himself? It was, to use his phatic expression, 'fruit.' It was the multiplying of human enjoyments and the mitigating of human sufferings. It was the relief of man's estate."*

And the article shows that by "fruit" he meant the relief of man's estate," the critic adds nothing more or less than is usually meant by utilitarianism, mere material and temporal utility. It is not more unjust to Bacon's philosophy, as almost every page of his writings will show, than it would be to represent him as designed only for a corn-law adapted only to the nourishing and sustaining of our bodies, leaving out all nobler adaptations to the unfolding and furnishing of the mind and soul of man. The producing of "the ministering to human wants and efforts, was indeed one of the ends, but was by no means the only or even the primary end, "which Bacon proposed for himself;" as may be seen in the very beginning of which one of the above essays is taken. Speaking of various errors in philosophy he says: "But the chief error of all the rest, is the mistake of misplacing of the last or furthest end of knowledge: for men have entered the desire of learning and knowledge, not upon a natural curiosity and an innate appetite; sometimes to entertain minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; sometimes to enable them to victory and contradiction; and most times for mere reputation and profession: and seldom sin to give a true account of their gift, or to the benefit and use of men: here were sought in knowledge a

couch, whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrasse for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop, for profit or sale; and not a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate."* And the same ideas run all through his works from the first page to the last. Thus in the Essay "Of Truth," he says: "Yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the enquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoyment of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First, he breathed light upon the face of matter, or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. . . . Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth." Again, in the preface to *Novum Organum*: "We would in general admonish all to consider the true ends of knowledge, and not to seek it for the gratification of their minds, or for disputation, or that they may despise others, or for emolument, or fame, or power, or such low objects, but for its intrinsic merit and the purposes of life, and that they would perfect and regulate it by charity. For from the desire of power the angels fell, and men from that of knowledge; but there is no excess in charity, and neither angel nor man was ever endangered by it." Elsewhere he speaks of knowledge as "the food of the soul," (*"pabulum animi"*) and of philosophy as having for one of its ends, "the purifying of the understanding, so as to fit it for the reception of truth;" and, in short, if there be one subject on which he waxes more eloquent and enthusiastic than on any other, it is the worth of knowledge for its own sake, and for the beauty and

* *Essays*, p. 271.

* *Advancement of Learning*, Book I.

dignity it imparts to the mind and character of its possessor. And if his principles and aims as a philosopher had been what Mr. Macaulay attributes to him and praises him for, we could more easily believe his character to have been as mean as Mr. Macaulay represents it.

We have now finished our remarks on

Mr. Macaulay's Essays. We have spoken freely, and we have aimed to speak as respectfully as a strong aversion to the writer and the man would permit. In the next number we shall endeavor to give, with equal freedom, our views of his History.

HON. WASHINGTON HUNT.*

THERE are, ordinarily, but few incidents in the lives of civilians which can render a biographical sketch especially interesting, except to those who stand within the pale of relationship or intimate and friendly intercourse. The field most fruitful of biographical incident is found in military service, and amidst the convulsions of a revolutionary era. The display of strategic skill in the conduct of a campaign, where great qualities are often developed when least expected; accurate foresight and immovable decision in perilous exigencies; self-possession and gallant bearing in "the conflict's dire array"—these mark the hero, and make a name famous for all time. Genius is thus fortuitously developed, and not infrequently in a single day made immortal. No such adventitious aids are found in the ordinary course of civil and political life. Here, where honors are acquired and eminence attained, they are not gathered at once as in a thick harvest, but result from years of patient industry, wherein are developed by degrees the character commanding respect, the intellect born to control, and that aptitude for the due discharge of high political duties, without which no man can be considered as truly great. The power and value of such a character increases from year to year by gradual removes, like the course of a river widening, deepening and expanding as it flows onward from its source.

Such has been the life of the Hon. WASHINGTON HUNT, for the last six years a member of Congress from the Niagara district, and now Comptroller of the State of New York.

Mr. Hunt is a son of Sandford Hunt, Esq., of Livingston county, New York, and was born in Windham, Greene county, New York, on the 5th of August, 1811. He is a descendant from good revolutionary ancestry, his kindred on both sides having been engaged in the war of the Revolution. His grandfather was a surgeon in the army, and lost his life in the service. The young patriot, *Nathan Hale*, whose heroic but melancholy death created a profound sympathy in the hearts of all the patriot leaders, was a brother of his maternal grandmother. Others of his family rendered good service to their country at a time when patriotism required deeds instead of words.

In the year 1818 his father removed to Portage, Livingston (then Allegany) county, where he still resides. Mr. Hunt, at the age of eighteen, removed to Niagara county, and in 1830 commenced the study of the law, and in 1834 he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court. He has never been actively engaged in the duties and labors of that profession, as the care of large landed interests absorbed a great share of his time for many years. Such, however, was the confidence reposed in his integrity and capacity, that in 1836, at the

* The portrait of this gentleman was given to our readers in the March number, and this notice was intended for publication at the same time. Unavoidable accident prevented, and its publication has been delayed until this time.

age of twenty-five years, he was appointed to the office of First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the county of Niagara; and was probably the youngest judge of a court of record who had then ever been appointed in the State. He discharged the duties of the office for five years, and declined a reappointment, which was tendered to him, and the acceptance of which was urged upon him by the members of the bar of the county. In the discharge of the judicial duties of his office, he exhibited in a high degree the possession of those rare faculties for which he has since been distinguished in the national legislature—self-possession, quickness of perception, sound judgment and great amenity of temper.

In early life Judge Hunt was warmly devoted to what was denominated the "democratic," but more correctly known as the "Jackson party." Whether it was that the inexperience inseparable from youth had blinded his eyes to the tendency of measures then germinating, and which have since produced such deplorable results, or that he yielded a too implicit confidence to the honesty of those who on all occasions were prodigal of their professions of regard for "pure democracy" and love of the people, or that he was charmed by the military renown of the great head of the party—it is not our province to decide: be this as it may, Mr. Hunt was an active member of that party until the election of Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency in 1836. He had, however, at all times been an advocate and warmly in favor of the leading measures now regarded as Whig doctrines. His attachments to party were not sufficiently strong to restrain the expression of his opinions on important measures, and he dissented, *in toto*, from the policy of Mr. Van Buren's administration in regard to internal improvements, the tariff, the currency, and the public finances. He saw that in the practical working of the newly discovered "democratic" theories on these subjects the substantial and paramount interests of the country would be endangered, if not sacrificed; that the government itself, instead of exercising a genial and beneficent influence, would be converted into an instrument of oppression to the people; that the radical innovations then proposed

would necessarily lead to others still more prejudicial to both government and people; and he abandoned all connection with that party. In doing this he retained to a great degree the confidence and friendship of those with whom he had acted, though there were doubtless some who felt disposed to indulge in censure. In such cases this is always to be expected from men of narrow minds, to whom the present triumph of party is the end and aim of action, and with whom detraction invariably stands in the place of reason and argument. During several years, whilst engaged in discharging the duties of a judicial station, Mr. Hunt withdrew from all active participation in political contests, though he was not unobservant of the course of events, nor careful to conceal his opinions, which were well known in the community.

"In the year 1842 he was strongly solicited to become the candidate of the Whig party for representative in Congress. Consulting only his own disposition, he would have declined the offer; but his friends were urgent, and he was nominated without a dissenting vote by the Whig District Convention. He was elected by a decisive majority. His personal popularity was great—so much so, that many of the opposite party gave him their suffrages, knowing that his voice and his vote must, in many important measures, be found against their own principles. Of the estimate which his constituents placed upon his character, no stronger evidence need be adduced than a statement of the fact, that he was without solicitation regularly nominated for the same office, and re-elected by largely increased majorities."* In 1848 he was urged to become a candidate for the fourth term, but peremptorily declined.

The limits of a review notice are too narrow to allow us to enter into a particular examination of the course pursued by Mr. Hunt while in Congress. This would, almost of necessity, lead to an examination of all the important measures which have been agitated during the last seven years. We can only refer to some of his speeches and reports, as showing his views

* Biographical and Political History of Congress.

on various political topics and his mode of enforcing them. In general it is sufficient to say, that he has acted at all times cordially with the Whig members of Congress on important occasions, and has exercised a large influence on the action of his associates. The fertility of his mind and the soundness of his judgment were early perceived and acknowledged in that body, and he was very soon recognized as a safe counsellor and prudent leader, while the courtesy of his manner and kindliness of his disposition created warm personal attachment in many instances among his political opponents.

There was, as our readers will recollect, a gross violation of law perpetrated by a "democratic" majority in Congress, in the year 1843, by the admission of members from the States of New Hampshire, Georgia, Mississippi, and Missouri, who were elected on a general ticket. A law constitutionally passed, and quite as obligatory as any law of the land, and which was besides demanded by sound policy, required the formation of separate congressional districts, and that members thereafter to be chosen, should be elected by such districts respectively, and not by a general ticket containing the names of all the members to be elected by a State, and voted by all the voters of the State. The object of the law was obvious, to secure a fair and equal representation to the several constituencies. Under the general ticket system a bare party majority of one vote out of 400,000 (taking the State of New York for an example) would elect 34 members, all of one party, while it might, and often would happen that 24 of the 34 districts, gave a decided majority for the candidates of the opposing party. The wishes of the people of the districts were thus often disregarded and defied. Nearly all of the States had long before voluntarily abandoned a system so manifestly inequitable and unjust. These four "democratic" States, however, knowing that under the new law a Whig might now and then be elected, and as if to show more clearly than ever how false and hollow are all democratic professions of regard for the "rights of the people," concluded to defy the law, and elect as usual by general ticket, thus insuring the return of pure, unsullied democrats. When

these members presented themselves for admission to the House, the question of the legality of their election came up for discussion, and the Whig members, we believe to a man, opposed their admission. From a speech made by Mr. Hunt on this occasion, we copy the following paragraphs:

"But, sir, this is not a mere personal question, in relation to the present occupancy of these seats; it is a subject of deeper and more serious import. A constitutional principle is to be determined and a precedent established, intimately affecting the authority and stability of this government, and when we reflect upon the alarming consequences to which every departure from the Constitution inevitably leads, the organization of the present House of Representatives becomes a question of comparative insignificance.

"The power is given, in the first instance, to the legislature of each State to prescribe the time, place, and manner of holding elections, subject to the paramount power of Congress to substitute new or alter existing regulations. It appears to me that much fallacy of reasoning has proceeded from a false view of the relation occupied by the States in the exercise of this power. It has been assumed that, in all their legislation on this subject, the States have exerted an original, inherent right or attribute of sovereignty; whereas their only jurisdiction over the matter is derived from the federal Constitution, which in effect constitutes them the agents of this government, to prescribe and regulate the elections, until the superior power (or some portion of it) vested in Congress shall be exercised. I concede that the States are sovereign and supreme in respect to those reserved rights and powers, which the Constitution has left under their exclusive control; but it is undeniable that State sovereignty is essentially modified by the terms of the federal compact. The power to declare war, to regulate commerce, to make treaties, and many of the most essential attributes of sovereignty, have been surrendered by the States and vested in the national government.

"We are now admonished, Mr. Speaker, that, if the elections which have been held in defiance of your laws, are not confirmed by the House, four States will be disfranchised and deprived of their representation in the national legislature. I maintain, sir, that those States have disfranchised themselves, for the time being, by their refusal to conform to the law of the land. It is their act, and not ours. They should be held to furnish a better plea than "their own wrong;" if they would escape its legitimate consequences. The inconvenience of a new election, in conformity with law, is too light an evil to influence our decision. Mr.

Speaker, I desire to advert to another principle of profound importance, which is involved in the present issue, and demands the calm consideration of every member of the House. Are we prepared to determine that a single State, by its own action, independent of the judicial tribunal, may annul and overturn a law of Congress, enacted under the forms and solemnities of the Constitution? This aspect of the subject will excite the fears and engage the sober attention of the American people. The pretension which is now asserted, of a right in the States to nullify and resist our laws at pleasure, strikes at the very foundation of the government; and if the doctrine is permitted to prevail, the days of our confederacy are numbered. The Constitution, and "the laws made in pursuance thereof," will cease to be the supreme law of the land. An irresistible force will be imparted to the irregular, capricious action of the State authorities, and the power of the Union will gradually decay, and finally perish beneath the weight. In the name of the Constitution I beseech you to pause before yielding the deliberate sanction of the representative body to this fatal heresy.

"If the House shall yield to the demand which is made, and renounce the just power and supremacy of the government, it will furnish a fearful example to serve as a precedent for repeated and broader inroads upon our institutions. As the first stage in our downfall, it will mark a new and melancholy era in our national annals; and, in the mind of the patriot, it cannot fail to excite the most gloomy apprehensions in regard to our ultimate destiny.

"Our free system of government is to be preserved only by a sacred adherence to the fundamental laws and institutions which have been framed by the wisdom of our fathers, and by emulating the patriotism which inspired their efforts.

"I had hoped that, in our deliberations upon this subject, all party appeals and allusions might be avoided. But it has been deemed necessary, upon this, as upon most occasions, to invoke the genius of democracy. The constantly recurring display of the healing charms of democracy in support of propositions which are repugnant to sense and reason, is calculated to remind us of the celebrated exclamation of Madame Roland, in the scenes of the French revolution: 'In thy name, oh! Liberty, what enormities are committed!'

"Sir, it is no party question that we are now called upon to decide. It stands on higher ground; it touches the vitality of the government and the supremacy of the laws. I trust that no party influences will be permitted to sway the judgment of the House in the discharge of its high responsibility. I will yet cherish the hope that the rightful authority of the nation is not to be desecrated in this hall, under the sacred emblems of the Union; and

that the Constitution is not destined to receive a fatal wound from the representatives of the people, who have sworn to support and defend it."

It is needless to add, that these members were admitted by a party vote, though it is evident they had no better claim to a seat in the House than any similar number of gentlemen in their States, selected at random. "Democracy" could not spare their votes; and modern democracy is by no means conspicuous for its observance of constitutions or law, when it has a party end to subserve.

On the subject of a change of the naturalization laws, Mr. Hunt's course in Congress was equally explicit and determined. In December, 1845, and soon after the general organization of the "Native American" party, a petition from the General Assembly of Massachusetts was presented, asking "for such amendments to the naturalization laws as would protect the ballot-box and the elective franchise from abuses and frauds." It gave rise to a protracted and animated debate. The ground assumed by Mr. Hunt on this question was fair and liberal; and such, as we are assured, received the general concurrence of the country, though it ran counter to the ultra sentiments of many gentlemen on both sides of the line of moderation which separates the extreme conservative from the radical demagogue, reckless of results.

"He did not doubt that our present naturalization laws are in some respects defective, or that serious abuses exist in their administration. He was convinced that enormous frauds have been perpetrated, as well by conferring the high immunities of citizenship upon those who were not entitled to the privilege under existing laws, as by the usurpation and exercise of the right of suffrage by aliens who have never complied with any of the legal formalities of naturalization; not to speak of colonizing, double voting, and other forms of corruption, which can be reached only by State legislation.

"He desired to see such a revival of the code, such new and stringent provisions, as shall effectually prevent these abuses in future, and put an end to the abominable traffick in illegal votes which has become the scourge and disgrace of our larger cities.

"The resolutions of the legislature of Massachusetts, which had given rise to this discussion, if he rightly understood them, con-

templated nothing more than an inquiry into frauds and abuses, and such legislation as may be necessary to prevent corrupt and illegal practices. It may be doubted whether any remedy will prove effectual until our courts of justice, to whom is intrusted the administration of the law, shall have been purified of party influences.

"If there be a character upon earth which, more than any other, deserves the execration of God and man, it is a political judge who pollutes the ermine of justice, and prostitutes his sacred functions to the furtherance of party schemes and purposes.

"I consider it the most deplorable and appalling evil of the time that the unclean spirit of party has been permitted to invade the tribunals of justice, and enter the judgment-seat, to inflame the counsels of sworn judges. As a spectacle, it shocks every virtuous, manly sensibility; as a practice, it is the prolific mother of mischief and corruption. It is undeniable that too many of our courts, in the exercise of this branch of their powers, following the baneful example of other departments of Government have lent themselves to party exigencies, and become part and parcel of the political machinery for controlling and carrying elections.

"On the eve of important elections, they operate as a party apparatus for the manufacture of a sufficient supply of voters, frequently conferring citizenship without adequate proof, the artful and seeming compliance with forms serving only to aggravate the mockery of substantial law and justice. Unless this profanation of judicial power is frowned upon by the righteous sentiment of the country, if we have reached that stage of profligacy when partisan courts will be tolerated by popular opinion, then is it time for us as a people to repeat the exclamation, 'we are rotten before we are ripe.'

"He regretted that this proposition to prevent frauds and restore the integrity of the ballot-box should have been made the occasion for a discussion of a radical change in the fundamental principle of our system of naturalization. He viewed that as a very different question, and believed the proposed change of system, by which it is intended to exclude foreigners from a participation in the rights of citizenship, would find but little favor, either in this House or the country. He wished to speak with all due respect and kindness of that portion of our citizens who have thought it their duty to form a political association under the designation of Native Americans. To many of them he freely accorded the highest integrity and patriotism of purpose. * * *

"Sir, I disdain to employ the language of flattery toward any man or class of men, native or foreign. Instead of addressing them as gods, I have never feared to remind the people of the imperfections which are inseparable

from human condition, and to warn them of the dangers to which they are exposed from vice, ignorance, and the seductive arts of party politicians. That the emigrant is exposed, in a peculiar manner, to the wiles of the demagogue, is known to us all. He is too liable to be misled by false aspersions and unmeaning professions. He is soon sought out by that disinterested class of patriots who drive a trade in politics. He is overwhelmed with lavish protestations of generosity, friendship and devotion; and, to heighten at once his gratitude and wonder, he is assured that a large portion of our countrymen are hostile to liberty, at war with the poor, and intent on establishing the modes of aristocracy and despotism which prevail in the Old World. His mind is inflamed with false prejudices toward his best friends, who are struggling to advance the interests and welfare of all our people, and, enlisted under party colors, he sometimes follows the path which leads to his own destruction. That he should yield to the arts of the seducer is not more strange than that our first mother should have listened to the primitive demagogue who whispered discontent in Paradise. It is to be deplored as a public misfortune, that foreigners, in the morning of their residence here, are exposed to these malign efforts and influences. The responsibility rests, not upon the innocent victims of delusion, but upon the native-born politician who leads them astray. While all good men should regret that the more ignorant portion of our people, native or adopted, are so liable to be misled from their own true happiness by party spirit, it is idle to indulge feelings of petulance or complaint, or to attempt changes which shall exclude any class from a participation in public concerns. It would be equally wise to complain that men are not angels, and abandon the great experiment of free government.

"If it be inquired what is to be done? are the foreigners in our country to be marshalled in hosts against the welfare of their adopted land? and is there no remedy?—I would say to those who propose a system of exclusion, that, in my judgment, they have mistaken the nature of the disease, and the extreme resort to amputation will but tend to increase the evil and render it incurable. Native 'Americanism' is not the true remedy. There are political, as well as physical disorders, for which *time* is the only infallible physician. Foreign emigrants may be deluded for a season, but for this, time is the unfailing, the only corrective. Denunciation, reproach, intolerance, violence of language or conduct, will but retard the consummation which all true Americans should desire. Experience, observation, intercourse with our people, will rapidly *Americanize* the foreigner, and divest his mind of unfounded prejudices. It should be our aim to inform, to enlighten, to elevate, and undeceive him.

"Thousands of emigrants have already discovered, and, if a kindly policy is pursued, every year will swell the numbers of those who perceive, the worthlessness of unmeaning flattery and sounding professions, and the true importance of wise and beneficent measures of government. Those who complain that five years is too short a term, would do wisely to reflect that years are rolling on, and at every annual revolution the foreigner is becoming more thoroughly naturalized in mind and heart, and more intimately incorporated with the body of our people. New ties multiply around him, and his constant progress in knowledge and improvement fix him more firmly to our soil, forming him a wiser and a better citizen."

On the great question of the day—the Wilmot Proviso—Mr. Hunt has from the first acted with firmness and decision. His views are unquestionably those entertained by the great mass of all parties in the North; and as he is known to be always moderate in the expression of his sentiments and conciliatory in his bearing, his remarks are worthy of record. On giving his vote on one occasion in favor of excluding slavery from our newly acquired territories, he said:

"Slavery having been extended over the Louisiana and Florida purchase, and finally over Texas, the free States have pronounced, 'Thus far and no farther.' We insist that this common government of ours shall not be employed to spread slavery over territory now free; that human bondage shall not be carried into other lands under our national flag; and that our armies shall not go forth under the colors of freedom as the propagandists of slavery. That, sir, is the lofty attitude and the unalterable purpose of the North. In this there is no abolitionism to justify the incessant denunciations that have been heard. Gentlemen seem to deceive themselves by neglecting a distinction too obvious to be overlooked. We aim not to *abolish*, but to *preserve*. Where slavery exists, we leave it untouched; where freedom prevails, we demand that you shall not abolish it. While gentlemen denounce the abolition of slavery as treasonable and criminal, I hope they will indulge us if we protest against the abolition of freedom in California, New Mexico and Chihuahua." Mr. Hunt here expressed his surprise at the remarkable language of the gentleman from Pennsylvania, (Mr. C. J. Ingersoll.) "I am speaking of the opposition to slavery and its extension which exists in the northern States.

"He said it was a 'new sentiment held by men, without reason and without argument; nothing but a sentiment, and not a very whole-

some sentiment either.' It is difficult to characterize an expression like this, coming from the representative of a free State, without transcending the limits of parliamentary order. 'A sentiment!' Yes, sir; 'a sentiment.' It is a sentiment which the Almighty has implanted deeply in the human heart, and no earthly power can eradicate it. It may be insulted, and overborne, and trampled in the earth, but, thank God, it can never be extinguished. The fires of martyrdom have been kindled often to subdue it, but in vain; it has seemed to expire on many a battle-field, but only to revive with new energy and beauty.

"It is the spirit of liberty, which is inherent in the soul of man. It is the sentiment which has inspired the friends of freedom in every age. Why, sir, it was 'a sentiment' which impelled the Pilgrims to encounter the perils of the ocean, and the privations of a life in the wilderness, to establish freedom of conscience, and secure civil liberty for themselves and posterity.

"The American Revolution was the offspring of a sentiment; the right of man to self-government is a sentiment. Let the gentleman sneer; it is a sentiment as eternal as the throne of divine justice from which it emanates. It may never warm the heart of that gentleman; he may speak of it in tones of levity and ridicule; but, fortunately, a general truth is not weakened by individual exceptions."

In defending the course of the Whigs in Congress, on the Mexican War, and in regard to the principles which should control the government in dictating peace, he remarked:

"It had been said that there were some politicians who were always ready to surrender territory that was in dispute. It had become very common in these days to cast indiscriminate reproach on those who preferred to settle vexed questions of boundary in a pacific manner. To claim all and concede nothing was now held to be the quintessence of patriotism. But he would recognize no such test.

"He wanted to see these questions discussed in a honorable and a candid spirit, according to the moral considerations of right and wrong. He was for respecting the rights of others without surrendering our own. There was a class of politicians who seemed disposed to make use of all questions touching the foreign relations of the country, merely as means and instruments of party aggrandizement, and the acquisition of power, and hence they contrived to present these questions in such a form as to compel the minority to vote against them.

"This attempt to present the minority before the country in the unpopular light of a peace party was wholly without foundation; it

was not justified by their acts, neither would it be. Gentlemen seemed to think that power and patriotism were identical, and because they had all of the one, they must of course, monopolize the other. But if it was glory to maintain the national rights, and vindicate the national flag, that was a glory shared equally by both sides of the House.

"The gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Dromgoole,) has alluded to the objects of the war, and the spirit in which he would wage the contest. While he would pursue the Mexicans in a spirit of vengeance, his patriotism revels in the prospect of large indemnities of land and money. National honor is also to be measured by leagues; and all our wrongs, real or imaginary, will be healed by the addition of fresh provinces and enlarged dominion. Mr. Hunt would pursue the contest in a different spirit. He wished to see it prosecuted with decisive force and efficiency till we could secure an honorable peace; but when the time shall arrive to dictate the terms of peace to Mexico, he hoped to witness a display of justice and generous magnanimity. If we could conquer our own rapacity, and restrain the lust of territorial acquisition, we should achieve a moral victory more glorious than the trophies of war. In imposing the conditions of amity, he hoped we might exhibit a spirit of moderation and forbearance becoming a great republic conscious of its power. By our rectitude and generosity in the hour of victory, we might yet do something to restore the drooping honor of the country. When that hour should come, we must not disguise it from ourselves that appearances were against us.

"While we are strong and powerful, Mexico is feeble and distracted; and we are already in possession of a vast territory which was recently wrested from her by our own people. But a war is upon us; and while it continues, it must be prosecuted with vigor, and men of all parties must co-operate, by united counsels and common efforts, to bring the struggle to a speedy and honorable termination."

On the Oregon question, the annexation of Texas, and the subject of a tariff for the protection of domestic industry, Mr. Hunt's opinions were often and fully expressed. It is not too much to say, that they were always liberal, comprehensive and just. They will bear an attentive perusal when the partisan asperities of the day, and the passions elicited by the occasion, shall have been forgotten, but it is impossible to give separate passages from these speeches which would do justice to the speaker or the subject.

At the organization of the Congress of 1847, Judge Hunt was appointed chair-

man of the Committee of Commerce, a station which in importance is second to but one in the House. On this committee he has rendered the country essential service, as all will bear witness who regard the importance of our external and internal commerce. Amongst other labors and services in this station, the most useful and interesting was unquestionably the preparation of the report of that committee on the memorial of the Chicago Convention and the veto message of President Polk, which was presented to the House on the 23d June, 1848. In all its parts it is a production of great vigor and masterly comprehension. We can only quote a few passages relating to the importance of bestowing a fostering care on all works calculated to increase and enlarge our internal commerce. It may be assumed, as a matter of course, that Mr. Hunt's opinions were antagonistic to those of the President, and of those latter-day saints in politics who profess to see great danger to the government in the improvement of our rivers and harbors:

"Whilst our commerce with foreign nations," says the report, "yields to the government the revenues necessary to its support, and brings the fruits and fabrics of every clime in return for our surplus productions, the commerce among the States, stimulated by freedom of intercourse, has been still more rapid in its progress, and has reached a higher point of value. Independent of the interchange of commodities between the States, for domestic consumption, which far exceeds in amount our entire foreign trade, the main bulk of our foreign commerce is derived from and forms an ingredient in the internal trade of the country. Our exports must be first conveyed from the producer, by the navigable waters of the interior, to the sea-board; our imports are conveyed inland, by the same channels, to the remotest points of consumption. Every increase of foreign commerce necessarily swells our internal trade; and the elements of each are so blended and intermixed together as to form, in reality, one great common interest, identified with the national prosperity, and presenting equal claims to the encouragement and protection of government. If any discrimination were admissible, the internal trade may be said to be of paramount importance, since it is of the first necessity to the people, larger in value, and, in point of fact, includes the transit of a large share of the commodities composing our commerce with other countries. Viewed as objects of national concern, no line of distinction

an be drawn between these great interests. It requires a perverse ingenuity to separate them, and define where either begins or terminates. Indeed, it may be affirmed that the safe and convenient navigation of our lakes and rivers is indispensable to the prosperity of the foreign as well as the inland trade of the country.

"The committee have adverted to the commercial position of the Atlantic and the inland States, mainly for the purpose of showing, in one general view, how directly every part of the confederacy is identified and concerned in the great navigating interests of the country.

"It will be perceived that the protection of navigation, whether along the sea-board or in the interior, on all the great channels of trade, is a subject not of mere local or sectional concern, but of high national interest, affecting the whole Union and all its parts. Each of the thirty States composing the Union is connected with the navigable waters, either of the sea, the lakes or the rivers. Each is concerned in the safe and easy navigation of all the channels over which the national commerce is borne. Every State in the interior may claim an interest in the safety and sufficiency of the harbors on the coast, through which their productions must pass in quest of a foreign market. The States on the sea-board are no less interested in the navigation of the western waters, through which the States are enabled to carry on a constant interchange of commodities at home, and to send forward the agricultural products which form the main bulk of our foreign trade. What portion of the confederacy can claim to be indifferent to the facility and security of commercial intercourse among the States? What section so isolated in position as to be unconcerned in the navigable waters which carry forth our vast and varied productions? The growth and expansion of our inland commerce is the surest indication, as it is one of the chief sources, of our unexampled prosperity and progress.

"Complete and adequate protection can be given only through the agency of a general system, national in its character, comprehending the whole Union and its entire navigation. It must be broad and pervading, embracing every section and reaching every channel of national commerce. By the adoption of a national plan, resting upon sound and enlightened principles, every portion of the Union will derive its equitable share of the common benefit, and no part will have reason to complain of injustice or inequality. Such a system will insure that free commercial intercourse between the States which was a leading object of the federal Constitution.

The report contains a masterly review of President Polk's famous veto message. The positions assumed by the President

are so completely annihilated as to render their revival a work of impossibility. Among other things the President virtually assumed the ground that the obligations of the government concerning the regulation of commerce and navigation are impaired and lessened by the expansion of our national limits, which is thus noticed in the report :

"If we concede the force of this reasoning, we must also admit that it has been fortified by the addition of ten degrees to our possessions on the Pacific coast since the date of the message. But the committee are hardly prepared to admit the doctrine that the powers or obligations of government, concerning the regulation of commerce and navigation, are in any degree impaired by the expansion of our national limits. On the contrary, it is conceived that the vast extent of our navigable waters, and the relative augmentation of our commerce, impose commensurate duties upon Congress. The responsibility of government is rather increased than lessened by the growing importance and magnitude of the subject. If appropriations in furtherance of navigation are to be abandoned or diminished by reason of our geographical extension, it follows that every new accession of territory brings weakness instead of strength, and the protection of what we have is inconsistent with further acquisitions. Unless the capacity of the government is equal to its territorial expanse, it results that the nation is too large for the Constitution; and the agency of the federal power must fail to accomplish the great ends of its creation. The argument of the President on this point is hardly consistent with the known fact that every addition of territory heretofore acquired, has been sought mainly, or at least ostensibly, with a view to commercial advantages. Louisiana was purchased, at a cost of fifteen millions, to secure the free navigation of the Mississippi. Florida was obtained, at a great cost, because its possession was deemed necessary to the protection of our commerce on the Gulf. We have waged a bloody war, and finally stipulated by treaty to pay many millions of purchase money, to secure the ports of California on the Pacific.

"After paying such enormous sums to obtain the command of these great highways of commerce, is it rational to contend that Congress has no power to make them available by removing the impediments which obstruct their navigation?

"Is it constitutional and wise to exhaust millions in the removal of political restraints, if the government be really incompetent to touch those natural obstacles which are far more fatal to freedom and security of trade? Is the government supreme in its power to acquire, and yet impotent to improve; all-powerful to

purchase or annex ports and rivers, and devoid of faculty to clear them out and make them accessible to shipping? The Executive recently offered Mexico five millions of dollars for a right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Without discussing the expediency of offering so large a sum for the privilege of opening a commercial communication through a foreign country, whilst we refuse a single million to improve the commercial channels within our limits, it may be well to inquire if the President seriously intended to pay five millions for a right of way which the government has no constitutional capacity to execute? Perhaps it would be difficult to present a more complete illustration of the fallacy of this branch of the President's argument. The committee are unable to resist the conclusion that while government is expending the public resources in exploring the Dead Sea, and acquiring distant ports and possessions, it would be equally judicious to give some protection to our navigating interests at home.

"If we possess an extended coast, we have a vast and lucrative commerce; if our harbors are numerous, we have a multitude of ships, which bring tribute to the national coffer; if we have many broad rivers, penetrating the interior of a vast continent, they convey the rich and varied products of many millions of people, and serve as the arteries of that trade, foreign and domestic, from which the government derives its sustenance and support. A country possessing such unrivalled resources and advantages, boasting a commerce so magnificent, and a chain of navigable waters almost boundless in extent, can afford to clear its rivers from snags and furnish safe harbors for shipping. Whatever additional expenditures may be demanded, by the necessities of an expanding commerce, will be more than compensated by the consequent increase of revenue."

Mr. Hunt originated the only measure as yet adopted for establishing the semblance of a government in California. The bill extending the revenue laws to that country, and establishing ports of entry there, was introduced by him, and to his vigorous efforts its success may in no small degree be attributed.

In February last, and before the close of his congressional term, Mr. Hunt was elected Comptroller of the State of New York, by a vote almost unanimous, and immediately after the adjournment of Congress he removed to Albany and entered upon the duties of the office. Having the management of the finances of the State, and a voice in the Canal Board, the office is one of the first importance in the State. That he will discharge the duties of the station creditably to himself and advantageously to the State, will not be doubted by any one who is acquainted with his capacity for the management of important interests, and his aptitude for the ready discharge of complex and laborious duties. The offices he has held have come to him unsought; they were free-will offerings from those who repose confidence in his sound judgment, capacity and integrity.

In private life few men have more devoted friends. Urbane to all, charitable to all who differ from him in opinion, possessing a generous disposition, a heart flowing with kindness, and a temper rarely disturbed by any event, he seldom loses a friend or finds a personal enemy.

THE DEATH OF SHELLEY—A VISION.

"Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength."

Shelley's Prometheus.

The wind was freshening on Genoa's bay,
A looming storm shut out the sultry day,
And wilder grew the distant billows' play.

Along the level line of sea and sky
The waves were dipping low and lifted high,
Like snowy gulls that waver as they fly.

The nearer calm a single sail beguiled,
And at the helm, with features fair and mild,
Sat one whom men have called Eternal Child.

A breath—a breeze—the tempest strikes the sail;
It fills—it leans, and, swift and free as frail,
It flies a winged arrow from the gale.

A precious boat!—God speed it safe and right!
The world, in that slight shell and form as slight,
Has all its hold upon a soul of might.

He lay reclined in noonday dreams no more,
He gazed no longer on the purple shore,
Nor mused on roofing skies and ocean's floor.

The wizard storm had conjured truer dreams—
Had kindled in his eye unwonted gleams,
And given his eagle spirit grander themes.

No sign of craven fear did he reveal;
He only felt the joy that heroes feel
When all their thoughts with draughts of glory reel.

The boat dipt low; his foot was on the helm;
The deck a throne—the storm his rightful realm,
He dared the powers that Nature's king o'erwhelm.

The gentle eye that turned from man away,
Now flashed in answer to the flashing spray,
And glanced in triumph o'er the foaming bay.

And as aloft the boat a moment hung,
Then down the plunging wave was forward flung,
His own wild song—"The Fugitives"—he sung:

Cried he, "And fearest thou, and fearest thou?"
Said he, "And seest thou, and hearest thou?"
A pilot bold, I trow, should venture now."

* * * * *

The sail was torn and trailing in the sea,
The water flooded o'er the dipping lee—
To bale the bark were work for more than three.*

It righted with the liquid load, and fast
Went down; the mariners afloat were cast,
And louder roared and laughed the mocking blast.

A moment, and no trace of man or spar
Was left to strew the path that near and far
Is whirled in foam beneath the tempest's car.

* * * * *

A moment more, and one pale form appeared,
And faintly looked the eyes; no storm careered,
And all the place with mystic light was sphered.

Mrs. Shelley's account leaves the impression that a sailor-boy, Charles Vivian by name, was the poet and Mr. Williams at the time of the disaster.

Around him slept a circling space of wave ;
It seemed the crystal flooring of a cave,
And all about he heard the waters rave.

He saw them waving like a silken tent—
Beheld them fall, like rocks of beryl rent,
And rage like lions from a martyr pent.

A sudden life began to thrill his veins ;
A strange new force his sinking weight sustains,
Until he seems released from mortal chains.

He looked above—a glory floating down—
A dazzling face and form—a kingly crown,
With blinding beauty all his senses drown.

As tearful eyes may see the light they shun,
As veiling mists reveal the clear-shaped sun,
He knew the crucified, transfigured One.

In that still pause of trembling, blissful sight,
He woke as from a wild and life-long night,
And through his soul there crept a holy light.

A blot seemed fading from his troubled brain—
A doubt of God—a madness and a pain,*
Till upward welled his trusting youth again ;—

Till upward every feeling pure was drawn,
As nightly dews are claimed again at dawn,
And whence they came, are once more gently gone.

He gazed upon those mercy-beaming eyes,
Till recognition chased away surprise,
And he had faith from heaven and strength to rise—

To rise and kneel upon the glassy tide,
While down the Vision floated to his side,
And stooped to hear what less he said than sighed :—

“ Oh Truth, Love, Gentleness !—I wooed and won
Your essences, nor knew that ye are ONE ;
Oh crownéd Truth receive thine erring son !”

A spirit-touch was laid upon his soul ;
Like pallid ashes from a living coal,
His mortal form fell off and downward stole.

The spirit and Vision took their upward flight,
And lingering angels gathered up the light
That lay—a spell upon the tempest's might.

The gentle one, whose head alone was wrong—
The Eternal Child amidst a cherub-throng,
Was wafted to the Home of Love and Song.

H. W. P.

* A writer in a foreign review argues from some incidents, and from general reasons, that Shelley was a literal monomaniac on the point of Christianity. On this assumption the Vision is founded.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

OUR last number brought up the Summary to the close of the 30th Congress, by the adjournment of the House of Representatives. Since then a case of some importance has been brought before the Senate, in its Special Session; and as the discussion of the ineligibility of Gen. Shields involves a question of high constitutional interest, and as the decision pronounced upon it by the Senate will, most probably, hereafter serve as a precedent in all cases of a similar nature, we have determined upon giving it more in detail than is usual with us.

On the 5th of March, Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, addressing the Secretary, submitted a resolution for the organization of the Senate; that the Hon. D. R. Atchison, a Senator from the State of Missouri, be appointed President, *pro tem.* of the Senate, and that the Hon. T. H. Benton, a Senator from the State of Missouri, administer to him the oath of office.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

The Hon. J. Davis, of Massachusetts, and the Hon. T. H. Benton, conducted Mr. Atchison to the Chair, where the oath was administered, in compliance with the resolution of the Senate.

The President, *pro tem.* then requested the Senators elect to advance to the Chair and take the oath prescribed for them, and the following were qualified and took their seats:

Messrs. Pearce, of Maryland; Upham, of Vermont; Cooper, of Pennsylvania; Butler, of South Carolina; Borland, of Arkansas; Walker, of Wisconsin; Dodge, of Iowa; Seward, of New York; Morton, of Florida; Dawson, of Georgia; Norris, of New Hampshire; Whitcomb, of Indiana; Soule, of Louisiana; Smith, of Connecticut.

When the name of the Hon. James Shields, of Illinois, was called—

Mr. Walker rose and submitted a resolution, to refer the credentials of the Hon. James Shields to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions to inquire into his eligibility.

Mr. Berrien moved that, in order that the proceedings of the day might not be interfered with (the inauguration of the President) by the discussion to which that resolution may lead, its further consideration should be postponed till the following day.

To which Mr. Walker assented.

On the 6th of March, the following Senators elect were qualified and took their seats:

The Hon. George E. Badger, of North Carolina, and the Hon. Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio;

when the Senate proceeded to discuss the question of

THE ELIGIBILITY OF THE HON. JAMES SHIELDS.

Mr. Miller rose to offer a resolution.

Mr. Douglas. I trust the Senator from New Jersey will withhold any resolution at present. I rise, Mr. President, to a question of privilege, which takes precedence of all other business. I rise to ask if my colleague, the Hon. James Shields, is now to be sworn, as a member of this body. I suppose it is his right to be now sworn; and, on behalf of the State of Illinois, I ask that the oath may now be administered to him.

After some conversation, Mr. Mangum requested the Senator from Wisconsin, Mr. Walker, to withdraw his resolution, there being no Standing Committees, and he having prepared one to obviate that difficulty. Mr. Walker having assented, Mr. Mangum offered the following resolution:

Resolved: That the Standing Committees at the close of the last session be re-appointed, and that the vacancies therein be filled by the Chair.

Mr. Douglas. Mr. President: I again rise to a question of privilege. I do it without any concert with my colleague. I do it as the only representative from the State of Illinois here present, which is entitled to two Senators on this floor. It appears, from the credentials now on your table, that James Shields was elected a Senator of the United States, by the Legislature of Illinois, for six years from the 4th inst. His credentials are in due form, and therefore those credentials entitle him to a seat in this body, upon precisely the same grounds as the Senators who were yesterday admitted to seats; and if there is any objection, as to ineligibility, it must arise after he has been sworn and taken his seat. This body has no jurisdiction over him or this matter, until he has been admitted to his seat as one of its members. In assuming this ground I am justified by the uniform precedents, so far as I have examined them.

Mr. Douglas then adduced the cases of Mr. Gallatin, Mr. Smith, of South Carolina, and Mr. Rich, from Michigan, in all which the parties had been sworn in, and the question of ineligibility discussed after they had taken their seats. If no ineligibility was shown on the face of Gen. Shield's credentials, to deprive him of the right conferred upon him by his State, it would furnish the first instance of a Senator's

being rejected, when his credentials were in due form. He said he spoke not on behalf of the claimant, but on behalf of the State of Illinois; he knew nothing of the facts, but he knew, from the credentials on the table, that he had been duly elected by the State of Illinois. His credentials were in due form; and he knew also that, the day before, other members were sworn in, who presented credentials identically the same; and he insisted, with great respect, that the Senate had no right to reject, without examination, a Senator, when he presented his credentials in due form, showing that he had a right to a seat.

Mr. Mangum then withdrew his resolution, saying, that he was disposed to think that the Senator from Illinois was right, and that the Senate, if it were deemed necessary, could enter upon an investigation after the claimant had been admitted to his seat.

Mr. Walker said, that having withdrawn his resolution to permit the Senator from North Carolina to offer his, and that having been withdrawn, he renewed his motion.

Mr. Walker's resolution was read by the Secretary.

Mr. Turney inquired whether that resolution was before the House.

Mr. Douglas. The question pending, is my motion that James Shields be sworn. It is a privileged question.

Meers. Turney, Badger and Butler argued that the question of ineligibility should be discussed after Gen. Shields had taken his seat.

Mr. Webster. This is a very important question, sir, and it becomes us so to act as not to deprive ourselves of the power to exercise our undoubted constitutional right of judging of the qualifications of a member of this body, at the same time to act with all proper respect towards the State which has sent to us a Senator which it has elected. To observe the established precedents in cases of this character is the best course we can adopt. There may be instances, or precedents, in which objection has been made before the member has taken his seat in either one House or the other. This gentleman's case is the other way. Being admitted to his seat, he is then to produce his credentials, and they are to be examined and investigated by the Senate, to decide if, constitutionally, he is eligible to a seat here. I think the proper course to be adopted in this instance is, to allow the gentleman to be sworn in at once.

Mr. Berrien said, that the Senator from Wisconsin should state the grounds upon which he had submitted his resolution.

Mr. Douglas contended that such a course would be wholly irregular, as it would supersede his motion. He had no objection to the Senator from Wisconsin making any statement he might choose, at the proper time. His, Mr. Douglas' motion was not made at the request, nor even with the knowledge of Gen. Shields,

but by himself, as a Senator from Illinois, insisting on the rights of that State.

Mr. Walker disclaimed any wish or desire, of the remotest kind, to place Gen. Shields in a position where injustice can be done him, or to do anything that could exclude him from a seat on that floor. He then spoke, in high terms, of Gen. Shields' public services. He thought it the better course to give General Shields the opportunity of proving his eligibility before being sworn, than to swear him first and then afterwards to have to expel him; to give him an opportunity of proving that he is entitled to the honor which his State has conferred on him, and which will, through all future time, be a credit to the State which has conferred it.

Mr. Walker, did not wish to mix whatever should be deemed the proper course of the Senate on this question, but, as had been intimated by the Senator from Georgia, (Mr. Berrien,) unless objections should be made with relation to a point of order, he would state the grounds that had induced him to bring forward the resolution, fully and explicitly.

Butler said he would suggest that, was Senator from Wisconsin to go on and present the evidence at large, and facts pertaining to the eligibility of Gen. Shields, it would in some degree prejudice the minds of the Committee and of Senators upon the question.

Mr. Walker said, that he had thought so, and that his opinion of that course of action coincided with that of the Senator from North Carolina. He then went into the question of precedents, adducing one of a Senator from Connecticut.

Mr. Douglas contended that the case of the Senator from Connecticut stood on very different grounds. In his case, the fact appeared, on the very face of his credentials, that he had no sort of right to a seat as Senator. In the one before them, there was simply a presumption as to the Senator's ineligibility. The very case of the Senator from Connecticut strengthened the general rule for which he was contending.

Mr. Walker said the case he had mentioned might not amount to a precedent. Be it so. He wished it distinctly to be understood, that he was not endeavoring to enforce a more rigid rule in the case before them than that of others. It, however, appeared to him to be due to Gen. Shields, to the State which he represented, as well as to the whole country, that the matter should be referred to a committee, and settled, before Gen. Shields should be admitted as a member of that body.

After some remarks, in explanation, by Mr. Berrien and from Mr. Foote, who argued that it had been established, beyond all reasonable doubt, that precedents fully sustained the action of the Senator from Illinois, the question was then taken on the motion of Mr. Douglas, and it was agreed to.

General Shields was then qualified and took his seat.

Mr. Mangum again submitted his motion to continue the Standing Committees, the Vice President filling the vacancies.

After some discussion between Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Mangum, and Mr. Berrien, Mr. Mangum withdrew his resolution.

Mr. Turney moved that on the following day, at 12 o'clock, the Senate should proceed to the election of its Standing Committees.

On the 8th of March, Mr. Walker submitted the following motion, which was considered and agreed to.

Resolved, That the Select Committee, to inquire into the eligibility of the Hon. James Shields to a seat in the Senate of the United States, be authorized to send for persons and papers, and to call to their aid a person authorized to administer oaths and to take the testimony of such persons as the committee may deem proper; and to procure the proper authentication of any papers or records which the committee may have at any time before it, relating to the subject matter under its consideration.

Mr. Walker then submitted a paper in relation to the subject matter mentioned in the above resolution, which was referred to the same committee. (It was understood to be a record of a court in Illinois.)

On Tuesday, March 13th, Mr. Mason presented to the President of the Senate the report of the Select Committee, appointed to inquire into the eligibility of the Hon. James Shields to a seat in that body, stating at the same time, that before the committee agreed upon their report, information was given to General Shields, that if he desired further time to exhibit evidence on his part, the committee would receive from him, the next day, any communication he might have to make. On the next day the committee met at the usual hour, 11 o'clock, and as no communication came from General Shields, they proceeded to make their report.

Mr. Mason added, that he had been requested, however, by General Shields, to say to the Senate, that he sent a communication in writing to the Senate, but owing to some inadvertence of his messenger, that communication never reached them. It had been since shown to him, and might be seen by Senators should they desire it.

The Secretary read the report and resolution as follows:

The Select Committee to which was referred the certificate of election of the Hon. James Shields to a seat in this body, with instructions to inquire into the eligibility of the said James Shields to such seat, report:

That, having given due notice to the said James Shields, he appeared before them, and they took the subject into consideration.

They further report that the said certificate of election declares that the said James Shields was chosen a Senator of the United States by

the Legislature of the State of Illinois on the 13th day of January last; that it further appears, and is admitted by the said James Shields, that he is an alien by birth, and the only proof before the committee of the naturalization of the said James Shields in the United States is contained in the copy of a certificate of naturalization in the Circuit Court of Effingham county, in the said State of Illinois, which is annexed to and made part of this report, by which certificate it appears that the said James Shields was admitted by said court a citizen of the United States on the 21st day of October, 1840.

The committee therefore report the following resolution:

Resolved, That the election of James Shields to be a Senator of the United States was void, he not having been a citizen of the United States the term of years required as a qualification to be a Senator of the United States.

EX PARTE—JAMES SHIELDS.

This day personally appeared in open court James Shields, and made and filed the following declaration: James Shields, being duly sworn in open court, declares on oath that he was born in the county of Tyrone in the kingdom of Ireland, on the 17th day of May, about the year 1810; that he emigrated to the United States while a minor, and continued to reside within the United States three years next preceding his arriving at the age of twenty-one years, and has continued to reside therein since to the present time; he is now upwards of twenty-one years of age, and has resided upwards of five years within the State of Illinois aforesaid, one of the United States; that it is his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty, and particularly to the sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland; and he further declares that for three years next preceding the present application it has been his *bona fide* intention to become a citizen of the United States. JAMES SHIELDS.

Subscribed and sworn to in open court this 21st day of October, 1840.

WM. H. BLAKELY, Clerk of said Court.

This day personally appeared in open court James Shields, a free white person, upwards of twenty-one years of age, and applied to be admitted to become a citizen of the United States, and who, being duly sworn, declares on oath in open court that he will support the Constitution of the United States, and doth absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly of the sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, whereof he was born a subject; and the court being satisfied that he has fully complied with

being rejected, when his credentials were in due form. He said he spoke not on behalf of the claimant, but on behalf of the State of Illinois; he knew nothing of the facts, but he knew, from the credentials on the table, that he had been duly elected by the State of Illinois. His credentials were in due form; and he knew also that, the day before, other members were sworn in, who presented credentials identically the same; and he insisted, with great respect, that the Senate had no right to reject, without examination, a Senator, when he presented his credentials in due form, showing that he had a right to a seat.

Mr. Mangum then withdrew his resolution, saying, that he was disposed to think that the Senator from Illinois was right, and that the Senate, if it were deemed necessary, could enter upon an investigation after the claimant had been admitted to his seat.

Mr. Walker said, that having withdrawn his resolution to permit the Senator from North Carolina to offer his, and that having been withdrawn, he renewed his motion.

Mr. Walker's resolution was read by the Secretary.

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Mr. Douglas. The question pending, is my motion that James Shields be sworn. It is a privileged question.

Messrs. Turney, Badger and Butler argued that the question of ineligibility should be discussed after Gen. Shields had taken his seat.

Mr. Webster. This is a very important question, sir, and it becomes us so to act as not to deprive ourselves of the power to exercise our undoubted constitutional right of judging of the qualifications of a member of this body, at the same time to act with all proper respect towards the State which has sent to us a Senator which it has elected. To observe the established precedents in cases of this character is the best course we can adopt. There may be instances, or precedents, in which objection has been made before the member has taken his seat in either one House or the other. This gentleman's case is the other way. Being admitted to his seat, he is then to produce his credentials, and they are to be examined and investigated by the Senate, to decide if, constitutionally, he is eligible to a seat here. I think the proper course to be adopted in this instance is, to allow the gentleman to be sworn in at once.

Mr. Berrien said, that the Senator from Wisconsin should state the grounds upon which he had submitted his resolution.

Mr. Douglas contended that such a course would be wholly irregular, as it would supersede his motion. He had no objection to the Senator from Wisconsin making any statement he might choose, at the proper time. His, Mr. Douglas' motion was not made at the request, nor even with the knowledge of Gen. Shields,

but by himself, as a Senator from Illinois, insisting on the rights of that State.

Mr. Walker disclaimed any wish or desire, of the remotest kind, to place Gen. Shields in a position where injustice can be done him, or to do anything that could exclude him from a seat on that floor. He then spoke, in high terms, of Gen. Shields' public services. He thought it the better course to give General Shields the opportunity of proving his eligibility before being sworn, than to swear him first and then afterwards to have to expel him; to give him an opportunity of proving that he is entitled to the honor which his State has conferred on him, and which will, through all future time, bring credit to the State which has conferred it. He, Mr. Walker, did not wish to resist whatever should be deemed the proper course of the Senate on this question, but, as had been intimated by the Senator from Georgia, (Mr. Berrien,) unless objections should be made with relation to a point of order, he would state the grounds that had induced him to bring forward the resolution, fully and explicitly.

Mr. Butler said he would suggest that, were the Senator from Wisconsin to go on and present the evidence at large, and facts pertaining to the eligibility of Gen. Shields, it would in some degree prejudice the minds of the Committee and of Senators upon the question.

Mr. Walker said, that he had thought so, and that his opinion of that course of action coincided with that of the Senator from North Carolina. He then went into the question of precedents, adducing one of a Senator from Connecticut.

Mr. Douglas contended that the case of the Senator from Connecticut stood on very different grounds. In his case, the fact appeared, on the very face of his credentials, that he had no sort of right to a seat as Senator. In the one before them, there was simply a presumption as to the Senator's ineligibility. The very case of the Senator from Connecticut strengthened the general rule for which he was contending.

Mr. Walker said the case he had mentioned might not amount to a precedent. Be it so. He wished it distinctly to be understood, that he was not endeavoring to enforce a more rigid rule in the case before them than that of others. It, however, appeared to him to be due to Gen. Shields, to the State which he represented, as well as to the whole country, that the matter should be referred to a committee, and full settled, before Gen. Shields should be admitted as a member of that body.

After some remarks, in explanation, by Mr. Berrien and from Mr. Foote, who argued that it had been established, beyond all reasonable doubt, that precedents fully sustained the motion of the Senator from Illinois, the question was then taken on the motion of Mr. Douglas, and it was agreed to.

General Shields was then qualified and took his seat.

Mr. Mangum again submitted his motion to continue the Standing Committees, the Vice President filling the vacancies.

After some discussion between Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Mangum, and Mr. Berrien, Mr. Mangum withdrew his resolution.

Mr. Turney moved that on the following day, at 12 o'clock, the Senate should proceed to the election of its Standing Committees.

On the 8th of March, Mr. Walker submitted the following motion, which was considered and agreed to.

Resolved, That the Select Committee, to inquire into the eligibility of the Hon. James Shields to a seat in the Senate of the United States, be authorized to send for persons and papers, and to call to their aid a person authorized to administer oaths and to take the testimony of such persons as the committee may deem proper; and to procure the proper authentication of any papers or records which the committee may have at any time before it, relating to the subject matter under its consideration.

Mr. Walker then submitted a paper in relation to the subject matter mentioned in the above resolution, which was referred to the same committee. (It was understood to be a record of a court in Illinois.)

On Tuesday, March 13th, Mr. Mason presented to the President of the Senate the report of the Select Committee, appointed to inquire into the eligibility of the Hon. James Shields to a seat in that body, stating at the same time, that before the committee agreed upon their report, information was given to General Shields, that if he desired further time to exhibit evidence on his part, the committee would receive from him, the next day, any communication he might have to make. On the next day the committee met at the usual hour, 11 o'clock, and as no communication came from General Shields, they proceeded to make their report.

Mr. Mason added, that he had been requested, however, by General Shields, to say to the Senate, that he sent a communication in writing to the Senate, but owing to some inadvertence of his messenger, that communication never reached them. It had been since shown to him, and might be seen by Senators should they desire it.

The Secretary read the report and resolution as follows:

The Select Committee to which was referred the certificate of election of the Hon. James Shields to a seat in this body, with instructions to inquire into the eligibility of the said James Shields to such seat, report:

That, having given due notice to the said James Shields, he appeared before them, and they took the subject into consideration.

They further report that the said certificate of election declares that the said James Shields was chosen a Senator of the United States by

the Legislature of the State of Illinois on the 13th day of January last; that it further appears, and is admitted by the said James Shields, that he is an alien by birth, and the only proof before the committee of the naturalization of the said James Shields in the United States is contained in the copy of a certificate of naturalization in the Circuit Court of Effingham county, in the said State of Illinois, which is annexed to and made part of this report, by which certificate it appears that the said James Shields was admitted by said court a citizen of the United States on the 21st day of October, 1840.

The committee therefore report the following resolution:

Resolved, That the election of James Shields to be a Senator of the United States was void, he not having been a citizen of the United States the term of years required as a qualification to be a Senator of the United States.

EX PARTE—JAMES SHIELDS.

This day personally appeared in open court James Shields, and made and filed the following declaration: James Shields, being duly sworn in open court, declares on oath that he was born in the county of Tyrone in the kingdom of Ireland, on the 17th day of May, about the year 1810; that he emigrated to the United States while a minor, and continued to reside within the United States three years next preceding his arriving at the age of twenty-one years, and has continued to reside therein since to the present time; he is now upwards of twenty-one years of age, and has resided upwards of five years within the State of Illinois aforesaid, one of the United States; that it is his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty, and particularly to the sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland; and he further declares that for three years next preceding the present application it has been his *bona fide* intention to become a citizen of the United States. JAMES SHIELDS.

Subscribed and sworn to in open court this 21st day of October, 1840.

WM. H. BLAKELY, Clerk of said Court.

This day personally appeared in open court James Shields, a free white person, upwards of twenty-one years of age, and applied to be admitted to become a citizen of the United States, and who, being duly sworn, declares on oath in open court that he will support the Constitution of the United States, and doth absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly of the sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, whereof he was born a subject; and the court being satisfied that he has fully complied with

was not justified by their acts, neither would it be. Gentlemen seemed to think that power and patriotism were identical, and because they had all of the one, they must of course, monopolize the other. But if it was glory to maintain the national rights, and vindicate the national flag, that was a glory shared equally by both sides of the House.

"The gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Dromgoole,) has alluded to the objects of the war, and the spirit in which he would wage the contest. While he would pursue the Mexicans in a spirit of vengeance, his patriotism revels in the prospect of large indemnities of land and money. National honor is also to be measured by leagues; and all our wrongs, real or imaginary, will be healed by the addition of fresh provinces and enlarged dominion. Mr. Hunt would pursue the contest in a different spirit. He wished to see it prosecuted with decisive force and efficiency till we could secure an honorable peace; but when the time shall arrive to dictate the terms of peace to Mexico, he hoped to witness a display of justice and generous magnanimity. If we could conquer our own rapacity, and restrain the lust of territorial acquisition, we should achieve a moral victory more glorious than the trophies of war. In imposing the conditions of amity, he hoped we might exhibit a spirit of moderation and forbearance becoming a great republic conscious of its power. By our rectitude and generosity in the hour of victory, we might yet do something to restore the drooping honor of the country. When that hour should come, we must not disguise it from ourselves that appearances were against us.

"While we are strong and powerful, Mexico is feeble and distracted; and we are already in possession of a vast territory which was recently wrested from her by our own people. But a war is upon us; and while it continues, it must be prosecuted with vigor, and men of all parties must co-operate, by united counsels and common efforts, to bring the struggle to a speedy and honorable termination."

On the Oregon question, the annexation of Texas, and the subject of a tariff for the protection of domestic industry, Mr. Hunt's opinions were often and fully expressed. It is not too much to say, that they were always liberal, comprehensive and just. They will bear an attentive perusal when the partisan asperities of the day, and the passions elicited by the occasion, shall have been forgotten, but it is impossible to give separate passages from these speeches which would do justice to the speaker or the subject.

At the organization of the Congress of 1847, Judge Hunt was appointed chair-

man of the Committee of Commerce, a station which in importance is second to but one in the House. On this committee he has rendered the country essential service, as all will bear witness who regard the importance of our external and internal commerce. Amongst other labor and services in this station, the most useful and interesting was unquestionably the preparation of the report of that committee on the memorial of the Chicago Convention and the veto message of President Polk, which was presented to the House on the 23d June, 1848. In all its parts it is a production of great vigor and masterly comprehension. We can only quote a few passages relating to the importance of bestowing a fostering care on all works calculated to increase and enlarge our internal commerce. It may be assumed, as a matter of course, that Mr. Hunt's opinions were antagonistic to those of the President, and of those latter-day saints in politics who profess to see great danger to the government in the improvement of our rivers and harbors:

"Whilst our commerce with foreign nations," says the report, "yields to the government the revenues necessary to its support, and brings the fruits and fabrics of every clime in return for our surplus productions, the commerce among the States, stimulated by freedom of intercourse, has been still more rapid in its progress, and has reached a higher point of value. Independent of the interchange of commodities between the States, for domestic consumption, which far exceeds in amount our entire foreign trade, the main bulk of our foreign commerce is derived from and forms an ingredient in the internal trade of the country. Our exports must be first conveyed from the producer, by the navigable waters of the interior, to the sea-board; our imports are conveyed inland, by the same channels, to the remotest points of consumption. Every increase of foreign commerce necessarily swells our internal trade; and the elements of each are so blended and intermixed together as to form, in reality, one great common interest, identified with the national prosperity, and presenting equal claims to the encouragement and protection of government. If any discrimination were admissible, the internal trade may be said to be of paramount importance, since it is of the first necessity to the people, larger in value, and in point of fact, includes the transit of a large share of the commodities composing our commerce with other countries. Viewed as objects of national concern, no line of distinction

I hazarded and perilled my own life in the town of Belville, where I reside, by thrusting myself between him and assassination.

Mr. President, I do not make this statement by way of complaint. I make it for the purpose of extenuating my indiscretion, and to exculpate myself from the injurious imputation which has been attempted to be cast upon me. My determination is, sir, to submit myself to the action of the Senate. To the decision of this body I will bow submissively, and then I will go to my constituents and appeal to them to reinstate me here.

I wish, therefore, sir, no opposition to be made by any friend of mine to the adoption of the resolution which has been reported by the committee.

Mr. Webster—(in his seat.) Very handsome—very handsome.

Mr. Turney made some remarks disagreeing with the construction given to the Constitution in the report of the committee, and stated that he would not vote for the resolution.

Mr. Foote moved "that the further consideration of the resolution be postponed until the first Monday in December next."

Upon which a large and interesting discussion arose, Mr. Mason on the part of the committee, supporting the resolution to which it had come. Our limits will not allow us to go into details. We shall merely state that Mr. Douglas, on behalf of his State, suggested, that the resolution of the committee had been based upon a wrong construction of the Constitution. He read the article regarding the election of Senators.

"No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained the age of thirty years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be a resident of the State for which he shall be chosen."

Thus, you see, said Mr. Douglas, that the two first qualifications are required to exist only at the time the person becomes a Senator; the other qualification is to exist at the time of the election, which precedes in some cases the time of his becoming a Senator twelve or fifteen months, as was the case of the Senator from Georgia.

He then cited the case of Mr. Gallatin, and argued that by this course of proceeding they would decide that Illinois should be unrepresented from this time until a year from next January, (the Legislature of Illinois not meeting till that time,) and he hoped, especially as the clause of the Constitution under which they were acting did not require them to make any decision, that the language of the resolution, if passed at all, would be changed so as to recognize the legality of the election. The election may have been valid, and yet the Senate may have the power, under the Constitution, to vacate it.

Mr. Webster, after expressing his regret that

this debate had arisen, but perceiving that it was likely to be extended, and differing entirely with the honorable Senator from Illinois, in regard to the construction of the Constitution, he was desirous of addressing to the Senate a few words upon the subject.

I hold, most unquestionably, said Mr. Webster, that the election was void, because the person upon whom the election fell was not competent to discharge the functions of the office that was intended to be conferred upon him; that is to say, to be a Senator from the 3d of March, 1849, for six years. Now, if he could not be a Senator from the 3d of March for six years, then he was not eligible for the Senatorial term, and it might just as well be said that he might be elected when he had been a citizen six years, and await the lapse of three years before commencing his period of service, as it may be said that he may be elected and await the lapse of nine months. That proposition is so clear that I think a little reflection will satisfy every gentleman on the subject.

After which, Mr. Webster proposed that the further consideration of the report should be adjourned till the following day, which was agreed to.

The debate was resumed the next day, Mr. Webster, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Rusk, Mr. Atchison, Mr. Foote, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Calhoun taking part in it.

Mr. Calhoun said that nothing could be more certain than that if General Shields were not then a Senator of the United States, he could not become such by postponement, unless he should allege that he had evidence which would in all probability be satisfactory to the Senate, that the term of nine years had expired before the 4th of March. If such an allegation should be made, it would be the duty of the Senate to postpone it. No such allegation being made, it is a duty which the Senate owes to the State to decide the question at once. For these reasons, unless General Shields should make the allegation, such as he had indicated, he should feel bound to vote in favor of the resolution properly amended.

And now, sir, continued Mr. Calhoun, I come to a point of some little importance; and it is, that the question here involved should be clearly settled, not only for the present, but for all future time. My opinion is that the resolution is not entirely correct. It would seem to conclude that all cases of election are void unless nine years shall have expired on the day of the election. I think that is not according to the Constitution. My opinion is, that, if the nine years are consummated previous to the 4th of March, the election is good, and is not void. I propose, therefore, to add to the resolution the following words: "At the commencement of the term for which he was elected."

Mr. Webster. That's right; I hope that amendment will be adopted.

Mr. Shields. My honorable friend, the Senator from Mississippi, (Mr. Foote,) introduced his motion without my knowledge or consent. I now most respectfully request him to withdraw that motion.

Mr. Foote. With great pleasure, if it is the desire of the honorable Senator. It is certainly true that I made the motion without consulting him on the subject.

Mr. Shields. The motion to postpone having been withdrawn, I now, with permission of this honorable body, tender my resignation.

The letter tendering the resignation was conveyed by a page to the Secretary's desk.

Mr. Webster. It cannot be read, sir. I now move to amend the resolution by adding the words suggested by the Senator from South Carolina.

Mr. Hale. I hope the letter of resignation will be read.

Mr. Webster. It cannot be read, sir.

Mr. Cass. Is it in order to move to lay the resolution on the table?

The Vice President. It is in order.

Mr. Cass. Then I make that motion.

Mr. Webster. I call for the yeas and nays, sir.

The yeas and nays were ordered.

Mr. Webster. I suppose the object of the Senator from Michigan, in moving to lay the resolution on the table, is to lay the report on the table also.

The Vice President. That will be its effect, as I understand it.

The yeas and nays were then taken, and resulted as follows:

Yeas, 15—Nays, 34.

The question then recurred on the amendment.

Mr. Foote desired the resolution to be read as it would stand if the amendment were adopted.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the election of James Shields to be a Senator of the United States was void, he not having been a citizen of the United States the term of years required as a qualification to be a Senator of the United States at the commencement of the term for which he was elected.

After a very lengthened discussion between Mr. Foote, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Underwood, in favor of receiving the resignation, and Mr. Webster, Mr. Berrien, and Mr. Butler, against it, the further consideration of the subject was adjourned till the next day.

Upon which, Mr. Hale asked for the reading of the communication from General Shields.

It was read by the Secretary, as follows:

SENATE CHAMBER, March 14th, 1849.

MR. PRESIDENT: From the time that my right to a seat in this body became a subject of inquiry and investigation, I determined to abstain from entering into any contest in rela-

tion to that right, and to submit unhesitatingly to the action of the Senate. As there is now a prospect of debate and contest on this resolution, I will relieve the Senate by tendering my resignation and referring the matter back to my constituents. I therefore hereby tender my resignation.

JAMES SHIELDS.

Mr. Hale then moved that the Chair be instructed to inform the Executive of Illinois that Gen. Shields had resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States.

The further consideration of which was also postponed to the following day.

The discussion was resumed on the 15th of March, with heightened vigor, upon which occasion Mr. Foote, in a lengthened and most energetic speech, compared the persecutions to which General Shields had been subjected, to those endured by our Saviour, and also to those of Marcus Manlius, surnamed Capitoline, whom the ungrateful Romans, notwithstanding his heroic defense of the Capitol, had condemned to be cast down the Tarpeian Rock.

Mr. Foote warned the Senators, in the first instance, to take heed that they suffer not some portion of the curse under which the Jewish nation had been groaning for so many centuries; and, in the second, that a pestilence promptly followed the ingratitude of the Romans, and which was attributed by most men to the displeasure of the gods at the punishment inflicted on Manlius.

The question being taken upon the amendment, (Mr. Calhoun's,) it was adopted.

Mr. Douglas then moved to amend by striking out all after the word "resolved," and inserting the following: "That the Vice President be requested to notify the Executive of Illinois that the Hon. James Shields has resigned his seat in this body." And upon that motion he asked for the yeas and nays.

They were ordered. The result was as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Cass, Chase, Douglas, Downs, Fitzpatrick, Foote, Jones, Rusk, Soule, Surgeon, Underwood, and Yulee—12.

Nays—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Baldwin, Bell, Berrien, Borland, Bradbury, Bright, Butler, Calhoun, Clarke, Cooper, Corwin, Davis, of Massachusetts, Davis, of Mississippi, Dawson, Dickinson, Greene, Hamlin, Hunter, Mangum, Mason, Miller, Morton, Phelps, Seward, Smith, Spruance, Upham, Wales, Walker, and Webster—32.

The question was then taken on the resolution as amended, and it was adopted without a division.

Mr. Webster moved that a copy of the resolution, certified by the Secretary, be transmitted by the Vice President to the Executive of Illinois.

The motion was agreed to.

RECIPROCITY AND EQUALITY IN THE NAVIGATION LAWS, BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

On the 12th of March, Mr. Webster offered the following resolution :

Resolved, "That the President of the United States be requested, if in his judgment not incompatible with the public interests, to transmit to the Senate any instructions which may have been given to the Minister of the United States, in London, offering a further extension of reciprocity and equality in the laws of navigation ; and more especially such instructions, if any, as contemplate the opening of the coasting trade of the United States to the ships and vessels of other nations."

Mr. Webster said that he offered this resolution in consequence of information received by the very latest arrival from England. In the advices by the last steamer, at Halifax, and transmitted by telegraph, it was stated that Mr. Labouchere, the President of the Board of Trade in England, "has again brought forward the Government proposal, for the modification of the navigation laws ; and Mr. Bancroft, the United States Minister, had stated, that to whatever extent in liberality the British Parliament may be disposed to legislate in this matter, he is ready and willing to sign a convention immediately, based upon the most complete reciprocity, so as to open the entire coasting trade of the two countries to the vessels of both nations." His object, for the present, was only an inquiry. He supposed that if it were the pleasure of the Senate to adopt the resolution, it might be answered before they finally adjourned. But if there were not an opportunity to receive an answer during the session of the Senate, one part of his purpose would, at least, be accomplished, that of drawing the attention of the country to this most important subject. He did not intend to pronounce any opinion for the present, but he must confess that he was a little startled to find that the American Minister, now remaining in England, had, at the present moment, and under existing circumstances, offered to act immediately on a proposition for a convention to throw open the whole coasting trade of the United States freely, and without discrimination, to British vessels.

He had only two things to suggest for the present consideration of the Senate and the country. The one, that if we enter into this reciprocity with Great Britain, and open to her ships the whole coasting trade of the United States, we are bound, of course, to do the same thing to the powers of the North of Europe, and to admit the ships and vessels of Bremen and other of the chief navigating states and countries of that part of the world to the same privileges.

Before this question should be decided, it

would be well for us to be brought to a consideration of the experience we have had, since we opened the trade between ourselves and certain powers of Europe and certain powers of America to the ships and vessels of third parties. And it will become us to see how far the interference of ships and vessels of the northern part of Europe, for example in the trade between the United States and Brazil, has lessened or increased the interests of ships owned in the United States, and all those concerned in navigation.

Another thing to be considered was, how infinitely small is the coasting trade proper, between the ports of England and her European dominions, compared with the coasting trade of the United States. Why, the coasting trade of the United States employs the greater part of the tonnage of the United States ; and that trade, as it is, and is to be hereafter, will employ our shipping in voyages, some of which will be the longest prosecuted on the globe. They will be voyages from the Atlantic cities, on the north and northeastern coast, around Cape Horn, to Oregon and California. If any proposition, as it seems has been suggested, should be adopted by the government of the United States, it would follow that all the products or manufactures of the United States, might be freely carried in British or other foreign ships, from Boston and New York, not only to New Orleans, but round the Cape to our own ports on the Pacific, as freely as they might be carried in our own vessels.

Mr. Webster wound up his remarks by observing that it was not then his intention to discuss the grave and great question connected with the subject, but merely to ascertain whether it was true that our Minister in England had been authorized to enter into a convention which would uproot, substantially, the principles of our navigation laws as they have existed for sixty years. The subject, he repeated, well deserved the attention of the country.

The resolution was agreed to.

PROHIBITION TO FOREIGN IMMIGRANTS TO WORK THE MINES OR PLACERS IN CALIFORNIA.

The following Proclamation was issued by General Smith, at Panama, to the amazement of the numerous foreigners there assembled.

PANAMA, Jan. 19th, 1849.

To Wm. Nelson, Esq., U. S. Consul, Panama.

Sir: The laws of the United States inflict the penalty of fine and imprisonment on trespassers on the public lands. As nothing can be more unreasonable or unjust than the conduct pursued by persons not citizens of the United States, who are flocking from all parts to search for and carry off gold from the lands belonging to the United States, in California ; and as such conduct is in direct violation of law, it will become my duty, immediately on my arrival there, to put these laws in force, and

to prevent their infraction in future, by punishing, with the penalties provided by law, all those who offend.

As these laws are probably not known to many who are about starting to California, it would be well to make it publicly known that there are such laws in existence, and that they will be, in future, enforced against all persons not citizens of the United States, who shall commit any trespass on the lands of the United States, in California.

Your position, as Consul here, being in communication with our consuls on the coast of South America, affords you the opportunity of making this known most generally, and I will be much obliged to you if you will do it.

With sincere respect, your ob't serv't,

PERSIFER F. SMITH,

Brev. Major General, U. S. A.,
Commanding Pacific Division.

We cannot avoid observing upon this document, that it appears to us that the late government of this country has shown itself remiss in not openly avowing their intentions, with regard to foreign immigrants arriving in California. We cannot for a moment imagine that General Smith would have issued such a proclamation had he not received instructions from the Government, authorizing its promulgation. Consequently, the government must have entertained these views previously to the departure of General Smith from Washington. We therefore think that, in common justice to the hosts of alien immigrants who were flocking to the shores of the Pacific, the government was bound to give them the earliest possible notice of its intentions to prevent their working the mines there. This could have been done by a simple notice in the public journals, and it would have produced a better effect, and at the same time have been more decorous than publishing them in Panama. It has been seen by the papers that the people of South America, particularly those of New Grenada and Peru, have felt themselves aggrieved by this interdiction—not that they mean to respect it—for they allege that it is altogether unprecedented and contrary to the laws of nations. As a proof of this, they invite all foreigners to come to their shores and seek for gold; it is the interest of their governments to promote enterprises of that nature. We opine that General Smith will find it very difficult to carry out the threatened interdiction. Perhaps the best method the government of the United States could pursue, if it wishes to derive a fair advantage from the gold found in its new territory, would be to establish a mint there, charging a fair per-centage on the conversion of it into coin, or to levy a duty on its exportation.

COLONEL FREMONT'S EXPEDITION.

The published letters from Col. Fremont and his friends left him ascending a mountain, and

within five or six miles of the summit. But this elevation he never reached. A storm came up, which forced him to retreat, and to seek shelter in the valley below. Here, it is said, the snow drifted and accumulated to the depth of thirty or forty feet, and the party lost all their animals, and were compelled to leave their entire outfit. The snow covered the animals and everything else from view, and Col. Fremont and his party were driven to seek safety on the sides of the mountain. In this emergency, Bill Williams, a hardy mountaineer, and two others, volunteered to seek succor from the nearest settlements; and it was arranged that they should return in twenty days. As they failed to do so, however, Col. Fremont, and one or two others, resolved upon attempting to reach Taos; and on the sixth day from their leaving camp they overtook Williams and one of his companions. The other (Mr. King, of the District of Columbia) was represented to have died of exposure and of hunger; and, in the extremity to which they were driven, the survivors were forced to eat a portion of his body. Col. Fremont made his way to Taos, obtained aid, provisions and horses, and then set out in search of his party. But more than one-third of his men had, in the interval of his absence, died from exposure and hunger; and one or two had given out, and were left to die, when he came up with them. The number who thus perished is stated at eleven, of whom we have the names of only three—Mr. Wise, of St. Louis county, and Mr. King and Mr. Preuss, of the District of Columbia. Captain Cathcart, of the English army, was among the survivors. We shall receive to-day, most probably, full accounts, and it is not necessary to go into further detail. Col. Fremont lost his whole outfit—his mules, instruments, baggage, and everything else of value.

On his arrival at Santa Fé he was furnished with horses by the quartermaster, and with stores by the commissary of the United States; and, after recruiting his party, he again set off for California, taking the route pursued by Col. Cook, in 1847. He and his party have suffered terribly in this expedition, and it will be a warning to others, never to attempt such a journey in midwinter.—*New York Herald*.

RECEPTION OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS BY THE PRESIDENT.

On the 12th of March, at one o'clock, pursuant to previous arrangement, the President of the United States, surrounded by his constitutional advisers, received the salutations of the representatives of foreign governments, at Washington, on the occasion of his accession to the chief magistracy.

The whole number of the members of foreign legations present was, we understand, thirty-two, all in their official costumes.

The address, on behalf of the diplomatic corps, was delivered by the oldest member of that corps present, Gen. DON CARLOS MARIA DE ALVEAR, Minister Plenipotentiary and Extraordinary of the Argentine Confederation, in the following terms:

MR. PRESIDENT: The diplomatic corps, accredited to the government of the United States, has the honor, through me, to express to you, the chief magistrate of this Republic, their sincere congratulations on your recent election to the presidency, which, they are profoundly convinced, will redound to the honor and happiness of the great people over whom you have been called to preside; and that those relations of peace and friendly intercourse which now so happily exist between the United States and the various countries which we have the honor to represent, will be preserved and perpetuated, to the mutual advantage and well-being of all. And you may be well assured, sir, that nothing shall be wanting on our part to contribute to so desirable a result.

We take advantage of this occasion, Mr. President, to express to you our most cordial wishes for your health and happiness.

To which address the President replied:

GENTLEMEN: I accept, with lively satisfaction, the congratulations which you have been pleased to tender to me upon this occasion. You may be assured that it shall be my undeviating endeavor, to cultivate with the nations which you respectively represent the most cordial relations of amity and good-will. In this shall be guided by the cardinal policy of this government, and, I doubt not, cheered by your kind and zealous co-operation.

Permit me also to offer to you, individually, my best wishes for your welfare.

The President was then presented, individually, to the gentlemen composing the corps, exchanging salutations with them, in his usually cordial manner.

On Monday, March 19th, at three o'clock, L. BODISCO, the Minister from the Emperor of Russia to the United States, with his two Secretaries—not having been able to attend at the general reception of the diplomatic corps—was received by the President of the United States, to whom he made the following address:

[Translation.]

MR. PRESIDENT: Remarkable military deeds, accomplished amidst trying difficulties, and announced by great modesty, have brought to the knowledge of the American people your high qualifications. Your energy and your wisdom have been deservedly appreciated, and magnificently rewarded, by the supreme magistracy which the choice of a great nation has elected you.

The conservative principles you have proclaimed, and the assurances you have given,

will be everywhere accepted as pledges of peace; and all interested in the welfare of the Union must sincerely wish, that the success of your administration should completely correspond to your good intentions and devotion to your country.

The Emperor, my august master, taking a permanent interest in the welfare of the United States, has learned, with great satisfaction, that the national decision has called to the presidency a citizen so distinguished for his eminent qualities and his great integrity.

The firm and honorable policy of the Emperor, the benevolence and purity of his intentions, give great facilities to his ministers, in their relations with the governments to which they are accredited. I am, Mr. President, highly gratified to be able to add, that my official intercourse has always been perfectly satisfactory. The successive administrations, during the time of my residence in Washington, have uniformly shown me the kindest dispositions, and I have constantly found that they were equally anxious to insure the continuation of the excellent relations so happily existing between Russia and the United States. I am convinced, Mr. President, that those friendly relations will receive a stronger impulse under your auspices, and you will permit me to assure you that I really wish to render myself worthy of your confidence.

To which address the President responded in the following terms:

SIR: The desire which you have expressed, to render yourself worthy of the confidence of this government, cannot fail to be realized, if your future career shall correspond to your past conduct. During the long period for which you have been accredited at Washington, you have formed ties and associations in our country which have given you an interest in its continued and increasing prosperity, and you have secured the friendship and affection of the social circles in this District, while the confidence of your august sovereign has been the merited reward of your fidelity to the true honor and interests of Russia. It shall be my study to cultivate and strengthen the friendly relations between the United States and Russia—relations which have hitherto been cemented by mutual good offices, and which I hope may ever remain unimpaired. It requires no prophetic eye to discern that a mutually beneficial intercourse is destined, and perhaps speedily, to arise between the territories of our respective nations, which border on the Pacific.

Thanking you, sir, for the kind allusions you have been pleased to make touching myself personally, I welcome you most cordially, as a gentleman with whom official relations will be made agreeable by the courtesy of his deportment, and as the representative of a great nation, on terms of the most friendly intercourse with my country.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE Irish Poor Law is the cause of much discussion, and of considerable difficulty to the government. The distress in that country is still extreme, and the ministry find it no easy task to provide even temporary alleviation. Hitherto, the rate for the relief of the poor in Ireland has been levied on the same principle which prevails in the other parts of the British Empire; each district has had to support its own poor, and by local taxation to provide the means for that purpose. One great object of this distribution is to render it more to the interest of property owners to give employment to their laboring neighbors, and thus secure a return for their outlay, than to pay money for the support of paupers, from whom they derive no benefit; whilst, at the same time, by giving employment, they effect the desirable object of lessening the number of those compelled to submit to the loss of moral independence, engendered by the receipt of alms. The state of Ireland has, however, been such, for some time past, that the poor-rate has been a most unequal burden—some portions of the country having only had to raise a moderate taxation, while the amount of pauperism in other districts has been so great, that it has become impossible for the inhabitants to raise the requisite funds. To remedy this, a proposal is made to impose on less burdened districts a rate, in aid of their more heavily taxed countrymen: but to this the former object, in the most vehement manner, declaring that, if a rate in aid is necessary, justice requires it should extend over the whole kingdom, and thus embrace the population of England and Scotland; who, in their turn, answer, that if equality of taxation is to be the principle acted on, it ought to be extended to all descriptions of imposts, and the Irish be charged with the Assessed Taxes and the Income Tax, from which they are now exempt. They also complain that they are already heavily burdened by the swarms of Irish paupers in England and Scotland, for whose support they are compelled to provide.

In the course of a debate on the Irish Poor Law, Sir Robert Peel said, he saw no hope for the permanent improvement of the west of Ireland, except from some comprehensive plan for transferring the land from its present to entirely new proprietors, with new spirits and new feelings, who would have the capital, the ability, and the energy to cultivate the soil properly. He suggested that, for this purpose, the government, through means of a commission,

should get possession of it by purchase, and arrange the distribution to settlers, without regard to religious distinctions. He also expressed his opinion, that there can be no permanent good from grants of money alone, but that the scheme he proposed, carried into effect without violating the rights of property, would lay the foundation for the future prosperity of Ireland.

The bill for the alteration of the navigation laws passed a second reading in the House of Commons, on the 12th March, by a majority of 266 to 210. The smallness of the majority was a cause of great rejoicing to the opponents of the measure. It is not supposed that the bill will pass the House of Lords.

Mr. Cobden, on the 26th February, brought forward the proposition for a reduction of the national expenditure, which he has been for some time past advocating in the Financial Reform Association. He did not propose any very large present reduction—indeed, his speech was exceedingly vague and indefinite on that point—but proposed that a gradual diminution should be effected, until the expenditures were reduced to the amount of those of the year 1835—£44,420,000, being about ten millions less than the present amount. The increase he attributed chiefly to the augmentation, at various times and in anticipation of difficulties with foreign nations, of the naval and military establishments, while no corresponding decrease had been made on the disappearance of these temporary difficulties; and it was in these branches of the public service only, that he anticipated any large reduction could be made. He justified his taking the year 1835 as a standard, by referring to Pitt, and other ministers, who had selected particular years in founding their estimates after the conclusion of different wars. The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated, in reply, that a large portion of the increase was of a temporary nature, caused by the Caffre and China wars, the necessity of large outlays in the creation of a steam navy, and in improved arms, now adopted by other nations, and without which it would be both cruel and impolitic to send troops or seamen into actual warfare. In the charges for these, considerable reductions had already been made; and the government proposed to reduce the army by 10,000 men, making it 103,000, exclusive of soldiers employed and paid for by the East India Company.

A reduction of expenditure was effected last year, without a reduction of the forces, to

£828,500. That proposed in the estimates of the present year, as compared with the reduced estimates of 1848, would amount, in connection with the navy, to upwards of £730,000. He calculated, in the income for the present year, to lose £780,000 on corn, which, with other amounts not receivable, would make the income £1,360,000 less than that of last year; to meet which, reductions would be proposed to the extent of £1,447,353. Mr. Cobden's proposition was negatived, on a division of 275 to 78.

The Bishop of Exeter, one of the most intolerant men of the present day, has lately adopted a proceeding which has brought great odium against him. The Rev. Mr. Shore, a curate in the diocese of Exeter, having, at the Bishop's suggestion, been deprived of his office by the new rector, seceded from the Established Church, and continued his ministerial labors as a dissenter. For this he was prosecuted in the Ecclesiastical Court, by the Bishop, under a canon of the year 1603, forbidding any man, admitted a deacon or minister, from voluntarily relinquishing the office, or afterwards using himself, in the course of his life, as a layman, upon pain of excommunication. This law had slept for two centuries, and was considered obsolete, if not actually repealed by a statute passed in the first year of the reign of William and Mary, relieving persons from prosecution in ecclesiastical courts for non-conformity, on taking the oaths and making the declarations prescribed by that act; but Mr. Shore was convicted and imprisoned for the costs of the prosecution. This persecution, which no other Bishop would have instituted, has caused great excitement in the minds of both churchmen and dissenters, and is likely to result in the repeal of the obnoxious law, a bill for that purpose having passed its second reading in the House of Commons, which is looked upon as a parliamentary censure of the Bishop's course.

Mr. T. B. Macaulay, who was elected Rector of Glasgow University, received a most flattering reception at his installation. The freedom of the city was also voted to him. On both occasions he delivered short, but excellent addresses, in the latter of which he announced his retirement from political life.

Paris has resumed, to a great extent, its wonted gaiety. Trade is continuing to increase; strangers arrive in considerable numbers, and balls, fetes and parties abound. But notwithstanding all these flattering appearances, the state of the country continues most unsatisfactory; and it is evident nothing but the strong arm of military rule prevents constant outbreaks. The approaching elections have set all political parties in movement. The Legitimists and Orleanists are said to have coalesced, and to have refused to co-operate with the partisans of the present President; while the Red Republicans, headed by the modern Danton—

Ledru Rollin, and the Socialists, under the guidance of Proudhon and Pierre Leroux, called "the Philosopher of Love," have agreed to join their forces for the coming contest. On the anniversary of the Revolution, numerous disorders occurred in the provincial towns. The *bonnet rouge* was hoisted in various places, and the usual war-cries of the Mountain were shouted by mobs, who were prevented from acts of violence only by strong military force.

The execution of two of the murderers of Gen. Brea took place in Paris, on the 17th March, in presence of a vast assemblage. This act has caused loud denunciations of the President by the members of the Mountain, who accuse him of having restored the guillotine, and go the length of calling him an assassin. M. Leroux, in the Assembly, accused the government of erecting political scaffolds, and was so violent in his language and conduct that, after being twice called to order, he was prevented from continuing his address. A tumultuous scene occurred in the Assembly, on the 10th March, on a demand made by the Minister of Finance, for an additional allowance of 600,000 francs a year, to cover the President's expenses of public receptions and entertainments. The Mountain created a prodigious uproar, but it was shown that the demand was contemplated by the Constitution, and had been actually included in the budget of the present year. The proposition was therefore carried, by a vote of 418 to 341.

The trial of Barbés, Blanqui, Gen. Courtais, Albert, and others, implicated in the insurrection of May last, commenced, before the High Court of Justice, on the 1st March, and was proceeding at the last accounts. It created considerable attention at Paris at first, but, as it progressed slowly, the interest had begun to flag. Several of the prisoners refused to answer the interrogatories put to them; and some even refused to appear in court, so that the judges were compelled to make an order for their being forcibly dressed and brought to the bar. Their appearance, when placed there, showed the length to which their resistance had been carried. Louis Blanc and Caussidière have reconsidered their determination to abide a trial, and decline to appear.

The Socialists have been extremely active in their endeavors to corrupt the army, particularly the troops in and around Paris. Tracts and writings have been freely distributed, and great boasts have been made of the success of their efforts. On the 10th of March an order of the day was issued and read to every corps in Paris and the environs, by which the colonels were ordered to forbid the military men under their command from frequenting the clubs, to prevent their hearing "the wild doctrines of demagogues, so opposed to their duty." With a view of removing the troops as much as possible from contamination, it is contem-

plated to form a permanent camp of 20,000 men at St. Maur. This is also an additional proof of the solicitude of the government for the security of the capital.

The law for the suppression of the clubs passed its second stage in the National Assembly, by a vote of 378 to 359. This decision has given general satisfaction. The voting was by secret ballot, which is said to account for the smallness of the majority, for had the vote been open, it is thought the majority would have amounted to 200, as the members of the Mountain are so convinced of the odium with which these hot-beds of anarchy are generally regarded, that few would have hazarded an open vote in their favor. The members of a secret society, 35 in number, have been arrested at Neuilly and lodged in gaol, and on the 27th February upwards of 200 arrests took place in the Faubourg St. Antoine, of persons whose passports were irregular or suspicious. Notwithstanding the general satisfaction evinced on the measure against the clubs, it was feared that the Red Republicans meditated an outbreak; and on the 23d March the military measures so frequently necessary to preserve the peace of Paris were resorted to in all their force; every precaution was taken to prevent surprise, and the troops were ordered to fire instantly on any parties attempting to form barricades. Rumors were in circulation of a rising to take place on the following day.

The King of Holland died on the 17th March, having completed his 56th year in December last. Being driven from Holland with his father, on the formation of the Batavian republic, he went to England, where he was placed under the charge of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, from whom he received his education. At the age of 19, as Prince of Orange, he entered the British army, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and served under the Duke of Wellington, as an extra aid-de-camp, in the Peninsula from 1811 to 1814. He commanded the Dutch troops in the campaign in 1815, and was severely wounded at Waterloo, after having been actively engaged in the preceding battles. He married a sister of the present Emperor of Russia, in 1816, and succeeded to the throne in 1840, on the abdication of his father. It was generally considered the late King of Holland would have been the husband of the late Princess Charlotte, of England, the only daughter of George the Fourth; but her personal preference led to her marriage with Prince Leopold, of Saxe Cobourg, who, on the separation of Belgium from Holland, in 1830, was called to the throne of the former country, to the exclusion of the House of Orange. The eldest son of his late majesty is now King of Holland, with the title of William III.

The North and South of Italy are again in actual warfare. The King of Sardinia having

refused to continue the armistice, has again commenced his march into Lombardy, at the head of a large army, with the declared determination of driving the Austrians out of Italy. Radetzky, who still commands the latter, has a force about equal in number, and a general engagement was expected to take place shortly. The Austrian General issued two manifestoes, one to his army, who are said to be in high spirits, stating his determination to dictate a peace at Turin, and the other to the inhabitants of Lombardy, threatening instant and severe vengeance on any attempts at annoyance in his rear. The cessation of the armistice was announced to Marshal Radetzky on the 12th of March, by a special messenger, to his headquarters, at Milan.

The Sicilians have rejected the proposition of the King of Naples, made through the intervention of the French and English Admirals, who have accordingly prepared to retire. Both parties are actively engaged to recommence hostilities, and it is much to be feared that the horrid barbarities practised on both sides will be again enacted.

The Roman Constituent Assembly have decreed that all church-bells, not strictly necessary, shall be melted down for cannon, except those of cathedrals, parish churches and such as are valuable as works of art; they have seized some convent bells and imprisoned the monks who attempted to resist; the revenues of several churches are also declared confiscated, and it is rumored the Republican Government intend raising money by sale of the paintings and works of art in Rome. The Pope has issued his protest against the formation of the Republic, and the Austrians have entered the Roman territory and occupied Ferrara, with a view of restoring the Pope to his throne. The measures against the Church and its property have caused great dissatisfaction. Several arrests have been made in the Roman States, of priests and others charged with reactionary proceedings; among others, Cardinal De Angelis, Bishop of Fermo, has been placed in durance, and several persons have been shot for disaffection to the Republic.

A proposal was brought before the German Parliament, at Frankfort, to appoint the King of Prussia hereditary Emperor of Germany. On the 22d of March a division was taken, which resulted unfavorably to the project. The Cologne Gazette gives the following as the result:

	Against the motion.	In favor.
Austrians,	115	
Prussians,	38	150
Bavarians,	54	12
From other States,	86	90
Total,	293	252

Mr. Von Gagern and the rest of the ministry have resigned in consequence, and great exasperation and confusion exists among the different parties.

The Prussian Chambers were opened by the king on the 26th of February, amid demonstrations showing a great reaction against the ultra democratic feelings of last year. The constitution granted by the king is to be considered by the churches and to be amended, if necessary, to meet the interests and desires of the country generally. The Chambers are also to deliberate on the laws necessary for carrying its provisions into effect, particularly on the subjects of education, church patronage, income, and land taxes, and the establishment of discount banks.

The war is still slowly waged in Hungary; the resistance of the Magyars is determined and obstinate. It is rumored that Russia has proposed or consented, if necessary, to undertake the pacification of Hungary and send troops to preserve peace in the Austrian territory, should the government require to withdraw their forces, for the prosecution of the Italian war.

The most interesting news of the month is that the Emperor of Austria, finding the discussions of the Diet assembled at Krausier to be of a vague and interminable character, has dissolved that body and promulgated a new constitutional code for the whole monarchy. The code was accompanied by an imperial manifesto, setting forth that after several months' discussion the Diet had failed to frame a constitution—that their delay, and also the indulgence in theoretical debates, which were not only decidedly opposed to the existing relations of the monarchy, but in an especial manner to the establishment of a regular system of laws in the state, greatly retarded the return of tranquillity and public confidence, and imparted

fresh activity and confidence to the mischievous and evil disposed: that for the purpose of putting an end to this unsettled and disastrous state of affairs, and to restore tranquillity and prosperity to the empire, his Majesty had determined to dissolve the Diet, and, *proprio motu*, to grant a constitutional charter for the one and indivisible Empire of Austria, on the following principles: 1. To render the unity of the whole empire compatible with the independence and free development of its constituent parts, to provide a strong executive for the whole empire, and one protecting law and order, compatible with the freedom of individuals, of communes, of the countries belonging to the crown, and of the various races. 2. To establish a powerful government, which, alike removed from a contracting system of centralization, and one of dissolving diffusiveness, shall afford sufficient guaranties for the noble powers of the country, and for internal and external peace. 3. To create a system of finance which shall be economical, alleviative as much as possible of the burdens of the citizens, and having the guaranty of publicity. 4. To effect the total liberation of landed property from feudal dues, through reasonable indemnification, and with the mediation of the state; and, 5. The securing of true liberty by upholding the laws. By this constitution all restraint on the movement of citizens within the empire ceases; the freedom of emigration is circumscribed only with reference to the duty of military service; every kind of personal bondage or feudal subjection is abolished; every slave entering Austrian territory, or an Austrian ship, becomes free, and all citizens are equal before the law, and amenable to the same courts of justice. The well disposed part of the community are said to be highly satisfied with this constitution, the promulgation of which was hailed by a general illumination in Vienna.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

*Correction of the Article on the Southern
Caucus. (March Number.)*

In the article on the Southern Caucus in our March number, we find the following: "On casting an eye over the Constitution we find no such 'express terms,' (reserving powers not delegated to the general government, to the States, or to the people respectively.)" This should have been differently expressed—as follows: "On casting an eye over the Constitution we find no express terms, reserving *specific* powers to the people or the States," &c. And again, (page 225,) it is said, "We do not find by the *express terms* of the instrument a reservation of rights respectively to the States and to the people;" which should have been, "We do not find by the express terms of the instrument a reservation of *specific* powers to the States," &c.

The amendments of the Constitution distinctly and in *express terms* declare as follows:

"Art. XI. The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

"Art. XII. The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

The *real* exception to what was intended to be conveyed, to wit, that no *specific* rights or powers are delegated to the States or the people, are in the appointment of militia officers; and the *apparent* exceptions are in the asserting of certain rights, as that of bearing arms, assembling, petitioning, &c., which it is provided shall not be infringed.

The authors of the Manifesto contended that the power over the territories was not conferred by the Constitution upon the general government, and was therefore by the XIIIth amendment reserved to the States respectively or to the people. They then, confounding the States with the people, argued that citizens of Southern States had the power to carry what property they chose into the territories.

The author of the article had in his mind the fact that no *powers of government*—no *specific* rights, such as *could* be exercised by the general government, (with the exception named,) were reserved to the States, or to the people, *individually*. He did not properly nor fully express his own meaning, and the omission of the word *specific* conveys a wholly false impression of it. For, it is clear, that the XIIIth amendment does not reserve any

power, to any one State, or person, over things common to all the States: what is reserved to the States respectively must be within the limits of each State and its separate territory. And what is reserved to "the people," or in other words to *individuals*, (in the meaning of the amendment,) cannot be out of the sphere of an individual; nor can be predicated of what is common to THE PEOPLE as a *nation*.

If the national territory belongs to the States "respectively," it does not belong to the States *collectively*. If it belongs to the States respectively, (or separately,) it does not belong to the people, or to individuals, either respectively or collectively. But if it is the national property, then it belongs neither to the States respectively or collectively, nor to the people individually; but to "the people of the United States," in their national capacity, as organized under the Constitution.

Now, as they are, the XIIIth amendment declares, that nothing in the Constitution shall disparage rights retained by the people: much less then can it disparage national rights retained by the nation as a whole, and necessary to its existence. Such a right is that of full sovereignty over the national territories, and the power of legislating in them for the good of the whole.

The Article on California.

In the last number of the Review, (for April,) it is stated in the article entitled "California," that the new territories of the Union were gained "by fair purchase" from Mexico. As it sometimes happens that the original author of an article in the Review is not responsible for everything in it, the MS. being sometimes submitted to several critical hands for revision, it is usual for the editor in such cases to assume the entire responsibility of the article: the name of the first author being, of course, not communicated to the public, unless by his own desire. It happened, however, that the original authorship of the article on California was known by some few of our subscribers, and the writer, unwilling to father that part of it for which others were responsible, announced through the daily papers that he was not the author of the sentiment above noticed, not however giving his name. This announcement was of course intended only for those few subscribers in New York who happened to know of the authorship.

The announcement made in this formal style, gave rise, incidentally, to much argu-

ment, as to the soundness of the doctrine which our original author was so impatient of having laid at his door. It may, therefore, seem not improper to say a few words to our friends in justification.

The expression "*fair purchase*" is perhaps too strong; it should perhaps have been "*lawful purchase*," or some other expression, signifying a *regular purchase* and sale.

The doctrine maintained by the Review, since November, 1847, is, that no territory, consistently with the theory of our government, can be wrested from, or conquered from, a neighbor; and that if territory is so wrested, (unless under a plea of indemnity, when our neighbors have undertaken a piratical expedition against us, and their territory is properly confiscated to pay the cost they have put us to, by unjustly invading us, or harassing our border,) it is in direct violation of the spirit of free government, as we understand it.

It has been argued, in various articles, since that time, that a deliberate scheme of conquest, for the augmentation of territory, was no better than a system of land piracy, and that the Senate of the United States could not, consistently with their office as the guardians of State rights, ratify any piratical treaties; that if they did so, they would destroy the government by setting up a precedent in direct opposition to every principle of liberty and humanity.

The editor believes that the arguments given in the Review against "*rights of conquest*," refusing them admission among the category of "*rights*," and maintaining that a system of such rights could not be established without subverting all the "*rights of the individual*," as well as of "*State sovereignties*," appeared first of all in the journal of which he is the editor. These arguments were afterward repeated and echoed, (or originated,) by other public journals all over the Union, and became the common property of the Peace party.

The editor cannot therefore be charged with having "*justified the war*" in any instance, though he may be with having justified our present title to New Mexico and California. The editor holds that these countries, at least the rocks and soil of them, were *purchased* by the administration from Mexico. That the sale was *wholly* forced upon Mexico, he is not prepared to admit, but insists that the territory was not acquired by conquest.

Our readers will remember that the war party, with the administration at their head, set out with a full intention, openly expressed, of "*absorbing*" Mexico. That the first step of this process of absorption was the conquest of the country beyond the Neuces. That Mexico was to pay us for the trouble and expense we had incurred in robbing her of her territory. We were to be "*indemnified*" by Mexico for the cost of pirating her land; which was as though a robber should charge a householder the cost

of his pistols and burglars' tools, after robbing him.

Had Mexico been notoriously the aggressor, and our war a war of self defense, we might indeed have forced an "*indemnification*," and she, God willing, should have paid the cost of war. But the case was different. *We* were the aggressors, and had Mexico been strong enough, the justice of nations would have justified her in forcing an indemnification.

Now what were the *facts*. The administration, driven by public opinion and the want of money to put a sudden end to the war, as the only means of saving it from the execrations of its own party, concluded a peace-bargain with Mexico, in which it was stipulated that, for the sum of fifteen millions, Mexico should give up her right of ownership and sovereignty over certain territories then held to be of very little value; and many persons, after gathering what information they could from their geographies, thought that the territories were bought at too high a price. Instead, therefore, of exacting costs of war, our government *paid* for the war, *bought* supplies from the Mexican people, and finally *paid* for the territory itself, at a dear bargain;—for such it undoubtedly will prove, and has begun to prove, to this nation. Has any man the face to call this a conquest?

Let us look for a moment at the circumstances. First. Would the administration have offered to *buy* the territory if the war had been at an end, and Mexico ready to lay down her arms? On the contrary, Mexico was ready to continue the war indefinitely, and not only insisted upon remuneration for the territory, but upon a certain *protocol*, making conditions for her own citizens in the territories. Mexico did not regard herself, and did not treat, as a conquered nation. She considered that it was better to sell the territory with the reservation of the rights of the citizens inhabiting it, than to continue the war. And our government considered that it was better to buy the territory, and give up all the claims for which the war was ostensibly begun, and to bear all losses, although the war had inflicted comparatively little injury upon Mexico, nay, had perhaps brought as much into her country as it had cost her in actual value; that it was better to do this, and suspend all designs of conquest, than to continue the war another month. In our view, therefore, Mexico had much the advantage of us in this affair; which, as we were the aggressors, seems to be proper enough; for we are not of those who cry, "*our country; right or wrong;*" to aid one's country to do wrong, being only to aid its ruin; and what good patriot would assist in ruining his country?

To repeat the argument in brief, had not Mexico been in a condition to continue the war, *either* our government would not have re-

nounced the claims for which it was begun, much less have paid for the territory, and endeavored to secure the rights of their inhabitants by the protocol. Or—Mexico being quite broken—it renounced the idea of conquest, and made a voluntary purchase in the usual manner between equals. The treaty, with its protocol, was a compromise. Mexico wanted money, and we wanted land. Public opinion would not suffer our government to wrest the land; and Mexico, knowing this, and being willing to continue the war in her desultory manner, made a tolerable bargain. This was the victory of the peace party over the war party. If other persons, wiser and better informed, think differently, they have their opinion. That the bargain was a fair one; in every sense, we will not urge, but that we paid far more than the territory is worth to us, nay, that the advantages that we then saw in it were equal to the money expended in and guaranteed to Mexico, we insist we have a right to think: The recent discovery of the gold mines only makes the bargain a worse one for ourselves; for, to support the army of emigrants in California, an annual outlay will be needed of at least fifty millions of the floating property of the nation, while the total annual yield of the mines, at the best esti-

mate that we have seen, will not exceed twenty-five millions of dollars, or half the amount; our new acquisitions will therefore cost us annually a sum nearly equal to the revenue of the United States. Mexico certainly lost nothing by the exchange.

To our occasional Contributors.

Our correspondents will confer a real favor by sending us fair copies, and not the original and sole MS. of their works. If an article is worth anything, it is worth the trouble of a fair copy. Not intending the least discourtesy to our occasional contributors, we yet find it necessary to say, in general, that time is not so cheap a commodity that we can conscientiously employ it in doing up and directing rejected copies of verses and short essays, to save authors the trouble of making fair transcripts of their own works. We hope, therefore, that no offense will be taken, if, in future, we fail to comply with the usual injunction, "to return the MS. if it be not used," unless it is too long to have been copied without considerable labor. A fair copy is also a favor to the printer and proof-reader, for which they are always grateful.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

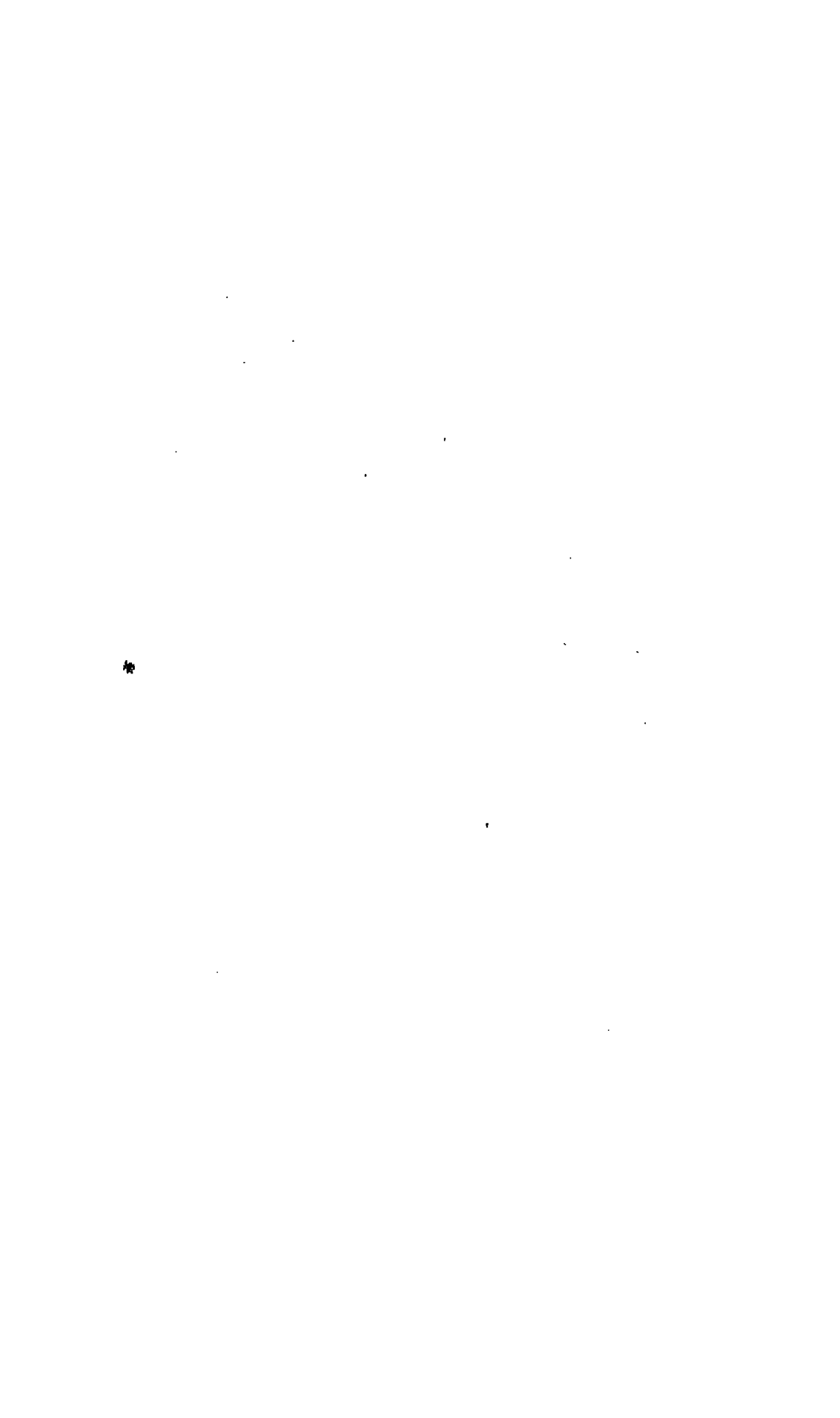
Ninereh and its Remains, with an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis, or Devil Worshipers, and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians. By AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, Esq., D. C. L. 2 vols. 8vo. New York. G. P. Putnam.

The publication of this work in England has attracted the attention so largely of the public and the press, that it is only necessary for us to announce the issue of this American edition in a style every way creditable, not only to the enterprise of the publisher, but to the press of the country.

Of the merits of the work itself it is impossible for us to speak worthily in a brief notice. The wonderful discovery of Dr. Layard is one of the remarkable circumstances of the age, and must intensely interest every intelligent mind. Whilst with the minute detail of his persevering exhumation of those palaces and

temples of a forgotten race, with their curious sculptures, he has given us such graphic pictures of Arab life, and such an interesting account of that most interesting remnant of a race, the Chaldean Christians, as would of themselves have made one of the most remarkable books of the day. Indeed, we think some of his descriptions in this way are unequalled by anything we have read. We would particularly instance his visit to the great Shammar tribe. Several descriptions in this chapter convey such vivid pictures to the mind's eye of that probably most picturesque of all scenes, a large Arab encampment, or migration with its flocks, herds, and camels, that they seem more like the colorings of canvass. We need say no more, for no reader of books can voluntarily omit this one.

The second volume having just been issued, we have not had time to examine it as yet, but are extremely eager to see what Mr. Layard makes of the various inscriptions he has found.





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FREEDOM OF OPINION.

A PEOPLE divided as we are, into many sects of religion, could not exist in unity, under a government of Church and State in one establishment. Sects being founded upon articles of faith and dogmas which admit of no denial, stand toward each other in a relation it may be of humane antagonism, but still of antagonism. Between Romanists and Calvinists, there is no possible amity, save on the common grounds of justice and kindness.

That the justice of God is over all men's heads, be they of what opinion they may, and that justice establishes between each man and his neighbor, without reference to any faith or creed beside the moral one, certain laws, in whose observance lies the only hope of liberty, life, and peace; this is the faith of republics, the only *state* religion which a free nation can allow above their heads.

This creed of the free States, which must be carefully distinguished from the creeds of Church, is derived from an observation of the moral necessities of man; the necessities of freedom, property, and hope; the necessities of peace, and progress, of security and privacy. Creeds of religion being invariably derived from a divine authority, falsely or truly interpreted, cannot change except by a new revelation, or a new interpretation of the old. The more ancient they are, the more universal their authority. Hence, it has happened, that every system of religion traces itself backward to the creation of man, and, either truly or falsely, as-

sumes the word of God for its foundation.

Creeds of State, on the contrary, advance continually toward higher principles, as they are perfected more and more by the wisdom of succeeding statesmen. A government which does not progress, declines; laws and politics become effete and useless; aristocracies give way to monarchies, and monarchies to republics. Republics, fashioned rudely at first, grow slowly to perfection, tending always toward the equalization and freedom of individuals. It is by studying the wants and aspirations of the poor, the weak, the friendless and the ignorant, that men arrive at a knowledge of the great principles of freedom, justice and progress, and not by a pedantry of legal lore or by delving in the rotten soil of metaphysics. The creation and growth of a republic resembles that of animated beings, in which every function and every organ is made to subserve the common good, and to provide for the common ends.

Educated by English writers, we find it extremely difficult to separate in our minds the idea of a church from that of a state. Absorbed in the sublimity and terror of contemplations that reach out into the after life, we forget that divinity appears in many forms, and that the creative power, the continued and continual Providence, appears pre-eminently in the organization of nations, by the harmonizing of vast bodies of living beings in systems of government, founded upon the idea

of justice. While religion looks forward to the beholding of the Creator face to face, in the next life, the study of political and moral organizations shows him to us by his eternal laws, the image of his person, immediately, and in the present. It is, therefore, a pursuit not without dignity. By it we learn, how, by persuasion and influence, the freedom and the aspiring hope of one man is communicated to great numbers, until at length whole nations become intoxicated with a frenzy of freedom, subsiding, after revolution, into the calm of rational liberty; and how the most cruel and violent animosity of sects is lulled asleep by the music of free eloquence, and men who were ready to slay and devour each other for opinion's sake, meet kindly, and stand shoulder to shoulder in a strife for liberty.

Sects divide and weaken a people; laws unite and consolidate them. Religions, excepting always the true and only religion, possess each a fragment of the truth; but the great church of freedom, founded on the ideas of liberty, justice and progress, is one and indivisible, united by inviolable bands.

Religion derives the idea of justice from the voice of God, spoken in the earlier ages, and handed down by written tradition. What has come down to us through many generations, revered by all, and carefully given by the fathers to the children, must be truth; the perishable nature of falsehood, and the testimony of the wise for ages, has established the authenticity of the written Scripture, the foundation of all religions. The republic, on the contrary, derives its ideas from observation; from observation of the effects and of the violations of justice and its connate principles. It traces the decay and ruin of nations to the violations of the rights of man, the rights of liberty, equity and progress; the right to freedom and security, the right to property and privacy, the right to progress, in the perfecting of individual happiness.

While religions, therefore, are established by authority and written traditions, through the medium of faith, insight and reverence, republics are established by necessity and experience—*moral* necessity and *moral* experience. Laws cannot be imposed by any other principle than ne-

cessity—a law not dictated by the wants of the people, their moral, intellectual or physical wants, is either an unjust or an unnecessary law.

While, then, even the just and the upright are tossed in matters of faith upon a sea of conjecture, and by various innovators are led away into unbeliefs, and all varieties of false beliefs; in the one idea of human rights, of liberty, progress, and equality, they stand firm and harmoniously together, in one living and indivisible republic.

To an eye accustomed to regard only the exceptions to laws, instead of laws themselves; the imperfections of human nature instead of its grand realities; the disappointment, despair, and weakness, instead of the progress, hope and power of that moral being whose race perpetuates the image of God—to such a mind, the republic appears only an expedient, an experiment, a transition from better to worse, or from evil to equal evil.

Absorbed in contemplation of the past, of which that part only remains whose original force and value has made it imperishable, they see nothing in the present but a mass of error and confusion, a surging sea of vices and abominations; to them, an existing government is a corrupt government; virtue lies only in books and ideas; their knowledge of men is taken from historic eulogies, which recount great deeds. In the living man they see only the limbs and outward flourishes, and must wait for the pronouncing of the funeral oration, and the solemn grief of the people, before they venture to believe that any man is worthy of remembrance.

Equally incapable of discerning the present glory and majesty of the republic are those grovelling minds who engage only in the trickery and intrigue of politics, and who are the dirty tools and soiled weapons of the State which they seem to manage; who fancy themselves guiding and urging affairs, when they are only driven along by a power over which they have no control, but by which they profit for the season.

Nothing majestic or divine appears to either of these, in the structure and spirit of a free government. Because it is a present and an actual, an embodied and a

real power, it is to them a temporary and gross arrangement, living only by contingencies.

To the philosophic statesman, on the contrary, the external structure of the Republic is an embodiment, by establishment and agreement, of that common morality which controls every cultivated man in the conduct of his private relations with other men.

If this is not instantly apparent, let any one who doubts it consider for an instant whether in proposing a law, or a constitution for his State—whether in this free act of legislation, either as a private citizen or a representative agent of many citizens, he regards any other than the entire welfare of the people of his State, irrespective of his private interests, or of those of his few followers and dependants. And whether, while this generous and free power of his mind is in motion toward its aim, he does not entertain the most swelling and elevated conceptions of his country's good, and his own dignity and credit in the act. Whether amid the crowd of low and partial considerations which rush upon him, to compel him over to this or that interest, there does not rise within him a certain scorn and pride, a certain contempt for the crowd of small things, a kind of resolution and settled will, like that which would nerve his arm were he striking down a foreign invader in the breach of the wall of his native city.

In the strife of party, motives of the grandest order, the immediate and future good of the entire nation, the hatred of oppression, the progress of the human race, the liberty of thought, and the establishment of the original decalogue of morality, are the aims of the leading agents. They do not engage in national politics with any slight or transient enthusiasm. It is a life-long ardor, a grand combination of all the loves, passions, interests and opinions of the man, under the guide of their great captain and commander the Reason. Political opinions, formed slowly in youth, and confirmed by years and experience, become a part of the nature of a man, and stamp him and his family from age to age, with a certain character. Hardly ever do men change their manners, their religion, or their politics, when these

are implanted in them in early years; and if they do change them, and for causes insufficient and trifling, they are no longer trusted. Political opinions, therefore, flow not from the lower parts, but from the heights of human nature, from that part of man upon which the Scripture tells us immortality was impressed.

Milton, who of all men that have ever written, embodies in his works the greatest image of pride, and of that principle to which Washington appealed for his justification against tyranny, *to wit*, the "innate freedom of the breast," has chosen for the tragic motive of his grand work, the rebellious pride of heaven's first aristocrat against the just dominion of the law, personified in Divinity. His hero, Satan, superior to all created beings, and before whom the nature of man shrinks into childish weakness, stands as a pure impersonation of Pride and Will. It is bruited in heaven that God will create a new sovereign over the angels, in whom a new kind of greatness shall appear, before which the pride and will of Satan shall be humbled and broken. This new kind of greatness is to be marked by obedience, and the prince of heaven is to be he in whom is the greatest knowledge of the Father, and the most absolute obedience to his laws. This new sovereign is to claim nothing in his own right, and to exercise a delegated and not an original authority. The rebellion of the haughty spirit, his usurpation and stupendous wickedness, his career, catastrophe and degradation, the final triumph of obedience, and rescue of human nature from pride and will, are the movements and elements of this epical drama.

How the image of the poem may have arisen in the mature imagination of the poet, who gathered in the experience of his own life the elements which he embodied in the work of his declining years; why he should have written the part of Satan first, when a mere youth, and lastly in a mood of greater wisdom and humility composed the work as it remains to us, are things not difficult, perhaps, to understand. In the course of nature pride comes before humility, and obedience, perfecting liberty and securing it against itself, is certainly the latest, as it is the grandest conclusion of experience.

In that harmony of the grander traits of character which marks the true republican, a lofty and unconquerable liberty and pride of soul is the first and early characteristic ; not, indeed, as the moral poet has depicted it in Satan, rising in rebellion against God and the laws, but subdued to a temper of obedience, and yielding, in noble actions, a finer fruit of conduct than if it were unsubdued.

Whatever be the effect of true religion, or of the inculcation of obedience by religious teachers, to confirm men in a deference to the laws, that is, however, an effect which the republican state cannot appropriate by any violent incorporation of the two institutions of Church and State. The Republic having for its aims the pacification, defense, and harmony of each with each, irrespective of creed, color, or social rank, cannot, without a departure from its simplicity and sincerity of purpose, attempt to draw over to its service or its interest, either any one rank of society, if there be ranks, or any sect of belief.

Our fathers struggled for freedom of opinion. They strove for it as a condition necessary to their own existence, and not, perhaps, from any settled belief that a variety of sect would be advantageous to the development of truth, or to the happiness of man. Variety of sect, as it exists with us, presents a painful phasis of human character. Of the numerous opinions which prevail, a few only are so liberal as to allow those who differ from them the name of Christians, though all profess an equal devotion to the name and doctrine of Christ. If there is any church of Christianity which holds itself superior to superstitious differences, and while it comprehends in its creed the germs of all truths, and the remedies for all errors, yet extends a humane charity to others less enlightened, that surely is the true church.

As the religious belief of each man is the height and sum, the last fruit, of all his knowledge, and consequently the light and guide of his moral conduct, it is indeed difficult to conceive of a separation between Church and State in the individual. If obedience to the laws is a consequence of the virtue of the man, and that virtue itself a consequence of Chris-

tian education, then, indeed, the republic does rest primarily upon Christianity as its foundation ; but with this religious element in human nature, from which the virtues are supposed to flow as from a source, there are joined two others more questionable, namely, the pride of sect and the desire of propagandism. If the opinion which we hold involves our eternal salvation, and the denial of it our eternal perdition, and that opinion be a dogma so minute, or so profound, as to be beyond the reach of argument, resting entirely upon faith or upon superstition, the holding of it by one sect is an implied damnation of those who hold the contrary ; and the parties in opposition are thrown by the dogma itself into an attitude of hostility so menacing and uncompromising, the natural pride of the human heart can alone sustain them in the difference ; and this pride, ripening into cruelty, very naturally leads to a desire for the destruction of those who proclaim our own destruction ; and thus contending doctors hurl hatred at each other. There is need, therefore, for a spirit of conciliation and mutual forbearance, which can be found only in that true humility which refers for a decision of religious difficulties to God alone. Not less dangerous to the community is that spirit of proselytism which cloaks ambition with beneficence, and under the pretense of saving souls, carries on for itself a scheme of universal aggrandizement ; against this evil, too, society must be protected by the equal justice of the laws. Considerations of this kind render it evident that State and Church cannot safely be united in the republic. Nothing, however, tends more to lower one's opinion of the moral strength and justice of the natural man, than the observation that this separation, so necessary for the peace of mankind, has been the result, not of wisdom but of mere necessity ; that it is the fruit of compromise ; a compromise between hostile creeds ; an armistice which each infallible sect (since not only the Roman, but all sects are infallible) proposes to have terminated after a certain length of time in favor of itself, in that happy day when all men shall worship God after one fashion. Letting this go by, though it is by no means irrelevant, and hoping, for the love of humanity, that the day *may* come when

all men shall have but one name and one creed, we turn now to the original question of the necessity of freedom of opinion as a temporary refuge, (during the while that men remain the imperfect creatures that they are,) from persecution, from bigotry, and from the painful differences of creed. This freedom of opinion is by no means, as we have already suggested, a theoretic affair, but arises directly from necessity. It is *necessary* that men should live at peace with each other; it is necessary that they should exist, that they should live. It is upon this basis only that the party which now administers the government maintains its existence, and with that existence maintains the union of the States. Strike from its creed the great doctrine of liberty of opinion, and you have robbed it of its life and its soul; it has ceased to exist as a party, and has become, instead, a temporary organization for obtaining office. And now, many will exclaim, let us hear what you have to propose, that is not already accomplished, in regard to freedom of opinion; are we not already, both Whig and Democrat, protectors of free opinion, and is not the Constitution established on that basis, and do not all acknowledge and sustain it? To this the reply is easy, since facts shall answer for us, and facts alone, and shall show us that opinion in this country is *not* free; that it is far from free; that the spirit of persecution and proselytism is active, vigilant, and powerful; that the union of the States, and the integrity and purity of the government, are endangered by it; and that there never was a time when it was more necessary or more difficult to exercise a Christian forbearance.

But first, a few words in explanation. It is not only in matters of belief as to the fate of souls, and the means and causes of eternal salvation, that opinion must be held free, but in all abstract questions of morality; in a word, in all conclusions from reasoning on speculative grounds.

Let us suppose, for example, that in a certain part of this country there exists a sect of persons who, from principles derived out of a religious belief, propose to themselves to force upon all members of the community, by the power of the law, a certain form of education for children.

The employment of the Scripture in public schools, as a book of education for children, is held by many to be necessary for the preservation of public morals and of Christian belief; yet, as this is an opinion founded upon abstract reasoning, in part, and not established by the necessity of the time; as it is not a measure of State necessity, but only of religious education, and for the propagation of certain opinions; to enforce it by law, or by the vote of a majority of sects against a minority of sects, would be an encroachment upon liberty of opinion; for this principle of freedom demands of us that we shall never, notwithstanding the deepest convictions of their truth, compel the adoption of our principles by another; and that the majority shall be resorted to for the establishment of laws only, for the defense of property and persons, of liberty and security.

And now it will be objected by some, under the discussion of this principle, that freedom of opinion is encroached upon by laws which establish schools, and which compel citizens to give instruction to their children under penalty of a fine, as well as by laws prescribing certain books to be used in common schools under the State establishment. To this we reply, that the laws take cognizance of whatever is necessary to their own observance; and that as a barbarous and badly educated people cannot be expected to obey or understand the laws of a written constitution, and as it is necessary in a free State for every citizen to understand in some measure the nature of his government and the laws which he himself establishes, common education, in this posture of affairs, becomes a public necessity, and in consequence a public duty.

Having thus pointed out one instance in which the freedom of opinion has been assailed, and still continues to be assailed in many parts, we come next upon a second, and still more remarkable instance of the same encroachment. At the time of the formation of the Constitution there existed in a great number of the States, certain institutions adverse to liberty, and which retained the inferior and barbarous portion of their population in a state of bondage. The amelioration of these institutions, together with the defense of private pro-

erty and liberty, was left, where it belonged originally, under the power of the State sovereignties. The Constitution did not assume to itself the care of the individual in his immediate connection with his neighbor, though it guaranteed to every State, and of course to every citizen, a republican form of government. Its intention was, that liberty should have free course, and perfect itself gradually, by the operation of natural and moral causes, and not be forced upon those who were unable and unfit to receive it. It contented itself with a full recognition of all public and private rights, *as they existed* and were understood at the time of its adoption, and nothing more. It attempted no reforms, propagated no new doctrines, and forced no new privileges upon any part of the people. It did not affect to be a promulgator of the rights of man; since that was the part of a declaration, and not of a constitution. It provided only for the maintenance of an existing order of things, and committed all ameliorations of society to the care of those who are best able to accomplish them. It was a result of the profoundest conservative statesmanship.

Now, however, two new sects have arisen out of aversion on the one hand, and affection on the other, for the institution of slavery; both of which sects purpose to subvert this conservative constitution by employing it, the one to establish and extend, and the other to destroy, the institutions of particular States.

In like manner, had there existed in any State a privileged order under the laws of that State, it would have been necessary for the Constitution to guarantee to that State, in its private capacity, the right to abolish that order in its own time, or to maintain it during its own pleasure. And, thereupon, certain parties would have arisen, proposing, the one party to extend that institution, and the other to abolish it, suddenly and by violence. And it would have been necessary for the general government to hold itself aloof from both.

It may be proper for a free people, such as ours, in establishing colonies and chartering new States, to oppose to the utmost the extension of private institutions, averse to liberty, over territories of which they are the guardians; but it is clearly an

infringement upon the liberty of opinion for any sect of citizens to proceed, upon an argument of abstract morality, to the violent reformation of the institutions of particular States, notwithstanding they be adverse to the doctrine of liberty. The war of opinion between the slaveholder and the advocate of universal freedom is a just and lawful war, and must finally give liberty to the slave, by a gradual amelioration. But when the opinion of the North begins to seize upon the weapons of the law, and labors to turn the forces of government against the rights and liberties of certain States, it ceases to be a just and free, and becomes a usurping and a despotic opinion. As a natural consequence, it provokes its opposite, and rouses aggression and hostility.

The first effects of this contest are seen in a desire, manifested in the South by the pro-slavery sect, to silence anti-slavery opinion in the North.

The attacks upon the right of petition in Congress is another manifestation of the same hostility.

The desire also may be noticed to elude the decision of a majority, and to force slavery upon the territories, without waiting for that legally ascertained opinion which, under the Constitution, becomes the source of laws. The two extremes of party, in the agitations in regard to slavery, are equally averse to a perfect freedom of opinion. They regard each other, the one with hatred and an interested abhorrence, the other with a superstitious aversion, growing out of the rancor which is apt to breed in those heads who cultivate a merely abstract morality and a theoretic philanthropy.

Whenever any faction in a minority show a desire to elude that provision of the government which refers all questions of policy to the decision of the greatest number, that faction show themselves hostile to liberty of opinion; for this hostility is not discovered only in the bigotry of religious sects, but appears in every attempt by the few or the many to force themselves into power, by indirect or by violent means. Liberty of opinion is the corner-stone of the republican system. It confers the free suffrage, it provides for the origination of laws by the major opinion.

The first movement towards the sup-

pression of opinion, is a movement towards despotism. Slaves have no political opinion, nor can be allowed to have any, until they cease to be slaves; it is necessary, in a state whose institutions are deliberately engaged in a system of slavery, to coerce opinion when it extends itself to slaves.

And now, in merely touching the confines of this question, the most fruitful and instructive that can occupy the mind of a politician, we seem to discover, by an involuntary glance of thought, a principle of so great importance to the conservation of the state, and to the happiness and progress of the human race, that the neglect of it may be cited as the cause of the many revolutionary disasters of the last hundred years; but which, notwithstanding its importance, it requires an effort of moral courage even to utter in a free state; and that is, that liberty of opinion, like the right of suffrage, must be confined within certain limits, and cannot be conferred upon all.

The right of suffrage rests upon the right to opinion. But as the one is limited by the law to those who are capable of exercising it, the other is limited by nature to those only who have achieved for themselves the full liberty of manhood. Neither slaves, nor criminals, nor children, nor idiots, nor habitual drunkards, nor persons subject to guardianship, nor whose occupations keep them in ignorance of public affairs, are qualified for the exercise of free opinion.

To exercise opinion it is clearly necessary to have understanding. Passions and affections are not sufficient for its exercise. The passion of the mother will acquit the son, when the judgment of the wise condemns him. The affection of the slave may defend the master, when the law adjudges him to death. Slaves and children hate and love, blindly, those on whom they depend for their subsistence. They have no right to a free opinion, nor can be made judges in their own cause. They are under guardianship, justly or unjustly, it matters not; and to set children against their masters, or slaves against those who have the care of them, is to sin against themselves, and against justice. In the dreadful tragedy of Lear, the rebellion of the bastard Edmund against the authority of the good Gloucester, begins a series of

bloody catastrophes ending in the ruin of a noble house. Equal in wickedness to the foul ambition of the bastard, is that bloody philanthropy which excites the uneducated and dependent slave against his master; and of the same root of wicked officiousness is that new piety, which instructs children to condemn the council and the religion of their fathers.

And here again, we are compelled to urge upon the attention of all speculative politicians, a principle so unpopular, that even in this region of free opinion few or none have had the courage to declare it; and that is, that there is *in nature* and in law such a thing as an *EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO POLITICAL OPINION*. The law confers an exclusive right to vote, or in other words to express an opinion upon the merits of certain men and certain measures, upon those only who are supposed to be capable, and who have an understanding of the men and measures in question. This *right to opinion* is an *exclusive right*; it excludes foreigners not qualified, criminals, idiots, children, and all incompetent persons. In a perfectly *free* commonwealth, all these are necessarily excluded; nor can that be called *freedom*, which subjects the adult and competent citizen to the vote of a child, a criminal, or a lunatic.

No man in his right senses pretends to have an opinion in matters of which he is entirely ignorant, and no one thinks of asking the opinion of a sot, or a fool, in any question of prudence or morality. The right to opinion, like the right to property, is conferred by nature and by law upon those only who are *able to use it*.

A commonwealth in which the majority are fools, led on by knaves, and in which the same majority decide everything, cannot be said to be a *free* commonwealth; since the only persons in it who are capable of individual freedom, and of holding free opinions, or who have a natural right to opinion, are subject to lose all their rights, or to be deprived of their proper functions by a majority of natural fools. The only apology for a republican form of government is in the manly virtue of the great majority of its citizens, in the respectability and virtue of the trades, guilds, and professions. If there be but one man of sense and virtue in a nation of natural slaves and fools, he must become the

ruler ; for nature and necessity have commanded it, and the ruin of a people impends over their rebellion against nature and necessity.

That freedom of opinion lies so near the heart of republican liberty as to be a vital point with it, the very first to be secured and defended, is manifest from the history of the modern reformatations, during which, by the contests of free minds, the true principles of liberty were first defined and established in a political and popular sense.

Nor is it the less certain that it is directly opposed in spirit to that pure democracy, in which the will of a majority is made absolute law. Under a pure democracy, freedom of opinion is impossible ; for opinion, to be free, must be liberated from the *fear* of mobs, and from the hatred of the ignorant ; each citizen must feel that he is protected against the violence of unjust majorities, by an inviolable constitution, which embodies the first principles of freedom. The unreasoning mob hate an opinion, because it is equivalent to an action. They hate the rich, because they think they entertain a contemptuous opinion of the poor. They hate the just, because they know that the opinion of a just and responsible citizen is not their opinion.

Opinion, to be free, must be also efficient and able. The dictates of reason become *free* only when they utter themselves in actions, or in what is still more effective, in words. Words, in a truly free state, are the actual and efficient rulers ; and those who know how to use them, are always able, with time and opportunity, to accomplish their own designs.

Freedom of opinion cannot be said to have an existence among the timid, the ignorant, or the vicious, since it is the condition only of a free and intelligent mind. A heart biassed by terrors, passions, and ungoverned desires, is evidently no more free in one condition of life than in another ; nor can the external structure of the republic rise out of the hearts and minds of a tumultuous, vicious, and cowardly mob. Such a government is the work of bold, self-governed, and judicious men, in whatever condition of life it has pleased Heaven to place them. Out of

their hearts the state arises, and on their wills it rests and maintains its equilibrium. Destroy or subdue them, and you have destroyed the state itself.

That opinion is not *free* in an absolute sense, in this nation, or rather that there is a settled hatred of its freedom in the minds of a considerable part of the community, need not be urged upon the attention of any close observer of the course of public affairs. The removal of all restrictions upon the press does not give freedom to the press, but in many instances only subjects it to another and more arbitrary tyrant—the vicious multitude. The editor of a popular newspaper is not of necessity, as many simple persons believe, the expounder of his own faith, the censor of the public morals, or the advocate of the cause which he himself has at heart. He is oftener the slave than the leader of the multitude, and watches the veering of popular sentiment as anxiously as the seaman watches the shifting of the winds. He spreads his paper sails to the favorable breezes, and seldom seizes the oar with a resolution to strive against the gale. His course is toward no one point of the compass ; his profit lies in sailing on and on, and not in any special destination. Editors of this kind are of course the mere echoes, and in no sense the guides, or masters of opinion. The law allows them to express any opinion, and upon any topic, and they take good care to express that only which will increase their popularity. Instead of the spade and the pickaxe, their appropriate tools, they have taken up the pen, an instrument which digs more gold than all that will ever come from California.

But if the press is not altogether free, (and who will aver it ?) how is it with the conversation of men in the common intercourse of life ? since here, if any where, freedom of opinion will be first manifested.

To have a free opinion, the first requisite is certainly to *have* an opinion, but how can those have an opinion who know nothing of the matter at issue ? or whose fortunes, friendships, rank in society, or prosperity in business, depends on the entertaining of this or that particular bias ? As a proof how little freedom of opinion exists, even among those who are best able to maintain it, even among American

citizens, we need only instance the fury and vindictive hatred with which free opinions in regard to certain institutions are persecuted in a certain class of political society, and that a manly and temperate courage is necessary to any man who will speak freely with regard to those institutions.

If neither the press nor conversation is wholly free, and if the jealousy of mobs puts the free expression of opinion in danger, in public life—if the stigma of selfishness or cowardice awaits the free speaker in one division of society, and the pistol and the bowie knife is reserved for him in another; if in this very citadel of freedom, the life of a man and of his friends requires to be guarded by files of musketeers, and cannon planted in the streets, because it is the will of the multitude that he shall not speak, with what truth can we, above other nations, claim for ourselves the possession of liberty of opinion?

Indeed, in the entire doctrine of liberty of opinion, we are perpetually confounding liberty with license, and are made sensible of the confusion of our own ideas, only by some remarkable example which springs up to convince us that our freedom is much less a reality than we had thought, and that there is need for the greatest caution, lest we confound liberty with mere license and lawlessness.

In strictness there is no liberty apart from law and necessity, no freedom in nature, not sanctioned by justice and truth. An opinion held neither by authority received, nor by experience gained, be it a social, a religious, or a political opinion, has no right, in nature, to any practical force. It is a birth of conceit, merely, and has no more value than the passionate insisting of a child or of an idiot. To respect the public opinion, therefore, one must know the grounds and reasons of it; whether it be a dictate of passion or of private interest, whether it springs from the hatred of one class of society against another, or whether it is indeed the deliberate offspring of reason and necessity—of rightful desires and of free intelligence.

Meanwhile, it cannot be denied, that under the protection of *our* laws, opinion, in individuals, at least, if not in disorderly and murderous mobs and associations, *may*

be free, and may exercise its right with freedom, boldness, and efficiency; and it is equally certain, too, that there is a party, whose liberal opinions make them the guiding, governing, and progressive party; the conservators of those laws which have been established to defend opinion against mobs, and against the machinations of factions and their leaders.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of factious persons in the North and South to disorganize that party, it maintains itself on the broad ground of republican liberality, and continues firm and united as ever. Freedom of opinion is its fundamental doctrine; and this enables it to embrace within its circle men of all sects, and living under various private institutions, but agreeing in the one idea of republican nationality and union. While a southern portion, on the other hand, threaten rebellion, because opinion is not agreeable to their institutions—while propagandists, forgetful of the sole conditions of liberty, threaten the party with dissolution—while “liberty men” propagate doctrines adverse to liberty, and labor to convert the central power into an engine for crushing the independence of the States—while the partisans of particular leaders excite jealousies and fears in the minds of the people—this grand national party remains undivided, and of one mind, holding to its original purposes of peace, order, union, and a free and gradual amelioration. To establish and perfect the natural liberty of the citizen, and at the same time to confirm, strengthen and enforce the legally ascertained opinion of the majority, expressed in the law, and acting in its proper sphere, under the various constitutions of the States, and of the nation—this aim the party of free opinion proposes to itself, in opposition to all the efforts of unlawful ambition.

At the present epoch, while the entire civilization of Europe is engaged in a struggle for liberty, a period of the most extended and hopeless agitations known in modern history, it is a remarkable feature of the times, that speculation, the activity of discursive reason, employs itself almost entirely in opposition to the popular cause. There is not at present a single eminent thinker engaged in defending and propagating the abstract doctrine of the Rights

of Man, while great numbers of scholars, divines, and speculative politicians are either laboring to establish the opposite theory of implicit obedience, or to loosen all the bands of order, and, under the name of Democracy, to establish chaos. At the golden mean between these extremes we discover the republicanism of America, the only liberty which has allied itself with a perfect system of law.

The secret of the power and permanence of this system, is undoubtedly to be found in its deference for rights—rights both public and private—rights of property,

privacy, domestic government, and state government: rights to an unimpeded pursuit of just aims. It dissolves monopolies, it crushes rebellions, it punishes crime; it does not unjustly favor the poor man or the rich man; it protects commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and every liberal art. It defends the fireside and the social circle against the jealousy and the malice of adventurers, who envy and abhor the refinements of decency and courtesy. It is a rational, a philosophical, and an educative system.

IMITATED FROM FLETCHER.

'Tis not the dawning in your cheek which shows
Such conflict 'twixt the lily and the rose;
Nor more your eyes, though full they be and bright,
Could love e'en quench in them this angry light;
(Though now, rude anger, glossed in such a deep,
A true consent with hate doth hardly keep;)
Nor yet your forehead, where doth talent lie,
Wit paired with sense, and veiled in modesty,
To which such eyes are windows; nor the lines
Where nature a deep-hidden smile defines;
Nor more the dimples which might fill such smiles
With perfect sweetness—none, my soul beguiles;
Nor even the enamelled lustre of your hands,
And lips true tinted like the rosy bands
Of morning; nor the sweetly uttered words
That flow from them, more dear than notes of birds
At midnight trilling; not by these persuaded
I yield, nor to your golden locks fair braided;
Not even the full perfection of your form,
Fairer than silvered clouds, my blood might warm,
Or move my soul; but this unyielding truth,
This maiden constancy, this holy ruth,
These I adore!

THE BIRTH OF FREEDOM.

TELL us, O where was Freedom born?
In the flushed bosom of the morn?
Or did the sea, with tempest throes,
The glorious babe to light disclose?

Could the dull earth's full teeming round
With such productive power abound;
And wrenching all her monstrous frame,
Bring forth the child of glorious name?

No, not from earth, nor from the sea,
Arose divinest Liberty.
'Twas in the secret thoughts of man
Its life and mighty power began.

Then shone the eyes with Freedom's fire;
Then swelled the heart with proud desire;
And deeds that make the nations free
Proclaimed the birth of Liberty.

Arms, fields, and heroes made it known;
Kings fallen, and empires overthrown;
Ten thousand by a thousand slain,
On Marathon's vindictive plain.

When first Judea's new-born strength
From many a hard-fought field, at length,
Bore victory home, the shout to heaven
Was for the joy of Freedom given.

And when, at dread Thermopylæ,
The Spartan hundreds, stern and free,
Bore up 'gainst Asia's pallid slaves,
Scourged on to seek inglorious graves.

And when, on Bunker's dreaded height,
The hurried rampart of a night,
Manned by a few brave hearts, withstood
Oppression's marshalled multitude.

Then rose an empire all thine own,
Oh, Freedom! whose majestic throne
On laws wide founded, rears its crest
So proud, it nods o'er all the West.

But not alone the hero's soul
Admits thy proud, thy sweet control :
Then was thy glorious race begun,
When God gave laws by Amram's son.

And when all Israel listening stood,
Swayed by the wild, seraphic mood
Which rapt Isaiah's lips expressed,
'Twas Israel's freedom swelled his breast.

Inspired by thee, old Homer sang.
His words in liberal Hellas rang ;
And still, through eras deathless, roll
The accents of his generous soul.

Nor less the heart of Angelo
Confessed thy vast, ambitious glow,
When, for his fame's eternal home,
He raised tow'rd heaven the awful dome.

Soft, in the eyes of Mary, mild,
And his, the sorrow-conquering child,
Shines Raphael's tempered freedom, fraught
With light from heaven's own splendor brought.

But ah ! how sweet, my Shakspeare, friend !
All strengths in thee, all beauties blend.
Brave bard ! whose passion-mastering mind
Could look on man, and yet be kind !

Such was the freedom of thy soul—
So grand, yet sweet, thy will's control—
With grief and death thou daredst to play,
And plucked their mortal stings away.

Edged with sure death are Freedom's swords ;
Resistless its commanding words ;
It builds, fights, thinks—to find, alway,
God's likeness in mere things of clay.

Then, thanks for Freedom ! in the breast,
Of all great joys the greatest, best ;
Of all great powers the strongest far,
For arts or arms, for peace or war.

J. D. W.

REMARKS ON STATE POLICY.*

HE whose thoughts may be led, by his tastes or his occasions, to dwell upon the stately science of political economy, cannot fail of being struck by the vague and misty character of the light by which the principles of that science have been, and still are, viewed by those professing to expound them. Upon some points of the science, the full proportions of our present knowledge are a record of the extent of our obligations to those whose labors have brought them to their existing shape; but in pursuing the track of thought marked by these writers, we find an incompleteness in many of their elucidations.

The true professors of political economy are the statesmen of all ages. Their task, so far as the settlement of principles is concerned, has not been a heavy one. The structure of governments, resulting from the ignorance of the people at large, has simplified the labor of those of them whose acts are chronicled by history, to the securing the benefits of unquestioned power to the use of those who held it. They governed their States; but, as a general rule, they have left no recorded systems.

It has therefore been incumbent on the thinkers of modern times to supply this deficit, and to a limited extent they have done so. We cannot claim to have made great additions, here in this country, but we have popularized the subject.

The practical inferences from political economy deal with the interests of men; while the abstract nature of the science itself leaves the life of an obvious conclusion therein, dependent on the mental character of him whose reflection is expended on it.

A consideration of principle is a stronger basis of argument than a consideration of

expediency; and hence we find that the *veraxæ questiones* in political economy are said to be matters relating to the existence of principles, when in fact they are generally mere questions of the application of principles, whose existence has been fully demonstrated.

Another great cause of divergence of views in this matter, results from the complex character of the cause of any political effect; and from the difficulty, referred to by Sismondi,† of tracing a dominant idea through a complexity of events. "Plus on réfléchira sur les détails, plus on sentira la certitude des principes," says Montesquieu;‡ and the want of comprehensive reflection, and the inert or biassed willingness to infer "cum hoc, propter hoc," unites with these reasons to induce the obscurity and doubt perceptible in most of the existing expositions of the science referred to.

The various circumstances of our national condition, here in the United States, (which concur with the actual adaptation of our constitution and laws to the requirements of an educated people,) place us beyond the necessity of argumentation upon the questions of inherent rights, a discussion of which employs at present the mind of France. Near as is the relationship between the Declaration of 1776 and the French Revolution of 1848, none can justly hold our writers responsible for the political Frankenstein monster whose laidly physiognomy was visible in the "ateliers nationaux," and whose violent death darkened for a while the sunny face of France with blood and tears.

Living exponents as we are of the boundless kindness of the Deity—our measure of good fortune heaped up and running over—national errors, whose con-

* Industrial Exchanges and Social Remedies, by David Parish Barhydt, author of "Letters from Europe." New York: 1849.

Sophisms of the Protective Policy, by Fr. Bastiat, Corresponding Member of the National Institute, France. Translated by D. J. M'Cord. New York: 1848.

† History of Italian Republics.

‡ Esprit des Loix, Preface.

sequence might be fatal to the existence of States in other times and lands, are to us but as a straw upon the track of the railroad.

But our fortune bears with it responsibility. The late discoveries of physical science, unknown in the time of Washington, place the White House, at this age, as near to the capital of the German Empire, as, in his time, Downing Street was to the further shores of the Mediterranean. Already the second commercial power in the world, in passing from one point to the opposite side of our territory, from the Aroostook to San Francisco, we span all there is of terra firma in the broadest part of one hemisphere; we are the second power on earth in continued territorial extent.

Day after day we are brought more in contact with other nations. Events close in upon us. We are hedged in by circumstances, never fully contemplated by the founders of the Republic.

Had it been told to Washington, at that gloomy period when, at Valley Forge, our national existence seemed to flicker like the dying flame of a taper; when our troops had nearly mutinied, under sufferings almost too great for human nature; when the whole world seemed combined against him; had it been whispered to him, would he have believed it, that while our sea-ports are thronged with those of all lands and all conditions, who come to place their "lares" under the shadow of our flag, that in this year of 1849 all the surrounding communities should think of seeking to merge their nationality in ours—that the course of local politics in Canada should turn the minds of both parties to annexation, in that fair and pleasant country where they have pressed monarchism to their hearts, as the spell-bound fairy caressed the asses-head encumbered clown; that in the Sierra Madre our national virtue only should keep the annual course of their delegates turned southward to Mexico, instead of northward to the banks of the Potomac; that the cabinet of St. James should reserve from the people, in Parliament assembled, a sight of the dispatches from Jamaica, as fearing to reveal the state of feeling as to American annexation there;* and that

* See Record of Proceedings in Parliament,

the gloomy walls of the Cabañas* alone should, in the "siempre fiel" island of Cuba, be sufficient to smother the expression of the wish to join our eagle in his flight. We are hastening to the summits of earthly power, with the resistless energy of the whirlwind.

It is, then, important to us and to the world that our line of policy should be distinctly marked. Fully as we may realize the peculiarities of our condition, the events which hurry upon us cannot bring us a better result than that ripening of our character, whose effect is visible in a concentrated feeling of nationality.

The gifts which glitter in our possession are not to be held as by the careless hand of the spendthrift, but to be husbanded as by those who part with them only on occasions when giving is a virtue. The capacity in which we hold them is not fiduciary, but rather as that of the industrious proprietor, who shows in his own condition an example for the benefit of those who, having the power, need only the will to "go and do likewise." Such being the case, it behooves us, then, to look to it, that we retain possession of that wherewith we have been blessed, for ourselves.

The measure of capacity for use is the measure of value. He who is the universal friend of humanity, entertains too wide a regard to do much good to the object of his friendship.

Far different is that extended national feeling which, regarding as a country the territory covered by the Constitution, looks on every rood of it as a sacred spot, and on every citizen of that broad expanse as a friend and a neighbor. "I have a feeling of pride in the honor and character of every State in the Union. I desire to see the whole population go onward and upward in a course of prosperity and happiness. My affections for this country are not bounded by geographical lines; and whether I find myself in Maine or in Georgia, still I am an American citizen."†

March, '49. Question of P. Miles to the Under Colonial Secretary, in regard to Jamaica.

* Cuba State Prison, where certain citizens of Trinidad de Cuba were recently confined for cause as above.

† Letters of Abbott Lawrence, published in 1846.

This ample field is broad enough. As it is enough for the capacities of humanity, it is enough for its duties.

If, then, we hold what we have by our own right and by the grace of God, in adopting the measures necessary to keep it we do no sin; nor though in so doing we cross the interest of those who might, but will not, take part and lot with us, do we commit the crime of "war upon the labor of the world."

The chief differences of opinion which subsist in this country, with regard to the principles of political economy, hinge upon the comparative value of the home and foreign trade. The reasoning with regard to this, enunciated by Adam Smith and Say, and the remarks made thereupon, with more or less ability, by Ricardo, M'Culloch, and others, we have not space here to examine. What we have now in hand is to review some publications, in the way of lucubrations upon political economy, connected with that department.

The author of "Industrial Exchanges and Social Remedies" (D. P. Barhydt) has given us a work of some two hundred pages. His aspirations, as we learn by the introduction, are not ambitious, but, as we learn at the same time, his book is not designed to be *entirely* a theoretical essay; and thus we find, immediately on passing the threshold, he takes a stand for "free exchange," and against the protective policy.

"It will be demonstrated (he says) that the protected are a few individual producing capitalists, and that the expense is borne by millions of consumers."—p. 9. The author quotes much from Frenchmen; and it appears evident that he has imbibed his economical ideas in the school of France. It is beyond our wish to defend the protective system of France, which, in many particulars, is open to much condemnation. What we object to is, that having contemplated the condition of the laboring classes in Europe, and come back, as he should have done, with new attachment to our institutions, the author should confound the position of our working classes with that of the "proletarians," so called, of France, and the position of those who do not live by day labor with that of the "higher classes," so called, in Europe.

This error runs through his whole book, and is the cause of one chief fault we have to find with him.

Each one who writes a book on political economy should contribute something to advance the science. If it is original, all the better; if not an original thought, but one illuminated by a new light, the reading public should take the will for the deed. It is said, p. 13, "What is the key to unlock the truth that lies within the science of industry? Consumption!" The note of admiration is not an addition of ours. It is so put in the book. The reader is here reminded of a passage in Melville's "Omoo," where the native brings the traveller a great treasure. On unfolding the leaf which contains it, there appear a few very small grains of salt.

At p. 15 we have "the industrial formula:" "Production, exchange, consumption, is the industrial formula;" wherein the reader will observe a striking similarity to the triad of the Hindu Pantheon, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—creation, preservation, and destruction.

The author then gives us a little parable of man's struggles with certain antagonists, labor of production, transportation, profits of capital, and the duty or tax. The idea expressed (p. 17) of the last is particularly unphilosophical. "A power holds sovereign sway over the country, and wants a revenue to enable it to protect its subjects." The author proceeds, and supposes that "a neighbor has a fancy" to follow the same occupation with the individual whose out-goings and in-comings are held up to us, and being unable to do so as cheaply as the original man, he gets "the sovereign power to force" another person to "pay one-fourth more than heretofore," etc. Will the man "succeed in defeating this new and formidable antagonist? We know not; but we pray for his success, and ask it in the name of justice."

"Ah! this fourth antagonist, what is the part he plays?" His business is to "keep off competition." "Again we will pray for success, and this time in the name of the Divine law!"

Leaving the author awhile, let us put the latter part of this little "myth" straight. The duty, or tax, is an antagonist whose existence is consequent on the wickedness of the man's immediate neigh-

bors; and the additional protective duty exists because of the wickedness of those who live a little further off.

"Meantime" the author has arisen, and gone to Egypt in search of a simile. Society, it is said, is like the pyramid of Ghizeh, submerged, and subsequently emerging; the subsidence of the Nile appearing like the reduction of the tariff.

The book is written with not only an absence of that logical closeness demanded by the subject, but with a generally loose use of words. Discussing the disposition of the product of labor and capital, it is said, (p. 22,) "As far as abstinence is practised and the product left unconsumed, capital accrues, and though to abstain from the enjoyment is contrary to instinct, yet being necessary to existence, it (the abstinence) will be practised, and," etc.

It thus appears from this book, that the *instinct* of man prompts him to consume the entire product of his labor, but inasmuch as his life depends on it, he practises abstinence; acting contrary to his natural instinct, for the sake of preserving his existence. A new view of the character and objects of instinct.

It is said, p. 35: "Admit that the time is far distant in this country, farther adown the dim vista of futurity than our calculations can penetrate, when the *excess of population can exhaust the productive power of the land*. And this admission appears consistent with reason, even though we extend it so far as to say that time can never come, inasmuch as the increase of education and the high standard of comfort, always effected by removal of the pressure of poverty, will (the foundation being already laid in our institutions and abundant land,) prevent that effect, and postpone it indefinitely."

Thus, it is reasoned, possessing abundant land, that land can never be exhausted. An abundance of land is more than enough, but it is not an unlimited quantity. How "our institutions" and "the increase of education" are to prevent the excess of population exhausting the productive powers of the land our author has omitted to explain.

We would direct the reader's attention to a special instance of the lack of square and massive logic. Our author remarks, p. 15: "Man labors in order to consume.

Consumption being the object, it is the interest of the consumer that the economist should study to promote." This is our author's definition of the object of the economist.

Again, p. 18: "We may readily see that it is not the producer, but the consumer, nature seeks to benefit; that upon the latter determine all the beneficial effects of all nature's gifts and of *man's labor*."

On page 41, we are told, "the rate of profits of capital and rent of land are determined by the proportion between the *results of labor's efforts, production*, and the amount it subtracts therefrom for its subsistence." A distinct recognition of the obvious fact, that labor is the producer.

At p. 34 the author tells us that, by a certain process "the reduction of capital's profits is transferred to account of labor's wages, increasing them as much as profits are lowered. *This is the grand desideratum in economic science* and in statesmanship."

This, viz. to increase the wages of labor, to benefit the laborer, who at p. 41 is recognized as the producer, and who at p. 18 is to be shut out (the *consumer* being preferred) from "all the beneficial effects of all nature's gifts and man's labor." Such is the absurdity arising from the separation into different classes of the consumer and the producer; a separation made, we think, for political and not for politico-economical purposes.

We observe at p. 41 something worthy of attention, and as Locke says, "this instance is still more pleasant than the other."

The author, in his zeal to find arguments against the protective policy, remarks, p. 41, "Labor, the sole loser, cannot be protected directly. Foreign workmen cannot be excluded from the country. *Hands*, as the contractors of labor technically call working men, will be manufactured abroad and will be imported on living bodies. The importation of laborers must lower the wages of the workmen, and the *manufacturers will profit* by the partial operation of tariffs. The product only of the home labor is then protected, and not the producer, the laborer," etc. "*Hands*" will be imported under the protective system; can there be a more explicit acknowledg-

ment that the system raises the wages of labor, "the grand desideratum."

But there is a peculiar beauty and weight given to our author's argumentation by a comparison of the above passage with one at p. 37. "The *demand* for labor we have seen is *increased*, and likewise the amount of its remuneration by *freedom of exchange*, (free trade,) because," etc. "All branches of industry are enlarged and active, and *laborers are in demand* and better remunerated."

Hence the conclusion must be drawn that, the rate of wages being raised by the protective system, foreign labor will be imported; whence the writer draws an argument against the system, which the laborer is called on to repudiate; but, the rate of wages being raised by the policy the writer earnestly recommends and prays for, the policy of "free exchange," what happens then? The writer would have us infer that no importation will take place; that the foreign laborer will be attracted by two dollars a day, provided the protective policy raises wages to that rate; but two dollars a day will be no attraction to him if free trade should give that blessing to the laborer.

The writer proceeds, p. 42: "Protection is indeed unequal in its effects," etc. and gives us a simile of a "triple Chinese wall," in which people suffer "a living death:" the writer confounding the great Chinese wall with the walls wherein, anciently, criminals were built alive.

"It is not her people that Great Britain must send us under free trade, but her capital. It is under the restrictive regime that she must export her paupers in order that they may be fed here. Under free trade they will be fed at home by the produce of capital sent here in exchange for our products."—p. 33. That is, if we do not allow British labor and capital an equality with our own, both her capital and labor must suffer, and inasmuch as by the spirit of European policy, labor must succumb, European laborers becoming paupers, must emigrate—when we, of course, are bound to admit and support them here.

Waiving remark upon the feebleness of this reasoning, we take occasion to say, that American hands are ever open, American hearts are always warm; let the indus-

trious victim of bad legislation come to and pitch his tent with us. Our kindness is free, in all proper freedom, as the winds that blow over the fertile prairies to whose occupancy we admit him.

But those have but a faint and imperfect comprehension of American state policy, an obscure idea of the destiny of this country, who imagine that the flickering light of monarchical institutions is to be reanimated by sacrifices on our part: that it is a duty of ours to harness ourselves with the galling bands which bind the foreign laborer to the support of an aristocracy of blood or of money.

The broad shoulders of our laborers are bent to other burthens; we have other work before us. If the foreign laborer is crushed by hopeless poverty, if his heart is torn by the invidious preference of laws which should shed upon him the impartial kindness of a mother; if the daily sight by him and his children of all the sweet amenities of civilization, beget in him a desire to share, and his demand is met by a stern denial—let him respond as sternly. Let him remember that each and every one is born to a higher aim than to live like the beasts that perish; and if he wishes not to leave the ungrateful country that gives him only the satisfaction of the lowest requirements of his physical nature, earned by unceasing toil—let him read our history, let him take counsel of those heroes of our revolution, who, while watching and toiling for us, erected a landmark for the oppressed of all futurity.

Let him learn how, by debate, by reasoning, by agitation—if it must be, by force—by the firm, sustained action of those who work for liberty as working by the express command of God, the structure of a state may be changed; but let no one ask of us to share his bonds in sharing the profits of his bondage.

We have an American state policy, we have an American system: in 1776, in us the world was born again; nor will we, by reducing our laborers, the backbone and muscle of the state, to the condition of the scantily paid laborers of Europe, come down from the eminence that makes us a beacon to the nations.

The petty bribe to profit by the degradation of humanity in other countries, offers us no temptation. We know that

though the life of a man is for all time, the life of a nation is for this world only; that should we join the unholy feast of kings, princes, unjustly enriched capitalists and hereditary legislators, who batten on the carcass of prostrated labor, a certain retribution awaits us, in the prostration and degradation of our own labor.

By the spirit of our institutions, the patent of each man's position is signed by himself. We have no law of entail, we have no class legislation. The poor man of yesterday is the rich man of to-day, and the descendants of him who might otherwise be least forward to make the trifling sacrifice (thanks to the inventive genius and wonderful energy of our people, the small and transient sacrifice) necessary to prevent the free competition of foreign pauper labor with our own—these descendants may be forced to grovel under the yoke in turn.

Thus even our selfishness works for the good of the country; thus, in seeking the welfare of ourselves and those who look to us, we seek and find the welfare of the state. Thus the protective policy, guided by wisdom and moderation, by its inevitable alliance with the strongest personal feelings of human nature, vindicates itself as the ægis of our democratic institutions.

Another fault we have to find with this book, is, that coming in the guise of a scientific dissertation, though professedly not intended for those the author calls "the savans of political economy," it does not reach that standard, but is rather a series of political tracts. If the author had come before us holding advanced the round buckler, and wearing the helmet of the Velites, instead of challenging respect by displaying the purple striped tunic of the Senator, a consideration of his literary contribution would have belonged to other literary departments, and perhaps other hands. But that which we object to is, that in the name of a treatise on political economy we have *ad captandum* arguments and appeals to that class of political feelings which are the offspring of merely gregarious instincts and "slovenly habits of thinking."

Not but what the author has a perfect right so to do. He has as much right so to do as Scott had to use the name of "Jedediah Clutterbuck," or as John Bun-

yan had to ascribe his "Pilgrim's Progress" to the promptings of the airy power that reigns over the world of dreams. But we also claim the right to penetrate to where the writer stands; and to show that, instead of the author's expounding beneath the arching trees which formed the academic groves of Plato, the trees have been cut down, and our author is "making a speech from the stump," and hence to give the book its true character. We give an instance, which, like the "shibboleth" of the Gileadites, like the "ceci" and "cicen" by which the French were discovered in the Sicilian vespers, will show the truth of the case.

It is said, p. 39, "How does protection affect these agents of production?" (land, capital and labor.) Our author thinks it necessary to go into a labored demonstration, to prove, among other things, that "an increased demand for agricultural products inevitably causes a rise of rent;" and concludes, "Therefore, as to the land, protection, in increasing the price of the commodities, imported and home-produced, raises rents in favor of those who have appropriated this agent of production—rent being the effect of a monopoly."

Observe this forcing of the unwilling argument, to connect protection with monopoly; the author apparently forgetting his own remarks, at p. 29, with regard to land in this country, "upon which the producing laborer is usually settled as landlord, relieving productions of a call for rent." This last remark being an unqualified admission, that the vast majority of cultivated land in this country belongs to the laborer who tills it; from which admission it is a legitimate inference, that protection, causing, according to his own assertion, a rise of rent, is a direct benefit to those to whom rent in this country "usually" ensures, viz: the laboring classes.

We give another specimen. After remarking, pp. 44 and 45, upon investments in articles of luxury, brooches and bracelets for wear, the writer alludes to the "love of splendor, which joys in the possession of an object of show, because it marks a distinction between the possessor and those who cannot possess it. This is a sentiment that appropriates to itself the proceeds of labor, giving, through its limited and partial consumption, a direc-

tion to the employment of capital that insures the production of such commodities, as the labor which, by its hard exertions, actually produces them, cannot afford to enjoy. In the satin and velvet manufactories of France, the artisan, whose sweat and skill turn out to view the gay and costly article, cannot wear it, nor can he even wear shoes, nor eat of meat."

How much of the politico-economical philosopher have we here? To put the meaning of the above quotation in other words, labor (meaning here the exertion of muscle and intellect necessary in construction) is not to be employed in the production of any object, unless, when completed, the object is to be of such small value, that the party who works at making it shall be able himself to purchase and enjoy it.

The value of a manufactured article of luxury, like the value of any other manufactured article, is an aggregate of smaller values; and to endeavor to excite a feeling against the combination of different values in one object, on the ground that a capitalist (who, in this country, is, politically, merely a laborer who has gone a little further in the road of accumulation than his brother day-laborer) can enjoy the use of these values all at once, instead of successively; such an endeavor is not only a treason to civilization, and to the interests of the laboring classes, but it is in itself a gross absurdity.

The great trouble with those who advocate free trade is, that they confound what should be with what is. Page 64: "It is not a state of destructive contention, but one of profitable, amicable exchange, that nations should relatively occupy. The relations nations should bear towards each other are peaceful, not warlike."

It is very easy to tell what character a people *should* sustain, and *hence* to tell what the spirit of their laws should be. One may easily sit down and write a statement of what principles should govern the wills of the sixty millions of Russia, and how the laws should conform to that spirit. Add the three hundred millions of Chinese. "Certainly! by all means!" Add fifty millions more. "With the greatest pleasure!—they also shall be included." The task is a simple one. But practical statesmanship is a different matter; and it requires a different exercise of the mind to

prescribe a well-adapted system of policy for even, say, the petty republic of Andorra, among the Pyrenees, with its fifteen thousand souls.

The argument for the free competition of each with all, in every department of industry, with all nations, is constructed as if the days of pristine innocence were here. The positions are taken on the ground that man has no passions, no national feelings, no selfishness. As long as there is unoccupied fertile land to be brought into cultivation, and an increasing population to occupy it, so long will the balance of the industrial scale, at any given time, be subject to disturbances. As long as capital, to be useful, must be invested, so long, under the present moral constitution of humanity, must that country which has accumulated seek to preserve such form of investment. As long as there are objects of desire, so long will unregenerate man grasp at them for himself. From hence it results, that he who seeks, by "free exchange," or "free trade," to solidify the phantasy of "Social communism of property" into an actual "National communism" of the property of nations, loses his time and his labor.

With regard to the "balance of trade," we have this theory, p. 92: "Supposing an excess of importations; we have already seen that the existence of a surplus is evidence of insufficient capital-employing production at home, whose products would have furnished exportable commodities, that, in being exported, would have prevented the excess of importation; or it is evidence of excessive exportations, in other words, previous insufficient importations of commodities, exclusive of specie—this last commodity preponderating."

In other words, make no attempt to prevent excessive importations, for they are simply an evidence that we have not worked hard enough at home during the year—"insufficient capital-employing production"—otherwise there would not have been more than enough.

We have much more reasoning of the same sort, with regard to the balance of trade, exchange, and derangement of currency.

We have dwelt upon this book somewhat at length, but we wish to give some ideas of the writer concerning banking.

At p. 121, it is proposed to abolish the present system, and permit free trade in banking—the use of an exclusively specie and private note currency—on the ground, mainly, that a legislative bank charter encourages confidence sometimes in worthless banks.

The answer to this argument is very short. Every one of those who may receive the notes, but the “*láu kú yü chun*,” as the Chinese say, the “laboriously stupid,” knows that a legislative charter, in itself, is no guaranty of responsibility, inasmuch as both the directors and stockholders may be constantly changing.

The increase of tonnage from 1846 to 1848 is referred to, as owing to a low tariff; the remark being made, that “figures never lie.” In this last, as well as in the first clause, we venture to disagree with him. Figures misunderstood are the most wrong-headed equivocators this side of the flaming gulf. Figures show a reduction of the tariff in '46, '47, and '48, and at the same time a great increase in our exportations of bread-stuffs, and an increase also in our importations, and hence in our revenue. But we believe it is sufficiently well understood, that the great exportation of bread-stuffs was consequent, not on the low tariff, but on the inscrutable dispensations of a mysterious Deity, on the failure of the crop, and famine in Ireland, which no human power or intellect could foresee; and that the increase of importations was owing, not to the reduction of the tariff, but to a practical demonstration of the falsity of the theory, that one nation's loss is invariably every other nation's loss, and its converse; to the fact of the importation of specie, to settle the balance of trade, filling the channels of our trade with the tangible representatives of the millions by which our property has appreciated, in consequence of the famine, and thus giving a general impetus to the business of importation, in giving a new stimulus to consumption.

Our author looks with much equanimity on the depreciation of property, consequent on the abolition of the protective tariff. Page 148: “Admit there is a loss, one suffered by comparatively few individuals,” etc. But the evils of protection, as in a supposed case of tea, and the consequent destruction of the China trade, affect him

with much apprehension. A catholic regard for the interests of the whole country is a great corrective to the blinding effects of theorizing; the possession of this makes much of the difference between the partisan and the statesman.

Eheu, jam satis! This is the author's conclusion; Page 219: “As to *incidental* protection, if protection is an evil to be shunned, it must be discarded in all its forms. And if a revenue tariff only is proper, it admits of no incidental effect, as that would just so far diminish its revenue effect.” This is worse than the Iconoclasts, for we have never read but that they left the pedestals.

The reference, a few pages back, to “the *gaping* markets of the world,” is too much for us. We must now leave this book, remarking that the last chapters, on Over-governing, Socialism, and Progress, contain much good sense and some original thinking, and make, at some places, a very good antidote to the rest of the book.

The author is evidently sincere in his good opinion of the policy he advocates, in which he is sympathized with by a large party in this country. Their day, however, for the present, is over; and we trust that a daily experience, by each and all, of the good effects of the policy they have warred against, will turn each and all of them, including our author, into the right path, “as we understand it.”

We have now to recommend to the reader's attention a translation directly from the French, made by a citizen of the southern part of the United States, and offered by the latter for the edification of the United States, “with the hope that it may be found useful in the correction of some popular errors that have too much influenced” legislation. We shall therefore consider our book only in its application to the United States.

It is called “Sophisms of the Protective Policy,” by Francis Bastiat, member of the National Institute, etc. The author strikes at a high quarry. His book of one hundred and eighty-two pages is offered as a “manual” for “legislators.”

An attempt at regular arrangement is disclaimed. The author simply declares war against sophisms. We are favored with contradictions of, and arguments with, (we having only one side of the

same,) certain economists in France, Messieurs St. Cricq, Argout, etc. etc. M. Bugeaud, however, seems to be our author's favorite "Mrs. Harris," and he is handled quite severely.

We learn here, as in the previously noticed work, that the consumer's interest is identified with the interest of the whole world, the producer's being adverse; a compendious way of disposing of the wishes and interests of all parties, in so far as they are producers. We object to this at the outset, for these reasons:

It is an unscientific distinction to classify the producer "*per ipsum*" as separate from the consumer; for each man (of the vast majority) is both the one and the other; and in the second place, as a producer, it is not a supposable case that a man produces less than he consumes; the tendency of free labor, in any moderately well-organized State, is to accumulation. His interest, therefore, as a producer is greater than his interest as a consumer, for that which he consumes is less than that which he produces.

This fallacious classification is based on this ground. The major part of the product of the labor of the majority is expended in consumption. But though the larger part of a population are more deeply concerned in consumption than the minority are, yet it does not follow, it is evident, that a care of consumption is a care of the main interest of even such larger part.

It is said at p. 30: "To restrictive (meaning protective) laws I offer this dilemma: either you allow that you produce scarcity, or you do not allow it. If you allow it, you confess at once that your end is to injure the people as much as possible. If you do not allow it, then you deny your power to diminish the supply, to raise the price, and consequently you deny having favored the producer. You are either injurious, or inefficient. You can never be useful."

Ex pede Herculem, as to the style of the book. The answer is plain. The advocates of protection may say, to adopt a similar mode of expression, "We offer a temporary scarcity, in which we must share with you (a temporary appreciation of the article protected) for a double abundance; a national one, in which you must share with

us, (in the ultimate cheapness of the articles, and the national independence consequent on protection,) and a partial one, (in the profit on producing such articles,) in which at your pleasure you may share with us."

It is said, p. 41, "'Labor constitutes the riches of the people,' said M. de St. Cricq. This was no elliptical expression, meaning that 'the results of labor constitute the riches of a people.' No! this statesman intended to say, 'that it is the intensity of labor, which measures riches;' and the proof of this is, that from step to step, from restriction to restriction, he forced on France (and in so doing believed that he was doing well) to give to the procuring of, for instance, a certain quantity of iron, double the necessary labor."

It is no part of our business, or wish, to vindicate M. de St. Cricq. If he intended to say that it is the degree of the intensity of labor that measures riches, he intended to say a very foolish thing. But we venture to believe that an examination of his context (which is not given in the book) will prove that he simply intended to enunciate an obvious truism, that "labor constitutes the capital of the people"—taking the word "people" in the European sense.

We give the above specimen of argumentation to show the character of the reasoning in the book.

The author's opponents are called "Sisyphists." The meaning of the term is obvious, and the use of it, it is equally obvious, is a very feeble substitute for reason and logic.

At p. 50, our author states certain positions which he says he will attempt to prove, he reasoning, it will be recollected, on the free-trade side.

He says: "I will seek to prove—

"1. That equalizing the facilities of production is to attack the foundations of mutual exchange.

"2. That it is not true that the labor of one country can be crushed by the competition of more favored climates.

"3. That even were this the case, protective duties cannot equalize the facilities of production.

"4. That freedom of trade equalizes these conditions as much as possible," etc. etc.

In other words—

1. That what you wish to obtain, is wrong politically, (and therefore to be avoided.)

2. That one of your assertions is incorrect.

3. That even if it were correct, your mode is not the way to secure what you wish to obtain.

4. That the free-trade policy, which the writer recommends and wishes you to pursue in any event, is the best way to get what you wish to obtain. To find what that is, please refer to No. 1.

In the demonstration of these propositions the author consumes many pages.

At p. 57, we have the old simile of the production of tropical fruits, etc., by the use of hot-houses in temperate latitudes. M. Bastiat talks of oranges, Prof. Lieber (a letter from whom is placed in the introduction) gives us coffee, and M. Baryht's imagination runs upon pine-apples, to be produced in New York.

Whereupon we have to offer this proposition. If any one, like M. Mathieu de Dombasle, talks in this wise, p. 49: "Each one ought to wish that the productions of the country should be protected against foreign competition, *whenever the latter may be able to undersell the former*;" arguing in favor of indiscriminating protection of everything, he is to be considered as exposing himself to have this figure used against him; and that it shall be reserved for M. de D. *et id omne genus*.

At p. 85, treating of the balance of trade, our author gives us two cases which, stripped of the verbiage with which he approaches and leaves them, are as follows:

A merchant exports French products to a certain amount, and receives in return foreign products to a larger amount, and counts the difference as profit. Again, a merchant exports French products to a certain amount, and the vessel founders. This amount the merchant counts as loss. In the first case, there appears upon the custom-house books, as exported, a certain amount, and a larger amount as imported; and in the second case, an amount exported, and no corresponding entry of importation.

Whence our author concludes, p. 87,

"That according to the balance of trade theory, France has an exceedingly simple way of doubling her capital. It is only necessary, to accomplish this, that she should, after entering into the custom-house her articles of exportation, cause them to be thrown into the sea. By this course her exportations can speedily be made to equal her capital; importations will be nothing, and our gain will be, all which the ocean will have swallowed up. You are joking, the protectionists will reply," etc., etc.

So far as we are protectionists, that is not our reply. We do not say you are joking, we believe that you have sincerely puzzled yourself. We say only this, that expressions in political economy have a conventional signification. The expression "demand" supposes an ability and readiness to pay, and in adjusting a balance of trade, it is understood that the amount of the exports of a country is taken from the custom-house books, simply as the most convenient point at which the amount of their value can be fixed. The theory is, that at the moment of passing the custom-house for exportation, the ownership of the goods is transferred to foreigners. Hence a loss by wreck must be on foreign account; and at the moment of passing the custom-house for importation, they are transferred to domestic ownership, and of course indebtedness incurred for them.

Pages 88 to 95, contain a mock-serious petition against sunlight, written as coming from candle-sellers, and to combat a fallacious argument which it appears has been put forward in France, to the effect that the more labor a nation's articles of *consumption* shall have cost, the more advantageous it is to such nation.

Whether such argument has been advanced, or whether it is one of this writer's inferences, we are not aware. If it has been advanced, it is probably a mistaken apprehension, by some not very clear thinker, of the truth, that the larger proportion that labor bears in the value of a home-manufactured article of *consumption*, the more advantageous it is to such nation.

Our author has troubles from above and from below. He complains, that "perfumed magazine-writers" weep over the wretchedness of the laboring classes, and

on the other hand, that "a thinking man, a sincere philanthropist," writing a work, "it has scarcely made an impression before it is greedily seized upon by the crowd of reformers," who "examine and quote and exaggerate it, until it becomes ridiculous," and then "you are flattered, fawned upon, until soon it must be with workmen as with slaves; sober men will be ashamed of publicly defending their cause," etc.

We make this extract, first to direct the reader's attention for a moment to the calculation by the author, on his work making an "impression," and next, to remark on the inapplicability of his latter observation here in this country.

The natural capacities of the American working-man, being undeteriorated by hereditary subordination; and being, by our system of public education, placed fully at his disposition, he advocates his own cause. No partial legislation pressing on his means of subsistence, our broad area of unoccupied, fertile lands, and our diversified modes of occupation, keeping his wages at a maximum, he has no wrongs to right. Our labor is our capital. One of our statesmen has said, "Congress should legislate for the labor, and the capital will take care of itself."* The ready national adaptation of this maxim of practical American statesmanship shows it to be a true, as it is a most honorable, exposition of the policy of the country.

With regard to this idea identified with "free trade," of the community of interests of nations, our author; as might be expected, enlarges upon it. See p. 125, etc., and we have to say: that the segregation of different nations, whether or not it began with the first confused noises that echoed upon the banks of the Euphrates, is a bare fact. The divine purposes in such segregation we cannot know. But till the curse of Babel is removed, and universal brotherhood dawns upon us, the motto, "suum cuique," must rule. The mutual concessions made with nations are but a concession of some of the national wishes in order to avoid a larger concession.

The national feeling of love of country is analogous to, is indeed an enlargement

of, the feeling which prompts each one to the care of his family. Cicero has it, "Omnes omnium caritates, patria una complexa est." The feeling as to foreign nations is analogous to that with which in social intercourse we regard any other citizen of the same town. Locke thus limits it: "Every one, as he is bound to preserve himself, so, by the like reason, when his own preservation comes not in competition, ought he as much as he can, to preserve the rest of mankind."* It may be said, extend this national feeling, and we have "free trade," to which the reply is: you give to your family—extend the principle, and you have—what? a "communism" of property. The argument for one is the argument for the other—a distorted philanthropy or one too diluted for practical benefit.

The controversies which our author enters into, (and having it all his own way, so much to his own satisfaction,) are but an epitome of the usual politico-economical controversies. We find no new principles advanced on either side. There being no umpire, nothing is settled. But the subject is stirred. What of false has been brought forward, lives an obscure life, for we conclude that error will never die till the father of errors is exterminated: what of truth has been elicited, finds a reception in the minds of reflecting and reasoning men who are candid, and thus the great mind of the community swings slowly to its track.

We are, near the end, presented with a chapter on metaphors and invidious terms, and the indiscreet use of them is very properly reproofed. In this chapter the author uses the word "monopolists," as applied to those engaged in the branches of production more particularly protected by a tariff. How an advantage which is open to all can be said to be monopolized, has never been explained. The term is borrowed from other times and countries. The privilege of making and selling gold and silver lace, granted by James VI. for the benefit of Villiers, was a monopoly. The privilege of selling all the ice used in Cuba, is a monopoly; but he who applies the term to the protecting a branch of industry which any one may pursue, exposes

* Abbott Lawrence's Letters, pub. in 1846.

* Essay on Civil Government.

himself to the imputation of want of candor, or of good sense.

The author having now come to his conclusion says, (p. 179,) "I have no hope that the reader, as he lays down my book, will exclaim, *I know*. My aspirations will be fully satisfied if he can but sincerely say, *I doubt*"—a modesty which we hope is sincere. We do doubt, that he will make many converts here to free trade.

We are pleased to see this translation. Its main use is to show the present state of the "free trade" controversy in France. We would there were in this country more translations from European continental literature. The opinions of the country are too much biassed by the control of English literature, which is not a competent sponsor for the young Anak of North America, the growing mind of the United States.
J.

SENTIMENT.

OH, that so holy thoughts would oftener stoop
Where music maddens—thousand tapers gleam!
I saw her 'mid a lovely, dancing group—
I saw her lightly leap and gently droop.
She seemed a lily, walking in a dream
By ripples hushed, upon a moonlit stream—
A truant lily, wandering in a trance;
And as she glid where full the tapers blazed
Upon her pale, transparent countenance;
And as her meek blue eyes she half-way raised,
And then moved on, slow swimming in the dance—
I pressed my dizzy brow, and gazed and gazed,
As if, half-waked at dawning, I had found
The day-star singing, dancing on the ground!

PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEM OF LEIBNITZ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MAINE DE BIRAU.

Multitude in unity, or unity in variety, the expressive mark of every masterpiece of nature and of art, admirably characterizes the productions of the genius of Leibnitz. Extreme *variety* in the number and kind of ideas with which he has enriched the intellectual world, the elements of every order which he has combined. Absolute *unity* of principle, of method, of plan, and of end, as exhibited in that grand and beautiful system which binds together and harmonizes the two worlds of spirit and matter, by referring them to the unity of a monarchy constituted under the government of the greatest and best of Sovereigns. (*Œuvres*, ii. 37.)

If one considers the *form*, only, under which the manifold products of this most fertile genius are presented, as in detached morsels or fragments, scattered through vast collections, the mind is instantly struck with their prodigious variety. It is under this aspect that they commonly present themselves to the biographer, and often likewise to the historian, of philosophy. But, in this way, one may absolutely fail of the total and harmonious effect of this grand and beautiful perspective, or seize only partial views—single features—without their order or connection. The philosophical works of Leibnitz form a body of doctrine, the parts of which, however great their number and diversity, are yet organized by the same principles, are pervaded by one and the same spirit of life. This spirit, diffused through each one of his numerous productions, animates equally the works of the juriconsult, the historian, the theologian, the physician, above all, of the mathematician, where it shines with peculiar lustre. But it is not any one of these partial works that can exhibit to us the principle, the source, or the proper focus of this life. The primary philosophy, the science of principles, as

Leibnitz himself styles it—this philosophy, truly primary in the order of his meditations, was the beginning, the end, and the aim of all his intellectual life. The science of the human understanding, according to a worthy historian,* was one of the last that Leibnitz came to investigate or to comprehend. Now, we might demonstrate, *a priori*, that in the point of view where this great metaphysician placed himself from the first, the science of the understanding, identical to him with that of principles, could not allow precedence to any other, as dependent on it either in the order of time or of derivation. But we have more direct proof to oppose to the assertion of the historian; and this is furnished us by Leibnitz himself, in a precious fragment which contains, as in a state of germ, his whole philosophical system. In the writing entitled “History and Recommendation of a Universal Characteristic Language,” Leibnitz informs us that, when scarcely sixteen years of age, he was led by his meditations to conceive the sublime idea of an alphabet of human thoughts, which should comprehend the elements or characteristics of the most simple of all our ideas, and should serve to express the different combinations of them in such a way that, by proceeding from the simple to the compound, or returning from the compound to the simple, it would be possible and easy to discover and demonstrate every sort of truths. The author describes the childish delight, as he calls it, which this fine speculation caused him; while he owns that he was far from apprehending all its practical difficulties. Nevertheless, his after progress in the derivative sciences only confirmed to him the possibility of this lofty philosophical project; and but for the events and multi-

* Dégérando.

farious labors which occupied his life, we should have had, perhaps, if not a universal language, at least the acquisition of an admirable instrument, or *logical lever*. This first step in his intellectual career decided, or rather declared, the vocation of the metaphysician. Already he has begun like Aristotle, and discovered or invented his logic; soon rising higher, he encounters Plato, and advances along with him in his majestic flight. His first meditations on the universal language led, four years after, (A. D. 1666,) to the "Dissertation on the Art of Combination," which was only a particular and very simple application of the fundamental principle of the former to ideas of quantity or *number*, of extension or *situation*, and so to diverse classifications or combinations of ideas of this order. A discovery so novel in the scientific world was, for the author, but a natural result of the progress of a truly methodical spirit, able to ascend to principles, and to follow their consequences to their termination; insomuch that he testifies his astonishment that it could escape such minds as Aristotle and Descartes in their most advanced speculations, whilst it presented itself to him at the threshold of his career, even before he was initiated in the mathematical, physical, or moral sciences. And the sole reason is, says he, that *I seek always, and in everything, for first principles*; a tendency, indeed, which well characterizes the metaphysician born to create the primary philosophy; for, obviously, no trace of it had existed before him. If the two philosophers, to whom he here renders homage, have left to him the whole honor of the invention of a universal *characteristique*, he finds the reason of it in the natural repugnance felt by the most eminent minds to stop at first principles, which do not offer in themselves any attraction, any perspective fitted to animate or sustain the efforts of the intellect. Thus, says he, after having slightly tasted of principles, they are eager to reject them, by leaving them far behind, no more to return to them. Perhaps we may discover in these words the secret causes of the very aberrations of the illustrious author of the system of monads, and the pre-established harmony. The history of the intellectual life of Leibnitz shows him incessantly impelled by his

inextinguishable activity, or by the memorable circumstances of his civil life, to a multitude of labors, of literary and scientific enterprises of the most diverse kinds; but returning always to the *scientific principles*, the object of his first meditations. "Although," said he, "I am one of those who have cultivated the mathematics chiefly, I have, since my youth, ceased not to meditate on philosophy; for it has always seemed to me that there is a method of establishing in it something solid, by means of clear demonstrations. But we have much greater need of light and of certainty in metaphysics than in the mathematics; because these carry with them, or in their very terms, clear and infallible proofs of their certainty. It is only requisite, then, to find certain terms, or forms of expressing metaphysical propositions, which shall serve as a clue, in this labyrinth, for resolving the more complicated questions by a method like that of Euclid, so as to preserve always that clearness or distinction of ideas which the vague and indeterminate signs of our vulgar tongues do not allow." We recognize here the whole influence of the early meditations of Leibnitz on the universal language. We can thus see already whence will come the very dogmatic and absolute character of his doctrine. Placed from the very first in the purely ontological point of view, Leibnitz refers to it all conceptions, and even the facts themselves of Nature, whether external or internal. Truth, absolute reality, will exist for him only in the abstract, and never in the concrete of those sensible representations which are *clear*, (i. e. obvious,) but at the same time always confused or indistinct. In this point of view, mathematical science will nowise differ from *metaphysics*, or the science of realities, except in expression, or the forms of its propositions. It will only be requisite to find signs appropriate to denote, first simply, and afterward in their combinations or complexions, the last products of analysis, the *last abstractions*, which are at the same time also the last reasons of all that we understand, and the first elements, the only true elements, of all our ideas. Such are the principles of the *art of combination*; such the foundation of all the hopes which attached themselves, in the author's mind,

to this act when perfected and applied to the whole system of our ideas. In fact, since the *metaphysical reason* of things is identified with the *mathematical reason*, or demonstrative logic, the syllogism acquires a primary value, and possesses a privilege of entire infallibility, in virtue of its form alone, (*vi formæ*.) This character of absolute reality will pass, necessarily, from the most abstract principle to its last consequence, provided this is legitimately or regularly deduced. Thus it is that all the laws of pure logic which the understanding finds in itself, and which it has not made, will come to be identical with the laws of Nature, i. e., with the relation of things themselves, such as they actually exist, under the title of *possibles* in the divine understanding, which is the region of essences, the type and only source of all reality. The possible is therefore before the actual, as the abstract before the concrete, the universal notion before the particular representation. Indeed, the geometrical metaphysician must be more or less prone to resolve the human reason into calculation, or to take often the forms for the essence of things. But the *logical "faith"* of Leibnitz goes beyond the mere signs; it derives its purely absolute character from the very nature of principles, as he understands them, in essence approaching to that of the model ideas or archetypes of Plato, as we shall elsewhere see.

After setting forth the *absolute* character of the Leibnitzian philosophy, the writer proceeds:

"This faith of the author of the system of monads in the reality of *conceptions* the most abstract, can only be compared with that of Spinoza, a mind as eminently and still more exclusively logical, with whom nothing was able to counterbalance or relax the omnipotence of his deductions. To the view of Leibnitz, in fact, as to that of Spinoza, the order and the regular connection established between notions or (logical) terms, correspond perfectly, or are even identical with, the order and real connection of things in nature, of existences such as they are. Monadology or pantheism, therefore, rest on the same hypothetical basis. How comes it, then, (it may be asked,) that Leibnitz stopped short of this dangerous declivity, which, since the origin of philosophy, has drawn the profoundest and boldest speculators towards that conception void of all grandeur—a deified nihilism—that devouring gulf wherein all indi-

vidual existence is swallowed up? We are constrained to say that the author of the system of monads was preserved from this dismal error solely by the nature or proper character of the principle on which he based his system; a principle truly one and individual, as presented in the primitive fact of the existence of the *me*, before it has acquired the value of a universal and absolute notion. A system which multiplies and divides the living forces to equality with the intelligible elements or atoms of Nature, ought, it would seem, to preclude or dissipate forever those sad and dismal illusions of Spinozism, which were too much favored by the principle of Descartes. Only, perhaps, it was proper, (i. e., had its appropriate use,) in fixing for our minds the two poles of all human science—the personal *me*, whence all knowledge starts, and the personal *God* where all terminates. In order to appreciate this point of view, it is necessary to examine briefly the principles and tendency of the Cartesian philosophy, which Leibnitz thought it needful to reform. The principle of Descartes, expressed by the euthymeme *I think, therefore I exist*, comprehends two terms, or elements, of a heterogeneous nature, the one *psychological*—the actual 'me' of consciousness; the other *ontological*, the absolute 'me'—the soul, substance, or thinking essence. But how to find the bond which unites two such diverse elements? Descartes decides the question, before he has even stated it. His principle leaves open to philosophy two opposite paths; one, that which, starting from experience, and admitting nothing but what is sensible, leads to the denial of the reality of notions, (or ideas;) the other, that which, starting from innate notions as the absolute reality, leads to the rejection of all testimony of experience and the senses. The former is speculative scepticism joined to practical materialism; the latter is idealism and pure spiritualism. Whatever effort the understanding makes to conceive of the thing, or thinking substance, separately and apart from the actual me, (of consciousness,) this notion tends singularly to join to, or blend with itself, that of another substance, which has, on its side, *extension* for its essential attribute or fundamental mode. But since the distinction which is thought to obtain between substances is no other, in fact, than that of two attributes or fundamental modes, which characterize each of them respectively, why suppose two substances, and not rather a single one, which unites in itself the distinct attributes of thought and extension? Under these two attributes, Descartes himself comprehends all that we call *existences*, i. e., all (substances) either *thinking* and *unextended*, or *non-thinking*, and therefore *material* and *extended*, and pure machines, without being able to conceive of any intermediate class. Thus we shall come at last to demonstrate that there is not, and

there cannot be, but a single substance, the universal being, alone necessary, the grand all, to which exclusively belong reality, or the title of being or substance, and of which all that we improperly call by this name is, in fact, but a modification. Now, as it is logically certain that all effects are contained (eminently or formally) in their cause, we can say that all beings are contained in the universal being, which is God. It is in him alone that we can see or think (perceive or conceive) all that which really exists; it is in him that we exist—that we *more* and *are conscious* (sentous.) Here Malebranche and Spinoza meet in the same path; logic unites them, mysticism separates them. Such are the ontological consequences deduced from the Cartesian principle.

“Let us now look at the psychological consequences. *Thought* alone reveals to us the being of the soul, which is the first reality, and thus the only substance which we can apprehend thus directly as by intuition. We have not any immediate hold on all that which we call material substance. We know nothing in fact but by our *ideas*, and these ideas are nothing else than modifications of our own spirit. The simple ideas of sensations, colors, sounds, smells, are only in ourselves, and not at all in the objects which they represent to us. All that we call objects have no existence then except in our ideas; and since, moreover, there is no other *cause* or *force* but God, who produces modifications as he creates beings, the sensible world is nothing but appearance, pure phenomenon *without reality*. Thus there is no middle ground: either the objects are identical with the ideas or sensations which represent them, and then bodies and extension are nothing but phenomena; or else bodies and extension really exist apart from our ideas with our being permitted to doubt their existence, for the sole reason that God assures us of them; and in this case the separation of the two substances, in the material and the immaterial, is complete and absolute. But thus their communication, their reciprocal influence, is naturally impossible; it cannot take place except by a miracle, and demands the continual and uninterrupted intervention of the Deity. From the natural heterogeneousness of the two substances it follows inevitably that the soul cannot really move the body; no more can one body communicate its motion to another if God do not intervene to move it on occasion of the soul's desire, or of the encounter and concussion of bodies. It follows too from the same principle, or from the separation of being into two isolated classes, without any intermediates, that animals are wholly material or pure machines, who have no sensation for the sole reason that they do not think as we, or because they have not an immortal soul like ours.

“Such were the metaphysical principles of the doctrine which Leibnitz believed himself called

to reform. ‘Impatient,’ says Brucher, ‘of seeing metaphysics degenerate into vain scholastic subtleties, Leibnitz conceived his general plan of reform by commencing with the notion of *substance*, which he regarded as the principle and basis of all real science. The new system erected on this foundation had soon many proselytes notwithstanding the violent opposition of the Cartesians, who repelled, as contrary to the whole doctrine of their master, the notion of *active force* or *energy*, as being the sole characteristic of substance in Leibnitz's point of view; but already this fundamental notion had developed itself in such a way as to bind together, in the simplest manner possible, all the laws of the universe, the world of *spirit* as well as that of bodies. Such in fact is the fecundity of the idea of substance rightly understood, as Leibnitz himself remarks, that from this alone are derived all the primary truths respecting *God*, created spirits, and the nature of bodies. * * * Now to illustrate the idea of substance, it is necessary to go back to that of *force* or *energy*, the explication of which is the object of a particular science, called *dynamics*. Active or acting force is not the naked power of the schools; it must not indeed be understood as it was by the scholastics, as a simple *faculty* or possibility of acting, which to be *realized* or reduced to *action*, has need of an excitation from without, and, as it were, of a foreign *stimulus*. Where *active force* includes its action in itself; it is *eutelechia*, (actuality,) a mean power between the simple *faculty* of acting and the determinate act or effect. This energy contains or involves the effort, and goes about (*se porte à agir*) its action of itself, without any provocation from without. Energy, living force, manifests itself in the example of a weight suspended, which draws or stretches the cord; but although we can give a mechanical explanation of gravity or the force of elasticity, (*ressort*.) yet the *last reason* of the notion of matter is no other than this *force* impressed upon all *existences* (*êtres*) at their creation, and limited in each by the opposition or the contrary direction of all the others. I say this active force (*virtutem agendi*) is inherent in all substances which cannot be a single instant *without acting*; and this is as true of substances called corporeal as of spiritual substances. Here is the capital error of those who have made the essence of matter to consist in extension, or even in impenetrability, if they imagine that bodies are able to be in absolute repose; we shall show that no substance is able to receive from another substance the force even of acting, and that its own effort alone, or the force pre-existent in it, can find nothing without except limits which check and *determine* it.”—(De Prima Philos., etc. p. 18.)

The whole metaphysical and dynamical

cal doctrine of Leibnitz is contained in this passage.

The Cartesians say: All substance is entirely and essentially *passive*; no action belongs to created things. This principle, pushed to its consequences, leads naturally to *Spinozism*, as we have seen, and as Leibnitz himself profoundly remarks, in his letter to Hanschius on Platonism. Leibnitz establishes the opposite thesis: All substance is entirely and essentially *active*; all simple being has in itself the principle of all its changes. (*Principes Philosophiques*, sec. 74.) All substance is force *in itself*, and all force or simple being is substance. We may see, in the very curious fragment entitled *De ipsa Natura sive de vi insita*, with what vigor he attacks Cartesianism on this fundamental point, and maintains the necessity of the contrary principle, that, viz.: of absolute, universal activity, impressed originally upon all natural existences. For the creation of a world like ours, Descartes demanded matter and motion for creating two worlds at once, the world of spirit and that of matter; Leibnitz demanded only active forces or simple entities, which contain in themselves the *principle* of all their own changes. But, for conceiving this double creation, it is necessary to place one's self at the centre, or in the standpoint of the Deity himself, of whose thought it is but the realization. In his first meditation (*sur la connaissance, la vérité et les idées*) Leibnitz puts the inquiry, whether it is given to man to push the analysis of notions as far as to those first possibles, those pure and irresolvable elements, which are identical with the attributes or the ideas of God himself; and he dares not yet to affirm that the human mind is endowed with such a power. Now the way is opened; it is that of this very *analysis* of our notions, pushed even to those last *abstractions*, or the simple entities which shall be the only realities; for the *true ideas*, and the perfect *adequates* which correspond to them, cannot be, in our own mind, all limited too as it is, other than they are in the divine understanding, the true region of *essences*. In using this marvellous and inexhaustible faculty of *abstraction* which is given us, if the last elements of things and the real grounds of our abstractions transcend the

limits of the understanding, we may at least be sure that this ground *pre-exists* in some other intelligence; that *God knows it*; that angels may discover it. (*De arte combinatoria*.) Thus we see how compounds, of whose phenomena we have clear, but at the same time confused or *indistinct* representations, come to resolve themselves into simple or unextended entities. Thus extension, which offers itself to the touch and the sight, and is but a *form* of these senses, resolves itself into numerical unities, the only real entities in Nature which do not fall under the notice of the senses nor of the imagination, but are beheld by the pure *vision of the understanding*, identical with that of God himself; for our sensations are not like those of animals, but perceptions more or less obscure of that which is in the divine understanding, abiding there in the most eminently distinct or *adequate* form. We thus begin to understand in what sense Leibnitz attributes to all monads (or simple entities) the capacity of representing, each in its way, the whole universe. We may say that God, who knows all the relations of a single thing to the whole creation, sees at once the entire universe in the last atom of Nature. Now, since every thing has necessary relations with the whole universe, we may rightly conclude, in a certain sense, that this thing, or entity, *represents* (virtually) the universe to the eyes of Him who *knows and sees* the whole. Thus it is that we say of a symbol, an object dead in itself, that it *represents*, for a living intelligence, all the ideas and the manifold relations which this intelligence has been able to associate with it. But on what can be founded the hypothesis of a kind of *reciprocal* representation between the *object* and the *subject*, between the sign *thought* or conceived and the spirit which thinks or conceives, in giving to the symbol its *representative capacity*? This is, indeed, the obscure side of the system, and Leibnitz has not attempted to clear it up. The ambiguity of such words as *representation*, *perception*, seems to involve him in a kind of illusion. These terms, in fact, like almost all those of psychological language, offer a double sense to the mind, and lead thus to two opposite points of view, an *internal* and *external*, relative and absolute. If to the eyes of Deity every

monad represents the universe, can there be in the very interior of this monad a representation or perception infinitely complex, the subject of which knows not what it represents, or has not even the most simple, the most obscure sentiment of its existence? Whence can come those conceptions of *monads* or of *numerical unities*, (reduced each to a *force*,) those *perceptions*, obscure or clear, but still *confused*, which express their degrees, that which makes the *one* in the *multitude*, etc.? Are not these so many psychological expressions, whose prime value is known only to immediate, inward consciousness, (experience, Fr.,) and which can offer no clear and precise sense to the mind of the metaphysician, except by tracing them back to their source? The idea of substance does not admit of being traced back to a fact of consciousness as its psychological antecedent. We conceive of substance, we do not perceive it, we are not immediately conscious (Fr. *appercevoir*) of it; whilst we are conscious in ourselves of a force, at the same time that we conceive it out of ourselves, or in the object. Whence it follows that if the Cartesian principle, reduced to the first member of the euhymene *I think or I exist*, expresses truly the fact of the existence of the *me*, it does not determine it; on the contrary, it obscures it the moment we identify it with substance. Only the divine understanding is able to comprehend the *thinking substance* as it is, capable of the infinite modifications which belong to its nature. Man does not understand himself, is inexplicable to himself as he really is; and all the profoundness of reflection, all the sagacity of genius, will never reveal to him what is the essential and passive substance of his being, still less all that he can be, and may become in other modes of existence, etc. But if we are ignorant of what we are as *passive* substances; if, notwithstanding what Descartes says, our soul, considered in this point of view, is completely unknown to us as all other substance in the universe; each individual person knows, at least, *certissima scientia* or *certante conscientia*, this, that it is a *force* which acts and operates by willing; *certum* assures it that it is no other for itself than such force or energy; that it is *esse* in the depths of its being what it is

here in the *life of consciousness*, or of the *me*; that it is there the sole thing which remains identical, while all the rest passes away, or is in a perpetual flux within as well as without; that it is in virtue of this energy, of this power of acting, that man, as an intelligent and free force, predetermines his own acts, conceives the idea of *duty*, and realizes this sublime idea against all the opposing might of Nature; in fine, that what the thinking subject is thus for himself, in respect of his consciousness, he is absolutely, or *in himself*, and to the view of God, who cannot view anything other than it is, nor regard the soul as passive while it is, or knows itself to be, active and free. A fixed point being thus given, thought can take its flight, and, on the wings of Leibnitz's genius, glance with speed from one pole to the other; or, remounting with the slowness of reflection, follow, discursively, the links of this immense chain of being, of which the system of monads presents so grand and magnificent a view. Now, it matters little whether we commence at one or the other extremity of the chain; whether we take force, as given in the subject or in the object, in the world of representations or in that of existences. Force is *the same everywhere*, and admits of no difference, except of degrees. Here, and here only, applies that absolute affirmation which one is surprised to meet with in the book of the sage, Locke, where, speaking of substance, after the manner of Descartes, he falls, without designing it, into the sense of Spinoza, in affirming that substance must be *the same everywhere*; whence one might infer that there is but one substance, under diverse modifications. Here, too, we have the direct answer to a question which Descartes proposes to himself in his second Meditation. Take away the sensible qualities under which an object shows itself, as extended, movable, of a certain shape, color, etc., *as for example, this piece of wax*, what will remain? The ontological answer to this question bases itself on an *abstract* analysis, which leads to the notion of a simple capacity or possibility of modification, a naked faculty or *quiddity* of the ancient school. The principle of Leibnitz alone furnishes a direct and true answer, whether it respect the *object*, in the sense of Descartes, or whether we refer it to the *subject* of thought, sepa-

rated or separating itself, by the act of reflection, from all accidental modification, from all that which is not *me*. In this relation to the *subject*, the tendency still virtual, or the force not exerted, not determined, (energy, a *mean power*, between the simple faculty and the act,) is that which constitutes the proper basis of our being, that which abides when all else changes or passes away. Here are the limits of the reflective analysis; a step beyond is the absolute, the universal being, (God, or one of his attributes.) As regards the *object*, the analysis of this compound gives a result precisely similar. Take away all the qualities under which the same concrete whole manifests itself, successively or at once, to different external senses; there still remains a force, the *not me*, in virtue of which the object resists the effort of the will, limits it, determines it, and reacts against our own force in the same degree as this strives to surmount it. By analytically reducing *resistance* (*antitypia materiæ*) to that which it is, we arrive, necessarily, at a simple, distinct, and adequate notion of absolute force or energy, which has nothing sensible or determinate; it is the simple entity, (*être*;) the monad of Leibnitz, conceived of in the same manner as our soul itself can be when we take from it apperception or consciousness. At this degree of abstraction, and in this absolute point of view under which matter is conceived of by the mind, all the sensible *qualities* have successively disappeared; *colors*, *smells*, *sounds*, and even *extension*, which can no longer be conceived of as an essential or constitutive attribute of the object. In this point of view, in fact, extension is nothing but the *continuity of resisting points*;* a kind of co-ordination of separate units, of forces which act or resist together and individually. These units are the only real entities, (*êtres*;) all the rest is phenomenal, and dependent on the form of our senses and our actual organization. Change this organization, and you may conceive of intelligent beings who perceive, naturally, that which we come to know only by means of abstraction and analysis. The distinct and adequate notions of force, number, figures, etc., are

the natural *intuitions* of these intelligences; they *geometrize*, so to speak, just as we *perceive* or *imagine*. Thus disappears that great line of demarcation established by Descartes between material and immaterial substances; a separation rather logical than real, and which logic itself, when pushed further, is able completely to efface, as Spinozism has too well demonstrated. The *reformed* metaphysics will no longer admit of only two great classes of existence entirely separated one from the other, and excluding all intermediate classes. One simple and identical chain embraces and binds together all created existences. Force, life, perception, are distributed everywhere, and in every degree. The law of *continuity* suffers no interruption, no leap or *saltus*, in the transition from one grade to another; and fills, without break, without the possibility of a void, the immense interval which separates the last *monad* from the intelligent and supreme force whence all being proceeds.

It can be seen from this feeble sketch of the system, and especially from the very nature of the principle which serves as its basis, how the science of mathematics on one side, and of general physics on the other, come to unite or ground themselves in *metaphysics*, which constitutes and guarantees all the reality of their object, all the basis of their abstractions. Here, accordingly, we shall find the secret of all those sublime mathematical discoveries which Leibnitz has stamped with the seal of his genius. It can be seen, in fine, how the Leibnitzian doctrine, by forcibly repelling materialism, tends rather towards a sort of universal and absolute spiritualism, where there will be no more place for the objects of our representations; where the whole system of our sensible ideas may disappear under the abstract signs, the forms or categories of a pure logic. It will be both curious and instructive to observe the effects of this tendency of Leibnitzianism on the progress of philosophy in Germany, from Leibnitz to Kant, and from Kant to our own time. Not less interesting will it be to compare this influence of Leibnitzianism upon the new systems in Germany with that which the philosophy of Descartes has exerted, and still continues to exert, perhaps more

* Leibnitzii opera, vol. ii, p. 810.

than we think, on the schools of Locke and Condillac. But these comparisons would detain us too long. It is time to pass from the examination of the principles of the Leibnitzian philosophy to the applications which are needed to justify the point of view under which it is here considered.

The term *thought*, in the doctrine of Descartes, possessed two totally different values. In fact, this term denoted every modification of the soul, whether adventitious or accidental, or whether inherent in the thinking substance; and in this sense its value was general, collective, and indefinite. Thought was understood still more precisely, of the fundamental and permanent state or mode of the soul, inseparable from it, identified with the *me*; and in this case this term had the particular, individual, and *one* acceptation which belongs to the term, *I* or *me*. The word *sensation* presents the same ambiguity in the doctrine of Condillac, which shows on this side its affinity with the parent doctrine. The point of view assumed by Leibnitz was eminently adapted to the removal of an ambiguity disastrous to the progress of a sound psychology. This philosophy is in fact the first, or the only one, that has subjected to a profound analysis a primitive compound whose elements custom has confounded and identified. His abstracto-reflective method accomplished the partition, so to speak, of the diverse elements of this vague compound called sensation. Leibnitz distinguishes with singular clearness the attributes of two diverse natures, the one *animal*, which lives, perceives, and does not think; the other intelligent, which belongs specially to man, and alone elevates him to the rank of a citizen of the "*city of God*." Thus is established, and clearly defined, the double intermediate, omitted or disguised by the Cartesians, between the pure *machines of nature* and *animals*, as also between these and thinking beings or spirits. Thus, thought cannot belong to the province of animal sensations, nor be explained by them, neither can sensations be resolved into the movements of insensible matter, nor be explained by the laws of ordinary mechanism. Let us examine the reasons of these important distinctions, and first we will borrow the philosopher's own words:

"Beyond this lowest degree of perception, which exists in sleep and stupor, and this mean degree called *sensation*, which belongs equally to animals and to man, there is a higher degree which we distinguish under the express title of *thought* or *apperception*. Thought is perception joined to consciousness or reflection, of which animals are destitute. (*Eurra*, tome ii, p. 33; *Epistola Leibnitzii*, tome i, p. 195.) As the mind (*meus*) is the *reasonable soul*, so life is the *sensitive soul*, the principle of perception. Man has not only a life, a sensitive soul like the brutes; he has besides self-consciousness, the memory of his past states; personal identity continued after death, that which makes the moral immortality of man as distinct from the physical immortality enveloped in the animal structure, (*dans l'enveloppement de l'animal*.) There can be no void in the perfections or the forms of the moral world, any more than in those of the physical world; whence it follows that those who deny souls to animals, and who admit a matter wholly brute and inorganic, depart from the rules of true philosophy, and show themselves ignorant of the very laws of nature. We experience in ourselves a certain state where we are without any distinct perception, as in a swoon, profound sleep, &c. In these states the soul, as regards sense, differs in no respect from a simple monad; but as this is not the habitual and abiding state of man, it is necessary that there be in him something else. The multitude of perceptions where the mind distinguishes nothing, constitutes stupor and vertigo, and possibly resembles death. In coming out of this stupor, as in awaking, the man who is beginning to recover the consciousness of his perceptions is well aware that they have been preceded or induced by others which were in him without his perceiving it; for a perception cannot arise naturally unless from another perception, as one motion is born out of another. Thus a distinction is made out by the fact of consciousness or the observation of ourselves, between *perception*, which is the interior state of the monad representing things without, and *apperception*, which is the consciousness of the reflective knowledge of this interior state, which is not given to all souls nor always to the same soul."

These distinctions, agreeing with all our internal experience, justify themselves theoretically as the legitimate consequence of the principle which serves as the basis for the whole doctrine of Leibnitz. They offer, moreover, as we shall see, the elements of the solution of the grand problem of *innate ideas*. The soul, an active and free force, knows, strictly speaking, *immediately* only that which it does, and

mediately that which it experiences. The activity is the first and necessary condition of apperception, or self-consciousness. Hence the word *consciousness*, (*conscience*, *scire cum*;) the *me* knows itself in connection with its accidental and transient modes, active or passive. If the mode is *active*, it is an internal immediate apperception; if *passive*, it is a mediate external apperception, or a perception joined to the sentiment of *me*; the essential condition of all knowledge or *idea*. Here begins in fact the *idea of sensation* in the language of Locke. Considered as a sensitive force, endowed also with a kind of vital or physiological activity, (according to Stahl,) the soul is ignorant of itself; it does not know that it lives or perceives; it does not know that it acts, when it realizes those instinctive or animal tendencies which present to the observer all the signs of a true activity. Here is the source of those obscure perceptions which Leibnitz attributes to the human soul in the state of a simple monad or living force. In falling under the eye of consciousness, the perceptions, simple modes of a pathological and animal sensibility, become for the internal sense just what the visible object is for the external eye. The *me* which observes, does not originate them; it knows that they are, or have been, without being perceived. This pre-existence of obscure perceptions, those especially which connect themselves immediately with the play of the functions of the animal life, cannot be doubted by the observer who knows how to detect natural signs, and to distinguish in himself the proper domain of the activity and fore-looking (*prevoyance*) of the mind, from the passivity or *fatum* of the body. In starting from the consciousness of *me* (self-consciousness) as the only characteristic of the modes or operations which can be attributed to the human soul, Locke decided summarily the question of *innate ideas*; he proved by his very definition that there can be nothing in the soul, as such, before *sensation* or without it. But it is not here a question of *defining* and deducing. Our first business is to *observe*, and to render ourselves an account of *physiological* and *psychological* facts. Now in examining this mixed order of facts, we cannot overlook the basis of the distinc-

tions of Leibnitz, nor, consequently, the pre-existence of obscure perceptions, *truly* innate or inherent; if not in the *thinking* soul, at least in the animal. In fact, in the Leibnitzian system, there is no soul separated from a body of some kind, which can be reduced to an infinitesimal; the pre-existing germs are not born, they do not die, but only develop or envelope themselves. Thus not only the rational soul but the animal, being ingenerable and imperishable, it cannot exist for a moment without some *perception* more or less obscure; whence the preservation of the *me*, of the identical person, in the different future states which may succeed our present mode of life: an hypothesis full of hope and of immortality, of which Ch. Bonnet has made a most beautiful application in his *Palingenies Philosophique*. But in relation to intellectual ideas, the question is still the same; it is important always to know, if we would establish the origin of an idea as a given modification of the soul, the precise moment when the thinking being begins to perceive or to distinguish it. This is accordingly the main question agitated with the greatest detail in the "*Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement humain*." Leibnitz thus distinctly puts the question: "Why is it claimed that the soul possesses nothing but what it has in actual use? Is it then true that we possess nothing but what we enjoy? May it not be always true that beyond the faculty and its object there is besides, in the one and in the other, or in both together, some predisposition in virtue of which the faculty exercises itself on its objects?" This great question of *innate ideas*, so obscure or so indeterminate in the Cartesian point of view, seems to receive all the degree of clearness of which it is susceptible from the application of the principle of *force* considered as *virtual*, or tending to action, before being *actual* or in determinate exercise. It is this *mean* between the *naked faculty* and the *act* which it is necessary to seize in order to understand the *innateness* of certain ideas or active modes of the soul; and Locke himself touched upon this point of view without knowing it, when he admitted the existence in the soul of active powers, of original ideas of reflection, or those which can come only from the proper stock of

the understanding. Thus he has nothing to argue against the exception made by Leibnitz to the grand principle of the Peripatetics: *Nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit in sensu; nisi* (says Leibnitz) *ipse intellectus*. An exception indeed, which, taken in the vigorous sense of Leibnitz, ought utterly to destroy the principle, since the thinking monad does nothing but develop or unfold, so to speak, that which was in it, without receiving aught from without. But here is a passage which seems to us still better to state the question respecting the character and the innateness of intellectual ideas: "The knowledge of necessary and eternal truths is that which distinguishes us from mere animals, and renders us capable of reason and of science, by elevating us to the knowledge of *God and of ourselves*. It is in fact by the knowledge of necessary truths and of their abstract relations, that we ascend to those reflective acts in virtue of which (*quorum vi*) we think of the being which calls itself *me*, we know that such or such thing is in us; it is thus that in thinking of ourselves, we think at the same time of *being*, of substance simple or compound, of the immaterial, and of God himself, by conceiving as unlimited or infinite in him that which is limited in us. These are those reflective acts which furnish the main objects of our reasonings." (*Œuvres*, tome ii, p. 24.) In rendering this metaphysical passage into psychological terms, and assuming the sentiment of *me* as the point of departure whence all our notions may be derived, (in another sense than that of Locke or Aristotle,) we say: It is in the first acts of reflection on ourselves that we come to be elevated to the knowledge of necessary truths, or to those universal and absolute notions of *causes* or *forces*, whose type is found in the very consciousness of our voluntary effort. It is from thence only that we are able to ascend to the absolute Being, by conceiving as unlimited or infinite in Him the power or force which is limited and determined in ourselves; by conceiving moreover that this Supreme Power creates beings or substances, as the *me* creates motions or modifications. Pursuing this last psychological process, the *me* is the starting point of a science of which God is the end. Thereby the skeptic finds him-

self reduced to the alternative, either of denying his own existence, or of recognizing a primary force, an individual cause of modifications and of phenomena, which cannot itself be a mere transitory phenomenon. We had thought, that for arriving at this term, it would be necessary, if not to change entirely, at least to modify the principle of Leibnitz, in order to place one's self at the origin of all science; but lo! this great master himself offers us the modification of the principle of *force*, which we sought as the antecedent of all metaphysics—the condition, always supposed though not expressed, of all objective experience, as of all notion of reality. "The truth of sensible things consists only in the connection of the phenomena, which must have its *reason*, and this it is which distinguishes it from *dreams*; but the truth of our *existence*, like that of the cause of phenomena, is of another nature, since it has to do with substances, (and not mere relations.) The sceptics spoil all that they say in earnest, by wishing to extend their doubts even to *immediate experiences*."* "But for the truth of this axiom, *nothing comes to pass without reason*, we could not, says Leibnitz, demonstrate either the existence of God or any other great truths," &c.† It is a first truth, and still more fundamental, superior to all logic, to every form of axiom or demonstration, which lies at the very bottom of the inward sense before it is expressed or can become an object of the reason, *to wit*: That *nothing comes to pass or begins without a cause or productive force*. This truth, truly primitive and universal, is like the voice of conscience in the human race; it is this alone, moreover, which comprehends implicitly the real existence of a primary cause from whence all other causes proceed in the absolute order of notions or of existences. If you make an abstraction of the true principle of causality, and put the sufficient reason in the place of the productive cause, you may ascend ever so high in the series of phenomena, in vain; you will not find God, the intelligent, supreme force, who operates or creates by willing; but you will have in place of him a general unde-

* *Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement*, p. 339.

† *Ibid.* p. 137.

finer term, an unknown x , whose value resolved into phenomena of the same kind will have nothing in common with the idea of a first Cause. A being who had never put forth efforts would have, in fact, no idea of force, nor consequently of an *efficient cause*; he would see motions succeed each other, a ball, *e. g.*, strike and drive before it another ball, without conceiving or being able to apply to this succession of motions this notion of *efficient cause* or *active force*, which we deem necessary for the series being able to begin or to continue. If natural philosophers, exclusively engaged in observing or experimenting on the connection and the order of succession of the facts of nature, think they are able to make a complete abstraction of the true efficient causes of each of these orders of facts, it is because it does not fall in fact within the experience of the senses, and cannot enter into the calculation of phenomena, not being of a nature homogeneous with them, and not being able to manifest itself by the same signs. Thus it is that astronomers proceed, pursuing their method of observation and of calculation by the vigorous concatenation of facts considered only under the relations of succession or of contiguity in space and time, as if there was not really any efficient cause or productive force; and it is remarkable that they have not even a *proper name* for expressing this notion; it is always for them the absolute unknown, (xy), whose equation is impossible by the very nature of things or of phenomena which it does not consider. The Newtonian attraction is nothing indeed to the astronomer, but a fact successively generalized by means of observations, of comparisons, and calculations. *Hypotheses non fingo*, (I make no hypotheses,) said the great Newton. The *fact* is certainly so; the things occur as if the planets tended towards the sun by virtue of an attractive force exerted from this centre. But it would be nowise different if they were propelled through space, or a non-resisting medium by some other cause or impulsive force than this. The cause being thus abstract, the system of the world might be conceived as a grand and beautiful pre-established harmony between the elliptical motions of the planets and the sun in the centre, immovable, or re-

volving only on itself; and this planetary harmony would not be surely either more or less marvellous than the simple harmonic concurrence supposed to exist between the movements of an organic body and the affections, appetites and tendencies of the soul, to which this body may have been pre-adapted. It will be difficult to explain why Leibnitz shows himself so strongly opposed to the Newtonian system. The purely mechanical hypothesis to which this metaphysician resorts for explaining the celestial motions and the other facts of nature, whether are they more agreeable to the principles of monadology, or to that system which denies all reciprocal action, all physical influence of substances one upon another, (whether near or remote,) in a space which is itself but a pure phenomenon? But the examination of these difficulties would detain us too long, and carry us beyond the limits of our subject. We wish only to show how the great principle of sufficient reason differs from that of causality, as Leibnitz himself has so well demonstrated in the article already quoted from; although he forgets it afterwards in forming his hypotheses: "The particular efficient causes of the movements of matter are to be found in the precedent states of this same matter. The actual state of a particular body has its efficient cause (or its reason) in its immediately anterior state, as well as in that of all surrounding bodies which concur or accord with it, following pre-established laws." What becomes here of that first truth, of a *cause* of phenomena acknowledged as equal or parallel to the *truth itself of our existence*, based like that on *immediate experience*, and against which all the attacks of scepticism are at once broken? Certainly we shall not find this character of reality or of immediate verity in the denomination of *efficient cause*, applied, as we shall see, to such successive states of matter, of which each one contains the *sufficient reason* of that which follows it, as it has its reason in that which precedes. No more shall we find this real character in the title of final cause applied still to the series of passive or spontaneous states of the soul which correspond, according to the laws of a pre-established harmony, with the parallel series of states or movements of the body.

In this simultaneous development or unrollment (*deroulement*) of two series, nothing is found which can give us the idea of a *productive activity*, that is to say, of the true cause or force which makes the phenomena to begin, each one, in its series. "If one should go on even to infinity in the continuity or concatenation of states, he would never," continues Leibnitz, "find a reason which would not demand another reason; whence it follows that the *full* reason of things ought not to be sought in the particular causes, (whether *efficient* or *final*;) but in a general cause whence all the successive states, from the first to the last, emanate, to wit: the Supreme Intelligence, whom it has pleased to make choice of such a series out of all the others of which matter was susceptible."

Here is discovered the link which unites *metaphysics* and *theology* in the Leibnitzian system. God is the supreme, sufficient reason of the universe, the first and last term of all the series in the order of efficient causes, as in that of final causes, which come to be all resolved in him. In so far as he is supreme reason, God alone explains all; it is in this point of view alone that all is understood and conceived perfectly as truth, as absolute reality. He alone embraces the universality of the relations of intermediate beings to their end, which is in him or which is himself; in his divine understanding is the true, the only seat of all those ideas or eternal truths, the prototype of the true, of the beautiful, of the absolute good, in a word of all perfection. Here are those model ideas that God contemplates from all eternity; here are those which he has consulted and realized in forming a world, which is as it were an emanation of his understanding, and thereby also a true creation of his all-powerful will. To this beautiful parallelism pre-established in the divine understanding, between the realm of efficient causes and that of final causes, (a universal parallelism, says Leibnitz, represented by the particular harmony between the soul and body,) corresponds another harmony of a still higher order, between the two *kingdoms of nature and of grace*. Here opens a new and vast career, where it is impossible for us to follow, in his perhaps too bold flight, the sublime author of the

Theodicee. Starting from the existence of an infinitely perfect being, Leibnitz deduces as a necessary consequence of the principle of sufficient reason, and of the co-presence in the divine understanding of all the possible plans of an ideal world, "the choice of the best, of that most conformable to the supreme reason, where there ought to prevail the greatest variety with the greatest order, where matter, place, time are most frugally and wisely managed; that, in fine, where may be established a city worthy of God who is its author, and of all the spirits whether men or angels who are members of it, in so far as they enter by reason or the knowledge of eternal truths into a sort of society with their supreme head.

"Such is this constitution of the most perfect state, governed by the greatest and best of monarchs, where there are no crimes without punishments, no good actions without proportionate rewards; where is found, in fine, as much of virtue and of happiness as is possible to be."

It is by inclining always to place himself in this sublime point of view, that Leibnitz seizes often with a rare felicity, relations the most unexpected between the world of ideas and that of the facts of nature. It is in seeking to determine, by calculation, what are the means that lead most directly to the end in view, which make the most of matter, space, and time, that he comes to resolve questions regarded as inaccessible to the human spirit, or to demonstrate truths previously conceived but not proved. Such is the secret of this absolute confidence which this great master always exhibits in the truth or the reality of his principles, the legitimacy of his conclusions, the vigor of his method, and in fine, the certainty of logical *criterium*.

After having pointed out the principal characteristics of the *rationalism* of Leibnitz and indicated the path which leads from the origin to the last summits of the doctrine; we are able to see how the circle returns upon itself, and comes to overtake the point from whence it started. In the point of view of the immortal author of the monadology, the *science of principles* is no other than that of *forces*; now the *science of forces* comprehends all that which is, and all that which is able

be conceived by the mind of man, in proceeding from the *me*, (the force immediately given in the primitive fact of consciousness,) even to the absolute force, such as it is in itself to the view of God; such as it is able to be in God himself. The point of view of the *me* is not the point of view of God, although it conducts it by strict analysis, and by *means* of the same principle of force, which had entirely escaped Descartes, and which Leib-

nitz is the first to have seized in its profundity. Like Descartes, it is true, Leibnitz has failed to distinguish these two points of view, and to indicate the bond which unites them; but Descartes had burst asunder this bond, while Leibnitz has furnished the only means adequate to restore it. Thus it is to his doctrine that the further progress of the true philosophy of the human mind must come to link it self.

TO MISS —.

WITH A HYACINTH.

Is it not beautiful?
See how it shows,
Through the deep purple hue,
Tints of the rose!

Here, on the window sill,
Let the sun's ray,
Seeking to warm itself,
Over it play.

Ray of the winter sun!
Ne'er, to this hour,
Found it a resting place
Fair as my flower.

Softly the Hyacinth,
Shrouded in gloom,
Slept in its envelope,
Waiting to bloom.

Formless and colorless,
Floated within
Unconceived harmonies
Yet to begin.

Fiercely the winter wind
Warred with it long,
Vainly assailing it,
Proving it strong.

Then shot the fibres out,
Delicate, white;
All the blue flower-vase
Crowding with light.

Daily they multiplied,
Lengthened, combined,
Each with its prototype
Closely entwined.

Faintly might Fancy now
Seek to disclose
Hints of the purple dye,
Gleams of the rose.

Round the young embryo,
Clustering seen,

Came the long leaves to light,
Tender and green.

Opened the silvery lids
With their rich dower;
Odors announcing it,
Forth came the flower.

Born to futurity
Healthful and firm,
Thus in thy bosom slept
Passion's young germ.

Voiceless, inaspirant,
Wrapt like the dead,
There the deep mystery
Lingered unread.

Of the far future then
Felt thou the power,
Tenderly, hopefully
Biding the hour.

Anguish passed over thee,
Piercing and chill:
Strove the young life with it,
Stood the firm will.

Till, in thy maiden heart,
Fibres of light,
Mazy and delicate,
Thronged into sight.

Hues of all beauty lay
Warm in thy soul,
Soon to diffuse their light
Over the whole.

Waiting the coming birth,
Bright as a gem,
Truth with her verdant leaves
Circled the stem.

Then did fruition come,
At the full hour:
Strength was the embryo,
Love was the flower.

ZEPHYR'S FANCY.

"On a fair prospect some have looked
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away."

Wordsworth.

It is impossible to read these graceful lines without feeling their extreme beauty and truth, or to survey "a fair prospect" without remembering them. I have gazed upon some scenes until not only the moving time was steadfast, but until the whole of my past life was unrolled before me, and seemed to mingle with the golden plain that riveted my eye. Doubtless the sunny view lent a roseate tinge to the retrospect; yet it is strange how soon the bitterest woe is forgotten, while the recollection of joy survives, and is even rendered more exquisite by age. There are few indeed, who do not look back with pleasure to their school-boy days—bright days of innocence and mirth, to which they would fain return. The birchen rod, the dungeon, the jealous rivalry, the stiff, old pedagogue, grey as a pyramid, and with a face like a hieroglyphic, though the torment of the boy, are the sport of the man. And it is providential that this should be so; that the memory of pleasure should survive that of pain. If we have manfully wrestled with grief and disarmed her of her sting, there is a secret satisfaction in contemplating the conquest. The man who would willingly drink of Lethe, must be miserable indeed.

My life has been one of mingled sunshine and cloud; if I have experienced at times the intensest joy, I have also endured the severest affliction; yet I would rather encounter again the miseries of the past than forego the recollection of its many delights. I would not exchange the sacred memory of old friendships, to contract new ones, though equally pure.

What! banish from my mind the benevolent image of E——, which often, as the first warm light of my taper steals upon the evening, visits me with the same sweet smile it wore in life! and L—— with his eagle eye unsubdued by age!—forget his testy speech and open hand? and N——! where are now thy mirth-provoking looks, thy gibes and thy jests? Alas! they survive but in my fancy, and that is fast crumbling to decay. I cannot shake off the dust of so many years, and the moths of age are fast consuming me. Poor N——! a piece of soulless paper would have served thee better for record. Nor shall I cease to think of thee, gentle, studious D——.

*Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes:
Unum opus et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
Atque verecundâ laxamus seria mensâ.*

There is one more visitant from the spirit-land, still more revered, still more beloved: the guide of my youth, not the companion of my manhood. Dear and venerated shade! I fain would speak of thee, and yet I fear to do thee some injustice. I can well remember the wisdom that enriched, and the humor that adorned thy sentences; the cheering smile that dissipated the melancholy, and the unfailing purse that relieved the wants of the poor! I have often wished, as I listened to the splendid imagery and profound thought, which M—— poured out with a serene, unostentatious eloquence, that some kind Plato had been at hand to perpetuate the offspring of his lofty and cultivated mind.

The character of Socrates may have been composed from less real material than was offered by this rarely good and wise man. M—— had no original system to put forth of the duties of man to God, no new theory of morality to inculcate; for he well knew the insignificance of all human systems, when contrasted with the teachings of God himself. But he possessed an inexhaustible fund of humor, an active, unwearied benevolence, a keenness and justness of observation that I have never seen equalled, and a sagacity at times almost startling. His classical attainments would have entitled him to a professorship in any university; and his familiarity with most modern languages rendered his literary range unusually extensive. Yet, the most remarkable feature about him was a singular eloquence, peculiarly his own. To his friends, he was known as "*Honey-lip*," and there are some now living, if I mistake not, who will recognize M—— under this well-merited appellation. There was an irresistible charm in all he said, and in his hands the lamest sophistry would have been conclusive. And yet, such was his probity, that even this dangerous power, which inclines us to mistrust its possessor, could never shake our confidence in his advice or opinion. The metaphor that illustrates the eloquence of Ulysses, could most justly be applied to him: his words fell like the snow-flake, until imperceptibly they accumulated to an overwhelming argument.

If you have toiled after me thus far, my dear reader, I shall endeavor in the following imperfect sketch of M—— to bring him more immediately under your eye. You must not expect to find him the perfect creature I have described; but the fault will be mine, not his. To repeat his brilliant and instructive conversation would require a memory and ability equal to his own. And then, those innumerable graces of manner and of diction, and the face that kindled with such genius and varying feeling as he spoke—it is impossible to revive them!

On a bright summer's day, in the year —, but it is so long ago that I will not reveal its remoteness—I turned my back upon my library and the city, and snatching up my cane—how we become attached to canes!—took the directest road to

M——'s country residence. It lay about three miles from town. The dew was yet upon the grass when I forsook the road to take the path across the fields, and the lazy lark sprung up almost from under my feet, as if loth to leave his green bed. Not until I had climbed the last fence, could I plainly see the unpretending dwelling, almost hidden by the oak and native poplar, far more beautiful by the way, than its gaunt, cigar-shaped Lombardy rival. The house is easily described; it was of stone, rough-cast, with a centre and two wings, adorned in front by a double porch traversing its whole length. As I approached it, Cato saluted me with his customary bark, and I was soon by the side of M——. I found him in his favorite walk, which lay over a gravelled path to the spring, and thence to the cottage of the dairy-maid's father.

If you ask my age, dear reader, at the time I speak of, it was short of twenty-five; and should you still further inquire, whether the pleasure of an old man's company were the sole object of my visit, I will answer frankly—it was not. He *had* a daughter! But let not the confession provoke a smile; it is to me, indeed, a melancholy remembrance. I found M—— occupied over an old edition of Dante; but he closed the book when he saw me, and advanced to welcome me with a "good morning," that made the morning, already fine, seem doubly beautiful.

"I have promised to breakfast at the cottage," he said, putting his arm in mine; "and my pretty Fanny will doubtless have curds enough for both of us. I am sorry Emily cannot join us, poor girl! she is quite unwell to-day."

We walked on in silence until we reached a point at the vertex of an opening through the trees, where a large portion of the slightly undulating plain became for the first time visible. The old man paused here, and I could not repress an exclamation of delight.

"Aye, you may well smile and look, and look and smile again," he said. "I have christened this view—'the atheist's pill.' Nature and art are wedded there, and while the grace of art softens the ruggedness of nature, the bold freedom of the latter gives animation to the colder form of his partner."

I remember hearing him at that moment give birth to the thought so handsomely expressed in the verses at the head of this memoir, and it was before Peter Bell obtained a local habitation and a name.

"But," he continued, as we resumed our walk, "will you believe that I am sometimes unpoetical enough to prefer a morning in the city, in spite of the dirty streets and smoky atmosphere, to the fresher and brighter sunrise of the country. If you have ever walked the streets just before daybreak, you will discover that you are alone with the industrious and the innocent. Through the opened window may be seen the good dame arranging the humble breakfast, while her bright-eyed daughter is plying her needle, or tripping along with the unnoticed pitcher. I love to watch the blameless glances she exchanges with the sturdy laborer, whose active limbs, freshened by his night's repose, are ready for another day of toil. The drunkard is snoring off his night's excesses; the 'lavish heir' has renounced dissipation for twelve whole hours, or at least is out of the way; the votaries of fashion are in the arms of Morpheus; in short, out of a large population you have nearly all its virtues and none of its vices. I love, too, to see those pious Christians, obedient to the bell, going to church with their prayer-books under their arms, and more genuine happiness in their faces than could be extracted from all the titterings of a winter. It is consoling to know that God is invoked before the devil; for the incense burns on the demon's altar, I fear, long after the censor of piety has ceased to smoke. You must excuse me, though I sin against all that is pastoral from Theocritus to Burns—gray hairs ought to warrant odd notions."

"But this glorious sunrise"—

"Has been extolled enough, in all conscience," said M——, interrupting me. "I know your city sun has sooty fingers, and is shorn of those radiant tresses with which Dante invests him; but—here comes Fanny, we will not quarrel now, when we should sing with the birds; perhaps I am wrong after all. Is she not a pretty creature? There is a painful romance connected with her, which you have not heard." He lowered his voice

as he spoke, for Fanny was almost at his side.

I had often remarked the extreme beauty of this young girl, for she seemed scarce twenty; but never before had she appeared half so lovely. Fanny Fairhead was small and delicately made; resembling as little the ordinary hard-working peasant girl, as the English racer does the cart-horse. Her face was very pale, and wore that peculiar expression of joy subdued into sadness; her eyes were large and black, and so expressive, that nature might have omitted the tongue, and yet left her language. There was an almost masculine decision about her mouth, not repulsive, but just determined enough to awe impertinence, and contradict the singularly inviting softness of her eye. Her hair was gathered into a careless knot, and as she courtesied to her venerable benefactor, with her sun-bonnet suspended from her wrist, I thought that she could have tempted Apollo to a second race, yet foiled the eager god a second time. She seemed slightly embarrassed by my presence, but scarcely vouchsafed me a look, so much was she engrossed with my companion. She led us by a narrow path to the breakfast table, set between two large oaks overhanging the spring that supplied the dairy. I recognized old Fairhead seated on one of the chairs with his inseparable crutch. "You and your crutch," said M——, taking the blind old farmer's hand in his; "are such good friends that it will take many a year to separate you."

Fairhead made no reply, but smiled and shook his head, with a kind of sanguine incredulity.

"Well! is not this in the true Arcadian style?" said M——, as Fanny filled our glasses and plates with the rural fare. "Corydon never feasted his dear Alexis half so daintily."

"Are you still partial to the city morning?" I inquired.

"I confess that I feel half inclined to eat up my own words; but that were a poor substitute for such superior cheer."

During the meal, M—— benevolently employed himself in endeavoring to amuse old Fairhead, and succeeded so well, that his daughter's face was full of gratitude, as she led her father into the cottage.

"The dew is too heavy to permit a seat on the grass; let us take that bench," said M——, pointing to a smooth board connecting the two oaks, "and I will give you a chapter from Fanny's life. I was always partial to the country, as God made it, but never very fond of practical farming; just as some persons entertain charity as an abstract idea, yet have an insuperable aversion to reducing it to a practical virtue. So when I became seized in fee of this little estate—I will affect your vocabulary—I employed Fairheath to keep things in order. Besides, I always had a hankering after old feudal customs, and aspired to the possession of at least *one* retainer to do me homage. I was more or less under the heels of that hobby, when Robin was engaged to swell my train. I say under the heels, because a man's hobby oftener rides him than he does his hobby, as Aristotle's morning canter goes to show, and not to disparage Robin, God bless him! That cottage was built before my mansion house, and in it were installed my grey-headed overseer and his daughter, then a mere child."

Here M—— changed his position, and I could not help thinking that compassion had more to do with Robin's employment than convenience, or any itch after the antique.

"Fanny and Emily became inseparable companions; and when I watched their innocent gambols, I thought it was a father's alchemic eye alone, that made Emily appear the more beautiful. You look incredulous, but were Emily Fanny, and Fanny Emily, you might think otherwise."

I smiled, and he resumed—

"They were both very beautiful. But this equal intercourse could not last very long. Emily became interested in music, drawing, and in her other studies; and Fanny, though I had her carefully instructed in English, was in a great measure occupied with the duties of her station. When my daughter had completed her sixteenth year, she made, by *particular request*, a long visit to her aunt, where you met her. Shortly after her departure, I left the house in charge of Robin, and proceeded upon a tour of discovery after some friends of diamond worth, but who

are now washed from their native beds into the ocean of eternity. Do you remember the day I surprised you and Emily in the sleigh? How I tormented her aunt with being outgeneraled by such a Mercury.

"On our return, Robin was the first to meet us; but amid the joy that animated his honest face, I thought I detected a lurking sadness, and that quick, uncertain glance which always betokens uncommunicated misfortune. Emily perceived it at once, and taking his hand, exclaimed, 'Robin, Robin, what has happened?' He hung his head, and swung his body to and fro, but though he seemed striving for utterance, did not speak a word. 'In Heaven's name, what is this?' I said, for my fears were by this time roused. 'She is gone!' 'Fanny? Gone! Where?' 'Oh! sir, I know not! She has left us since these two weeks, and her father is most crazy.' Here the poor fellow burst into tears. 'Did she not tell her father where she was going?' 'Alas, sir! he knew nothing of it.' 'Have you no clue to point to where she is?' 'None, none! I have sought her everywhere; through the city, over the country. Nobody has seen her, nobody has heard of her.' We proceeded at once to the old man's cottage. He was not then blind, and we found him leaning on Fanny's bed, with his head half buried in her pillow. He was moaning bitterly as we entered, and was evidently not aware of our presence. The spectacle of so much grief nearly unmanned me. Was my pretty Fanny guilty of the deepest ingratitude and of the vilest profligacy? This conclusion pressed itself with irresistible force upon my mind, as it offered the only solution of the mystery. Emily was obliged to rush into the open air; and I, assuming a confidence I did not feel, took that desolate parent's hand in mine, and whispered in his ear, 'Be comforted, I will find your daughter!' He started to his feet, gazed at me wildly for a few seconds, and then bursting into a hoarse, hysterical laugh, fell down upon his knees, and clasped mine convulsively in his arms. For an hour I endeavored vainly to console him; he continued sobbing and repeating at intervals, 'My daughter! my daughter!' When he became more com-

posed, Robin and I led him to his bed. Emily bent over him, kissed his bald forehead, and told him that she would be his child. We remained there until nightfall, and then leaving Fairheath in charge of Robin, who had nursed him with filial devotion, proceeded dejectedly enough to the mansion.

"I need not tell you that I was determined to find Fanny, or learn her fate at least. I am not prone to suspicion, and despise the man who is; but it was impossible not to apprehend the worst. That Fanny had abandoned her father's side for the arms of a seducer, I most firmly believed. But Emily could not be induced to charge her with either ingratitude or perfidy. 'Time will explain all,' she said; 'she is my first friend, and the noblest I have yet discovered; she is incapable of deceit or of dishonor. If I could meet her now, I would press my lips to hers with as much confidence as when I kissed her in our infancy.' A woman will cling to her sister in misfortune, yet shrinks from her when tainted with dishonor; and Emily's confidence surprised me.

"Telemachus did not seek Ulysses with more eagerness, or a lawyer a lost deed with more industry, than I sought after Fanny. For two months that search was fruitless.

"But I am wearying you. One bright morning in June, just before the sun had turned the grey to red, as I lay awake in bed, I heard a stealthy footstep before my door, which I knew to be Robin's. He was pacing up and down as noiselessly as possible, and seemed frequently to pause, as if to listen. I could hear now and then half-smothered snatches of his favorite tunes. This was so unusual, that my curiosity was excited. I rose and opened the door, when in he bounded like a madman, crying out, 'I have found her! I have found her!' The big round tears were standing in his eyes, and I had almost completed a hasty toilet before he could sufficiently compose himself to give me the intelligence he was burning to communicate. At last, when his exuberant joy had exhausted itself in a variety of capers, he thus began, with the most perfect composure in the world. 'I could not sleep last night; I tossed and turned

until after twelve, and then got up and sat at the window, watching the clouds as they crossed the big, bright moon, wondering how they looked on the inside, when I thought I perceived a female figure gliding among the trees. I watched, and saw it take the path to the cottage. My heart thumped violently against my ribs, and putting my clothes on as quickly as I could, I determined to follow it. I walked noiselessly along the same path, but saw nothing until I was near the cottage; and there, kneeling at the door-sill, I saw that same figure. Even by the moonlight I knew it was Fanny, yet it looked more like her ghost. I concealed myself behind a tree, and could hear her sighing and wailing, and could see her beating her breast. I was almost distracted. How I longed to dart from my hiding-place and tell her to come back, that all would be forgiven! But I was afraid of scaring her to death, so I kept perfectly still. At last she rose, and kissing the door, returned by the same path, passing within a few feet of me. Oh, how changed! how thin and pale she looked! I followed her across the fields to the road, and then into the city. She led me through a number of streets, and stopped at last before a little house, decorated with a sign-board, on which I made out to read Miss ———, milliner. I saw her enter, and could hear the bolt close after her.' Here his resolution gave way, and he began once more with his capers. 'I can take you there now,' he said; 'will you follow me? Oh, you will, you must! Do you not love Fanny yet?' 'Well, get the wagon ready, and I will follow you,' I told him; but put on your shoes first.' The faithful fellow had gone every step of the way barefoot.

"We reached the city and were at the milliner's sign before half the world had risen. It was not without emotion that I knocked at that humble door; it opened, and Fanny fell senseless into my arms. We had some difficulty in restoring her to consciousness; and as I bent over her sharpened features, and pale, immovable face, I felt more than one warm drop trickle down my cheek. 'My father! How is my father?' she said, as her eyes slowly opened.

"'He is well, Fanny, quite well;' and I

pressed my lips to her marble forehead as I spoke. She seemed to shrink from my touch.

"May I see him once more? May I live with him again?"

"But before I could reply, she turned her face away, and sobbed out, 'Oh, no! no! Leave me, sir; leave me, sir! I cannot look into your face again!'"

"You must come with me into the carriage, Fanny," I said, firmly, but mildly.

"No! no! How shall I dare approach Miss Emily; how can I look into her dear eyes and see nothing but merited contempt and coldness? No, let me die here; it is better, far better."

"I do not remember all I said, but I prevailed upon her to yield to my request, and Robin placed her in the carriage. I made her rest her head upon my shoulder; she wept profusely. We were soon at my door. Emily was still in her room, or had retired there through a motive of delicacy, and I led Fanny to my library. I will give you her story in nearly her own words; you will discover how much I wronged her.

"It was shortly after our departure from '*Zephyr's Fancy*,'—this was the name by which M—— would sometimes designate his delightful farm—"that a young sportsman from your city stopped at the cottage to refresh himself with a bowl of milk, or whatever rustic kindness might offer. He was, I think, said Fanny, the handsomest man I had ever seen. I loved him from the moment I saw him. Oh, with what rapture I spread out before him whatever your liberality enabled us to bestow! I could scarcely withdraw my eyes from the perusal of his face, and yet I feared to encounter his frequent glance. How brief the moments seemed before he rose, and thanking us in the warmest manner for what he termed our hospitality, begged our acceptance of some of the game with which his bag was well supplied, and bade us adieu. I watched him from the window until he was quite concealed from my view; and then there came an oppression on my heart that I had never felt before.

"It is needless to tell you that he regarded Fanny with 'too fixed a gaze.'

"He never entered our cottage again, said Fanny, but it was not long before

he stopped at the door with a present for my father. 'He must have seen the deep glow that covered my face as I received the birds from his hands. I could not conceal from him that I loved him. We soon met daily. I never allowed my father to see us together; but often, when the snow was deep on the ground, I have followed him regardless of the cold—alas! I know not how far. It was not until I had known him, that I could reconcile myself to your absence; and then I feared your return. Vainly I reasoned with myself that it was harmless, and even commendable, to love him and to meet him as I did; I felt that I must have trembled had you seen me in his presence. I knew that his station in life was much above mine; for once he twined around my arm, before I was aware of it, a bracelet of great price and dazzling richness; but I rejected it with so much impetuosity, that he never again made the attempt.

"One clear moonlight night in March we had met by appointment. I cannot recall it without a shudder. I was credulous enough to be deceived. As we walked along, the pressure of his arm became stronger, and in a voice hoarse with emotion, he whispered, while his lips touched my ear, 'Before to-morrow, we are married!' I could not speak, but I could hear him vow a love almost equal to my own, as my feet mechanically kept pace with his. We were near the road; I raised my eyes, and could plainly see a carriage there.

"'Tremble not,' he said, 'we have but to seek the altar!'"

"The carriage door closed behind us, and, almost stupefied, I felt myself borne along until the wheels of the vehicle rattling over the flinty streets roused me a little. We halted at last before a small brick house. As we got out, an old woman appeared at the door with a candle in her hand. The light streaming upon her face, revealed to me a set of features that sent the blood chilly back upon my heart.

"'My mother!' he said, as we entered. 'Mother,' (the word was like an arrow,) 'is the minister here?'"

"'Up stairs, my son,' was the sinister reply.

"Alfred snatched the candle from the old hag, and led me to the room designed to be the theatre of my ruin. We were alone together.

"As his villany burst upon me like a hurricane, I saw him quail beneath the contempt and anger that prevented utterance, and made me quiver like a leaf. He had half-clasped me in his arms, but I felt his grasp loosen, and in a moment I was free from his embrace. He was not a complete villain, and I saw my advantage. Alfred was not prepared for resistance. He remained mute and motionless, while I unlocked the door and descended the narrow stairway. I met *his mother* in the passage, but the wildness of my eye must have frightened her. Had she opposed my progress, I should have choked her in my strong agony and indignation. As I sprang into the street, I heard his foot behind me—but I heard no more; my brain reeled, the dizzy room danced above my head, and, gasping for breath, I fell heavily upon the pavement."

"His crime will not go unpunished," I said, interrupting her, as the lines with which you are familiar occurred to me—

"Nocte quidem; sed luna videt, sed sidera testes
Intendunt oculos."

"Nay, blame him not yet, sir," she continued. "The intense excitement I had experienced, and the chill night air, had brought on a violent brain-fever. The first remembrance I have, after waking from that dreadful trance, is of an aged woman in a white cap, bending over me. Her benevolent face was a grateful exchange for the fearful fancies that had haunted me during my delirium. To all my hurried inquiries, she returned no answer, but laid her withered finger on my lips. For two whole months was I confined to that bed, unable to rise; that ever-constant nurse my only companion. The doctor, an elderly man, visited me daily; but from him I could gather no intelligence of my father, of you, or of Miss Emily. This was my greatest affliction. Do not blame me, sir, more than I deserve. I had fully resolved never to abandon my father. If your kindness, and the accomplishments you gave, nour-

ished a secret craving after the pomp of life, it was not to be indulged at the expense of honor and virtue. It was my intention, which nothing could have thwarted, to have returned to him the morning after my marriage.

"You may imagine my rapture, when with returning recollection I became conscious of my purity. Alfred was still not thoroughly depraved. I might still remember him without a curse. As soon as I had sufficiently recovered to walk the room, and to read without prejudicing my mind, the nurse placed in my hands a letter—it was from Alfred. He had sailed for Europe during my convalescence. He implored my forgiveness in terms that forced me to weep; yet those tears were not unmingled with sweetness. He had begged permission of his father to marry me, but was harshly refused, threatened with disinheritance, and sent abroad. This would not have deterred him from his first motive to throw himself at my feet and sue for my hand and my pardon; but he feared to meet me, and knew that I would spurn his reparation. If ever he could persuade himself, not that he was worthy of me, but that he could wed without disgracing me, the hour would come when the past might be forgotten, or lose some of its bitterness."

"This may have been the language of a baffled rake, or of a repentant man."

"I learned from my attendant, who had nursed Alfred in his infancy, that he had brought me to her house in his arms, and enjoined the strictest secrecy upon her; that he had laid the same charge upon my attendant physician, and had most liberally rewarded him. He had watched at my bedside, until prudence and his own sickness compelled him to leave me. The letter contained a check for two thousand dollars. I determined not to use one cent of it. I offered it to my nurse, but she positively refused to receive it. Here it is, sir, as I found it.

"Relying upon myself, as soon as I was able, I obtained employment at the milliner's where you discovered me. It was there that I experienced the severest temptation and the deepest melancholy. Oh, sir! I know not what would have become of me, had Alfred been near. You little know the feelings of one who

has an idea beyond her needle, compelled to toil from morning to night for a pittance inadequate to the work of an hour. With no one to love her, no one to cheer her on, you know not how she prizes and lays to heart the idle glance of some passing boy. Let philanthropists inquire no further, why the brothel is full?

"Oh, how I longed to cast myself down before you, and pray your compassion. But fear, and perhaps pride, prevented me. Often, often, have I left my bed and wandered about here and to the cottage; it was my only pleasure. I have kissed Cato's long black ears, where I thought your or Miss Emily's hand might have rested.

"Here she poured forth such a flood of tears, that I caught her in my arms, and soothed her as though she had been my own child. Fanny, I told her, you have acted nobly, generously; but you should have returned to us at once.

"She seized my hand with both of hers, and bathed it in tears. 'Can you forgive me? Can you love me?' she exclaimed, again and again.

"It was becoming too painful. I sent for Emily, and left them alone to each other. An hour afterwards I saw them walking arm in arm towards the cottage. When I arrived there, tears were abundant enough, but they contained more happiness than was ever found in as many smiles."

"But what has become of Alfred?" I inquired, as M—— concluded.

"Have you guessed his name?"

"Is it Alfred H——?"

"The same. We cannot ascertain. His father, you know, is dead, and has left him sole heir to his immense estate."

"He behaved well after all?"

"Yes, my friend; but Fanny's nobility was of a diviner grain than his."

"She must have displayed extraordinary resolution, or experienced a still more unusual clemency?"

"Seasoned with the true professional sneer," said M——. "Has your dust-polished eye detected a flaw in her case?"

"You do me injustice. My sympathies, as well as my reason, are with the high-spirited girl; but is it not singular that she did not return immediately upon her recovery to her father and to her home?"

"It is singular," replied M——, with a smile, "only inasmuch as a tender conscience, and the proud sensitiveness peculiar to woman are singular. Regret and shame depend not so much upon the magnitude of the sin, as the moral sense of the sinner; just as the rays of that mounting sun affect us differently, as we are in a position to receive or avoid them. Your imperial gladiator exults when the fires kindled by his own hand threaten Rome with destruction; and your 'bald Cæsar,' reeking with foulest incest, wears a smile upon his lip; but Lucretia's dagger is sheathed in her heart; and Titus sighs, or pretends to sigh, for 'a lost day.' Had Fanny been less virtuous, or less repentant, her conduct would have been more consistent. The eye of contrition is microscopic, and magnifies the mote into the beam. I do not desire to invest her with any superhuman purity; I will even admit that she departed from the lofty eminence of female virtue; but apostolical repentance redeems even an apostolic fall. Fanny might have perished, had Alfred been more artful; if, instead of employing a wretch to inspire disgust, he had selected a creature able to awaken confidence, and pursued a Fabian policy. She owns a consciousness of error in encouraging his addresses, and she stifled the whisper that would sting to death her rapture. But then, my friend, shall we allow in morality or in law one misplaced comma to vitiate the whole plea, and justify Ruggles' unmerited satire. Yet had she even lost that without which woman is comparatively valueless, I could not have entirely disclaimed her. If the stern contempt with which woman regards an erring sister tends to withhold her from open disgrace, it also presents an almost insuperable bar to repentance. When the flying herd shun the wounded deer, its only refuge is in despair. I do not like this grounding of morality upon human respect. Humanity, apart from the influences of a pure faith, soon degenerates to such general depravity, that the individual entertains nothing but contempt for the aggregate. And then, without a motive to incite to honor, what shall balance the eager beckon of young and healthy flesh and blood? Besides, though your popular rectifier may check for

a while public depravity, it can have little to do with the prevention of private vice. Why should we usurp the thunder of the Almighty, and deal out the punishment which may be undeserved, and which therefore only becomes Omniscience to accord? If we constitute human esteem of such great value that the loss of it becomes the forfeiture of all that is worthy, we not only deprive contrition of its sacredness, but aim a blow at its ex-

istence. But the sun is encroaching upon our shade; and at present I would rather have Alexander in my way than out of it. Let us retrace our steps, for I see that such is your wish."

I could not honestly object, for I was impatient to meet Emily. We had just passed the spring, when I discovered, among the trees that skirted our path, her beautiful form advancing towards us.

SONNET.

WHILE paced I on the uphill, weary way
 Of grave ambition—on the height intent,
 Right in the path a phantom, wan and gray,
 Uprose, that seemed a monk with study bent.
 Its sunken eyes sent out a lurid glare;
 Its cheeks were furrowed deep with galling tears;
 Its hollow voice gave signal to despair;
 It seemed a thing composed of mortal fears.
 "Poor wretch!" it cried; "poor worm, that toilest so
 For that slight bubble of the instant, fame!
 Look on this shape, to such wilt thou, too, grow,
 Devising wretchedness to build a name."
 "Truth is my friend," I answered; "by it led,
 I took the way." The phantom heard, and fled.

THE PRINCIPLES OF RHETORIC.*

PHILOSOPHERS have written, and men thought, upon no subject, occasioning greater diversity of opinion, with regard to definition, than eloquence. The wonder that this is so, ceases when we reflect, that it is the nature of eloquence to be felt, not described. Efforts to define this faculty of the mind, are outlines of the rules governing its exercise, not representations of its power. As when we speak of the soul, we use terms in describing an ethereal quality, which are only capable of imparting a knowledge of matter; so the rules of elocution no more inform us what eloquence is, than the expression, *soul*, conveys a perfect idea of immortality. Eloquence ought not, therefore, to be confounded with the art regulating its practice, no more than grammar, which is a system of general principles for speaking and writing a language, should be taken for the language itself. It being seen that eloquence is nature, and rhetoric, art, however successfully logic and criticism may be applied to the description of the latter, the former, to be understood, must be felt. The gifted artist informs us feebly of the nature of the grouping, the tints, the perspective of his tableau: but follow him in his labors. The canvas becomes full of living forms; the flat surface rises into relief; the horizon recedes into distance; the whole picture glows in rich coloring; and a perfect perspective discovers the triumphs of the pencil.

In attempting to describe the nature of that language and those thoughts which we suppose to be eloquence, all expression fails. It is not close reasoning, nor is it poetry. It is not the obscurity of Bentham, the ear-soothing flummery of Phillips, or the unmeaning sentences of Martin Farquhar Tupper. It is not thought, divested of finished language, like a cold marble statue, in which the glow and animation of life is absent, nor is it flowing language without thought, like the

same statue dressed in tawdry tinsel, or displaying the antics of the opera girl. It combines the strength of intellect with the elegance of language: it is a living, grand, dignified expression of thought. It thinks, and arrays the thought in language to display it most clearly, most forcibly, most gracefully, most harmoniously. He who teaches eloquence must instruct the soul, as well as as the head; because the orator should feel, as well as think. Indeed, to be eloquent, he must feel more intensely than other men. He must be always in the fever of the emotions of human nature; be susceptible of being constantly roused by its justice, its benevolence, its hopes, its fears, its indignation. Eloquence then becomes a sympathy, gushing warm from the heart; an appeal, reaching far into the souls of men, reasoning struck complete from the brain.

Miss Edgeworth relates the case of an Irish voter, which illustrates the idea of eloquence very perfectly. The candidate, in soliciting his vote, was told by the voter that he should not vote at all; and referred to the instances in which his rights had been violated by the aristocracy of the country. The candidate expressed surprise at the eloquent terms in which the voter spoke; and said, "he was sure he could not so have spoken of his wrongs." "No," said the voter, "because you have not felt them."

It is said that an eminent lecturer on the civil law had so educated his daughter that, occasionally, she supplied his chair; but, to guard against her beauty, a curtain was always dropped between her and the students. Eloquence is the daughter of the law professor *before us*—the art of rhetoric is the fair lecturer *behind the screen*.

Eloquence is most powerful, in times when the passions of men are most easily moved. Very general diffusion of knowledge, therefore, is not propitious to that

* Cicero de Oratore, Quintilian, Blair's Rhetoric.

description of eloquence, which excites to sudden transports. The state of the intellect and the extent of its development in men, must consequently have influence upon the orator. The less cultivated the mass, the more that mass is governed by passion; and there is a vast difference between ruling a multitude, by appealing to their hopes and fears, and addressing the same appeals to a body of well-informed men, who are governed only by their calmer judgments. This is proved by the history of the eloquence of the early ages. The orations of Demosthenes were sufficient, without proof, to overthrow charges against him of bribery and corruption; and Scipio repelled accusations seriously affecting his integrity, by merely referring to certain battles. This course, it has somewhere been observed, however successful with the democracy of Athens, would not screen a defaulter of present times. Men of learning are surprised often by the assertion that the effects of eloquence are not increased by extending the erudition of an audience. But they forget, that when an eloquent speech is judged by a cool, dispassionate man of educated mind, it is no longer eloquence. Because, so to judge, we must, as it were, pass out of the region of enthusiasm: we must free ourselves from the influence which the language and manner of the orator, and the excitement of the scene, have had on our hopes, our fears, our interests, and our passions. We must fly from the orator to ascertain the mere force of his argument. We must forget his imposing mien; hide the eye and close the ear to the speaking gestures, the glowing face, the soul-stirring voice; and determine upon the power of the thoughts, as an anatomist does upon the machinery of human body, not by viewing the rounded form, the just proportions, the elegant drapery, but by cutting it into fragments, and laying bare the sharp angles of the skeleton.

In reading the speeches of such orators as Demosthenes, Cicero, and others of their times, we cannot realize the wonderful effects recorded of them. The orators of those days were few. The multitudes addressed were uneducated men, constantly agitated by the wildest storms of human passions. The orator who de-

sired to instruct them, was obliged to move them through their hatreds and loves, and not through their judgments. The Athenian or Roman, standing amid their classic fields, shaken by the thunders of their orators, would be expected to act very differently from an assembly of such men as compose the Parliament of Great Britain, or the legislature of the United States.

Among the circumstances most congenial to displays of eloquence, may be named the character of the institutions of a nation. In a despotism there may occasionally be heard to break forth the repressed voice of eloquence; but the fears of the people, and the power of a tyrant, operate to stifle it. Liberty, on the contrary, promotes eloquence, because one of its vital faculties is freedom of speech. The man influenced by fear of punishment; he whose slightest motion is watched, whose briefest expression is recorded and misrepresented by the spies of a tyrannical government, may feel, but dare not utter his opinions. Remove the fear which oppresses him, and his indignant feelings, arranged in burning sentences, become the eloquence of the firmest patriot. The noble Halifax, whose eloquence in pamphlets, under anonymous names, contributed so much to the revolution which drove James the Second from his throne, would have been the most brilliant orator of his times, if he could have divested himself of apprehensions of the axe, which fell upon Russel, Sydney, Monmouth and Strafford. The soul must be free, the tongue loosened, the arm unshackled. Eloquence flourished most in Rome and Athens, when Rome and Athens were most free. No extraordinary exhibitions of this faculty are recorded as having been made after the Republic. In oriental nations eloquence never took root. No instances of it are recorded in Mahommedan history.

Although eloquence is so dependent upon that sympathy which is created by the occasion, still a wise and just system of rules has been established to guide those who desire to be eloquent, which may correct redundancies and profusion of language, as well as make a mere rhetorician a more perfect imitator of natural eloquence.

Of the two teachers of oratory, Quintilian and Cicero, we are obliged, as far as depth of instruction is concerned, to give the preference to the former. The language of Cicero is indeed more graceful and harmonious; but the system of Quintilian, besides being more logical, is more complete and satisfactory. The work of Blair is scarcely anything more than the rules of Quintilian modernized, and applied to the different classes of orators.

We propose extracting from the voluminous treatise of Quintilian, and the more finished essay of Cicero, a few of the more prominent points of knowledge in the art of rhetoric.

The rudiments of these authors have reference to the arrangement of a discourse, to the person and to the manner of the speaker.

I. The most natural order of the parts of a discourse, is that which tends to conciliate the attention of an audience, inform them of the subject, which define its own relations, establish its proof, and move in favor of itself. Rhetoricians have established various rules of division. But that which most controls the outbreaks of nature, which most avoids confusion, which is most complete, and most simple, is: 1. The exordium. 2. The narration. 3. The digression. 4. The proposition. 5. The division. 6. The argument; and, 7. The peroration.

1. The Exordium, sometimes called the *Proæmium*, answers to the preliminary flourish performed by musicians. It is designed to render the audience propitious to the person of the speaker, to prepare them for a favorable attention to the speech, and render them kind and tractable.

The person of the speaker may furnish matter for introduction. He should refer sparingly and with great modesty to himself; but if he already has a character for worth, the cause upon which he speaks will be benefited by the regard in which he is held. What he says will be held the assertion of an honest witness, rather than as the declaration of an advocate. In speaking of himself, an orator may assign, as a reason for engaging in the cause, the duty he owes a friend, his country, the interests of society, or the rights of man. He may, also, introduce himself,

by professing a want of ability to advocate the important trust confided to him. He may treat the opposing speaker with deference, by pretending to stand in dread of his power as an orator. The party against whom he speaks may likewise furnish matter for the exordium. If great and powerful, he must be rendered obnoxious. If humble and helpless, he must be made contemptible. If wicked and guilty, he should be set forth as detestable. The speaker may delicately praise himself by connecting the audience with the cause. The noble client may be recommended to their support; the helpless to their protection; the unhappy to their compassion; the injured to their sense of justice. Should an auditory be strongly prepossessed against the cause, and in favor of an adversary, in such case an orator should boldly pretend to rely upon the merits of the cause, and compliment the hearers on their impartiality. Quintilian, on this subject, lays down a most satisfactory rule. The introduction, he says, may be furnished either by the party or the cause. If the orator cannot refer to the party, let him fly to the cause. If he cannot go to the cause, call in the party. Should both be not enough, let him wound his opponent. If he cannot produce kindness, let him invoke hatred. If a matter is too stubborn for denial the effort must be made to show it is not as bad as reported; or that the intention is misconstrued, or that it does not apply; or that repentance will atone for it; or it has been sufficiently punished. If it appears that the audience is prejudiced in favor of an opponent's speech, we may resolutely assert that proof will be adduced to show that all that he has said is mere assertion. Or we may turn attention from him by a well-directed criticism. Let an orator, therefore, in his exordium, consider what he has to say; before whom and against whom; the time, the place, the circumstances, the prepossessions of the public, and the private sentiments of those who have the greatest authority. An exordium is often most effective when it is made up of something which has fallen from the adversary; for then it does not appear to be the result of long study, and has more power, because it is more frank and natural. Modesty

in the sentiments, the voice, and the countenance and gesture of a speaker, gives grace to the introduction; for a too great confidence, even when we have the better argument, is calculated to excite resentment in the audience. This part of a speech should, therefore, be entirely divested of the appearance of design, and of all expressions of defiance. It should resemble rather the argumentative, the sentimental, or the explanatory parts of the speech. It should be neither too finely spun nor too coarse; neither uncouth nor far-fetched. It should be elegantly simple, not calculated to raise the expectations too high, nor abounding in pompous words.

The extent of the introduction must have respect to the nature of the cause. If simple, it should be short; if complicated, longer.

2. When the minds of the audience have been prepared by the exordium, it is proper to open and state the case. This is the Narration. This may consist of matter respecting the cause itself, or of explanations of circumstances relating to it. It should be wholly free from obscurity, extravagance, and improbability; and as the audience depend on this part of a speech for the first information respecting the facts of the cause, it should be couched in terms which they may understand, remember, and believe. It should be plain and perspicuous; composed of expressions, neither vulgar nor finical, but appropriate and significant. It should carefully distinguish facts, persons, times, and places. It should be concise, and begin by explaining the very point under consideration; stating nothing unconnected with the cause, and abridging all circumstances, not essential to inform the hearer or to interest him in the event. Tediousness must be carefully avoided. Quintilian ridicules the particularity of one who, in his narration, says, "I came into the harbor—I saw the ship—I asked for how much she might be freighted—I agreed upon the price—I went aboard—we weighed our anchors—we shipped our cables—and we went on our voyage." Here he might have said with propriety, "I sailed from such a harbor."

The perfect brevity of a narration consists, not in saying less, but in not saying more than is necessary. At the same time,

this brevity should be so associated with elegance and probability, as to render the narration, like a road to a traveller, less irksome by its pleasing incidents. The fatigue of this part of a speech, necessarily stripped of ornaments, may be lessened by a division into what occurred before, what during and what after the event. It should not be argumentative, but adapted to the subject-matter of the oration; modest and simple in causes of small moment, but touching and grave in those of greater importance.

3. From the Narration, we proceed to the Digression. It is not every class of oration that authorizes the use of the digression. It is chiefly in cases of great solemnity, which are calculated to excite our emotions, that the digression becomes appropriate. After having interested the attention of our audience, by narrating such facts as naturally produce indignation, hatred, pity, or fear, we are privileged to indulge in some general expressions of abhorrence, of compassion, or of apprehension, touching the effect of such events upon our country, our homes, our friends. If facts are stated exhibiting the obligations of one man to another, we may, after a review of the facts, speak of the heinousness of ingratitude; if of crime, show its effects upon society; if of oppression, compare it with examples in history. The digression should be brief—just long enough to keep the facts in view and excite detestation at their enormity.

4. The Proposition is a succinct statement of the particular points we propose to establish by our oration, and may be simple or complicated, as a cause admits one or many allegations or refutations. This, however, cannot be too concise and lucid; and should, of course, admit and assert nothing but what the nature of the cause and the proofs will justify. Should we lay down propositions which the nature of the cause or the proofs do not sustain, we injure our cause by betraying that our purpose is to deceive.

5. The Division follows the Proposition, and only collects and arranges the allegations made use of by the speaker or the opponent. A division is useful in rendering the arguments more clear, by disconnecting them from each other. They refresh the mind, too, as a variety of scenes

break the monotony of a long road. In the division we are to guard against both minuteness and redundancy.

6. The Argument succeeds the Division and suggests its own definition. Various matters connected with the argument, stated at great length by Quintilian, are not applicable to the art of oratory as now practised. The argument must of course be based upon the facts of the cause as proved, and should be conducted with that address which a careful and patient study of the circumstances of each case will alone enable one to practise.

7. The Peroration is the conclusion or winding up of the speech; and, like the introduction, may be suggested by the affections it excites. So far as respects the cause, we may, in conclusion, repeat the circumstances of the case, and thus refresh the memory of the audience. It should be concise, and spoken in a grave and affecting manner. If the nature of the facts allow it, one may resort to the means used in the introduction to conciliate the hearers. He may excite indignation towards the opponent, compassion towards the person advocated, favor to the orator, apprehension of the consequences of a division against him. In this part of a speech the whole cause should be reviewed. The orator should imagine himself in the situation of the audience, and consult his own breast as to the means of being affected. He should urge whatever he feels could move himself, whether justified by the facts or probable consequences of the cause. It is usual in a peroration to rouse the compassion of the audience, by some direct allusion to the client or to some one present. The most powerful impression produced by the oration of Antony over the dead body of Cæsar, as imagined by Shakspeare, is that resulting from his action, in stooping over the dead body, raising the bloody robe and appealing to the wounds to speak! It often happens, too, that much effect is produced by the presence of the friends, especially the wife or child of a person advocated. We should not, however, forget the misfortune of the orator Glycon, who, to move the pity of the judges, took a child, and asking him in an apostrophe, why he cried, was answered, very much to

his discomfiture, "Because you pinch me."

When an opponent has succeeded in moving an audience to compassion, it may be proper to dispel it by ridicule. Thus, when an advocate, appealing in favor of a child against his guardian, held him up in his arms to excite pity, the adversary ran to his client, who was a fat man, and bewailed his inability to lift him.

II. With respect to the person and manner of an orator, it is certain that these materially influence a speech. We naturally receive good or bad impressions of a cause, as the countenance, person, and dress of the advocate are pleasing or repulsive. If he shows nothing like an interest in the subject; if his face exhibits no regard for the occasion; if his manner is cold and careless, his gait awkward, and dress indifferent, a very great effort of eloquence will be necessary to overcome these disadvantages, and a first unfavorable opinion. Quintilian says he would not have a pupil in the art of oratory, imitate a womanish tone by quavering; or the voice of old age by faltering; or of a drunken sot by stuttering; or of an abject slave by flattery. When he is to exert his voice, it should be known by the strength of his lungs, not the motions of his hand; that thereby the gesture may suit the voice, not the face the gesture.

The speaker should keep his face full to the audience; that there should be no distortion of the lips; that the mouth be not convulsed; that the looks be manly; the eyes erect; the head hanging neither to one side or the other.

After sense, the most important quality of eloquence is manner. The manner embraces the tone of voice, the gesture, the expression of the countenance, the pronunciation, and the language of an orator. The beauty of an expression consists in the sense it contains, and the elegance with which it is uttered. As in music, so in speaking, the harmony of the arrangement carries the heart away. If the address of an orator is not governed by an easy and natural rhythm, one of his most powerful aids is lost. It is not here intended to inculcate the necessity for the artificial cadence of poetry, but that simple and chaste modulation of tones, which the nature of language requires.

The gesture of an orator is the natural support given to his voice by his limbs. The hand is often more eloquent than the tongue. Many forcible lessons are given by a single movement of this organ; many a powerful sentiment expressed. Its movements are natural signs, and the work of Sir Charles Bell upon the mechanism and vital endowments of the hand, has furnished interesting proofs of its power. Beautifully philosophical and moral speculations extend themselves in reflecting upon the uses and sensibility of this part of the body, and its various relations with the physical and moral conditions of man. When these are considered, it will be seen how great must be the power exerted by the hand and arm over an audience. The chastest drapery of language, cast over sensible thoughts, will not avail an orator, if his hands and arms are not used. All action without the hand, says Quintilian, is weak and crippled. The expressions of the hand are as varied as language. It demands, promises, calls, dismisses, threatens, implores, detests, fears, questions, and denies. It expresses joy, sorrow, doubt, acknowledgment, dependence, repentance, number, and time. Yet, the hand may be so employed as not only to become an unmeaning, but an inconvenient appendage.

One, may raise his hands so high, that he cannot get them down. One, cannot take them from his bosom. One, stretches them above his head; and another lays about him with such vigor, that it is dangerous to be within his reach. We have seen the by-standers at the bar, quickly disperse when a speaker, known for powerfully beating the air, began to address the company. Some will manage the hands with indolence and tremors, while others saw the air. Some use the hands as if they had claws, by pawing; or move them up and down, as if they were pumping water. Others again, says Quintilian, speak as if imitating the Statue of the Pacifier—they incline the head to the right shoulder, thrust out the arm on a line with the ear, expand the hand, and invert the thumb.

Under the head of gesture may be placed the proper management of the feet. Nothing can be more in ill taste than for

an orator to be constantly tripping from one side to the other on the stand; and walking so fast as to seem to outrun his speech; such an orator was said, anciently, to run after a cause, instead of pleading it; and it is stated of Flavius Virginius, that he asked a speaker very much addicted to this habit, how many miles he had spoken that day.

The countenance of an orator should express much of his oration. It is often observed that the face of some persons, in expressions of ridicule, grief, joy, anger, and pleasure, exhibits the same cold, unmeaning, inexpressive outline. The face of an advocate is sometimes seen, in a criminal case, presenting the listless lineaments with which he argues a demurrer in a civil case. The face is the mirror of the soul, from which is reflected its hopes, its fears, its indignation. How should an audience sympathize with an orator, if his countenance shows that he himself is indifferent? The face of a speaker should be as the glassy brook, disclosing every movement of the trembling leaves suspended over it—now still in the calm; now troubled in the storm; now gently waving with the soft breath of hope; now agitated by fear; now roused by danger; now heaving in despair; now lashed into waves, mountain high, by anger and vengeance.

When its power is considered, it is strange that so little attention is paid to pronunciation. Every defect in this must be corrected by an orator. Words should neither be minced nor mouthed. Some speakers' words stick in their throats; others are whistled through their teeth; others, again, give an improper emphasis; and others, again, sink the last syllables of words.

The choice of the language of an orator includes rules for simplicity and correctness: the simplicity of language is not poverty of language. Simplicity means the use of such words as are best calculated to express our ideas most clearly. Language, according to Aristotle, is figurative, simple, or compound. Some words are more noble; others more ornamental; others, again, mean and dissonant. Quintilian furnishes excellent views on this point. Simplicity, he says, is a quality which many pleaders neglect. They think they are only eloquent when shaking the whole

rostrum with mouthings and vociferation. They imagine, that to open and argue a case in language which other people use, belongs only to the illiterate and vulgar. But the most experienced orators find nothing more difficult in the art, than to speak as every hearer thinks he would himself speak on the same occasion; because such speakers are considered by the audience to be not artful, but true. Now an orator never speaks as well as when what he says is believed to be truth. Many begin, however, by prancing, says Quintilian, into the field of narration; set up a neighing, cock their ears, and caper about with all the symptoms of extravagance and folly. What is the consequence? The audience are wonderstruck at their action, but nobody understands their meaning.

Appropriateness of language is the natural adaptation of it to the subjects treated. Great ideas are not to be expressed in abject terms, or mean thoughts in pompous expressions. This, as was said by an ancient orator, clothes the chief magistrate in rags, and arrays the dregs of the rabble in purple.

Diction should be adapted to the character of the person represented. Age speaks a different language from youth; the people of the city, from those of the country. The style must vary with the subject treated, and with the circumstances surrounding the orator. It would not be proper to address a company of professors in the language which should be used to move an ignorant mob; or to speak of history, poetry, and eloquence, in the same terms.

In respect to correctness of language, the orator should be fully acquainted with the language he speaks. No useless or ambiguous words should be permitted. The rules of grammar should be particularly observed, and the sentences all properly arranged. Words should neither be too magnificent nor too frigid; nor should the orator labor, by an affected style and ridiculous contortions, to utter sentences which are unnatural. We are told of a poet, who, speaking of the rock thrown by Polyphemus at the ship of Ulysses, says, "The goats were seen to feed undisturbed on the rock, as it cleaved the air." Such speakers, says Sophocles, violently inflate their cheeks, to blow into a little flute.

The chiefest of all the qualifications of a speaker, however, is his morals. As language is the organ of truth, and the great duty of an orator is to inform and move an audience, while asserting the rights of the oppressed and lashing vice, it follows that he should display, in his own person, the contrary of the vices he condemns. He must be humane, affable, benevolent, public-spirited, and modest. His life should illustrate his eloquence. Would he teach a people liberty? he must not be a cringing slave to power. Would he seek to make others compassionate? he must not have a heart steeled against the impressions of affliction. Would he lash vice? his arrow, to use a figure of Quintilian, must be drawn from his own quiver.

There is nothing more calculated to render a speaker odious than self-applause; that peculiar, well-understood effrontery which shows the orator to be wholly regardless of everything but himself. A noisy, impudent, passionate, immodest appearance of self, robs genius of its influence, and perverts the objects of oratory. Eloquence is not the self-confidence of pride, the bold estimate of self, the arrogant assumption of superiority. The speaker should, nevertheless, have a due degree of confidence, both in himself and his cause. He has no right to advocate a cause of which he is ashamed; and if not of his cause, he should not be ashamed at himself. Quintilian says an orator should possess a presence of mind undaunted by fear, unterrified by clamor; and never allow his complaisance to reach beyond a just respect for his hearers. As arrogance, pride, rashness, and impudence in any case are detestable; so resolution and fortitude in a just one, are praiseworthy.

The greater power of eloquence lies in the capacity to excite sympathy; and if the occasion which calls for the oration does not cause the audience to sympathize with what is said, the speaker should excite sympathy in himself. This sympathy always will attend the orator, if, having his mind stored with all knowledge, and habituating himself to graceful address and chaste language, he carries about his person the irresistible charm of a moral life.

P.

MISS MARTINEAU ON EDUCATION.*

Few authors have met with so much at once of admiration and of censure, such vicissitudes of popularity and antagonism, as Miss Martineau. She has been courted and honored in private society; she has been publicly accused of ingratitude and meanness. A glance at the title-page of her books has at one time caused them to be thrown aside with contempt, at another to be read with avidity. She has been accused, on the one hand, of designing policy and lack of moral courage, and on the other of bold, unwomanly opinions, impertinent and mischievous representations. Through all this good and ill report she has borne herself with a dignity and steadfastness of purpose which has at length released her from the annoyance of such exciting notoriety without being obliged to withdraw from public notice; and if she now, in the literary world, occupies a place farther removed from the foreground, she has not necessarily taken her stand upon a lower level.

We remember Miss Martineau's visit to this country in 1834-5. We saw her then in various situations, in society and at home; in the southern cities, where her acquaintance was eagerly sought, her door constantly surrounded by the equipages of fashion, and from all quarters the most flattering attentions were paid to her. The ladies of the aristocracy vied with each other in entertaining so distinguished a guest. Those of a second class, with a superior tact, gave her the air in their open barouches, thus to make evident their familiarity with the literary wonder of the day. Those who had not such luxuries at command brought humbler offerings of fruits and flowers; and gifts and conveniences of various kinds were daily pressed upon her acceptance by all. Her notice was claimed as common property: high and low, old and young, asserted the privilege of her acquaintance, and on her table piles of visit-

ing cards brought into contact names never found in such juxtaposition before. The wife of the wealthy mercer and the lady of the leading statesman of the day met in Miss Martineau's drawing-room; professors, poets, collectors of autographs, newspaper editors, Unitarian clergymen, and bishops of the Church of England; young ladies with albums, old gentlemen to discuss political economy, and mammae with little daughters kind enough to speak pieces and sing songs to her through the trumpet.

We saw Miss Martineau in fashionable evening circles, where politicians of the highest eminence sought opportunities to converse with her, while from the elite of her own sex she received the most flattering homage.

We remember her on occasion of a dinner party at the house of the late Hon. Robert Hayne, of Charleston, S. C. Miss Martineau and a few friends had assembled early, with view to a discussion between herself and Gov. Hayne on the subject of slavery. The argument was, as a matter of course, pursued without undue excitement, and with the most candid and friendly openness to conviction: it was nevertheless highly spirited; and some suggestions were then, on both sides, first started, which have since been widely diffused and acted upon. Miss Martineau, though evidently leaning towards the sentiments she afterwards openly professed, appeared at that time not to have arrived at any definite conclusion, but seemed rather desirous to hear what could be argued contrary to her own impressions; while she nevertheless repeatedly presented striking points of opposition, not easily set aside even by the ready wit and affluent speech of her accomplished antagonist.

The appearance of both remains fresh in our recollection; Miss Martineau's ungraceful and oddly arrayed, yet dignified and agreeable person, and the short, prim-

* Household Education. By Harriet Martineau. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1849.

itive courtesy with which she met the more elegant though somewhat displayful salutations of her host. She sat erect, with the trumpet at her ear, and the corners of her mouth drawn slightly down, while Gov. Hayne, sometimes bending forward in the earnestness of his argument, and again recovering that uprightness of position which a man rather below the medium height can ill afford to lose, seemed occasionally to forget that he was not speaking in the Senate; thus becoming eager and eloquent, till the recollection of his position as host, and his opponent as a lady, recalled the courtly urbanity and polished calmness of manner for which he was remarkable in the polite intercourse of private life.

The face of this eminent statesman, though generally handsome, possessed no remarkable feature, if we except the clear blue eyes, at once sweet and lively, penetrating and full of thought. Miss Martineau's plainer physiognomy possessed the same redeeming point. Her eyes were also of a light blue, and full of intelligence and brilliancy; not so open and joyous in their expression, they yet betrayed glimpses of latent humor, and might have afforded no slight forewarning of the handling afterwards received by those who paid her such adulatory homage.

When Miss Martineau arrived in New England, her doubts upon the slave question became very suddenly decided; and the strong anti-slavery opinions then declared in accordance with those of Dr. Channing, Dr. Follen, and other leading abolitionists, in whose families she visited, gave rise to severe animadversion upon that spirit of candid investigation so recently professed at the South. This is certainly the doubtful point in regard to Miss Martineau, and that which has drawn upon her, justly or unjustly, the most general censure. A prejudice thus exists in regard to her, and many who might be attracted by the title of the book before us, would be repelled by the name attached to it. The interest, nevertheless, with which one might at first carelessly turn the leaves, becomes strong and continuous as we recognize the practical utility of her remarks, and the clear representations and effective illustrations of important truths; and though the circumstance of not hav-

ing herself held all those domestic relations which, by daily and hourly experience give a clearer understanding of them than mere observation or the lonely cogitations of theoretic morality can suggest, the subject has evidently been deeply studied, and there appears little or none of that dogmatical presumption which has been ascribed to Miss Martineau. If from her peculiar position in society she gives in many cases a one-sided view, she is on the other hand careful to present her own opinions without violently or illiberally attacking those of other people; and we are irresistibly led to follow a train of reasoning in which we perceive an earnestness of purpose that will inevitably reach at truth in some form.

The book opens with a chapter headed "Old and Young at School," in which the common notion that education is the privilege of the young, reaching only to a certain age, is very agreeably controverted, and that of continued advancement through life set up in its stead. In support of this opinion, Miss Martineau brings forward examples from within her own knowledge, which, though few, and opposed to the common aspect of old age, she considers sufficient to prove that education might always go on "to the extreme limit of life."

Perhaps more frequent illustrations might occur of so delightful a theory, could the belief in it, and the consequent energy arising from such a belief, be generally established.

On this broad basis, that old and young are children together, and to be educated together, Miss Martineau proceeds to set forth her views of household education.

Pursuing the question of what should be the aim of education, our author is met at once by a difficulty of arriving at any practical conclusion in the diversity of opinion in different nations and individuals, each having a standard of its own which would be followed by no other; to obviate which difficulty, she suggests, as the only safe and wise course, "to bring out and strengthen *all* the powers given to every human being," which, as we think, should be applied generally rather than individually; since the cultivation of all the natural qualities of an individual would, in some cases, be a greater mistake than for

the horticulturist to exhaust his efforts indiscriminately upon every spontaneous growth in the field of his labor. It is the part of prudence before expending pains upon an object, to ascertain its precise and relative value.

The question next arises, What are the educational powers of the human being? Of the education of the limbs and senses Miss Martineau says little that has not been often said before. Of the right exercise and training of the capacity for pleasure and pain, she thus earnestly expresses herself—"Of all the solemn considerations involved in the great work of education, none is so awful as this." Readily do the sweet and bitter remembrances of childhood bear testimony to an opinion carried out by such common experience, and it may be easily believed, as an old author has long ago supposed, that the difference in capacity among men ultimately depends on their original power of feeling pleasure and pain.

"The man who feels most pleasure in putting brandy into his stomach, or in any other way gratifying his nerves of sensation, is a mere beast. One whose chief pleasure is in the exercise of the limbs, and who plays without any exercise of the mind, is a more harmless sort of animal, like the lamb in the field, or the swallow skimming over meadow or pool. He whose delight is to represent nature, by painting, or to build edifices by some beautiful idea, or to echo feelings in music, is of an immeasurably higher order. Higher still is he who is charmed by thought, above every thing—whose understanding gives him more satisfaction than any other power he has. Higher still is he who is never so happy as when he is making other people happy—when he is relieving pain, and giving pleasure to two or three, or more people about him. Higher yet is he whose chief joy it is to labor at great and eternal thoughts, in which lies bound up the happiness of a whole nation, and perhaps a whole world, at a future time when he will be mouldering in his grave. Any man who is capable of this joy, and at the same time of spreading comfort and pleasure among the few who live round about him, is the noblest human being we can conceive of. He is also the happiest. It is true that his capacity for pain is exercised and enlarged, as well as his power of feeling pleasure. But what pains such a man is the vice, and folly, and misery of his fellow-men; and he knows that these must melt away hereafter in the light of the great ideas which he perceives to be in store for them; while his pleasure being in the faith of

a better future, is as vivid and as sure as great thoughts are clear and eternal."

Enlarging upon the aim of parents to educate their children in accordance with the opinion of society in their own time and country, we are brought to consider the law of opinion, which, however beneficial as a means of fixing educational aims, appears to be the great stumbling-block to their improvement. We extract the following—

"There are certainly Hindoos now living and meditating, who do not consider that men are so good as they might be, while they think no harm of lying and stealing, and who are sorry for the superstition which makes it an unpardonable crime to hurt a cow. There are men among the Americans who see virtue in repose of mind, and moderation of desires to which the majority of their countrymen are insensible. And so it is in our country. We are all agreed, from end to end of society, that Truthfulness, Integrity, Courage, Parity, Industry, Benevolence, and a spirit of reverence for sacred things are inexpressibly desirable and excellent. But when it comes to the question of the degree of these good things which it is desirable to attain, we find the difference between the opinion of the many and that of the higher few. A being who had these qualities in the highest degree could not get on in our existing society without coming into conflict with our law of opinion at almost every step. If he were perfectly truthful, he must say and do things in the course of his business which would make him wondered at and disliked; he might be unable to take an oath, or enter into any sort of vow, or sell his goods prosperously, or keep on good terms with bad neighbors. If he were perfectly honorable and generous, he might find it impossible to trade or labor on the competitive principle, and might thus find himself helpless and despised among a busy and wealth-gathering society. If he were perfectly courageous, he might find himself spurned for cowardice in declining to go to war or fight a duel. If he were perfectly pure, he might find himself rebuked and pitied for avoiding a mercenary marriage, and entering upon one which brings with it no advantage of connection or money. If the same purity should lead him to see that though the virtue of chastity cannot be overrated, it has, for low purposes, been made so prominent as to interfere with others quite as important; if he should see how thus a large proportion of the girlhood of England is plunged into sin and shame, and then excluded from all justice and mercy; if, seeing this, he is just and merciful to the fallen, it is probable that his own respectability will be impeached

and that some stain of impurity will be upon his name. If he is perfectly industrious, strenuously employing his various faculties upon important objects, he will be called an idler in comparison with those who work in only one narrow track; as an eminent author of our time was accused by the housemaid, who was for ever dusting the house, of 'wasting his time a-writing and reading so much.' Just so the majority of men who have one sort of work to do, accuse him of idleness who has more directions for his industry than they can comprehend. If he is perfectly benevolent, he cannot hope to be considered a prudent, orderly, quiet member of society. He will be either incessantly spreading himself abroad, and spending himself in the service of all about him, or maturing in retirement some plan of rectification which will be troublesome to existing interests. If he be perfectly reverent in soul, looking up to the loftiest subjects of human contemplation with an awe too deep and true to admit any mixture of either levity or superstition, he will probably be called an infidel; or, at least, a dangerous person, for not passively accepting the sayings of men instead of searching out the truth by the faithful use of his own powers.

"Thus we see how in our own, as in every other society, the law of opinion as to what men should be, agrees in the large, general points of character with the ideas of the wisest, while there are great differences in the practical management of men's lives."

Under certain circumstances this may be true; but it is hard to say, and difficult to believe, that a man passing through society with an honorable, just, truthful, and courageous spirit, an industrious, benevolent man, would, by the better portion of society, be regarded as mercenary, idle, or dangerous; or that "the majority of men" either would not comprehend, or would censure him. It is pretense that society contends against, and not virtue, however exalted above itself the standard. Nevertheless, though some of Miss Martineau's peculiar tenets may be perceived to give a strong undertone to the coloring of her remarks, there are few who would not recognize their general truth of outline; few who would not go hand in hand with her in that argument which arrives at the conclusion that when, by right education, the best points of opinion shall be accorded with, a day will come "when the law of opinion will, itself, be greatly ennobled."

Differences have always existed in re-

gard to the class of society in which education may be carried on to the greatest advantage. Commencing with extremes, our author gives two strongly contrasted sketches of the royal child and the pauper, and finally fixes upon the condition of the artisan as most favorable, while the children of the wisest statesman, or physician, or lawyer, are said to be only accidentally if at all better for his advantages. Of the condition of the artisan she speaks thus—

"That condition affords the meeting point of book-knowledge, and that which is derived from personal experience. Every day's labor of hand and eye is a page opened in the best of books—the universe. When duly done, this lesson leaves time for the other method of instruction, by books. During the day-hours, the earnest pupil learns of Nature by the lessons she gives in the melting fire, the rushing water, the unseen wind, the plastic metal or clay, the variegated wood or marble, the delicate cotton, silk, or wool; and at evening he learns of men—of the wise and genial men who have delivered the best parts of their minds in books, and made of them a sort of ethereal vehicle, in which they can come at a call to visit any secret mind which desires communion with them. And this privilege of double instruction is one which extends to the whole household of the chief pupil. The children of the artisan are happily appointed, without room for doubt, to toil like their father; and there is every probability that they will share his opportunity and his respect for book-knowledge."

Against this conclusion we think it may be argued that persons of eminence or greatness have rarely arisen from this condition, but are more commonly the descendants of men of studious habits, the sons of literary and professional men, who, living more at home, are thereby enabled to give their children a decided advantage. The child of the merchant also has advantages in being brought more into contact with mankind. If the child of the artisan "sees what a privilege and recreation reading is to his father, and thus grows up with a reverence and love for that great resource," still better, surely, does the same observation apply to the child of the man of letters. In the father's house, and under the mother's eye, are received by the child the important lessons, the strong bias, which decides the character and ability of the future man.

And what leisure has the artisan to educate his family? What leisure, allowing that he possesses the ability, to teach his children to reason accurately, to generalize their ideas, or apply their observations to principles?"

It is the man of literary acquirement, social habits, and comparative leisure, who is enabled to give his children the best view of society, and the most enlarged ideas of friendship and justice. A young man going out into the world, having been properly aided in his education by such a father, is able to apply his knowledge to real life. He will distinguish between pleasure and happiness, and will not lose the relish of domestic enjoyment. He will feel the judicious influences of his youth acting upon the daily experience of his manhood; and, mingled as they must be with the endearing recollections of parental love, they will act as an ever-increasing stimulus to exertion.

"The daily handicraft intercourse with neighbors, rumors from the world without, hourly duties, books, worship, the face of the country or the action of the town; all these incitements, all this material," says Miss Martineau, "are offered to the thoughtful artisan more fully and impartially than to such below or above him as are hedged in by ignorance or by aristocratic seclusion." Granted. If we take the example of the "thoughtful" individual in opposition to one "hedged in by ignorance," the side of advantage is evident enough in any condition; but such an example proves nothing in favor of any class; and when we concede that the middle classes in general have a better chance than the lowest and highest, it is as much as the testimony of experience will warrant.

A chapter upon the effect produced in a family by the birth of an infant, though not bearing strongly upon the main subject, is so gracefully introduced that we cannot forbear a quotation:

"We may be perverse in our notions, and mistaken in our ways; but there are some great natural blessings which we cannot refuse. I reckon it a great natural blessing that the main events of human life are common to all, and that it is out of the power of man to spoil the privilege and pleasure of them. Birth, love, and death, are beyond the reach of man's perverseness. They come differently to the wise

and the foolish, the wicked and the pure; but they come alike to the rich and the poor. The infant finds as warm a bosom in which to nestle in the cottage as in the mansion. The bride and bridegroom know the bliss of being all the world to each other, as well in their Sunday walk in the fields as in the park of a royal castle. And when the mourners stand within the inclosure where "rich and poor lie down together," death is the same sad and sweet mystery to all the children of mortality, whether they be elsewhere the lowly or the proud."

This is beautiful and sensible; but one might almost doubt the entire soundness of a mind which, looking back to the age of nine years, can call up recollections so remarkable as are related in the following:

"I well remember that the strongest feelings I ever entertained towards any human being were towards a sister, born when I was nine years old. I doubt whether any event in my life ever exerted so strong an educational influence over me as her birth. The emotions excited in me were overwhelming for above two years; and I recall them as vividly as ever now, when I see her with a child of her own in her arms. I threw myself on my knees many times in a day, to thank God that he permitted me to see the growth of a human being from the beginning. I leaped from my bed gaily every morning as this thought beamed upon me with the morning light. I learnt all my lessons without missing a word for many months, that I might be worthy to watch her in the nursery during my play hours. I used to sit on a stool opposite to her as she was asleep, with a Bible on my knees, trying to make out how a creature like this might rise from 'strength to strength,' till it became his Christ."

If this be the coloring of simple truth, Miss Martineau's mind was assuredly of very early development; and well might her parents have had, as she affirms, "scarcely any idea of the passions and emotions that were working within her."

All parents have had experience, more or less, of the mistakes which may be fallen upon, in conscientiously carrying out the long-established maxim that obedience is the first virtue of childhood; a maxim so evidently founded in necessity, good order and moral right, that such mistakes have been made, lamented, and made again, generation after generation, without amendment, as unavoidable evils, to be borne with Christian admission rather

than overcome by reason and energy ; and the grand mistake is not in the maxim itself as false, but in its being chiefly employed to the end of breaking down the will.

Our author relates a remarkable fact illustrative of this, derived, however, as it seems to us, from an authority somewhat doubtful. Such an occurrence, if not misrepresented or exaggerated, could hardly have failed to become notorious, and to spread beyond the walls of the university where it is said to have occurred.

"When I was in America, I knew a gentleman who thought it his first duty to break the wills of his children ; and he set about it zealously and early. He was a clergyman, and President of an University ; the study of his life had been the nature and training of the human mind ; and the following is the way he chose, misled by a false and cruel religion of fear, to subdue and destroy the great faculty of will. An infant of (I think) about eleven months old was to be weaned. A piece of bread was offered to the babe, and the babe turned away from it. Its father said that it was necessary to break down the rebellious will of every child for once ; that if done early enough, once would suffice ; and that it would be right and kind to take this early occasion in the instance of this child. The child was therefore to be compelled to eat the bread. A dress-maker in the house saw the process go on through the whole day, and became so dreadfully interested that she could not go away at night till the matter was finished. Of course, the bit of bread became more and more the subject of disgust, and then of terror to the infant, the more it was forced upon its attention. Hours of crying, shrieking and moaning were followed by its being shut up in a closet. It was brought out by candle-light, stretched helpless across the nurse's arms, its voice lost, its eyes sunk and staring, its muscles shrunk, its appearance that of a dying child. It was now near midnight. The bit of bread was thrust into the powerless hand ; no resistance was offered by the unconscious sufferer ; and the victory over the evil powers of the flesh and the devil was declared to be gained. The dress-maker went home, bursting with grief and indignation, and told the story ; and when the President went abroad the next morning, he found the red brick walls of the university covered with chalk portraits of himself holding up a bit of bread before his babe. The affair made so much noise that he was, after some time, compelled to publish a justification of himself. This justification amounted to what was well understood throughout ; that he conscientiously believed it his duty to take

an early opportunity to break the child's will, for its own sake. There remained for his readers the only wonder where he could find in the book of Glad Tidings so cruel a contradiction of that law of love which stands written on every parent's heart."

It is difficult to speak with authority upon a subject surrounded by such deep responsibilities as the will of a human being. It is a mighty power given by God, too sacred to be tampered with, too noble to be broken ; a power to be directed, not destroyed. All summary methods of punishment are like quack medicines, that keep back the disease for a time, only to break out with greater violence in the end ; or if successful in exterminating it, do so at the risk of injuring the constitution, and, perhaps, laying the foundation of other and more dangerous maladies. "The only government," says an admired author of our own country "that touches the springs of action, and in all circumstances controls them, is self-government." Self-government, then, is what parents must endeavor to teach ; not by harshness and not in haste, but by the use of gentleness, judgment and patience—by slow and gradual approach. It is freedom and not constraint that develops the character most healthily ; that floats about it like an atmosphere, nourishing and expanding its growth, and causing it to reach ever upward, rejoicing in fruitfulness and strength. "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." It is this bending of the twig that we protest against. Moral education, in many points, consists not so much in active culture as in a watchful care to preserve the young tree in its original freshness, and by warding off extraneous hinderances, tending to impede the growth, or incline the tree, secure to it the natural upward tendency designed by the Creator.

We come next to the qualities of Hope and Fear. Hope is undoubtedly one of our earliest and strongest capacities. From the wholly sensuous hope of the infant, impatient for its food, the subsequent longings of vanity after praise and of ambition after fame, to the faith which looks toward what is highest and most enduring. The proper training of this faculty till it arrives at the power of faith, depends upon the objects presented ; and

according to our author, "Every hour is the right time to cherish it." It can only, however, be exalted by very slow degrees, and the danger seems to lie in the habit, so natural to a loving mother, of bringing forward too frequently so ready and pleasing a stimulus, thereby causing existence to become insipid without it.

Fearfulness in children is usually guarded against, and repressed by the strongest effort. There are few who do not fully realize its evil consequences; its beneficial tendencies are probably less considered. "A child," says Miss Martineau, "who has never known fear can have no power of imagination, no wonder, no impulse of life, no awe, no veneration." "Such a case," she continues, "probably does not exist except in cases of idiocy." This is a part of the subject of education, regarding which all parents feel so great an interest, that we are induced to make a quotation of some length.

"The least favorable case is that of the apathetic child. When it appears indifferent to whatever may happen to it, and shrinks from nothing, it must be as incapable of hope and enjoyment as of fear, and there must be something amiss in its health—in its nervous system; and its health is what must be looked to first. It must be well nourished and amused; its perceptive faculties must be exercised, and every sort of activity must be encouraged. If this succeeds, and its feelings begin to show themselves, fear will come with the rest; and then its education in that respect must begin. But it must ever be carefully remembered that fear often puts on the appearance of apathy, especially in a proud child. No creature is so intensely reserved as a proud and timid child; and the cases are few in which the parents know anything of the agonies of its little heart, the spasms of its nerves, the soul-sickness of its days, the horrors of its nights. It hides its miseries under an appearance of indifference or obstinacy, till its habitual terror impairs its health, or drives it into a temper of defiance or recklessness. I can speak with some certainty of this, from my own experience. I was as timid a child as ever was born; yet nobody knew, or could know, the extent of this timidity; for though abundantly open about everything else, I was as secret as the grave about this. I had a dream at four years old which terrified me to such an excess that I cannot now recall it without a beating of the heart. I could not look up at the sky on a clear night; for I felt as if it was only just above the tree-tops, and must crush me. I

could not cross the yard except at a run, from a sort of feeling, with no real belief, that a bear was after me. The horrors of my nights were inexpressible. The main terror, however, was a magic lantern which we were treated with once a year, and sometimes twice. We used to talk of this exhibition as a prodigious pleasure; and I contrived to reckon on it as such; but I never saw the white cloth, with its circle of yellow light, without being in a cold perspiration from head to foot. One of the pictures on the slides was always suppressed by my father, lest it should frighten the little ones; a dragon's head, vomiting flames. He little thought that a girl of thirteen could be terrified by this; but when I was thirteen—old enough to be put in charge of some children who were to see the magic lantern—this slide was exhibited by one of my brothers among the rest. I had found it hard enough to look and laugh before; and now I turned so faint that I could not stand, but by grasping a chair. But for the intensity of my shame, I should have dropped. Much of the benefit of instruction was lost to me during all the years that I had masters; my memory failed me when they knocked at the door, and I could never ask a question, or get voice to make a remark. I could never play to my music master, or sing with a clear voice but when I was sure nobody could hear me. Under all this, my health was bad; my behavior was dogged, and provoking, and my temper became for a time insufferable. Its improvement began from the year when I first obtained some release from habitual fear. During these critical years I misled every body about me by a habit of concealment on this one subject, which I am sure I should not now have strength for under any inducement whatever. Because I climbed our apple-tree, and ran along the top of a high wall, and took great leaps, and was easily won by benevolent strangers, and because I was never known to hint or own myself afraid, no one suspected that fear was at the bottom of the immovable indifference and apparently unfeeling obstinacy by which I perplexed and annoyed everybody about me. I make these confessions willingly, in the hope that some inexperienced or busy parent may be awakened by them to observe whether the seeming apathy of a child be really from indifference, or the outward working of some hidden passion of fear."

We enjoy such illustrations as this: brought from actual experience in life, they afford bright and clear openings through the shadowy atmosphere of theory. Our author thus beautifully concludes:

"Let not the parent be disheartened, for the noblest courage of man or woman has often grown out of the excessive fears of the child. It is true the little creature is destined to under-

go many a moment of agony, many an hour of misery, many a day of discouragement; but all this pain may be more than compensated for by the attainment of such a freedom and strength at last as may make it feel as if it had passed from hell to heaven. Think what it must be for a being who once scarcely dared to look round from fear of lights on the ceiling or shadows on the wall, who started at the patter of the rain, or the rustle of the birds leaving the spray, who felt suffocated by the breeze and maddened by the summer lightning, to pass free, fearless and glad through all seasons and their change—all climes and their mysteries and dangers; to pass exhilarated through raging seas, over glaring deserts, and among wild forests! Think what it must be for a creature who once trembled before a new voice or a grave countenance, and writhed under a laugh of ridicule, and lied, at the cost of deep mental agony, to avoid a rebuke; think what it must be to such a creature to find itself at last free and fearless—enjoying such calm satisfaction within as to suffer nothing from the ridicule or the blame of those who do not know his mind, and so thoroughly acquainted with the true values of things as to have no dread of sickness or poverty, or the world's opinion, because no evil that can befall him can touch his peace! Think what a noble work it will be to raise your trembling little one to such a condition as this, and you will be eager to begin the task at once, and patient and watchful to continue it from day to day!"

Some hesitation is expressed in bringing forward Patience as one of the powers of man. We should have dispensed more willingly with any portion of the volume than with the admirable chapters in relation to a quality so often misunderstood. Our author contends that patience is not, as has been supposed, "a mere negation of the organs of the brain." She considers its exercise to include a strong action of the mind; and places it in striking contradistinction to mere passiveness.

"Patience is no negation. It is the vigorous and sustained action, amidst outward stillness, of some of the most powerful faculties with which the human being is endowed; and primarily of its powers of firmness and resistance. The man who holds up his head, quiet and serene, through a season of unavoidable poverty or undeserved disgrace, is exercising his power of firmness as vigorously as the general who pursues his warfare without change of purpose through a long campaign; and a lame child, strong and spirited, who sits by cheerfully to see his companions leaping ditches, is or has been engaged in as keen a combat with

opposing forces as a couple of pugilists. In the case of the patient, the resolution and resistance are brought to bear against invisible enemies, which are the more, and not the less, hard to conquer from their assaults being made in silence, and having to be met in the solitude of the inner being. The man patient under poverty or disgrace has to carry on an active interior conflict with his baffled hope, his grieved domestic affections, his natural love of ease and enjoyment, his mortified ambition, his shaken self-esteem, and his yearning after sympathy. And the lame child among the leapers has to contend alone with most of these mortifications, and with his stimulating animal spirits besides. Nothing can be further from passiveness than his state in his hour of trial, though he may sit without moving a muscle. He is putting down the swellings of his little heart, and taming his instincts, and rousing his will, and searching out noble supports among his highest ideas and best feelings—putting on his invisible armor as eagerly as any hero whom the trumpet calls from his rest.

"As patience includes strong action of the mind, the vivacious child has a much better chance of becoming patient than the passive one; so far are passiveness and patience from being alike. Patience is indeed the natural first step in that self-government which is essential to the whole purpose of human life. It is impossible to overrate the importance of this self-government; and therefore it is impossible to overrate the importance of this first step—the training to patience. And the vivacious child is happy above the apathetic one in being fitted to enter at once upon the training from the earliest moment that the will is naturally capable of action."

A household in which there are many children is generally thought to be an especial trial of this virtue. Miss Martineau takes a more cheerful and active view of such domestic abundance, and considers it "the finest opportunity for the cultivation of patience."

Out of this subject arises that of infirmities, most thoughtfully, tenderly and judiciously handled in connection. The error into which the anxious parent naturally falls, of doing too much, and thus preventing the exercise of whatever power the infirm child may possess, is strongly presented; and it is shown how, even in the case of the idiot, habit may be made available, and his deficiency of reason be greatly helped by the family about him.

"There is hardly a child so young but that it can understand that John does not know, as

other people do, when to leave off eating; and that this is why the proper quantity is set before him, and no more is given; and there are not a few little ones who will refrain from asking for more of a good thing at table because John is to be trained not to ask for more. If the object is to make John clean and tidy, the youngest will bear cold water, and the trouble of dressing cheerfully, that John may see what other people do, and perhaps learn to imitate them. If John ever sings, some little one will begin to sing when John looks dull; and the family will learn as many tunes as they can to give him a variety. He may be saved from the misery of impatience by wise training—by the formation of habits of quietness, under the rule of steady, gentle authority. This may often be done; but the noble and sweet solace of patience under his restrictions is not for him: for he is unconscious, and does not need it. It remains for those who do need it—for those who suffer for him and by him—for the father who sighs that his son can never enjoy the honor and privilege of toil, or the blessing of a home—for the mother whose pillow is wet with the tears she sheds over her child's privations—for the children whose occupations and play are disturbed by the poor brother who wants their playthings, and hides or spoils their books or work. They all have need of much patience; and, under good training, they obtain patience according to their need. From what I have seen, I know that the most self-willed and irritable child of such a family may learn never to be angry with John, however passionate at times with others. Toys broken by John are not to be cried for; work spoiled by John is to be cheerfully done over again; and everybody is to help to train John not to do such mischief again.

"Poor John knows nothing of life and its uses. He goes through his share of it, like one walking in a dream, and then passes away without leave-taking. He passes away early; for people in his state rarely live very long. Brain is the great condition of life; and an imperfect brain usually brings early death. It is when he has passed away that the importance of poor John's life becomes felt and understood. Neighbors may, and do reasonably, call his departure a blessing; and the parents and brethren may and do reasonably feel it an unspeakable relief from anxiety and restraint. But they mourn him with a degree of sorrow surprising to themselves. When the parents mark the habits of self-government and the temper of cheerful patience generated in their remaining children, they feel as if under deep obligations to their dead son as the instrument of this. And the youngest of the tribe looks round wistfully for John, and daily wishes that he was here, to do what he was fond of doing, and enjoy the little pleasures which were looked upon as particularly his own."

The case of the deaf is that in which moral example is considered most evidently important. The advantage which other children possess in hearing every day the "spoken testimony" in favor of good morals and manners, at home and abroad, at school and in church, is limited in the deaf child to what it *sees*. Parents may draw a useful lesson from the following pathetic picture, evidently the sad self-experience of the author:

"I have known deafness grow upon a sensitive child, so gradually as never to bring the moment when her parents felt impelled to seek her confidence; and the moment therefore never arrived. She became gradually borne down in health and spirits by the pressure of her trouble, her springs of pleasure all poisoned, her temper irritated and rendered morose, her intellectual pride puffed up to an insufferable haughtiness, and her conscience brought by perpetual pain of heart into a state of trembling soreness—all this, without one word ever being offered to her by any person whatever of sympathy or sorrow about her misfortune. Now and then, some one made light of it; now and then, some one told her that she mismanaged it, and gave advice which, being inapplicable, grated upon her morbid feelings; but no one inquired what she felt, or appeared to suppose that she did feel. Many were anxious to show kindness, and tried to supply some of her privations; but it was too late. She was shut up, and her manner appeared hard and ungracious, while her heart was dissolving in emotions. No one knew when she stole out of the room, exasperated by the earnest talk and merry laugh that she could not share, that she went to bolt herself into her own room, and sob on the bed, or throw herself on her knees to pray for help or death. No one knew of her passionate longing to be alone while she was, for her good, driven into society; nor how, when by chance alone for an hour or two, she wasted the luxury by watching the lapse of the precious minutes. And when she grew hard, strict, and even fanatical in her religion, no one suspected that this was because her religion was her all—her soul's strength under agonies of false shame, her wealth under her privations, her refuge in her loneliness; while her mind was so narrow as to require that what religion was to her—her one pursuit and object—it should be to everybody else. In course of years, she, in a great measure, retrieved herself, though conscious of irreparable mischief done to her nature. All this while many hearts were aching for her, and the minds of her family were painfully occupied in thinking what could be done for her temper and her happiness. The mistake of reserve was the

Only thing they are answerable for ; a mistake which, however mischievous, was naturally caused by the very pain of their own sympathy first, and the reserve of the sufferer afterwards."

Of Love, Miss Martineau supposes more kinds and degrees than she conceives are usually allowed. First, "the passion of love, as it is called;" in illustration of which she relates an amusing definition given by a child, who having read of a knight confining the lady of his love in a castle, and giving her everything she desired except her liberty, supposed that he had two loves for her ; one that made him do almost everything she liked, and another that made him want she should do what he liked. We believe such love as this may be found without going back to the days of knight-errantry.

Next we have the instinctive love, such as a child may show for toys, a man for his horse, a young girl for her canaries, or a mother for the child she spoils. This, the lowest, becomes exalted by combination with other kinds of love, and especially with benevolence, which, acting independently of personal regard, and desiring the diffusion of good, is, says our author, "worthy to gather into itself all the others." One can hardly restrain a smile at the philosophical tone in which these emotions are discussed.

Domestic love, or that which is essential to family happiness, is considered as of still another sort, and to depend almost wholly on the power of a mother to bring it into action.

The last case is that of a human being in whom the power of love has either never been born, or is naturally so weak as to afford no hope, even by the tenderest cultivation, of reaching beyond mere kindness, or, at best, a general interest in wider schemes of benevolence. Whether any such isolated being, so deficient in the first great principle of the soul, has ever been created, is with us a point of dispute. Many an example may be found of selfish, unloving, and hence degraded beings ; but to affirm that such an one came into life with a nature so remediless, would seem as complete an anachronism as to say he was born without a soul.

It is not unusual, at least in our country, to hear a man, possessed of a somewhat

small development of the organ of veneration, dwelling upon that fact with a certain complacency, as if that deficiency might argue a fullness in some organ, as he conceives, of more importance ; to such we would recommend the consideration of our author's remarks under this head. She says, "Among the greatest blessings that are shared by the whole of the human race, one of the chief is the universal power of veneration." Considering this faculty, like all others, of unequal strength in different people, she presents the following contrast in the manner of training :

"What the parent has to do for the child in whom the sentiment of reverence appears disproportionate, is to give him power in himself, in every possible way, that he may cease to be overwhelmed with the sense of power out of himself on every hand. If he can become possessed of power of conscience, his religious fear will become moderated to wholesome awe. If he can become possessed of power of understanding, the mysteries of Nature will stimulate instead of depressing his mind. If he can attain to power of sympathy, he will see men as they are, and have a fellow-feeling with them, through all the circumstances of rank and wealth which once wore a false glory in his eyes. If he can attain a due power of self-reliance, he will learn that his own wonderful faculties and unbounded moral capacities should come in for some share of his reverence, and be brought bravely into action in the universe, instead of being left idle by the wayside, making obeisance incessantly to every thing that passes by, while they ought to be up and doing."

In regard of what should be done with children of an opposite tendency, she writes thus :

"They must, at serious moments, lead his mind higher than he was aware it would go, even till it sinks under his sense of ignorance. They must carry his thoughts down into depths which he never dreamed of, and where the spirit of awe will surely lay hold upon him. I do not believe there is any child who cannot be impressed with a serious, plain account of some of the wonders of nature ; with a report, ever so meagre, of the immensity of the heavens, whose countless stars, the least of which we cannot understand, are forever moving, in silent mystery, before our eyes. I do not believe there are many children that may not be deeply impressed by the great mystery of brute life, if their attention be duly fixed upon it. Let the careless and confident child be familiar-

ized, not only with the ant and the bee for their wonderful instinct, but with all living creatures as inhabitants of the same world as himself, and at the same time of a world of their own, as we have ; a world of ideas, and emotions, and pleasures, which we know nothing whatever about—any more than they know the world of our minds. I do not believe there is any child who would not look up with awe to a man who had done a noble act—saved another from fire or drowning, or told the truth to his own loss or peril, or visited the sick in plague-time, or the guilty in jail. I do not believe there is any child who would not look up with awe to a man who was known to be wise beyond others ; to have seen far countries ; to have read books in many languages ; or to have made discoveries among the stars, or about how earth, air, and water are made. If it be so, who is there that may not be impressed at last by the evident truth that all that men have yet known and done is as nothing compared with what remains to be known and done ; that the world-wide traveller is but the bird flitting round the nest ; that the philosopher is but as the ant which spends its little life in bringing home half a dozen grains of wheat ; and that the most benevolent man is grieved that he can do so little for the solace of human misery, feeling himself like the child who tries to wipe away his brother's tears, but cannot heal his grief ? Who is there that cannot be impressed by the grave pointing out of the mystery of life, and the vastness of knowledge which lie around and before him ; and by the example of him who did none but noble and generous deeds, and bore the fiercest sufferings, and felt contempt for nothing under heaven ? How can it but excite reverence to show that he, even he, was himself full of reverence, and incapable of contempt ?

On the all-important moral quality of truthfulness, our author speaks largely and well. She rejects the belief that some are by nature constitutionally or hereditarily untruthful, and on the contrary assumes that the great requisite, the perception of moral truth, exists in all. The perception of the utility alone of this virtue is sufficient to make it of general interest ; and parents, in their desire of the respect and confidence of their children, will scarcely need to be reminded that the cultivation of truth depends more upon example than precept.

Of the still nobler power of conscientiousness there exists no such doubt as in regard to truth. The universal endowment of men with this power is considered the true bond of brotherhood of the hu-

man race, and, says our author, "while men in different parts and ages of the world differ widely as to what is right, they all have something in them which prompts them to do what they believe to be right."

With this, the greatest of all, conclude the chapters upon the moral qualities ; and in commencing upon the intellectual, their connection and mutual dependence are supposed to be absolutely inseparable ; and that the intellect of a human being cannot be of a high order if the moral nature is low and feeble, and the moral state cannot be a lofty one when the intellect is torpid.

The assertion that "the number is much larger of children who do not go to school than of those who do," may be applicable within the scope of Miss Martineau's observation ; with us it is quite the contrary. American children are generally sent to school, and oftentimes too early. One of our national traits is an impatience of slowness of development ; and the ardently progressive principle is exhibited in an injudicious pushing of a child's faculties. Miss Martineau advises that the first intellectual training of a child should consist rather in amusement than in express teaching, which should afterwards be brought on gradually and gently, as the child becomes thoughtful and inquiring ; that up to the age of seven or eight, children are better off at home than at school ; in short, that "school is no place of education for any children whatever, till their minds are well put in action."

Miss Edgeworth has agreeably illustrated the difference exhibited in children at school, according to their previous education at home. "To careless observers two boys of nine years old, who have been very differently educated, may appear nearly alike in abilities, in temper, and in the promise of future character. Send them both to a large public school, let them be placed in the same new situation and exposed to the same trials, the difference will then appear. The difference, in a few years, will be such as to strike every eye, and people will wonder what can have produced, in so short a time, such an amazing change. In the Hindoo art of dyeing, the same liquors communicate different colors to particular spots

according to the several bases previously applied; to the ignorant eye no difference is discernible in the ground, nor can the design be distinctly traced till the air and light and open exposure bring out the bright and permanent colors to the wondering eye of the spectator."

It has been said, "Tell me what company a man has kept, and *what books he has read*, and I will tell you what he is."

On the subject of books, our author says—

"Perhaps scarcely any person of mature years can conceive what the appetite for reading is to a child. It goes off, or becomes changed in mature years, to such a degree as to make the facts of a reading childhood scarcely credible in remembrance, or even when before our eyes. But it is all right; and the process had better not be disturbed. It is no sign yet of a superiority of intellect; much less of that wisdom which in adults is commonly supposed to arise from large book-knowledge. It is simply a natural appetite for that provision of ideas and images which should, at this season, be laid in for the exercise of the higher faculties which have yet to come into use. I know, from experience, the state of things which exists when a child cannot help reading to an amount which the parents think excessive, and yet are unwilling, for good reasons, to prohibit. One Sunday afternoon, when I was seven years old, I was prevented by illness from going to chapel; a circumstance so rare that I felt very strange and listless. I did not go to the maid who was left in the house, but lounged about the drawing-room, where, among other books which the family had been reading, was one turned down upon its face. It was a dull-looking octavo volume, thick, and bound in calf, as untempting a book to the eyes of a child as could well be seen; but, because it happened to be open, I took it up. The paper was like skim-milk, thin and blue, and the printing very ordinary. Moreover, I saw the word *Argument*—a very repulsive word to a child. But my eye caught the word "*Satan*," and I instantly wanted to know how any body could argue about Satan. I saw that he fell through chaos, found the place in the poetry, and lived, heart, mind and soul in Milton, from that day till I was fourteen. I remember nothing more of that Sunday, vivid as is my recollection of the moment of plunging into chaos; but I remember that from that time till a young friend gave me a pocket edition of Milton, the calf-bound volume was never to be found, because I had got it somewhere; and that, for all those years, to me the universe moved to Milton's music. I wonder how much of it I knew by heart—

enough to be always repeating some of it to myself, with every change of light and darkness, and sound and silence—the moods of the day and seasons of the year. It was not my love of Milton which required the forbearance of my parents, except for my hiding the book, and being often in an absent fit. It was because this luxury had made me ravenous for more. I had a book in my pocket, a book under my pillow, and in my lap, as I sat at meals; or rather, on this last occasion, it was a newspaper. I used to purloin the daily London paper before dinner, and keep possession of it, with a painful sense of the selfishness of the act; and with a daily pang of shame and self-reproach, I slipped away from the table when the dessert was set on, to read in another room. I devoured all Shakspeare, sitting on a footstool, and reading by firelight, while the rest of the family were still at table. I was incessantly wondering that this was permitted; and intensely, though silently grateful, I was for the impunity and the indulgence. It never extended to the omission of any of my proper business. I learned my lessons, but it was with the prospect of reading while I was brushing my hair at bed-time; and many a time have I stood reading, with the brush suspended, till I was far too cold to sleep. I made shirts with due diligence, being fond of sewing, but it was with Goldsmith, or Thomson, or Milton open on my lap, under my work, or hidden by the table, that I might learn pages and cantos by heart. The event justified my parents in their indulgence. I read more and more slowly, fewer and fewer authors, and with ever-increasing seriousness and reflection, till I became one of the slowest of readers, and a comparatively sparing one.

"The parents' main business is to look to the quality of the books read; I mean merely to see that the child has the freest access to those of the best quality. Nor do I mean only to such as the parent may think good for a child of such and such an age. The child's own mind is a truer judge in this case than the parents' suppositions. Let but noble books be on the shelf—the classics of our language—and the child will get nothing but good.

"The last thing that parents need fear is that the young reader will be hurt by passages in really good authors which might raise a blush a few years later. Whatever children do not understand slips through the mind, and leaves no trace; and what they do understand of matters of passion, is to them divested of its mischief. Purified editions of noble books are monuments of wasted labor; for it ought to be with adults as it is with children; their purity should be an all-sufficient purifier."

We like these ideas better than those of another author who, allowing less freedom, asserts that "few books can be safely given

to children without the use of the pen, the pencil, or the scissors.

The reasoning faculty is probably of earlier development than is usually perceived or believed, and nature, in this, makes an assertion not to be neglected. The mistake may be twofold; either in a foolish practice of questioning and experimenting with the child's powers, which, in effect, is like the child's own impatient curiosity when he pulls up the recently planted seed to see if it has begun to sprout; or, in a formal repression, upon the theory that the reasoning faculties ought not to have free scope until the mind has received other advancements, or until a certain age; or from indolence or ignorance on the part of the parent preventing answers to the importunate or perplexing questions which children of active intellect are constantly proposing. In regard to mathematical studies, as strengthening the reasoning faculties, and the propriety of such studies being pursued by girls, our author gives an interesting sketch, alluding, as no one can doubt, to her remarkable countrywoman and friend, Mrs. Somerville.

"One of the best housekeepers I know—a simple-minded, affectionate-hearted woman, whose table is always fit for a prince to sit down to, whose house is always neat and elegant, and whose small income yields the greatest amount of comfort—is one of the most learned women ever heard of. When she was a little girl, she was sitting sewing in the window-seat while her brother was receiving his first lesson in mathematics from his tutor. She listened, and was delighted with what she heard; and when both left the room, she seized upon the Euclid that lay on the table, ran up to her room, went over the lesson, and laid the volume where it was before. Every day after this, she sat stitching away and listening, in like manner, and going over the lesson afterwards, till one day she let out the secret. Her brother could not answer a question which was put to him two or three times; and, without thinking of anything else, she popped out the answer. The tutor was surprised, and after she had told the simple truth, she was permitted to make what she could of Euclid. Some time after, she spoke confidentially to a friend of the family—a scientific professor—asking him, with much hesitation and many blushes, whether he thought it was wrong for a woman to learn Latin. 'Certainly not,' he said, 'provided she does not neglect any duty for it. But why do you want

to learn Latin?' She wanted to study Newton's Principia; and the professor thought this a very good reason. Before she was grown into a woman, she had mastered the Principia of Newton. And now, the great globe on which we live is to her a book in which she reads the choice secrets of Nature; and to her the last known wonders of the sky are disclosed: and if there is a home more graced with accomplishments, and more filled with comforts, I do not know such an one. Will anybody say that this woman would have been in any way better without her learning?—while we may confidently say that she would have been much less happy."

From the reasoning we are led to the imaginative powers, usually considered at variance, but by our author as working in such proportion as to indicate connection—

"Certain it is, that the children who most patiently and earnestly search out the reasons of things, either looking deep into causes, or following them high up to consequences, are those who most strongly manifest the first stirrings of the heavenly power which raises them highest in the ranks of being known to exist."

"During the first exercise of the reasoning powers a child may, and probably will, become thoughtful. He will look grave at times, and be buried in reflection for a while; but his gravity does not make him less cheerful, and when he has done thinking about the particular thing his head was full of, he is as merry as ever. But a little later, and his thoughtfulness becomes something quite different from this. If there is some mingling of melancholy with it, the parents must not be uneasy. It is all natural, and therefore right. He is beginning to see and to feel his position in the universe; to see and to feel that by the powers within him he is connected with all that exists, and can conceive of all that may exist; and his new consciousness gives a light to his eye and a meaning to his countenance that were never seen there before. While he was an infant, he was much like any other young animal, for his thoughtless and unconscious enjoyment of all the good things that were strewn in his daily path. Then he began to see deeper into the reasons of things, and their connections; and now he had become higher than other young animals, for they cannot perceive the truths of numbers, or discover by thought anything not before known in any science. But now he has become conscious of himself; he can contemplate himself as he can contemplate any other object of thought; and he is occupied in connecting his own thoughts—his own mind—with every object of thought. It is upon his mind

ness and his thoughts united, that his imaginative power has to act. By it, he sees every thing in a new light, and feels everything with a new depth; and though he often finds this a glorious pleasure, he is sometimes much oppressed by it; and then comes the kind of gentle melancholy before referred to."

"The highest order of men who have lived are those in whom the power of imagination has been the strongest, the most disciplined, and the most elevated. The noblest gifts that have been given to men are the ideas which have proceeded from such minds. It is this order of mind alone that creates. Others may discover, and adapt, and improve, and establish; but it is the imaginative order of mankind that creates, whether it be the majestic steam-engine, or the immortal picture, or the divine poem. It is a sign of natural nobility—of a privilege higher than hereditary or acquired honor: and greater than a monarch can bestow."

"Now in this important period of youthful life, it is the greatest possible blessing if the son or daughter be on terms of perfect confidence with the mother. It is a kind of new life to a mother who has kept her mind and heart active and warm amidst her trials and cares, to enter into sympathy with the aspirations and imaginations of her ripening children. She has a keen enjoyment in the revival of her own young feelings and ideas; some of the noblest she has known; and things which might appear extravagant at another time, or from other persons, will be noble and animating as coming from those whose minds—minds which she has watched from their first movements—are now rapidly opening into comparative maturity. To her, then, the son or daughter need not fear to speak freely and openly. To her they may pour out their admiration of Nature, their wonder at the sublimities of science; their speculations upon character; their soulings in the abysses of life and death; their glorious dreams of what they will be and do. The more she sympathizes with them in their intellectual pleasures and tendencies, the more will her example tell upon them, as a conscientious diarist of the small duties of life; and thus she may silently and unconsciously obviate one of the chief dangers of this period of her children's lives. If they see that the mother who groves with the warmth of their emotions, and goes abroad through the converse hand in hand, as we may say, with them, to note and enjoy all that is mighty and beautiful, all that is serene and sweet—is yet as practical in her every day duty as the most pious and working, they will take shame to themselves for any reluctance that they feel to contemplate ideas and what seems to them drudgery. Full confidence and sympathy are the first requisites of the treatment of this period."

"*Summary*—The highest interests of English history have now passed to the present generation

by the novels of Scott, as to many a preceding one by the plays of Shakespeare. My own opinion is that no harm is done, but much good, by an early reading of fiction of a high order: and no one can question its being better than leaving the craving mind to feed upon itself—its own dreams of vanity or other selfishness—or to seek an insufficient nourishment from books of a lower order. The imagination, once awakened, must and will work, and ought to work. Let its working be ennobled, and not debased, by the material afforded to it.

"In the parents' sympathy must be included forbearance; forbearance with the uncertainty of temper and spirits, the extravagance of ideas, the absurd ambition, or fanaticism, or (as it is generally called,) 'romance,' which show themselves more or less, on the opening of a strong imaginative faculty. It should be remembered that the young creature is half-living in a new world; and that the difficulty of reconciling this beloved new world with the familiar old one is naturally very trying to one who is just entering upon the struggles of the mind and of life. He cannot reconcile the world, and its ways, and its people with the ideals which are presenting themselves to him; and he becomes for a time irritable or scornful, or depressed. One will be fanatical, for a time, and sleep on the boards, and make and keep a vow never to smile. Another will be discontented, and apparently ungrateful, for a time, in the idea that he might be a hero if he had certain advantages which are not given him. Another looks down already on all his neighbors on account of the great deeds he is to do by and by; and all are convinced—every youth and maiden of them all—that nobody can enter into their feelings—nobody understand their minds—no body conceive of emotions and aspirations like theirs. At the moment, this is likely to be true; for their ideas and emotions are vast and stirring, beyond their own power to express; and it can scarcely happen that any one is at hand, just at the right season, to receive their outpourings, and give them credit for more than they can tell. With all the consequences of these new movements of the mind, the parents must have forbearance. Nature may be trusted here, as everywhere. If we have patience to let her work, without hindrance and without degradation, she will justify our confidence at last. Give her free scope—remove out of her way everything that is low and selfish, and needlessly irritating, and minister to her everything that is pure and gentle, and noble and true, and she will produce a glorious work. In the wildest flights of fancy and undisciplined imagination, the young ascendant will take heed enough to the beauty and dignity of a lowly, and gentle, and benignant walk in life, to come down and wren it when order seems have passed away. It is only to wait, in gentle-

ness and cheerfulness, and the wild rhapsodist, or insolent fanatic, will work his way through his snares into a new world of filial as well as other duty, and, without being less of a poet, but because he is more of one, will be a better son, and brother, and neighbor—making his life his highest poem."

"The only means of improving the *morale* to the utmost, is by elevating the ideal of the individual. When the whole mind is possessed with the image of the godlike, ever growing with the expansion of the intelligence, and ever kindling with the glow of the affections, every passion is consumed, every weakness grows into the opposite strength; and the entire force of the moral life, set free from the exclusive care of the details of conduct, and from the incessant anxiety of self-regard, is at liberty to actuate the whole harmonious being in its now necessary pursuit of the highest moral beauty it can conceive of. To this godlike inspiration, strong and lofty powers of thought and imagination are essential; and if parents desire that their children should be what they are made to be—but a little lower than the angels—they must cherish these powers as the highest sources of moral inspiration."

With these lengthy quotations we close; and thus does our author arrive at the point proposed, showing how the parent in educating the child necessarily educates himself along with it: how the discipline of life is for all; and that its great educational aim is to bring all in companionship, to the perfection of our common nature. However liberally we have used the freedom of quotation, we could scarcely have given a right understanding to the book with less. Miss Martineau is pre-

cisely methodical, and keeps up from beginning to end so closely linked a connection, that it is difficult to detach a small portion without losing something made equally valuable by its relative position. "Household Education" is likely to become a popular book and an invaluable aid. The author has pointed out such a system as she honestly believes may best conduce to the general amount of happiness; and having presented her estimate of the various faculties, and clearly explained the practical methods by which they may be improved, she is satisfied with the conviction that what is most reasonable will ultimately prevail.

It is often objected to books on education, as of theories in philosophy, that they pull down the old without presenting anything practically better. An eminent writer has said, "Would you convince me that the house I live in is a bad one, and would you persuade me to quit it; build a better in my neighborhood; I shall be very ready to go into it, and shall return you my very sincere thanks. Till another house be ready, a wise man will stay in his old one, however inconvenient its arrangement, however seducing the plans of the enthusiastic projector." Miss Martineau has rendered herself liable to no such objection. She destroys nothing without supplying its place with something better; and a book on education has rarely appeared, combining more interesting illustration with real practical utility.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

"If novels are not the deepest teachers of humanity, they have at least the widest range. They lend to genius 'lighter wings to fly.' They are read where Milton and Shakspeare are only talked of, and where even their names are never heard. They nestle gently beneath the covers of unconscious sofas, are read by fair and glistening eyes in moments snatched from repose, and beneath counters and shop-boards minister delights, 'secret, sweet and precious.' It is possible, that, in particular instances, their effects may be baneful; but on the whole we are persuaded they are good. The world is in no danger of becoming too romantic. The golden threads of poesy are not too thickly or too closely interwoven with the ordinary web of existence. Sympathy is the first great lesson which man should learn."—T. N. TALFOURD.

"Mrs. Charlotte Smith has great poetical powers, and a pathos which commands attention."—MATTHIAS *Pursuits of Literature*.

CHARLOTTE SMITH was the daughter of a Mr. Turner, of Stoke House, Surrey; and was born 4th May, 1749. Even in childhood she was precocious, lively, and displayed much talent. Stoke House afterwards became the residence of Jeremiah Dyson, the friend and patron of Akenside, upon whom he bestowed, when the poet commenced practice, three hundred pounds a year. Miss Turner's father owned another house at Bignor Park, on the banks of the Arun, where she passed many of her earliest years. These scenes had been viewed by Otway and Collins, and to her mind became sacred ground, and were celebrated in melodious verse. She had an intense thirst for reading, and the desire was checked by an aunt, who had charge of her education; for most unfortunately, she lost her mother in her infancy; but notwithstanding, every book that fell in her way was eagerly devoured, and this enriched an intellect vigorous and penetrating by nature. From her twelfth to her fifteenth year her father resided occasionally in London. This must have given her much insight into life, and the various individuals that make up what is called society. She was early taught dancing, and her first steps were taken on a dining-table, and she never recollected the time she could not read. Smith of Chichester gave her instructions in drawing.

A school-mate thus writes of her: "Mrs. Smith was during our intimacy at school superior to other young persons of her age; my recollection enables me to say that she excelled most of us in writing and

drawing. She was reckoned by far the finest dancer, and was always brought forward for exhibition and whenever company was assembled to see our performances; and she would have excelled all her competitors had her application borne any proportion to her talents; but she was always thought too great a genius to study. She had a great taste for music and a correct ear, but never applied to it with sufficient steadiness to insure success. But however she might be inferior to others in some points, she was far above them in intellect and the general improvement of the mind. She had read more than any one in school, and was continually composing verses; she was considered romantic, and though I was not of that turn myself, I neither loved nor admired her the less for it. In my opinion her ideas were always original, full of wit and imagination, and her conversation singularly pleasing; and so I have continued to think, since a greater intercourse with society and a more perfect knowledge of the world has better qualified me to estimate her character." At school she performed both in English and French plays. She loved the study of botany, and has addressed a sonnet to it, and flowers and plants are minutely, graphically, and delicately described by her,

"From the mapped lichen, to the plumed weed;
From thready mosses to the veined flower."

When fifteen years of age, Miss Turner was married to Mr. Smith, whose age was

twenty-one. This was an unfortunate union, and the source of all her future troubles. Mr. Smith was heedless and improvident, although in a prosperous business, and the son of a wealthy man.

"Wealth that excuses folly, sloth creates,
Few, who can spend, e'er learn to get estates."
R. LLOYD.

Mrs. Smith now resided in London, in a narrow, pent-up street, far from the green fields, flowing rivers, and pure air, which she knew so well how to enjoy.

"O, Nature! a' thy shows an' forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night."
BURNS.

After the death of one of her sons, her husband allowed her a small house in the neighborhood of the city—

"A little house whose humble roof
Was weather proof."—HERRICK.

And again she indulged in the luxury of books, and studious care for her children. Mr. Smith's extravagance and neglect of his business increased, and his father, in the hope of reforming him, purchased for him Lyss farm in Hampshire. Here Mrs. Smith, now the mother of eight children, passed several anxious years. Her husband indulged in ruinous speculations in agriculture, and kept an establishment beyond his means. I have no doubt but that the character of Mr. Stafford, in the novel of *Emmeline*, was drawn from that of Mr. Smith.

"Mr. Stafford was one of those unfortunate characters, who having neither perseverance and regularity to fit them for business, or taste and genius for more refined pursuits, seek in every casual occurrence or childish amusement relief against the tedium of life. Though married very early, and though the father of a numerous family, he had thrown away the time and money which would have provided for them, in collecting baubles, which he had repeatedly possessed and discarded, till having exhausted every source that that species of idle folly offered, he had been driven, by the same inability to pursue proper objects, into vices yet more

fatal to the repose of his wife, and schemes yet more destructive to the fortune of his family. Married to a woman who was the delight of her friends and the admiration of her acquaintance, surrounded by a lovely and increasing family, and possessed of every reasonable means of happiness, he dissipated that property which ought to have secured its continuance in vague and absurd projects which he neither loved nor understood; and his temper growing more irritable in proportion as his difficulties increased, he sometimes treated his wife with great harshness, and did not seem to think it necessary even by apparent kindness and attention to excuse or soften his general ill conduct."

The storm which had been gathering for many years at last broke. The vanward clouds of evil days had not spent all their malice—

"And the sullen rear
Was, with its stored thunder, laboring up."
KEATS.

As a means of consolation she had recourse to poetry, and many melancholy moments were beguiled by expressing in verse the sensations those moments brought. "When in the beach-woods of Hampshire," she says, "I first struck the chords of the melancholy lyre, its notes were never intended for the public ear. It was unaffected sorrows drew them forth; I wrote mournfully, because I was unhappy." Mr. Smith the elder died in 1776, and it was not long after this that the son's affairs were brought to a crisis. The King's Bench opened her melancholy doors to him, and his noble-hearted wife accompanied him, and shared his imprisonment for seven months. She was not idle, and chiefly by her exertions and solicitations her husband was liberated. In her own words: "It was on the second day of July that we commenced our journey. For more than a month I had shared the restraint of my husband in a prison, amidst scenes of misery, of vice, and even of terror. Two attempts had, since my last residence among them, been made by the prisoners to procure their liberation, by blowing up the walls of the house. Throughout the night appointed for this enterprise, I remained dressed, watching at the window, and expecting every moment to witness contention and bloodshed, or perhaps to be overwhelmed."

by the projected explosion. After such scenes and such apprehensions, how deliciously soothing to my wearied spirits was the soft pure air of the summer's morning, breathing over the dewy grass, as (having slept one night on the road,) we passed over the heaths of Surrey! My native hills at length burst upon my view. I beheld once more the fields where I had passed my happiest days, and amidst the perfumed turf with which one of these fields was strewn, perceived with delight the beloved group from which I had been so long divided, and for whose fate my affections were ever anxious. The transports of this meeting were too much for my exhausted spirits. After all my sufferings, I began to hope I might taste content, or experience at least a respite from my calamities."

About this time she collected some of her poems, and offered them to Dodsley, who, then in full-blown prosperity, merely glanced at them, and refused them. This was a bitter repulse for Mrs. Smith, but sharp necessity compelled her to look around for another publisher, but in vain. At last the Sonnets were printed at Chichester, at the author's expense, in 1784, with a dedication to Hayley, who proved himself to be a true friend to her. Dodsley, with this recommendation, consented to be her publisher. The book sold with unexampled rapidity. Eleven editions were quickly disposed of, and it was translated into French and Italian. One who read her poems in boyhood observes: "They have a feminine pathos, and a delicacy and tenderness of sentiment that ought to save them from oblivion. Though the liquid smoothness of the versification, and the languid elegance of the diction may not suit an ear accustomed to the vigor and variety of later poems, I can remember that they gratified me in my younger days, and they have still a kind of charm for me that I am almost ashamed to acknowledge. Perhaps early associations, a reference to the feminine qualities of the fair author's mind, and a sympathy for her distresses, make me willing to be pleased in defiance of an increased experience and a maturer judgment. I doubt it was the perusal of those of a similar

strain of feeling, and perhaps with no great superiority in point of strength and originality."

How infinitely superior were such verse writers as Lady Winchelsea, Mrs. Barbauld, and Charlotte Smith, to the Sprats and Halifaxes, Stepneys and Wattses, that were re-edited by Chalmers, Anderson, and Dr. Johnson! To one of the later editions of her poems, published in her lifetime, Mrs. Smith prefixed a portrait of herself, and with a subdued melancholy and a harmless vanity, attached these lines from Shakspeare—

"Oh, grief has changed me since you saw me last,
And heavy hours with Time's defacing hand
Have written strange defeatures on my face."

From these poems I will give a few specimens that will justify the praise that has been so bountifully cast upon them. "There is much unaffected elegance, pathos, and harmony in them; the images are so soothing, and so delightful, and the sentiments so touching, so consonant to the best movements of the heart, that no reader of pure taste can grow weary of perusing them. Sorrow was her constant companion, and she sung with a thorn in her bosom, which forced out strains of melody, expressive of the most affecting sensations, interwoven with the rich hues of an inspired fancy."

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower which she had nursed
in dew,
Anemones that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths
again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
Bid all thy fairy colors fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall
bring;
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?

TO THE MOON.

Queen of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,

And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.

And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Released by death, to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe,
Forget in thee their cup of sorrow here.
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene.

SONNET.

Sighing, I see yon little troop at play,
By sorrow yet untouched, unhurt by care,
While free and sportive they enjoy to-day,
Content and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Oh, happy age! when Hope's unclouded ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their simple mirth,
Ere yet they feel the thorns that lurking lay
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth,
Making them rue the hour that gave them birth,
And threw them on a world so full of pain,
Where prosperous folly treads on patient worth,
And to deaf pride misfortune pleads in vain!
Ah! for their future fate how many fears
Oppress my heart, and fill my eyes with tears.

Written in passing by moonlight through
a village, while the ground was covered
with snow.

While thus I wander, cheerless and unblest,
And find in change of place but change of pain,
In tranquil sleep the village laborers rest,
And taste that quiet I pursue in vain!
Hush'd is the hamlet now, and faintly gleam
The dying embers from the casement low
Of the thatched cottage; while the moon's wan beam
Lends a new lustre to the dazzling snow;
O'er the cold waste, amid the freezing night,
Scarce heeding whither, desolate I stray;
For me, pale eye of evening, thy soft light
Leads to no happy home; my weary way
Ends but in sad vicissitudes of care;
I only fly from doubt—to meet despair.

Written at Penshurst, in Autumn,
1788.

Ye towers sublime! deserted now and drear!
Ye woods! deep sighing to the hollow blast,
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While history points to all your glories past;
And startling from their haunts the timid deer,

To trace the walks obscured by matted fern,
Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to hear!

But where now clamors the discordant horn!
The spoiling hand of Time may overturn
These lofty battlements, and quite deface
The fading canvas, whence we love to learn
Sydney's keen look, and Sacharissa's grace;
But fame and beauty still defy decay,
Saved by the historic page—the poet's tender lay!

BEACHY HEAD.

Haunts of my youth!
Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet!
Where 'twas so pleasant by thy northern slopes,
To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
By scattered thorns, whose spiry branches bore
Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb,
There seeking shelter from the noon-day sun;
And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
To look beneath upon the hollow way,
While heavily upward moved the laboring wain,
And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
To ease his panting team, stopped with a stone
The grating wheel.

Advancing higher still,
The prospect widens, and the village church
But little o'er the lowly roofs around
Rears its gray belfry and its simple vane;
Those lowly roofs of thatch are half concealed
By the rude arms of trees, lovely in Spring;
When on each bough the rosy tintured bloom
Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
Which, as their owners marked the promised fruit,
Console them, for the vineyards of the south
Surpass not these.

Where woods of ash and beech,
And partial copses fringe the green hill foot,
The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
There wanders by a little nameless stream
That from the hill wells forth, bright now,
and clear;
Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
But still refreshing in its shallow course
The cottage garden; most for use designed,
Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
Mantles the little casement; yet the brier
Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
And pansies rayed, and freaked, and mottled pinks
Grow among balm, and rosemary and rue:
There honeysuckles flaunt and roses blow
Almost uncultured; some with dark green leaves
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
Others like velvet robes of regal state

Of richest crimson ; while in thorny moss
 Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear
 The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
 With fond regret I recollect e'en now,
 In spring and summer what delight I felt
 Among those cottage gardens, and how much
 Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
 By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
 Were welcome to me ; soon and simply pleased,
 An early worshipper at Nature's shrine,
 I loved her rudest scenes, warrens and heaths,
 And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
 And hedgerows bordering unfrequented lanes,
 Bowered with wild roses and the clasping
 woodbine.

It is a pity that the poem of *Beachy Head* was never finished by its fair author. Mrs. Smith complains bitterly of the casualty and delay of the persons into whose hands her father-in-law's property was held for settlement. Mr. Smith's will was drawn up in such a complex style that it was almost impossible to guess the testator's meaning or desire. It was left to lawyers and judges to unravel the web. Mrs. Smith fully experienced the torture of the law's delay ; and Penruddock, in the *Wheel of Fortune*, uttered a truth that but too many in the world have discovered, "the scythe of the law cuts close, and those who follow it will not be enriched by their gleanings."

She says: "When a sixth edition of these little poems was lately called for, it was proposed to me to add such sonnets, or other pieces, as I might have written since the publication of the fifth. Of these, however, I had only a few ; and on showing them to a friend, of whose judgment I had a high opinion, he remarked that some of them, particularly the '*Sleeping Woodman*,' and the '*Return of the Nightingale*,' resembled in their subjects, and still more in the plaintive tone in which they are written, the greater part of those in the former editions, and that, perhaps, some of a more lively cast might be better liked by the public. '*Toujours perdrix*,' said my friend ; '*Toujours perdrix*, you know, ne vaut rien.' I am far from supposing that your compositions can be neglected or disapproved, on whatever subject ; but perhaps '*toujours rossignols*, *toujours des chansons tristes*,' may not be so well received as if you attempted, what you would certainly execute as successfully, a
 more cheerful composition '*Alas*'"

replied I, 'are grapes gathered from thorns, or figs from thistles ? or can the effect cease while the cause remains ? You know that when in the beech-woods of Hampshire I first struck the chords of the melancholy lyre, its notes were never intended for the public ear ! It was unaffected sorrows drew them forth ; I wrote mournfully, because I was unhappy, and I have unfortunately no reason yet, though nine years have since elapsed, to change my tone. The time is indeed arrived, when I have been promised by the 'honorable men,' who, nine years ago, undertook to see that my family obtained the provision their grandfather designed for them, that all should be well, all should be settled. But still I am condemned to feel 'the hope delayed that maketh the heart sick.' Still to receive not a repetition of promises indeed, but scorn and insult when I apply to those gentlemen, who, though they acknowledge that all impediments to a division of the estate they have undertaken to manage are done away—will neither tell me when they will proceed to divide it, nor whether they will ever do so at all. You know the circumstances under which I have now so long been laboring, and have done me the honor to say that few women could so long have contended with them. With these however, as there are some of them of a domestic and painful nature, I will not trouble the public now ; but while they exist in all their force, that indulgent public must accept all I am able to achieve, *toujours des chansons tristes*.' Thus ended the short dialogue between my friend and me, and I repeat it as an apology for that apparent despondence, which, when it is observed for a long series of years, may look like affectation. I shall be sorry if, on some future occasion, I should feel myself compelled to detail its causes more at length ; for notwithstanding I am thus frequently appearing as an authoress, and have derived from thence many of the greatest advantages of my life, since it has procured me friends whose attachment is most invaluable, I am well aware that for a woman 'the post of honor is a private station.'"

In another preface she writes : "For what expectation could I entertain of resisting such calamities as the detention of

their property has brought on my children? Of four sons, all seeking in other climates the competence denied them in this, two were for that reason driven from their prospects in the Church to the army, where one of them was maimed during the first campaign he served in, and is now a lieutenant of invalids. The loveliest, the most beloved of my daughters, the darling of all her family, was torn from us forever. The rest, deprived of every advantage to which they are entitled, and the means of proper education for my youngest son denied me, while the money their inhuman trustees have suffered yearly to be wasted, and what they keep possession of on false and frivolous pretenses would, if paid to those it belongs to, have saved me and them from all those now irremediable misfortunes. It is passed. The injuries I have so long suffered are not mitigated; the aggressors are not removed. But however soon they may be disarmed of their power, any retribution in this world is impossible—they can neither give back to the maimed the possession of health, nor restore the dead. The time they have occasioned me to pass in anxiety, in sorrow, in anguish, they cannot recall to me—to my children they can make no amends; but they would not if they could; nor have I the poor consolation of knowing that I leave in the callous hearts of these persons thorns to ‘goad and sting them,’ for they have conquered or outlived all sensibility of shame; they are alive neither to honesty, honor or humanity; and at this moment, far from feeling compunction for the ruin they have occasioned, the dreadful misfortunes they have been the authors of, *one* shrinks from the very attempt to make such redress as he might yet give, and wraps himself up in the callous insolence of his imagined consequence; while the other uses such professional subterfuges as are the disgrace of his profession to baffle me yet a little longer in my attempts to procure that restitution, that justice which they dare not deny I am entitled to; and to insult me by a continuation of tormenting chicaneries, perpetuating to the utmost of their power the distresses they have occasioned, and which their perseverance in iniquity has already put it out of the power of heaven to remedy.”

Let us return to our narrative, where we left Mr. and Mrs. Smith, after their departure from prison, rejoicing in the country. The quiet was of short continuance. Mr. Smith's liberty was again threatened, and he fled to France, accompanied by his wife, who shortly after returned with the hope of settling her husband's affairs, but in vain, and she again returned to the Continent, where they hired a dreary chateau in Normandy, where the sad and cheerless winter of 1783 was passed. The next year she again returned to England, and had the good fortune to be so far successful with her husband's creditors, as enabled them to return—and they hired the old mansion at Wolbedding, in Sussex, a parish of which Otway's father had been rector. Here she translated a little novel of the “Abbé Prévot,” and made a selection of extraordinary stories from “*Les Causes Célèbres*” of the French, which she entitled “*The Romance of Real Life*.” Again she was left alone by the flight of her husband, and after a union of twenty-three years they finally separated. Mrs. Smith took a cottage near Chichester, and in this retirement she tried her powers on a novel, and in eight months wrote her first work of fiction, “*Emmeline, the Orphan of the Castle*,” published in 1788, in four volumes. The first edition, of fifteen hundred, sold immediately, and the copy before me bears date 1789, and is one of the third edition. This is emphatically a most interesting story, simple in style, attractive in the plot, and containing exquisite descriptions of scenery. Emmeline's simple charms are very fascinating,

“Her soul awakening every grace
Is all abroad upon her face.”

The account of her childhood, passed in the old castle in Wales—the marine scenery in the Isle of Wight*—the fine

* “Have you ever seen the Isle of Wight! if not, you have not seen the prettiest place in the king's dominion. It is such a charming *little* island! In this great island which we set foot on, one half hour ago, the sea is at such a distance from the greater part of it, that you have no more acquaintance with it than if you were in the heart of Germany; and even on the coast of England appears no more an island to the eye

character of Godolphin, possessed a charm new in novels. Wonderful it was, that in the midst of cares and unceasing harassments, her fancy should have been so bright—her eye so observing, her imagination so creative. She opened a rich mine, and year after year, with a surprising felicity and untiring power, she poured forth her treasures, “riches fineless.” All her characters speak in language appropriate to them. We have the good old housekeeper, Mrs. Carey—the vulgar Mrs. Garnet—the interesting Mrs. Stafford, the fiery Delamere, his affectionate sister, Augusta, and the plotting Crofts. Beautifully does Sir E. Brydges enumerate the traits which characterize every heroine delineated by Charlotte Smith. An elevated simplicity, an unaffected purity of heart, of ardent and sublime affections, delighting in the scenery of nature, and flying from the sophisticated and vicious

than France does; but in this little gem of the ocean called the Isle of Wight, you see and feel you are in an island every moment. The great ocean becomes quite domestic; you see it from every point of view; you have it on the right hand, you look and you have it on the left also; you see both sides of the island at once—you look into every creek and corner of it which produces a new and singular feeling. We have taken three different rides upon and under the cliffs, corn-fields, and villages down to the water's edge, and a fine West India fleet in view with the sails all spread, and her convoy most majestically sailing by her. We saw Lord Dysart's seat and Sir Richard Worsley's; at the former there is a seat in the rock which shuts out every object but the shoreless ocean—for it looks towards France; at the latter there is an attempt at an English vineyard; the vines are planted on terraces, one above another. Another day's excursion was to the Needles; we walked to the very point, the toe of the island; the sea-gulls were flying about the rock like bees from a hive, and little fleets of puffins with their black heads in the water. Allum Bay looks like a wall of marble veined with different colors. The freshness of the sea air, and the beauty of the smooth turf of the downs on which we rode or walked, was inexpressibly pleasing. The next day we visited the north side of the island, richly wooded down to the water's edge; and rode home over a high down, with the sea on both sides, and a rich country between; the corn beginning to acquire the tinge of harvest time. In short, I do believe that if Buonaparte were to see the Isle of Wight, he would think it a very pretty *appanage* for some third or fourth cousin, and would make him king of it—if he could get it.”

Mrs. Barbauld's Correspondence.

commerce of the world; but capable, when necessity calls it forth, of displaying a vigorous sagacity and a lofty fortitude which appals vice and dignifies adversity. Can we doubt that the innocent and enchanting childhood of Emmeline, or the angelic affections of Celestina, were familiar to the heart of the author? Mrs. Stafford's history is a counterpart of Mrs. Smith's, and in one of the chapters of Emmeline she gives utterance to her feelings in these words:

“But think what it is for one born with a right to affluence, and educated in its expectations, with feelings keen from nature, and made yet keener by refinement, to be compelled, as I have been, to solicit favors, pecuniary favors, from persons who have no feelings at all; from the shifting, paltry-spirited James Crofts from the claims of debts; from the callous-hearted and selfish politician, his father, pity and assistance; from Rocheley, who has no ideas but of getting or saving money, to ask the loan of it! and to bear with humility a rude refusal. I have endured the brutal unkindness of hardened avarice, the dirty chicanery of law, exercised by the most contemptible of beings; I have been forced to attempt softening the tradesman and the mechanic, and to suffer every degree of humiliation which the insolence of sudden prosperity or the insensible coolness of the determined money-dealer could inflict. Actual poverty I think I could have better borne—

“I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience;”

but ineffectual attempts to ward it off by such degradation I can no longer submit to. While Mr. Stafford, for whom I have encountered it all, is not only unaffected by the poignant mortifications which torture me; but receives my efforts to serve him, if successful, only as a duty—if unsuccessful, he considers my failure as a fault, and loads me with reproach, with invective, with contempt—others have in their husbands protectors and friends; mine, not only throws on me the burden of affairs which he has himself embroiled, but adds to their weight by cruelty and oppression. Such complicated and incurable misery must overwhelm me—and then, what will become of my children?”

Ethelinde, or the Recluse of the Lake, in five volumes, was published in London in 1789. It is sufficient to say that it equalled “*Emmeline*” in the public estimation. We have a splendid specimen of a man in Sir Edward Newenden, unhappily wedded to “a vain, unquiet, glittering,

wretched thing :”—a Miss Newenden, whose time is almost entirely occupied by the stable or the kennel, and whose dress was usually such as only distinguished her from a man, by the petticoat, and who had imbibed a notion that “to possess a good horse, was the first point requisite to human happiness, and to be able to ride well, the first of human perfections.” The history of Mrs. Montgomery is very interesting. The dignified deportment of Colonel Chesterville, contrasts well with the vulgarity of Mr. Ludford and his vulgar family. How many imaginary sufferings poor Miss Clarinthia Ludford endures with her sentimental loves, and her determination to marry against the wishes of her parents. Ethelinde Chesterville is the charm of the work,

“It shineth as a precious diamond set
In my poor round of thought.”

BARRY CORNWALL.

Her paternal affection—her sincerity—the goodness of her heart—her sound sense—her firmness—her delicacy—her fortitude—the absence of all selfishness, endear her to every reader, and we follow her in her career with all the interest that we would take in that of a dear friend. Her love for Montgomery, and its growth, is touchingly described. How entrancing that first beam of intelligence between one's self and the being we adore! Ere memory extends in the heart with hope, ere the eloquence of words has sought to depict our feelings, there is, in these first hours of love, some indefinite and mysterious charm, more fleeting, but more heavenly than even happiness itself. Some of the scenes of this novel are laid by Grasmere Water; the following description is poetical and true to nature: “It was now evening; the last rays of the sun gave a dull purple hue to the points of the fells which rose along the water and the park; while the rest, all in deep shadow, looked gloomily sublime. Just above the tallest, which was rendered yet more dark by the wood that covered its side, the evening star arose, and was reflected on the bosom of the lake, now perfectly still and unruffled. Not a breeze sighed among the hills, and nothing was heard but the low murmur of two or three distant waterfalls, and at intervals the short soft notes of the woodlark, the only bird

that sings at this season in the evening.” (It was the middle of August.)

Celestina, four volumes, appeared in 1791. There are a number of characters in this novel which give a full scope to the talents of its accomplished author; the sensible and considerate Mrs. Willoughby; a Lord Castlenorth, one of those unfortunate beings who have been brought up never to have a wish ungratified; Miss Fitz Hayman, proud and cold; Matilda Molyneux, vain, foolish, and vindictive; Arabella Thorold, silly and affected; the romantic Montagu Thorold, and his brother, Captain Thorold, whose whole soul is taken up with his uniform; Mrs. Elphinstone, sad and resigned; the unfortunate Emily Cathcart, good even in ruin; Lady Horatia Howard, mild and lady-like; the purse-proud merchant, Jedwin; Jessie Woodburn, sweet as her own name; the angelic *Celestina*, and her lover, George Willoughby, are sketched with the pencil of a master. Some descriptions of the Hebrides, “placed far amid the melancholy main,” their lonely rocks, scant verdure, and terrific storms, are painted in the tone and with the force of Johnson or Boswell.

“Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur
there.”
COLLINS.

The picturesque wanderings of Willoughby among the Pyrenees are written with a zest that creates a longing to visit them. The approach of Spring is heralded in these pleasant words: “Within a few days the whole face of nature was changed: the snow, which had covered every object with cold uniformity, had now given place to the bright verdure of infant Spring; the earliest trees, and those in the most sheltered situations, had put forth their tender buds; the copses were strewn with primroses and March violets, and the gardens glowing with the first flowers of the year; while instead of the usually rude winds of the season, those gales only blew which

‘Call forth the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year.’

Myriads of birds who found food and shelter amid the shrubberies and wood-walks, seemed to hail with songs their future lovely protectress,

‘Hopp’d in her walks, and gambol’d in her
eyes.’

Desmond, in three volumes, appeared in 1792. In the preface to this novel Mrs. Smith observes: "In sending into the world a work so unlike those of my former writings, which have been honored by its approbation, I feel some degree of that apprehension which an author is sensible of on a first publication. This arises partly from my doubts of succeeding so well in letters as in narrative; and partly from a supposition, that there are readers to whom the fictitious occurrences, and others to whom the political remarks in these volumes may be displeasing. To the first I beg leave to suggest, that in representing a young man nourishing an ardent but concealed passion for a married woman, I certainly do not mean to encourage or justify such attachments; but no delineation of character appears to me more interesting, than that of a man capable of such a passion, so generous and disinterested as to seek only the good of its object; nor any story more moral than one that represents the existence of an affection so regulated.

"For that asperity of remark, which will arise on the part of those whose political tenets I may offend, I am prepared. Those who object to the matter, will probably arraign the manner, and exclaim against the impropriety of making a book of entertainment the vehicle of political discussion. I am however conscious that in making these slight sketches of manners and opinions, as they fluctuated around me, I have not sacrificed truth to any party. Nothing appears to me more respectable than national pride; nothing so absurd as national prejudice; and in the faithful representation of the manners of other countries, surely Englishmen may find abundant reason to indulge the one while they conquer the other. To those however who still cherish the idea of our having a natural enemy in the French nation, and that they are still more naturally our foes, because they have dared to be freemen, I can only say that against the phalanx of prejudice kept in constant pay, and under strict discipline by interest, the slight skirmishing of a novel-writer can have no effect; we see it remains hitherto unbroken against the powerful efforts of learning and genius, though united in that cause which must finally tri-

umph—the cause of truth, reason, and humanity."

It is not to be wondered at that the novel of "*Desmond*" gave offense to many of Mrs. Smith's aristocratic friends, for her fervid zeal gave great energy to her style, and sharpened her observation. I cannot perceive that she has set down aught in malice. The abuses under the kingly and priestly government in France are denounced in the most unsparing manner. The horrible outrages perpetrated under the game laws come in for their full share of indignant reproof and abhorrence. The character of *Desmond* is an exquisite one, generous, manly, tender, and sincere. *Geraldine Verney* is one of the very best of Mrs. Smith's female portraits, a meek, patient sufferer under the brutality of a reckless, vicious husband. A bad husband Mrs. Smith drew to the life, for her own always served her for a model.

In 1793 Cowper wrote a letter to Charlotte Smith concerning her poems, dated Weston Underwood, October 26, 1793:

"DEAR MADAM—Your two counsellors are of one mind. We both are of opinion that you will do well to make your second volume a suitable companion to the first, by embellishing it in the same manner; and have no doubt, considering the well-deserved popularity of your verse, that the expense will be amply refunded by the public. I would give you, madam, not my counsel only, but consolation also, were I not disqualified for that delightful service by a great dearth of it in my own experience. I, too, often seek, but cannot find it. Of this, however, I can assure you, if that may at all comfort you, that both my friend Hayley and myself most truly sympathize with you under all your sufferings; neither have you, I am persuaded, in any degree lost the interest you always had in him, or your claim to any service, of whatever kind, that it may be in his power to render you. Had you no other title to his esteem, his respect for your talents and his feelings for your misfortunes must insure to you the friendship of such a man for ever. I know, however, that there are seasons when, look which way we will, we see the same dismal gloom enveloping all objects. This is itself an affliction, and the worse because it makes us think ourselves more unhappy than we are; and at such a season it is, I doubt not, that you suspect a diminution of our friend's zeal to serve you. I was much struck by an expression in your letter to Hayley, where you

say that you 'will endeavor to take an interest in green leaves again.' This seems as the sound of my own voice reflected to me from a distance, I have so often had the same thought and desire; a day scarce passes at this season of the year when I do not contemplate the trees, so soon to be stripped, and say: Perhaps I shall never see you again. Every year, as it passes, makes this expectation more reasonable; and the year, with me, cannot be very distant when the event will verify it. Well, may God grant us a good hope of arriving in due time where the leaves never fall, and all will be right. Mrs. Unwin, I think, is a little better than when you saw her, but still feeble; so feeble as to keep me in a state of continual apprehension. I live under the point of a sword suspended by a hair. She begs you to accept her compliments. Adieu, my dear madam; believe me your sincere and affectionate, humble servant,

"WILLIAM COWPER."

Mrs. Smith had become highly interested in the French Revolution, and expressed her opinions freely, by which she gave much offense to her aristocratic friends; but the publication of "*The Old Manor House*," 1793, instantly regained her the public favor. It is one of the very best novels in any language, and on which Charlotte Smith can securely rest her fame—"a wreath that cannot fade." Part of it was written at Earham, the residence of Hayley, during the period of Cowper's visit there. Romney, the artist, was also there at the same time. "Here we are," writes Cowper, "in the most elegant mansion that I have ever inhabited, and surrounded by the most delightful pleasure-grounds that I have ever seen; but which, dissipated as my powers of thought are at present, I will not undertake to describe. It shall suffice me to say, that they occupy three sides of a hill, which, in Buckinghamshire, might well pass for a mountain, and from the summit of which is beheld a most magnificent landscape, bounded by the sea, and on one part by the Isle of Wight, which may also be seen plainly from the window of the library in which I am writing. The inland scene is equally beautiful, consisting of a large and deep valley, well cultivated, and inclosed by magnificent hills, all crowned with wood. I had, for my part, no conception that a poet could be the owner of such a paradise. We are as happy as it is in the power of terrestrial

good to make us." Their reception was as kind as hospitality and friendship could make it. Charlotte Smith exerted her talents to excite the wonder and conciliate the esteem of Cowper. She was then writing "*The Old Manor House*," and devoted the early part of the day to composition, and would read in the evening, to the assembled party, whatever the fertility of her fancy had produced in the course of her studious morning. She had a quickness of invention and rapidity of hand which astonished every witness of her abilities. Cowper repeatedly declared that he knew no man among his early associates, some of whom piqued themselves on rapid composition, who could have composed so rapidly and so well. Hayley says: "It was delightful to hear her read what she had just written; for she read as she wrote, with simplicity and grace." Godwin often talked, with a peculiar delight, of a day passed at John Kemble's, in company with Sheridan, Curran, Mary Wolstonecraft, and Mrs. Inchbald, when the conversation took an animated turn, and the subject was of love. How delightful those evenings must have been at Earham, and how gratifying to our novelist! Mrs. Rayland—stately, and proud of her ancestry—her profound secrecy as to whom she was going to make her heir—reminds one of Queen Elizabeth: she well becomes the quiet old hall. The housekeeper has a female relative with her, a young girl named Monimia. "Why," said Mrs. Rayland, "why would you give the child such a name? As the girl will have nothing, why put such romantic notions in her head as may perhaps prevent her getting her bread honestly? Monimia! I protest I don't love to repeat the name; it puts me so in mind of a very hateful play which I remember shocked me so, when I was a mere girl, that I have always detested the name. Monimia! 'tis so very unlike a Christian name that, if the child is much about me, I must insist upon having her called Mary." Betty Richards, a rural coquette and a bold girl, flaunts about in bright, gaudy ribbons. In the vaults under the house smugglers stow away their booty—one of them, Jonas Wilkins, is a good, sturdy, reckless villain. The gay, thoughtless Isabella Somerville fascinates an old beau, General Tracy, who

spends half the day at the toilet in making himself up, a sort of Lord Ogleby—and flatters himself that he conceals the ravages time makes upon his person. Dr. Hollybourn, the archdeacon, frigid and pompous, is a capital portrait; and his daughter, Miss Ann Jane Eliza Hollybourn, who equally resembled her father and her mother, was the pride and delight of both; “possessing something of each of their personal perfections, she was considered by them a model of loveliness, and her mind was adorned with all that money could purchase. The wainscot complexion of her mamma was set off by the yellow eyebrows and hair of the Doctor. His little pug nose, divested of its mulberry hue, which on the countenance of his daughter was pronounced to be ‘le petit nez retroussé,’ united with the thin lips, drawn up to make a little mouth, which were peculiar to his ‘better half,’ as he facetiously called his wife. The worthy archdeacon’s short legs detracted less from the height of his amiable daughter, as she had the long waist of her mother, fine sugar-loaf shoulders that were pronounced to be extremely genteel, and a head which looked as if the back of it had by some accident been flattened, since it formed a perpendicular line with her back. To dignify with mental acquirements this epitome of human loveliness, all that education could do had been lavished; masters for painting, music, French, and dancing had been assembled around her as soon as she could speak; she learned Latin from her father at a very early period, and could read any easy sentence in Greek; was learned in astronomy, knew something of mathematics, and, in relief of these more abstruse studies, read Italian and Spanish. Having never heard anything but her own praises, she really believed herself a miracle of knowledge and accomplishments; and it must be owned that an audience less partial than those before whom she generally performed, might have allowed that she performed very long concertos and solos without end, with infinite correctness and much execution. Then she made most inveterate likenesses of many of her acquaintance; and painted landscapes where very green trees were reflected in very blue water. Her French was most grammatically correct, though the accent was

somewhat defective; and she knew all manner of history, could tell the dates of the most execrable actions of the most execrable of human beings. . . . The gentlemen, however, whom all these elegancies were probably designed to attract, seemed by no means struck with them; some of them, who had approached her on the suggestion of her being an heiress, had declared that her fortune made no amends for her want of beauty; and others had been alarmed by the acquisitions which went so much beyond those they had made themselves. Thus at six-and-twenty (though the lady and her parents, for some reasons of their own, called her no more than twenty-two) Miss Hollybourn was yet unmarried.”

Orlando Somerive and Monimia are the hero and heroine of the work. Orlando serves under Burgoyne in the American war as an ensign; this war meets with no favor at the hands of Mrs. Smith. Orlando returns to England after much suffering, and finds Rayland Hall deserted, his benefactors dead, and those that knew him in the days of his prosperity turn coldly from him. The plot is a most interesting one; the characters true to life. Mr. and Mrs. Somerive, the kind parents; Phil. Somerive, heartless and unprincipled; Woodford, low-bred, and aping the fashions, are life-like, “and finished more through happiness than pains.”

Mrs. Smith’s necessities did not allow her to remain idle. There appeared to be no limit to her mental resources, and every succeeding work displayed more ripened powers. *Montalbert* appeared shortly after the “Old Manor House.” This novel is full of incidents and romantic interest, and beautifully written, interspersed with fine descriptions of rich, luxuriant Italy and Sicily—opposed to the green and undulating hills of England. Rosalie, the pure, gentle and affectionate girl, and the proud and impetuous Montalbert greatly interest the reader. Mrs. Smith’s novels are essentially moral. *Marchmont*, *The Wanderings of Warwick*, and *the Banished Man*, I have never read.

Charlotte Smith’s history and disposition can be best gathered from her productions. I feel grateful for the amusement and instruction she has afforded me. Her works I have read at intervals during the

past winter, and the dreary day and evening have been frequently cheered by her genius. I have seen, in my mind's eye, the youthful, radiant face of Charlotte Smith; the scene changed, and a careworn person walks slowly along through the beech woods of Hampshire, or by the banks of the Arun, repeating verses, the inspiration of the moment:

"Through glades and glooms the mingled
measure stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream with fond de-
lay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away;"

or her pale face looks out from the dreary Norman château—or I see her happy, delighting and delighted—the guest of Hayley, at Eartham, and beguiling even Cowper of his sadness. Our loss might have been her gain, if her husband had thought with Burns,

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

Many sorrows and heart-aches were mingled with her literary labors; one of her sons was absent in Bengal, as a wri-

ter; another lost his leg at Dunkirk, as an ensign in the 24th Regiment, and her eldest daughter, "the loveliest and most beloved of her children," died shortly after her marriage. Mr. Smith, the elder, left his property in the West Indies in the hands of trustees and agents, by an incomprehensible will, fruitful in lawsuits, and endless in their nature; and her husband died in legal confinement in 1806. Mrs. Smith's life closed the same year, on the 28th October, at Tilford, near Farnham. She wrote several books for children, thus applying her talents to a noble use, and adding her name to a long list of female benefactors in a branch of literature perhaps the most difficult of all. I have somewhere read of her passing her latter days, when enduring great bodily pain, surrounded by her grandchildren, and quietly singing to herself. A scene like this brings to mind the lines of Madame D'Houtetot.

"Joune, j'aimai. Le temps de mon bel âge,
Ce temps, si court, l'amour seul le remplit;
Quand j'atteignis la saison d'être sage,
Toujours j'aimai: la raison me le dit.
Mais l'âge vient, et le plaisir s'envole;
Mais mon bonheur ne s'envole aujourd'hui,
Car j'aime encore, et l'amour me console;
Rien n'aurait pu me consoler de lui."

G. F. D.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOUH, A CHIEF OF THE OJIBWA NATION.

THE history of a nation is always interesting. The more obscure the means of tracing it, the more of interest attaches to it, as it slowly discloses itself to the eye of research.

The past of American history is to every meditative man full of silent instruction. The struggle between the two races, the European and the American, has been in steady progress since their first intercourse with each other. The pale-face has bequeathed his history's bloody page to his children after him. The Indians, on the other hand, have related the story of their wrongs to their children in the lodge, and have invariably taught them to look upon a pale-face as a hard brother.

The account of their hatred to each other in years long past, is, no doubt, without foundation. Its relation has, however, had the evil tendency of embittering one against the other, has kept them at variance, and prevented them from learning of each other those noble qualities which *all* will acknowledge each possessed.

What a change! The progress of aggression has gone on with its resistless force westward with emigration, from the time the first colony was planted on the Atlantic's shores. Wave after wave has rolled on, till now there appears no limit to the sea of population. The north resounds with the woodman's axe; the south opens its valleys to make room for the millions that are swarming from the Old World to the New.

The rivers that once wound their silent and undisturbed course beneath the shades of the forest, are made to leave their natural ways, and, bending to the arbitrary will of man, follow the path he marks out for them. Man labors, and gazes in astonishment at the mighty work his hands perform—he gazes at the complicated machinery he has set in motion. The

Indian is out of sight—he sends no horror to the pale-face by his shrill war-whoop, nor pity by the wail of his death-song.

Steam thunders along over hills and vales that once were peaceful—on, on, to the mighty West.

The groans of the Indian are occasionally heard by the intoxicated and avaricious throng in the way of complaint; he has waited for justice, while those who have wronged him, like the wild horses of his prairie, neigh over his misfortunes.

The eagle of liberty stretches her wings north and south. The tide of emigration will soon reach the base of the Rocky Mountains and rise to the summit. Enterprise follows in its train; yet when blessings are lavishly bestowed on the pale-faces, as the consequence of attainments in knowledge, the red-man has been denied the least of those which the American government guaranties to its humblest subject.

These thoughts have arisen in my mind previous to calling the attention of the readers of this Review to a plan for the effectual consolidation of the western tribes, with a view to their temporal and spiritual improvement.

Before stating the plan, which I have already laid before the American people, as the only means which can be used to save the Indians from extinction, I shall, in as brief a manner as possible, give a few reasons why they have not materially improved, and why their numbers have been greatly lessening.

1. *Why has not the Indian improved when coming in contact with civilization?* To give a statement of all the disadvantages he has had to encounter would not be in accordance with my present object; I will mention a few. In their intercourse with the frontier settlers they meet the worst classes of pale-faces. They soon

adopt their foolish ways and their vices, and their minds being thus poisoned and preoccupied, the morality and education which the better classes would teach them are forestalled. This will not be wondered at when it is generally known that the frontier settlements are made up of wild, adventurous spirits, willing to raise themselves by the downfall of the Indian race. These are traders, spirit-sellers, horse-thieves, counterfeiters, and scape-gallowses, who neither fear God nor regard man. When the Indians come in contact with such men, as representatives of the American people, what else could be expected from them? They scarcely believe that any good can come out of such a Nazareth as they think the United States to be; and all are aware that man is more prone to learn from others their vices than their virtues. It is not strange, that, seeing as he does the gross immorality of the white men whom he meets, and the struggle between the pale-face for wrong and the red man for right, which begins when they first meet, and ends not until one dies, that he refuses to follow in the footsteps of the white man.

"What!" said an Indian to me once, in the Northwest, when I was endeavoring to convince him of the necessity of schooling his children, "shall my children be taught to lie, steal, kill, and quarrel, as the white man does? No, no," he continued, shaking his head. Having never been in the midst of refined and civilized society, he knew not of its blessings. He judged from what he saw around him, and with such examples, he decided rightly.

There has been one class of adventurers who have moved westward, whose fathers were murdered by the Indians. These having an implacable hatred against the poor Indian, do all they can to enrage one race against the other, and if possible involve the two in war, that they may engage in their favorite work of depredation.

2. *Their love of adventurous life.* The suddenness with which a band of white men has ever intruded upon them, has prevented them from gradually acquiring the arts of civilized life; and leaving local employment, they have hunted for a living, and thus perpetuated that independent, roaming disposition, which was their early education. Their fathers having been

Nimrods, in a literal sense, they followed in their steps. Not that I would have you suppose that there is no such thing as teaching the American Indian the peaceful arts of agriculture, for he has already proved himself teachable.

3. *The perpetual agitation of mind which they experience in the annoyance they receive from mischievous men, and the fear of being removed westward by the American government.* None but an Indian can, perhaps, rightly judge of the deleterious influence which the repeated removals of the Indians has wrought, since they began in the days of Jefferson, in 1804, and have been continued by succeeding administrations, until the last. Here let me say, to those who are at the head of affairs, Mature a pacific policy, for the mutual good of the red man and the white man. Let each love the other with the same spirit that animated the bosom of William Penn, and we shall yet have many sunny days—days when the white man and the red man shall join hands, and together, as brothers, go up yet higher on the mount of noble greatness. Fear has prevented the Indian from making any very great advancement in agricultural science. Having seen the removal of many tribes, he is conscious of the fact, that the government may, and doubtless will, want more land, and they be obliged to sell at whatever price government may see fit to give, and thus all improvements they may have made are valueless to them.

The missionaries, in many instances, have done nobly in subduing the wild and warring disposition of many of the Indians, but these lessons have all been lost by the removal of the Indian west. And if he say aught, he is represented by the agent in an antagonistic attitude towards his government, and the Indians become the sufferers.

4. *The want of schools of the character that are required for the education of the Indians.* You will, no doubt, tell me that the Indians have been taught the advantages of education—that some have even attended, not only the common school, but schools of a higher order and colleges, and have returned again to the forest, have put on the blanket and roamed the woods. This has not always been the case. I might name a great many, who, to my

knowledge, have done well, and are doing well for themselves and for their people.

I have never heard of any inquiry having been made by any society or government, as to what is the best mode of education for Indian youth. My opinion may differ from that of more aged and experienced men, yet after much observation and inquiry, I am convinced that the three most requisite things for an Indian youth to be taught, are a good mechanical trade, a sound code of morality, and a high-toned literature.

The reason of their returning back again, was the absence of a good moral training, and their not having learned any trade with which to be employed on their leaving the schools. Having no employment and no income, they found themselves in possession of all the qualities of a gentleman, without the requisite funds to support themselves.

Their training in moral culture had not been attended to, because some of those men who had been their instructors knew Christianity by theory only, not by a practical knowledge of the pleasing and persuasive influence of the Bible.

The Indian ought not to be allowed to stand still in the way of improvement; for if he does not advance, he will surely recede, and lose the knowledge he may already have attained. Let him taste the pleasures of education, and he will, if proper care be taken in his commencement, drink deep of the living spring.

5. *The great quantity of land which they have reserved to themselves for the purpose of hunting.* This wide field, filled with a variety of game, perpetuates their natural propensities to live by the use of the bow or gun, instead of the hoe or plough; to roam the fields instead of having a local habitation. When they have land that they can call their own, and limited, so that the scarcity of game will oblige them to till the soil for a subsistence, then they will improve, and the sooner this state of affairs is brought about, the better.

Some of my Indian brethren may wonder that I should offer this as one of my reasons, and my white brethren may think that I would limit the Indian to rather narrow quarters. If any argument I now bring forward will not bear investigation, why, throw it out. I but write what

in my humble judgment is an impartial view of the subject, and state plans which I think best adapted to advance the interests of all, and which should be adapted in order to elevate the condition of the Indians of America.

6. *The mode generally adopted for the introduction of Christianity among the Indians.* This mode has not, I think, been one that would induce them to speedily relinquish their habits of life. I am aware that I here tread on delicate ground. There is zeal enough among the missionaries who labor among them to move the world, if there was any *system* of operation. There is piety enough to enkindle and fan to a blaze the fine devotional feelings of the Indians, if there was one uniform course taken by all those who go to teach them.

The *doctrines* which have been preached in this civilized country may be necessary for the purpose of stimulating various denominations to zealous labor, but in our country they have had a tendency to retard the progress of the gospel. The strenuous efforts that have been made to introduce doctrinal views, and forms of worship, have perplexed and prejudiced the mind of the Indian against Christianity.

It is true that every man who has been among the Indians as a missionary to them has not been as judicious as he should have been. The idea that *anything* will do for the Indian, has been a mistaken one.

We want men of *liberal education* as well as of devoted piety. It is not requisite that a missionary carry with him the discipline of churches, but it *is* requisite that he carry with him consistency, in order to meet with success among the Indian tribes.

When they preach love to God and to all men, and act otherwise toward ministers of differing denominations, it creates doubts in the mind of the watchful Indian as to the truth of the word he hears. Let the men advocating the sacred cause of God go on together, let them labor side by side for the good of the Indian, and he will soon see that they intend his good. The Indian is not wilfully blind to his own interests.

I have tried to convince the different missionaries that it is better to teach the Indians in English, rather than in their own language, as some have done and are now doing. A great amount of *time* and

money have been expended in the translation of the Bible into various languages, and afterward the Indian has been taught to read; when he might have been taught English in much less amount of time and with less expenditure of money. Besides this, the few books which have been translated into our language are the *only books* which they can read, and in this are perpetuated his views, ideas and feelings; whereas, had he been taught English, he would have been introduced into a wide field of literature; for so *very* limited would be the literature of his own language, that he could have no scope for his powers; consequently the sooner he learned the almost universal English and forgot the Indian, the better. If the same policy is pursued that has been, the whole of the world's history must be translated into Indian, and the Indian be taught to read it before he can know the story of the past.

There are other reasons that might be given, why the condition of the Indian has not improved, did space allow. I proceed to give the reasons for the gradual diminution of their numbers since their first intercourse with the whites three hundred and fifty six years ago.

1. *Diseases introduced by Europeans.* They had no knowledge of the *small-pox*, measles, and *other* epidemics of civilization's growth. The small-pox destroyed the Mandans, a tribe once occupying the shores of the upper waters of the Missouri, in '37 and '38. Entire families perished. American history relates many a distressing fact in relation to that ill-fated tribe. Foreign disease has preyed on the vitals of the Indian, and he knew not what remedies to use to arrest its progress, however skillful he might have been in curing the infirmities which were found with him. He knew no cure for the new diseases that ravaged among them.

2. *Wars among themselves since the introduction of fire-arms among them.* The weapons they used, previous to their meeting the whites, were not as destructive as the rifle. With the gun they have been as expert as they were with the bow and arrow. Champlain, in the year 1609, supplied the Algonquin tribes of the north with weapons of war for them to subdue the Six Nations, and the Dutch supplied the Six Nations in the now State of New

York. The Spaniards of the south, and others, might be cited. They received these weapons of war from civilized nations, guaranteeing to them the free use of them.

3. *The wars among the white people of this country.* During these wars the Indian has been called to show his fearless nature; and for obeying, and showing himself true to the code of a warrior, as he understood it, he has been called a *savage*, by the very men who needed his aid and received it. In the midst of these contests the Indians have been put in the front ranks, in the most dangerous positions, and have consequently been the greatest losers.

4. *The introduction of spirituous liquors.* This has been another, and perhaps greater than all other evils combined. The *fire-water* has done a most disastrous work, and the glad shout of the Indian boy has been hushed as he bended over the remains of his father, whose premature death has been brought on by its use. The Indian has not sufficient moral fortitude to withstand its evil seductiveness. Disease, war, and famine have preyed upon individual life, but alcoholic drinks have cut off from the list of nations many whose records are inscribed on the face of the mountain.

Peace and happiness entwined around the firesides of the Indian once—union, harmony, and a common brotherhood cemented them to each other. But as soon as these vile drinks were introduced among them dissipation commenced, and the ruin and downfall of a noble race went on. Every year lessened its numbers. The trader found this to be one of the easiest means of securing him rich gains. Wave after wave of destruction invaded the wigwam of the Indian, while the angel of death hovered over his lodge-fires with its insatiable thirst for victims.

In mockery of his wrongs, the eye of the distant observer has looked on the destruction of the Indian, and when he saw him urged to desperate deeds, the white man would calmly say, "Ah, the Indian will be an Indian still."

You say, he loves it so well that it is impossible to keep it from him. There was a time when the cool water from the mountain tops was all that allayed his

thirst. He loved that, because the Great Spirit sent it to him.

Traders carry the fire-water into the western country by hundreds of barrels, and it has become a common saying among the Indians, "If you see a white man, you will see a jug of rum."

The tide of avaricious thirst for gold rolls on, and the trader resorts to those means to satisfy it, that bring upon the Indian poverty, misery, and death. One reason why the gospel has not been more readily received is, because the Indians have not been allowed to remain in a condition to hear and understand it.

The fears I entertain that the Indians will never have a permanent hold upon any part of their lands are from the following reasons.

1. *Their position before the press of emigration.* Their rights will be trampled upon by new settlers, and this, with other annoyances they may receive, will unsettle their minds, and consequently they will remove step by step to escape such annoyance.

The present belief of the Indians is, that they will never again be removed, and that the land they now have is to be their own forever. But American enterprise will require railroads to be built, canals to be opened, military roads to be laid out through that western country, and this land will be demanded. The Indians will soon see that their permanency will be destroyed, and they will cease to improve the soil; since such labor would be not for their own benefit, but for the benefit of the white men who are crowding upon them.

The superior quality of the land for agricultural purposes will also be an inducement for the emigrant to use all possible endeavors to obtain it.

2. *The quantity of the land* always has and always will retard the progress of their civilization. The game on those lands being abundant, will induce them to neglect the improvement of the soil, which otherwise they would attend to. What do we want land for, when the quantity we possess is a preventative to our improving any particular portion of it?

3. *Necessity will oblige them to sell.* They have ever reasoned thus: My fathers sold their lands to the government and lived on the proceeds of the sale, and soon

the government will want to buy this land, and our children will live on their annuities as we now do on ours; so they will fare as well as we have. In this way they become improvident.

4. *The scarcity of food when the game has gone.* This will produce trouble between the Indians and the white people of the West. However desirous the government may be to maintain peace with the Indians, it will itself occasion the trouble it so much fears.

The game is being killed more and more every year. It is computed by recent travellers, that one hundred thousand buffaloes are killed by trappers for their tongues and hides, which are sold to traders up the Missouri. Game of all kinds is fast disappearing from this side of the mountains. When, by force of circumstance, the Indian is forced to live on the cattle of the frontier settlers, as soon as the first bullock is killed, the cry will be heard, "The Indians are coming! To arms! to arms!" and the soldiery of the United States must be sent to destroy them. The boom of a thousand cannon, the rattle of the drum, and the trumpet's blast, will be heard all over the western prairies; the fearful knell that tells of the downfall of a once noble race.

Desperation will drive the Indian to die at the cannon's mouth, rather than "remove" beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Should this time come, (God grant it never may,) the pale-face must not be surprised should he hear the battle cry resound from peak to peak, and see them descending upon the frontiers, to avenge their wrongs and regain their once happy possessions.

5. *Their isolated condition.* This will be perpetuated as long as the American government addresses them as distinct tribes. It should, instead of this, treat them as one nation. Not till they amalgamate, will they lose the hostile feelings they now have for each other.

Having, in as few words as possible, given the causes which, in my opinion, have prevented them from improving, have decreased their numbers, and the foundation of my fears that they are yet in a critical situation, I will state the plan I have drawn up, and which I have been laying before the American people during

the past winter. I have had the honor of addressing legislative bodies from South Carolina to Massachusetts, as also the people of various cities and towns.

My object is to induce the government to locate the Indians in a collective body, where, after they are secured in their lands, they may make such improvements as shall serve to attach them to their homes.

This will be more applicable to the Indians of the Northwest than to those of the Southwest; for I would not be understood as thinking or legislating for the civilized portion, who are by far the most enlightened of the American Indians.

The questions naturally arise, When and how can this be accomplished? Is it practicable?

I feel that I am inadequate to perform the task of showing plainly the *place* where they ought to be settled, as well as the *manner* in which it is to be brought about. Different individuals will have different opinions on these points.

The location which I have chosen for their home, is the unsettled land, known as the Northwest Territory, between the territories of Nebraska and Minnesota, on the eastern banks of the Missouri river. The great Sioux river being the eastern boundary, from its head waters draw a line westward, until it meets the Missouri river; thence down the Missouri to the place of beginning. This would form an Indian territory large enough for all the scattered tribes of Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, &c.

The reasons why I have named this as the most suitable location for them, are the following:

They will be away from the course of emigration which goes up the Missouri, and thence westward. They would be two hundred and fifty miles north of this trail. The climate is best for them. Either north or south would not do. In the first, they would suffer from cold, in the last, from sickness.

The distance of this territory westward would cause their removal to be gradual, and by the time the whites should reach there, the Indians would be so far improved, as to be enabled to live as neighbors, and could compete with the whites in point of intelligence, and mechanical and agricultural skill.

The last, but not the least question which arises, is this.

IS IT PRACTICABLE? I think it is.

1. Their interests being in the hands of the United States government, the government would have an influence for good in reference to their annuities. By an annual distribution of these, they would become attached to the place of concentration.

2. All the treaties, having for their end the removal of the Indians, may be made with an understanding, that they are never to be moved again, should they go. This would be one of the greatest inducements that could be presented to them, and they would soon go. They are not stubborn beings. Convince them it is for their good, and you will speedily attain your object.

3. The Indians are a social race. They would rather live in large bodies than in small ones, particularly when they are partially civilized. The oftener they see one another, the more rapidly would their jealousies cease to exist. Their children, growing up together, would acquire a mutual attachment and a mutual regard for each others' welfare.

4. The language of the northwest tribes is peculiarly adapted for such a state of society; they soon would understand each other, the Ojibwa language being the great family language of all the Algonquin tribes west. This is one of the best appeals I expect to make to them when I visit them. Tradition says we were all one people once, and now to be re-united will be a great social blessing. Wars must then cease.

5. By giving encouragement to those who would go there to settle, there would be no difficulty in getting them there, for the educated portion of them would be the first to go and lay the foundation for a settlement. And such are those whom I would have go, for they do so from good motives.

6. Should they not be induced to go in collective bodies, a proclamation from the President of the United States, calling upon all the northwest tribes to till the ground, as they must soon have recourse to farming for a living, would induce them individually to go without the chiefs, and they would, as soon as they entered the

new territory, frame laws founded on republicanism. The hereditary chiefship must cease to exist, before they can make any rapid advancement; for when you allow the meritorious only to rule, there will be found a great many who will study hard to improve in general information, and fit themselves for statesmen and divines.

Having stated the reasons why I deem my scheme practicable, I will, in conclusion, allude to the advantages that would accrue, not only to the United States, but to the Indians.

To the American government. This system would simplify the Indian department. They would not have so much perplexity in adjusting difficulties. The outlay in Indian agencies would be lessened. Establish a court of justice in the Indian territory, and no trouble would be had with them, as the difficulties would be legally settled.

The expense of fortifying the western country from the encroachments of the Indians would be dispensed with, and even now they are not actually required. But if the government *must* build forts, and establish military posts, let them be in one, in the centre of the new Indian territory, to give efficiency to the laws of the Indian government, to protect the peace and persons in that country.

Go, in the spirit of the illustrious William Penn, that noble personification of Christianity, and you will have no trouble with the Indians this side of the Rocky Mountains.

The outlay for transporting the Indians would cease to be a burden. I believe the Indians would now go of their own accord, did they know that the land could be thus occupied by them. The buying of the land from the Indians over and over would not then have to be done.

The peaceful and friendly relations that must then exist would be one of the strongest bonds of union in time of peace, and cause them to be neutral in time of war.

The advantages to the Indians. By having *permanent* homes they would soon enjoy the fruit of their labor. Poverty

would be unknown, plenty would reign, and cheerfulness aid them in their work.

Seminaries of learning would be permanently located; every stone you laid for the foundation of a school would tell. The repeated removals of the Indians have retarded the progress of moral and physical training among them, and caused many good men to become discouraged in their alms-giving for their improvement. It has not been so much the fault of the Indian as it has been the error of judgment in the distribution of these means.

The appropriation by the United States, for the education of the Indians, of \$10,000, would then be a benefit to those for whom it is intended. Let the government endow a college in the central part of the Indian country, and it would have a lasting influence for good to the end of time.

But say you, How will you reconcile the different denominations of Christians who may go there to teach?

Having no predilection to *division* and discord, I would not have one dollar of the money which the generosity of the government should give, go towards perpetuating discordant elements. No! I want to make the great family of the Indians *ONE*, should I live long enough—*one* in interest, *one* in feeling, *one* while they live, and *one* in a better world after death.

Emulation among themselves would spring up; and each would labor for the other's good, a spirit of rivalry would soon be seen were a premium to be given to those who should raise the largest amount of agricultural produce.

The result of all this would be a rapid increase of intelligence among the Indians, and steps would soon be taken to have a representation in Congress.

Education must commence, in order to proceed. Begin, then, to educate the Indians, and the result will exceed your utmost expectations.

It is hoped, that, without making any special plea for the red men, that sense of justice which dwells in the heart of every *true American* will lead them to give this article a passing consideration.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

On the 23d of March, the President having intimated to the Senate that he had not, at that time, any further communication to make to that body, and the Senate having gone through the business before it, closed its special session by an adjournment *sine die*.

We are, therefore, constrained to look to other quarters for matters of political interest, and our new territories on the Pacific affording the most prolific and interesting subjects, we shall turn our views westward, and furnish our readers food for instruction and reflection from those regions.

As our legislature did not see fit, during the late session of Congress, to make any territorial arrangements for California, we shall show that the people, now inhabiting that land of promise, have proved themselves worthy of their parent stock, and have carried with them the seeds of rational self-government. We extract the following from the Californian and Star.

A meeting of the citizens was held at the Alcalde's office, in the Pueblo of San José, in Upper California, on the 11th of December, 1848, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of establishing a provisional territorial government and laws for California.

Charles White, Esq., was called to the chair, and the following gentlemen were elected Vice-Presidents: Dr. James Stokes, Maj. Thomas Campbell, and Julius Martin, Esq., and P. B. Cornwall and William L. Beebe were appointed secretaries. Capt. K. H. Dimmick, Dr. Ord, Dr. Benjamin Cory, Myron Norton, Esq., and J. D. Hoppe, Esq., were appointed a committee to draw up and report to the meeting a preamble and resolutions expressive of its object.

O. C. Pratt, Esq., during the absence of the committee, addressed the meeting in a very eloquent speech, urging the importance of the immediate establishment of some kind of civil government.

After this, Mr. Norton reported the following preamble and resolutions, as drawn up by the committee, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, the treaty of peace between the United States of America and the republic of Mexico has left the territory of California without any organized government or form of law; and whereas, also, it is the duty as well as the privilege of all good American citizens, when thrown upon their own resources, to adopt

such measures for their own protection as comports with the Constitution of the United States, and will best subserve the interests of the citizens of this territory; and whereas, also, the many recent depredations upon life and property, committed within said territory, calls upon all good citizens to be active in the organization of a government, and code of laws for the apprehension and punishment of such depredators; therefore,

Resolved, That it is expedient and proper for this meeting to recommend, and urge upon the citizens of the several districts of the territory of Upper California, to send delegates to a general convention for the purpose of nominating a suitable candidate for governor, and for such other business as may be deemed expedient by the members of such convention.

Resolved, That this meeting appoint three delegates to represent this district in said convention.

Resolved, That it be recommended that said convention be held at the Puebla de San José, on the second Monday of January next.

The following gentlemen were elected by ballot, to serve as delegates to the convention as above: Captain K. H. Dimmick, Dr. Benjamin Cory, and J. D. Hoppe, Esq.

On motion it was resolved that this meeting adjourn. Signed, CHAS. WHITE, President, and by the Vice-Presidents and Secretaries.

A meeting of a similar nature took place in the public school-house of San Francisco, on the 21st December, 1848. Dr. John Townsend was called to the chair, William C. Clark and J. C. Ward elected Vice-Presidents, and William S. Smith and S. S. Howison appointed secretaries.

A committee was appointed to draw up a preamble and resolutions, which were appointed to be received on the following day.

The preamble was, in substance, much the same as that of the meeting at San José. The following were the resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is the right and the duty of the inhabitants of California to form a provisional government, which, while it aims to advance the interests, preserve the lives and property, and protect the rights of the people who live under it, will not conflict with or injure the rights which the government of the United States may have acquired by the treaty of peace.

2. *Resolved*, That we hailed with joy the

intelligence that henceforth this soil was to be protected by the flag of freedom, and that this country was to participate in the blessings of education, liberty and law; that we are ready to accept and abide by a proper form of territorial government, whenever the United States Congress will vouchsafe us that mercy and consideration; and that we deeply regret their inactivity in regard to, and their ignorance of our wants, which has forced upon us the necessity of establishing a provisional government for the protection of our firesides and lives.

3. *Resolved*, That we concur in the sentiments and spirit of the meeting in favor of a provisional government which was recently held in the Pueblo de San José, and that we recommend to the inhabitants of California that they hold meetings and elect delegates to represent them in a convention to be assembled at the Pueblo de San José, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1849, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of drafting and preparing a form of provisional government; and that, in our opinion, such form of government, when prepared, should be submitted to the people, that they may determine by ballot whether they will or will not adopt it.

4. *Resolved*, That this meeting recommend to the inhabitants of the town and district of San Francisco, that an election be held at the school-house in the village of San Francisco, on Monday, the 8th day of January, 1849, for choosing five delegates to represent them in the proposed convention.

Several other regulatory resolutions were proposed as to the appointment of judges of election, and of a corresponding committee to communicate with the other districts, and the preamble and resolutions were adopted unanimously.

The proceedings were ordered to be printed in the *Star and Californian*. Signed, J. Townsend, President, and by the Vice-Presidents and Secretaries.

We are still without further positive advices from California, although the *Crescent City* arrived at New York on Saturday, the 12th May. She brought no information as to the ulterior proceedings of our brother citizens in the new territory of California, with regard to the formation of the provisional government proposed at the public meetings, of which we have above given an account. The steamship *California* had not returned from San Francisco, having been deserted there, not only by her crew, but by the engineers and some of her officers. A chief engineer has, we have been informed, gone on from Panama, and should the expected coal arrive at San Francisco from Oregon, it may be hoped that the *California* will ere long be seen at Panama, as it is said there is no lack of seamen on the north-

west coast who would rather be employed in their usual occupation, particularly as they will earn high wages, than in scratching for gold on the placers. A true sailor, although he may enjoy a run on shore for a month or two, always yearns to return to the sea, his natural element. He says, with Bulwer,

"Ye who have dwelt upon the sordid land,
Amidst the everlasting gloomy war
Of Poverty with Wealth—ye cannot know
How we, the wild sons of the ocean, mock
At men who fret out life with care for Gold."
Sea-Captain.

A sailor may be tempted for a while to get hold of a bag or two of the glittering drops, but it will not stay by him; he will spend it as lightly as it comes, and then long to be breasting the waves again in his gallant bark.

The success of the adventurers in California has aroused the attention of the people of the various countries of South America, and information is being published as to mines in all directions, as this is the all-engrossing question of the day. We extract the following from the *New York Herald* of the 13th May. It appeared in the shape of a letter published in *El Comercio* of Lima, of the 31st March:

"I take the opportunity of communicating to you the substance of a conversation which passed between General O'Brien and several of his countrymen on board the last English packet on her way from Valparaiso to Callao. It appears that General O'Brien sojourned, during several months of the year 1839, at the principal mines of Contogo Soco, where he learnt from an old miner, Don Marcos Lisboa, that in the vicinity of Paurcartambo there were some hills that were perfect masses of gold, and within twenty leagues of the river Nierto Abajo there were immense plains and washings of gold without end; that in the year 1754 the Portuguese arrived there with over one hundred laborers, but that in a short time upwards of one thousand Indians assembled and massacred every one of them in one night; not one soul escaped. General O'Brien did not fail to pay attention to this information, and resolved to enter this territory by the way of the valley of Paurcartambo in preference to going through Brazil, the distance by the latter route being so great.

In the year 1834-5, General O'Brien made two journeys to the valleys, and in 1835 prepared an expedition well provided with all those kinds of goods best calculated to please savage Indians.

He started from Cuzco, accompanied by one servant, a muleteer, and a miner; he performed the journey, and returned to Cuzco in five months, and only brought back a handkerchief full of sand, which was washed at the mint of Cuzco. It proved very rich.

The result of his journey was published at

the time in the Cuzco papers, and he had interviews with General Gamarra, at which he offered to pay off the national debt of Peru within three years. The country was at this juncture plunged into a civil war, and on this account the enterprise was abandoned, and General O'Brien returned to Europe.

P. S. General O'Brien stated that he could find gold enough there in one week to load one hundred men of war.

(We hope the General did not mean Portuguese men of war. It certainly is singular that he has not returned there on his own account since 1835.—ED. HERALD.)

While reading the foregoing we remembered having in our possession a work in which General, then Colonel, O'Brien is mentioned in connection with the mines of Peru. It is entitled *Memoirs of General Miller in the Service of Peru*, and was published in London, in 1829, by Longman & Co.

Speaking of Colonel O'Brien, the author says: "This officer, by birth an Irishman, has displayed a noble and disinterested enthusiasm, during ten years of active service in the cause of South American independence, equalled only by his courage and humanity, which have acquired universal esteem for him."

We will give an instance of his disinterestedness from the same work:

"Captain O'Brien, aid-de-camp to San Martin, was sent with a detachment of cavalry in pursuit of the fugitives from the field of Chacabuco, towards Valparaiso. He made some prisoners at the Cuesta del Prado, and amongst the baggage also taken there, the Captain found two *alforjas* or wallets containing one thousand seven hundred doubloons, (twenty-four thousand dollars,) which treasure he sent to San Martin, who caused them to be placed in the public treasury. The gallant and disinterested O'Brien received a letter of thanks from the supreme government."

We have been induced to insert this anecdote to show that notwithstanding the witticism of the editor of the Herald, it is not to be wondered at that a man so personally disinterested as O'Brien, although he might have wished to pay the debts of the Peruvian government by working the placers and mines of Paucartambo, did not seek to enrich himself. Besides which, the continued differences which had sprung up between Bolivia and Peru would have prevented his plan being carried out.

There is another paragraph in General Miller's *Memoirs*, which we extract, as it tends to elucidate the nature of the placers of California. It would appear that wherever the cloud-capped Andes show their snowy heads that gold is to be found streaming at their feet.

"The gold washings, or *lavaderos*, of Tipuani, in the province of Larecaja, are about

sixty leagues northeast of the city of La Paz. The gold is found in three streams, which descend from that part of the cordillera called Ancoma, which is always covered with snow. These lavaderos have been worked from the time of the Incas, as is proved by implements occasionally embedded in the alluvial soil; and what shows the tact and intelligence of the ancient Peruvians is, that this has invariably occurred in places which have proved to be most productive. Gold, in *pepitas*, or grains, is found ten or twelve yards below the surface, in a stratum of clay from one to two yards in thickness. Its quality is twenty-three and a half carats. The working of the lavaderos is done by manual labor. The pits are kept free of water by means of buckets, although the mountains are covered with fine timber trees, and pumps could easily be made. The climate is hot, and agues are prevalent. The lavaderos cease at the point where the river Tipuani takes the name of Beni, and where it becomes navigable for boats till it joins the waters of the Amazon.

"The aboriginal inhabitants of Peru are gradually beginning to experience the benefit which has been conferred upon them by the repeal of ancient oppressive laws. In the districts that produce gold, their exertions will be redoubled, for they now work for themselves. They can obtain this precious metal by merely scratching the earth, and, although the collection of each individual may be small, the aggregate quantity thus obtained will be far from inconsiderable."

The arrival of gold from California continues through various channels, some coming overland, some by whalers from the Pacific, some by the Isthmus of Panama, and considerable sums find their way to Europe by the British steamers.

The following statement we have copied from the *New York Herald*, as many of our readers must feel interested in this subject:

"ARRIVALS OF CALIFORNIA GOLD.

Boston, March 26, ship Tzar, from Honolulu,	\$100,000
Boston, March 26, ship Crusader, from Valparaiso,	55,000
Via Chagres, by Lieut. Loeser,	20,000
" " by Mr. Carter,	30,000
" " in small lots,	5,000
Overland at St. Joseph, Missouri,	10,000
Ship Colchis, at New London,	5,000
Ship Mount Wallarton, at N. Bedford,	20,000
Bark Alice, at Cold Spring,	4,000
Receipts at New Orleans,	20,000
Ship S. Robertson, at Fairhaven,	15,000
Ship Franklin, Holmes' Hole,	5,000
Ship Sophia Walker, Boston,	52,000
Ship Typee, at Stonington,	4,500
Total receipts,	\$345,500

Arrivals at London up to April 14,	\$300,000
By whale-ship at Talcahuano from San Francisco,	300,000
Whale-ship Uncas, on the way to New Bedford from the Sandwich Islands,	50,000
Sloop of war Lexington, at Valparaíso,	200,000
Schooner at Mazatlan, March 14,	240,000
Arrivals in France, reported by French papers,	4,000
Whale-ship at Rio, from S. Francisco,	40,000
March 28, British steamer Peru, at Panama,	350,000
April 28, ship Cosmopolite, at Havre,	10,000
British ship Calypso, from Mazatlan, for London,	80,000
Reported at Sandwich Islands, not re-shipped,	350,000
American bark Tasso, from San Diego, 3,968 oz.,	63,488
Brig at Hong Kong from Sandwich Islands,	200,000
Total shipments,	\$2,432,988

So far as heard from, the shipments amount to more than two and a half millions of dollars, all from the diggings of 1848. The British steamer Peru, at Panama, on the 28th of March, from Callao, had on board \$750,000 in gold and silver, of which \$350,000 was California gold. The British ship Calypso, from Mazatlan for London, had on board \$1,000,000, of which \$80,000 was California gold. Mr. Sewerkrop's gold is on board this ship. The brig at Hong Kong will be recollected as the vessel the crew of which mutinied. Of the gold on board the ship Sophia Walker, at Boston, \$40,000 was the proceeds of the sale of the ship Huntress, at San Francisco. This statement must astonish those who have considered the California gold stories all moonshine, and be a source of some satisfaction to those who have engaged largely in the California trade, and those who have friends and relatives on the way to that distant region. We see by this that more than two and a half millions of dollars have been distributed over the world, in the space of a few months, and so much added to the currency at large, the product of the labor of a few hundred men, in a country almost unknown previous to the discovery of its mineral wealth. What cannot we expect when it becomes populated with the Anglo-Saxon race."

A commercial house of New York, having the best opportunities for correct information, has stated to us that the shipments of gold from California, since its occupation by our forces, have amounted to \$3,500,000.

We copy the following very just remarks on the conduct of General Taylor, from the *Boston Journal*, in reply to the assertions cast upon him by the "Free Soil" members of the Massachusetts legislature :

"President Taylor's course is an open and straightforward one : to watch over the interests of the whole country ; to administer the government on true republican principles, following in the footsteps of Washington. *He may be regarded as the head of the great conservative party in the Union*, and to judge from all the actions of his life, will administer the government with a degree of wisdom and justice which promises the most auspicious results to our country. Let, then, the friends of the Union, and all who feel an interest in the honor and prosperity of the whole country, rally round his administration."

We have copied the following article from the *Baltimore Patriot*. It is very sensibly written, and to the point. Should such transactions be permitted, or even winked at, by our government, every description of abuse would creep into our public offices.

WHIG DOCTRINE CONCERNING FARMING OUT PUBLIC OFFICES.

The principle should never be departed from by any administration of the government, *that no sinecures will be allowed in any office*. Whoever is appointed to an office should be, at least *prima facie*, qualified to perform the duties of it. When in the office, he should be not only *expected* to discharge the duties the law intends he shall discharge, but those who have a superintending control over him should see that *he does* perform them.

The fact that an office is established by law is conclusive, so far as the office and the officer are concerned, that the public interest requires it should be established. This being so, it follows, necessarily, that the duties of it should be performed, and *by those who are appointed by the proper authority to perform them*. An office is a public trust. Each one requires peculiar abilities in the holder of it. To give it to a man is evidence that the appointing power has confidence that he possesses those abilities. It is more : it is evidence that he is relied upon to exert them to perform the duties of the office. And second only to the question of ability, but not less important to it in the estimation of the law, is the presumption that to appoint a man to a public office is an endorsement, by the appointing power, of his character for trustworthiness, faithfulness, and respectability. The man who has not these to back his application, no matter what may be his ability, is unworthy of public trust, and should not receive it. The public officer should go into his office with clean hands ; and he should know that, whilst this character is necessary to all who may hope for an appointment, it is also essential to keep him in office when he is in.

The man who performs the duties of a public officer ought to be one to whom the govern-

ment looks, and who is responsible to the government as the man in whom the confidence of the appointing power has been placed.

This is the principle upon which every officer should be appointed, and upon the fulfilment of which alone he can hold his place. The remedy for any departure from it is in the hands of the executive. The public, of all parties, will not be slow in supporting and defending those who may apply the remedy in its fullest effect.

But it is not sufficient for public justice that, as in such a case as this in New York, where a public officer has sold his office or farmed it out, transferring the emoluments of it to another for a round sum, or stipulating for the payment of a stated amount regularly—it is not sufficient for the security of the public that a removal should be the only consequence of such a proceeding.

When our public offices may, with impunity, be put up for sale to the highest bidder, and the public conscience not be shocked at it, we shall have reached that point in political corruption which only can be reached by a government debased, and by a people devoid of private virtue. Other republics and other republicans have been charged with this vice. We should show that it can never be justly charged upon us, as a government or a people, by our taking measures to punish those who attempt to practise it.

A NEW BARGAIN.—The Free Soilers, so called, of the Western Reserve of Ohio have, at a late convention held at Cleveland, made an assignment of all their stock in trade in favor of a new firm, which is to go by the name of the Free Democracy.

The convention is styled, in the report of its proceedings, the "Convention of the Free Democracy;" and we are indebted to the Cleveland Herald for the following insight into the process of conversion of the good-will of the apostate Whigs of that part of Ohio to the benefit of a Free Democracy:

"Yesterday [May 2] was the day fixed upon by those who have heretofore had the destinies of the *some time* Free Soil party in their keeping for a review of the progress of the great principles lying at the bottom of their organization, and for a re-examination of the planking of the Buffalo platform. To this eventful day, with much anxiety, had the two wings of this great party been for a long time looking. In the morning the convention organized, and appointed a committee on resolutions, at the head of which was the Hon. Mr. Giddings. Upon the re-assembling of the convention in the afternoon, the report of this committee was read, accepted, and adopted. By design, as it afterwards appeared from the statements of Mr. Giddings, the terms 'Free Soilers' and 'Free Democracy' had both been used in the

course of these resolutions. The first, however, grated upon the ear of Dr. Finney, and he moved to reconsider the vote on the adoption of the resolutions, for the purpose of having it expurgated, and the term 'Free Democracy' substituted for that of 'Free Soilers' wherever the same occurred. This motion, by a pretty close vote, failed. The Doctor, however, was not to be baffled thus: he immediately moved that the secretary be instructed to report the resolutions for publication, with the substitutions made as above indicated, and as the *proceedings* of the 'Free Democracy.' This gave rise to some sparring between the brethren of the 'Free' household. Giddings was for harmony and conciliation; Hitchcock for the latter clause of the motion; Atkins for the whole; and Briggs desired the Doctor to remember that they could not consent to yield everything. The Doctor was tart, and very much disposed to push the Whig Free Soilers to the wall. The vote was at length taken, and the Doctors were triumphant. From that moment thenceforth the 'Free Soil' party was no more, its existence being merged in the 'Free Democracy.'"

This convention then solemnly resolved, amongst other things, as follows:

"That the Free Democrats of the Western Reserve will firmly adhere to the principles proclaimed at Buffalo, August 10, 1848, and at Columbus, December 29, 1848.

"That, discarding all alliance with any other party, we will court a union with all men upon these principles for the sake of freedom."

It must be a source of sincere satisfaction to all true friends of the Constitution that these persons, who abandoned the Whig party and its principles at (and for some time before) the late Presidential election, have at length thrown off all disguise, openly renounced the name of Whig, "discarded" all alliance with any other party than the "Democracy," and, with a destitution of principle without precedent in the history of parties in our day, cast out their net to catch *all* men of *any* principles whatever who will join them upon *theirs*. "We will court an union," says their resolution, "*with all men* upon these principles."

The following resolution shows that the real object of this *new* coalition is to unite with the coalition of an opposite complexion in the common purpose of embarrassing, and finally overthrowing, the present Whig administration:

"Resolved, That, as eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, we will trust no man who is not openly and *avowedly*, in act and in word, for freedom; and that we cannot, under these circumstances, support any party, or the President of any party, who is not thus *open* and *decided*."

The italics of the above resolution are copied from the official account of the proceedings. From this brazen proclamation of factious

motives for the re-baptism of these partisans calling themselves "Free Soilers" in Ohio, it is plain that, if President Taylor desires the support of those men for his administration, he must become not only in his heart, but "outwardly," and "in act and word," an *Abolitionist*. President Taylor will, we have no doubt, to this proposition to him to abandon his colors and surrender the principles of the Constitution, (which he has sworn before the whole people to preserve, protect, and defend,) reply in the same spirit as he did to the summons of Santa Anna on the field of Buena Vista. He will "beg leave to decline acceding to their request" to surrender either his post or his principles "at discretion."

At this moment, when arguments are so rife as to the principles of Free Trade, and the attention of politicians and commercial men is turned towards the means for increasing the trade and prosperity of our country, we think it will be acceptable to publish the following extract from an article which appeared in the *National Intelligencer*.

EXCHANGES WITH EUROPE.—BALANCE OF TRADE.

China is unquestionably a wealthy country, and it is the general opinion it has become so by always exporting more than it imports. Certain it is, China has a very large annual balance against the United States, which balance is usually liquidated by bills on London, which are equivalent to coin. A cargo of cotton fabrics, lead, ginseng, &c., for Canton, costs about one-third of the value of a cargo of teas, silks, &c., from Canton. Brazil is regarded as a prosperous country; and, as to her trade with us, it is well known that the balance is in her favor, which we pay by bills on London. A cargo of flour for Rio costs but half as much as the return cargo of coffee. The island of Cuba is rich, and we have no doubt its exports exceed its imports; we certainly import more from Cuba than we export to her.

As to Great Britain, we all know that she employs her industry and regulates her revenue laws in such a manner as to make her exports exceed her imports. If England had not always acted wisely in this respect, London might not have been the pivot on which the great financial concerns of the world revolve.

But to come nearer home. Suppose we were to be guilty of the folly of importing in one year two hundred millions worth of foreign goods against exports to the amount of only one hundred millions of dollars, would not there be a balance against us of one hundred millions, which balance, if punctually paid, would require about all the coin in the country, and leave the sub-treasury, the banks, and

all hands with nothing but the bag to hold? Such would be the result, if the banks, under the circumstances, were to continue specie payments. The large imports under the tariff of 1846 would have been disastrous to us but for the famine in Ireland, which caused our exports to increase in one year about fifty millions of dollars; and this, turning the balance of trade in our favor, gave us a large amount of foreign coin. We all remember that, for two or three years preceding the passage of the tariff of 1842, the business of the whole country was much depressed, nay, almost prostrate. That tariff, though not perfect, came with healing on its wings; all branches of business, industry, &c., gradually revived, and in one year we were all prosperous and contented. During that year we imported nearly twenty-five millions of coin, and of course, the balance of trade was in our favor. In the month of May, 1837, every bank from the city of New York to the city of New Orleans suspended specie payments, causing "confusion worse confounded," an unexampled number of failures among merchants and others, paralyzing the business in every section of the Union, and reducing materially the value of everything except coin. Some estimated the depreciation in all descriptions of property at two or three hundred millions of dollars. Now, what was the cause of all this trouble, all this loss? We answer, unhesitatingly, the previous enormous imports of foreign goods; and to substantiate this, we call to the witness-stand every practical native American merchant in all the cities from New York to New Orleans. They will testify to the fact that the balance of trade was greatly against us; sterling advanced much above par, and then followed the run of the banks of New York for coin to remit to Europe to pay importers' debts; and this run would have continued till their vaults were nearly exhausted, if they had not prudently suspended payment. But if our exports for two or three years prior to 1837 had been more than our imports, or even equal, "it must have followed as the night the day," that the terrible revolution to which we allude, would not have occurred. In connection with this subject, we use the occasion to remark that the tables on record at Washington are not reliable. For example, the returns of the custom-houses show simply the supposed value or cost of the exports, which, we know, frequently lose money, occasionally from fifteen to thirty per cent. The truth is, tables give only an outline; it is the price of sterling bills that indicates whether the balance of trade is for or against us; if in our favor, sterling will be below par; if against us, sterling will be above par. In either case the coin will move sooner or later, by influx or reflux, till sterling gets to par value, which is about $8\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. premium.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

EUROPE is still in an unquiet, feverish state. From all appearances the despots, the crowned heads of Europe, will extinguish every spark of liberty. France, republican France, is arming to put down freedom. M. Barrot presented a bill which he asked the Assembly immediately to act upon, appropriating \$240,000 to defray the expenses of a military expedition from the port of Toulon to Civita Vecchia. A violent debate ensued, but the bill finally passed. *Ledru Rollin* eloquently alluded to the French armies of former times, that fought and conquered on Italian soil—to Rivoli, Lodi, Castiglione—and placed in mortifying contrast the course of Louis Napoleon in Italy, with that of Napoleon the Great. "Let me tell you, sir, memories like these are not to be trifled with. It is dangerous to put in their immediate presence the humiliation of to-day. Who can tell you that the French soldier upon Italian soil, charged as he will be with the electricity of liberty, will obey the orders, stifling and repressive, which you will impose upon him?—that this soldier, become a reflecting citizen, will submit to be the silent, blind, unquestioning executioner of your behests." This speech produced overwhelming shouts of "bravo" from the *Left*. The expedition is composed of 14,000 men, commanded by General Oudinot, a son of one of Napoleon's marshals of that name. *François Arago, Pierre Bonaparte, Cavaignac, Henri Bertrand, Dupont (de l'Eure), George Lafayette, and Lamartine*, voted against the bill. M. Guizot has addressed a letter to the electors of the department of Calvados. It is anti-republican in its tone. It is difficult to tell from this letter what M. Guizot wants. He talks a great deal about the organization of the *friends of order*. He wishes the three parties, Imperialists, Bourbonists, and Orleanists, to forget their differences, and unite for the sake of *order*. After their victory over the common enemy, their private preferences may be set forth—but not till then. This is very good, certainly. M. Guizot writes—"I have toiled long to establish the constitutional monarchy." (Does he mean the constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe?) "I do not regret to-day the having maintained from 1814 to 1848 that the constitutional monarchy is the form of government best suited to France. I do not pretend that, in pursuing my policy, I have committed no mistake, that I have always done just what should have been done; but I remain profoundly convinced that that policy is good—essentially

good—good for liberty as for order, for progress as for security; for the grandeur of our country in its external relations and its prosperity within. My conviction and my honor alike command me to remain faithful to that policy in victory or in defeat." He speaks of the prosperity of France during the thirty-four years preceding the revolution of February, and then draws upon his imagination for the following rigmarole—"Suddenly in one day, in one hour, all this was swept away, like the richest harvests before the storm or the conflagration; and now it is for the elementary principles of society—for property, for family, for repose, for life itself, that France is watching and struggling with so much effort. And she hardly succeeds. She is powerless to leave the abyss into which she has fallen. It is all she can do to keep from sinking to the bottom. But the party of order is appearing. May it strengthen and grow. May it be sent mighty into the next Assembly. No one may say what the future will bring forth; perhaps events now regarded as impossible. But whatever comes, if the great and natural party of order rallies and is firm, salvation is sure."

The British have gained a decisive victory over the Sikhs at Goojerat, on the 21st of February last. Lord Gough's army amounted to nearly 25,000 men, with 100 guns. The Sikhs in all numbering some 60,000, though perhaps not half of them deserved the name of soldiers, with sixty guns, of which fifty-six were eight pounders and under. The heavy guns of the British soon silenced the fire of the enemy, and they then charged and chased them some eight or ten miles. The British lost five officers and ninety-two men killed, and twenty-four officers and 682 men wounded.

At a grand banquet given to Richard Cobden, Esq., at Wakefield, on the 12th of April, the great champion of free trade, while speaking of the waste of public money by England, in her colonial dependencies, thus appeals to the example of our government—

"As a sample of what is expended in these matters, I may mention that there are five colonial governors in the North American colonies, whose salaries amount to £17,000 per year. The United States have thirty governors—thirty imperial sovereigns—and they receive £14,300 a year. Again, take the case of the last appointment of the United States, of a governor to California, at £600 a year. And we have appointed a governor to Labuan, and given him £2,000 a

year. We have in Canada, at this moment, about eight or nine thousand troops—that is, in our North American colonies; and it appears by the last American Almanac, that their standing army amounts to about as great a number as our troops in the North American colonies. We have two millions of inhabitants—they have twenty millions. You pay the whole of the troops and their commissariat.

"And now just let me ask you to consider what the effect of that drain of money upon the country is; for I have a strong feeling that we never consider the effect upon the prosperity of the country produced by this enormous outlay for unproductive services. It is the same thing to you to send money to pay for those eight thousand troops in the British North American colonies, as it would be if the United States were to make a conquest of this country, and insist upon a subsidy every year to pay for their army. Now, I have a strong feeling that, with regard to our pauperism, and with regard to our crime, and every thing that tends to obstruct our business by the imposition of customs and excise duties, we do not consider sufficiently the effect of that unproductive outlay upon our warlike establishments. [Cheers.] Every country is now staggering to its foundation under the weight of those establishments.

"The most enlightened man in France assured me—Michel Chevalier, one of the most accomplished political economists of the day, and one of the most courageous of men, too, for he dared to enunciate his opinions in the face of the Red Republicans—he calculated that if all the money which France had spent since the peace upon her armaments and fortifications, over and above that spent for the same objects by the United States, had been laid out in France as it has been in the United States, it would have given them as many steamboats and as many miles of navigable canal and railway as there are in the United States, with all the consequent amount of employment and the vast means of reproductive power which would have been consequent upon it. [Hear and cheers.] What Michel Chevalier calculates for France, I calculate for England. You cannot support our social and economical condition with this serious waste for that unproductive service. [Hear, hear.]"

HON. H. E. STANLEY, a young son of Lord Stanley, who has just passed his majority, was most unexpectedly notified by the American journals, while travelling in this country last winter, that he had been elected to Parliament by the borough of Lynn, in place of the late Lord George Bentinck. He hastened home, took his seat in March, and during the late recess made a visit to his constituents, who gave him a cordial reception. After thanking them for the honor, he entered into an exposition of his political opinions, and among other things, avowed himself to be strenuously opposed to the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and in favor of the old system of

protection to Home Industry; and thus refers to the United States—

"I speak only of the general question of protection, and I say I will do my utmost to oppose this free-trade system. I will oppose it as a new, untried, and hazardous experiment, never yet sanctioned as a principle of government by any nation of the world, not warranted by the practice of the present day of the continental nations of Europe, and which, having been tried and adopted on the other side of the Atlantic, has, upon adoption and deliberate trial, been rejected—or is at this moment being rejected—by the practical commercial sagacity of the United States of America. [Vehement applause.] I oppose it for the sake of the manufacturer himself, who, whatever present gain he may imagine to make by it, will find that in the destruction of the home market, he has lost a customer whose custom was infinitely more valuable than the precarious and fluctuating demand of the foreigner. [Hear, hear.] I oppose it for the sake of the commercial empire of Great Britain, [hear;] for the sake of those great commercial dependencies which are scattered all over the world, and which are attached to you by feelings of loyalty which no acts of misgovernment have yet had the power to destroy, but which you are now doing all in your power to disjoin and separate from the mother country, when you deprive them of those commercial privileges and that protection which they ought to share in connection with yourselves, and treat them as foreign nations, alien in language and in race. [Loud cries of hear.] And, lastly, I oppose it for the sake of the great agricultural interests of England. [Cheers.] I oppose it for the sake of the farmers of England, whom, enterprising and energetic as I believe them to be, weighed down by a burden of debt the heaviest this world has ever known, you are proposing to subject to an unfair and unnatural competition with the untaxed labor, the boundless territory, and the virgin soil of the Western States of America. [Loud cheers.] I have visited that country, and I speak from personal knowledge of its agricultural resources, and I know that I speak the opinion of every Western farmer and merchant when I tell you that in a few years they will be able to send wheat into this country at a price below 40s. a quarter, and probably below 35s." [Hear.]

The Hungarians are still successful against the Austrians. Prince Windischgratz has resigned the command in Hungary, and General Welden has succeeded him. It looks as if this war might prove the basis of a Polish revolution. Welden has been defeated in a general battle, with the loss of twenty guns and two thousand prisoners. The statement, however, has been denied. Germany is still in a state of great confusion. The Prussian government is said to have obtained the assent of a few of the small states, such as Hesse Cassel, Brunswick, and Weimar, to the assumption of the imperial

dignity by the king; but these form a small part of the states of Germany. Austria is, of course, violently opposed to a plan which would transfer the imperial dignity from the House of Hapsburg to that of Brandenburg; and Bavaria, the third state in Germany for population and influence, is scarcely less so. Both France and Russia are strongly opposed to the change. All these difficulties might perhaps be got over, if the smaller states of Germany were unanimous in favor of the union with Prussia. But this is not the fact. Hanover, whose assent is essential to the carrying out of the scheme, is not likely to give it; and Saxony has too strong a sense of what it has to do in the way of reconstituting the German Empire on the basis proposed at Frankfort. Hostilities between Denmark and Prussia are still continued without any marked preponderance on either side. The German troops have entered Jutland.

Lord John Russell has had an interview with the Irish members in Downing street. The object proposed by Lord John in calling the meeting, was to obtain the views of the Irish members, or their majority, on the proposed measure for extending the property and income tax to Ireland, as a substitute for the rate in aid. In the course of his address to the members, Lord John Russell said—

"I should not, however, act fairly, and fully explain the intentions of the Government, if I were not to say, that according to all the information which we have collected, both in the past year and the present year, with respect to an income and property tax upon the same classes and to the same amount as in England, if we were to make that proposition, we should feel it necessary to accompany it with other propositions with respect to taxation in Ireland. When I so speak, I may at once declare that I do not conceive that there would be an objection in point of justice to the extension of the assessed taxes to Ireland, but I do think there would be an insuperable objection in point of wisdom and expediency. The proposition I should make, would not be an extension to Ireland of the assessed taxes, but we should, if we proposed to assent to Mr. Herbert's proposition for the extension of the income and property tax to Ireland, hold ourselves at liberty to propose an extension to Ireland of other taxes which are now paid in Great Britain, and which are not paid in Ireland now, to a certain amount. The whole amount would not be more than we now expect to raise by the rate in aid."

On the next day the following resolution was adopted by the Irish members, and sent to Lord John Russell—

"That, as a body, we are not prepared to pledge ourselves to the adoption of any particular tax to be imposed upon Ireland. We are not unwilling to discuss any proposal for this pur-

pose, upon its own merits, in the House of Commons; but without hearing the arguments which might be adduced upon the question, and ascertaining the capability of Ireland to bear increased taxation, we could not be in a position to answer for our constituencies; and must, therefore, abstain from offering any opinion to the Government, as to the course which it may think proper to adopt.

(Signed) LUCIUS O'BRIEN,
Chairman."

Before the defeat of Charles Albert's army, an insurrection had broken out at Brescia, the finest city in Lombardy, after Milan. The Austrians advanced upon the city, and took it by storm. The resistance of the people was of the most desperate character. Barricade after barricade was taken. The inhabitants who survived entrenched themselves in some houses. These houses were set on fire, and the inhabitants burnt alive. Brescia has not suffered so severely since the year 1512, when it was carried by assault by the French, under the command of Gaston de Foix. No quarter was given, and every man caught bearing arms was cut down, and the houses from which shots had been fired were burnt, so that Brescia resembled a sea of flame. The dead lay in heaps in the streets and houses. Genoa is quiet. Not much injury was done by the bombardment. The twelve leaders of the people have all escaped. Avezzana was received on board the Princeton, American steamer. On leaving, he published an address to the following effect:

"GENOESE—The city is again consigned to the ancient Government. You know that did not depend on me. Genoa rose for a moment, and that moment remains as a proof of what the people can do when it is in earnest. The insurrection compelled a numerous garrison, strong in organization and in position, to capitulate; it withstood and kept a whole army at the gates, and even now this army does not enter but by stipulation with your municipality. Perhaps Genoa was capable of doing more—perhaps its perseverance would have been able to have turned the scale of the destinies of Italy. At all events, the nation is grateful to you for the solemn protest you have made against the disgraceful management of the unfortunate war—for the one hour of heroism you have displayed, amid the cowardice with which your Government has covered the front of Italy in the face of Europe. Genoese! history will long remember your barricades. May God render the example efficacious and fruitful! As for myself, I thank those who fought by my side, and I hope I shall see the time when all may be able to show themselves such as you were. The memory, however, which I bear with me of the hours of glory, beside a pure conscience, and the hope that many among you will remember me with affection—being sure of always finding in me a man ready to die under the banner of liberty and of Italy—

is to me a sufficient recompense for all my exertions."

Sardinia rejects the terms offered by Austria, and the two governments are again at issue. The war department is making preparations to resume hostilities. Forty thousand troops are assembling between Alessandria and Genoa. The conditions required by Austria were such as Piedmont could not listen to. They were these—1. The joint occupation of Alessandria, after she should have reduced her army. 2. The payment of money equal to £5,000,000. 3. That King Victor Emmanuel should, of his own authority, modify the statutes in respect to the law of election, and put down the liberty of the press; in a word, violate the constitution which he had sworn to obey but a few days before.

The Sicilians have everywhere been defeated by the Neapolitans. Syracuse surrendered without firing a shot. The city of Catania made a desperate resistance. It was attacked by sea and land. The Swiss, to the number of two thousand five hundred led the van, and were supported by two regiments of cavalry, and followed by an army of sixteen thousand, with forty pieces of cannon. The Catanese obstinately fought, but were overpowered by

numbers. Filangieri, the Neapolitan general, gave up the city to sack and fire. The soldiers plundered the houses, violated the women, and stabbed or shot all they met. The Morning Herald has the following account from an eyewitness—"The Sicilians fought bravely and well the night of Good Friday, till nine o'clock on Saturday morning. After the battle we landed, and such a scene of carnage and cruelty I never witnessed. The dead and the dying were crowded on each other. The Neapolitans had buried their own dead, but in rushing through the streets, seemed to find demoniac pleasure in mutilating the senseless clay around them. I saw three soldiers strike their bayonets into a poor fellow breathing his last, and numberless were they who lay headless in the streets, the victims of more than canine ferocity. Catania is in ashes; the streets are encumbered with half-burned rafters; immense logs of charred wood occupy, with broken guns and overturned carriages, the place lately teeming with enthusiasm and health. The Sicilian dead lie unburied; the Neapolitans even kick them as they pass, plunge into the midst of the nearly deserted town, rob, plunder, and destroy, and commit every possible atrocity on helpless innocence or decrepid old age."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Spy; a Tale of the Neutral Ground. By the Author of the Pilot. Complete in one volume. Revised, corrected, and illustrated, with a new Introduction, Notes, etc., by the Author. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1849.

This novel has delighted one generation, and will continue to be read by their descendants with equal delight; it has never lost its hold on the public mind. Who is not familiar with *Harper*, and *Fanny Wharton*, and *Peyton Dunwoodie*, and *Harvey Birch*, and *Captain Lawton* of the Virginia horse, and with *Dr. Silgreaves*, and *Betty Flanagan*, and the old black servant Cæsar—these are old friends, old dwellers in our brain—they are lodged beyond the reach of fate. Mr. Putnam is entitled to much credit for the beautiful style in which the book appears. The paper and type are equally excellent, and it is the first of a series of a revised edition of Cooper's works. We sincerely hope that Mr. Putnam will be adequately rewarded for his untiring enterprise.

Dahcotah; or, Life and Legends of the Sioux around Fort Snelling. By MRS. MARY EASTMAN, with Preface by MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND. Illustrated by Captain Eastman. New York: John Wiley, 161 Broadway. 1 vol. 12mo.

The materials for this book were gathered by Mrs. Eastman during a residence of seven years in the immediate neighborhood, nay, in the very midst of the once powerful but now nearly distinct tribe of Sioux or Dahcotah Indians. Mrs. Eastman is the wife of Captain Eastman, and daughter of Dr. Henderson, both of the U. S. army. She has produced a very interesting work, as might have been expected from her intimate acquaintance with the customs, superstitions, and leading ideas of these Indians, and her object in publishing it being to excite attention to the moral wants of the Dahcotahs. The drawings of Captain Eastman add much to the interest of the book. Mrs. Kirkland supplies a very attractive Preface, written with a true, Christian spirit; she observes, "In the history and character of the aborigines is enveloped all the distinct and characteristic poetic material to which we, as Americans, have an unquestioned right. Here is a peculiar race, of most unfathomable origin, possessed of the qualities

which have always prompted poetry, and living lives which are to us as shadowy as those of the Ossianic heroes; our own, and passing away—while we take no pains to arrest their fleeting traits or to record their picturesque traditions. Yet we love poetry; are ambitious of a literature of our own, and sink back dejected when we are convicted of imitation. Why is it that we lack interest in things at home? Sismondi has a passage to this effect. 'The literature of other countries has been frequently adopted by a young nation with a sort of fanatical admiration. The genius of those countries has been so often placed before it as the perfect model of all greatness and all beauty, every spontaneous movement has been repressed, in order to make room for the most servile imitation; and every national attempt to develop an original character has been sacrificed to the reproduction of something conformable to the model which has been always before its eyes.' " Mrs. Eastman speaks warmly of the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Pond and Dr. Williamson, both missionaries among the Sioux. The latter expects to pass his life among them. He has a school for the children, and many of them read well, and on the Sabbath divine service is regularly held, and he zealously labors to promote the cause of temperance among the Sioux. "Good men are sending the Bible to all parts of the world. Sermons are preached in behalf of fellow-creatures who are perishing in regions known only to us in name. And here, within reach of comparatively the slightest exertion; here, not many miles from churches and schools, and all the moral influences abounding in Christian society; here, in a country endowed with every advantage that God can bestow, are perishing, body and soul, our own countrymen; perishing too from disease, starvation and intemperance, and all the evils incident to their unhappy condition. White men, Christian men, are driving them back, rooting out their very names from the face of the earth. Ah! these men seek the country of the Sioux when money is to be gained: but how few care for the sufferings of the Dahcotahs! how few would give a piece of money, a prayer, or even a thought toward their present and eternal good! " Christian exertion is unhappily too much influenced by the apprehension that little can be done for the savage. *How is it with the man on his fire-water mission to the Indian? Does he doubt? Does he fail?* Mrs. Kirkland finely and beautifully sums up the character and aim of the book, which was to preserve from destruc-

tion such legends and traits of Indian character as Mrs. Eastman discovered during her long familiarity with the Dahcotahs, and nothing can be fresher or more authentic than her records, taken down from the very lips of the red people as they sat round her fire and opened their hearts to her kindness. "Sympathy—feminine and religious—breathes through these pages, and the unaffected desire of the writer to awaken a kindly interest in the poor souls who have so twined themselves about her own best feelings, may be said to consecrate the work. In its character of æsthetic material for another age, it appeals to our nationality; while as the effort of a reflecting and Christian mind to call public attention to the needs of an unhappy race, we may ask for it the approbation of all who acknowledge the duty, "to teach all nations."

Living Orators in America. By E. L. MAGOON, New York: Baker and Scribner. 1849.

This is a work full of energy and interest, and imbued with that rare charm, sincerity. The contents are, Daniel Webster, the Logician; Edward Everett, the Rhetorician; Henry Clay, the Politician; John C. Calhoun, the Metaphysician; George McDuffie, the Impetuous; Lewis Cass, the Courteous; Thomas H. Benton, the Magisterial; William C. Preston, the inspired Declaimer; Thomas Corwin, the Natural Orator. The author has endeavored to maintain the strictest impartiality in portraying the distinguished personages named in his book. Mr. Clay, in a speech at Lexington, in 1842, said, "During my public career I have had bitter, implacable, reckless enemies. But if I have been the object of misrepresentation and unmerited calumny, no man has been beloved or honored by more devoted, faithful, and enthusiastic friends. I have no reproaches, none to make towards my country, which has distinguished and elevated me far beyond what I had any right to expect. I forgive my enemies, and hope they may live to obtain the forgiveness of their own hearts." Mr. Magoon sums up Clay's character and genius in these words—"We know that this great statesman of the West is bold and indomitable; perhaps he has too ardently aspired after both power and popularity, but in the main it must be confessed that he has made his personal ambition subservient to purposes the most magnanimous and grand. In debating talent he has been but very rarely equalled. In moral enthusiasm, practically employed in political and forensic warfare, he has never been excelled. A fiery splendor flows naturally from his ardent heart, and as it spreads over listening multitudes, the effect upon all who catch his tones, or comprehend his words, is prodigious. The whole nation listens, and the millions everywhere who speak our vernacular,

with thrilled bosoms attest the potency of his genial style. Others can reason drily, or declaim rapidly, but it has been his peculiar prerogative more than once to raise the spirit of America far beyond the height to which any other hero has carried it, imbuing all classes with the firmest and most impassioned patriotism."

The Shakspearian Reader; a collection of the most approved Plays of Shakspeare; carefully Revised, with Introductory and Explanatory Notes, and a Memoir of the author. Prepared expressly for the use of Classes, and the Family Reading Circle. By JOHN W. S. HOWS, Professor of Elocution in Columbia College. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Geo. S. Appleton, 164 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. 1849.

Mr. Hows, believing that Shakspeare's entire works could not be introduced into schools, and that the "Selections" "Beauties," and "Extracts" found in Class-Readers did not precisely meet the wants of a pupil, has endeavored to extract the essence of sixteen of Shakspeare's most approved dramas—preserving in each the main story entire, by the aid of brief explanatory notes, connecting the selections—and to bring his profound moral and intellectual teachings to bear upon the early mental training of the young, and to extend his genial influences around the domestic hearth. "Of the liberties I have been compelled to take with my author, I scarcely know how to speak with becoming propriety. I profess to share the common veneration entertained for the pure, un mutilated text of Shakspeare; and can estimate at what it is worth that ultra fastidiousness, which denounces the great 'poet of nature' for having made his characters speak agreeably to the spirit of his own age. Still, in preparing a selection of his works for the express purpose contemplated in my design, I have not hesitated to exercise a severe revision of his language, beyond that adopted in any similar undertaking, 'Bowdler's Family Shakspeare' not even excepted; and simply because I practically know the impossibility of introducing Shakspeare as a class book, or as a satisfactory reading book for families, without this precautionary revision." It appears strange to me that Mr. Hows, and so many of the modern writers, spell the name of the great bard, Shakspeare instead of Shakspeare. D'Israeli wrote that posterity was even in some danger of losing the real name of the poet. In the days of Shakspeare, and long after, proper names were written down as the ear caught the sound, or they were capriciously varied by the owner. It is not, therefore, strange that we have instances of eminent persons writing the names of intimate friends and of.

public characters in a manner not always to be recognized. Of this we are now furnished with the most abundant evidence, which was not sufficiently adverted to in the early times of our commentators. The autographs we possess of our national bard are unquestionably written *Shakspeare*, according to the pronunciation of his native town; there the name was variously written—even in the same public document—but always regulated by the dialectical orthoëpy. The marriage license of the poet, recovered in the *Gent. Mag.* for Sept. 1836, offers a striking evidence of the viciousness of the pronunciation, and the utter carelessness with which names were written, for there we find it *Shagspere*. That the poet himself considered that the genuine name was *Shakespeare*, accordant with his arms, (a spear, the point upward,) seems certain, notwithstanding his compliance with the custom of his country; for his "*Rape of Lucrece*," printed by himself in 1594, in the first edition bears the name of *William Shakespeare*, as also does the "*Venus and Adonis*," that first heir of his invention; these first editions of his juvenile poems were doubtlessly anxiously scrutinized by the youthful bard. In the literary metropolis the name was so pronounced. Bancroft has this allusion in his Epigrams—"To Shakespeare:

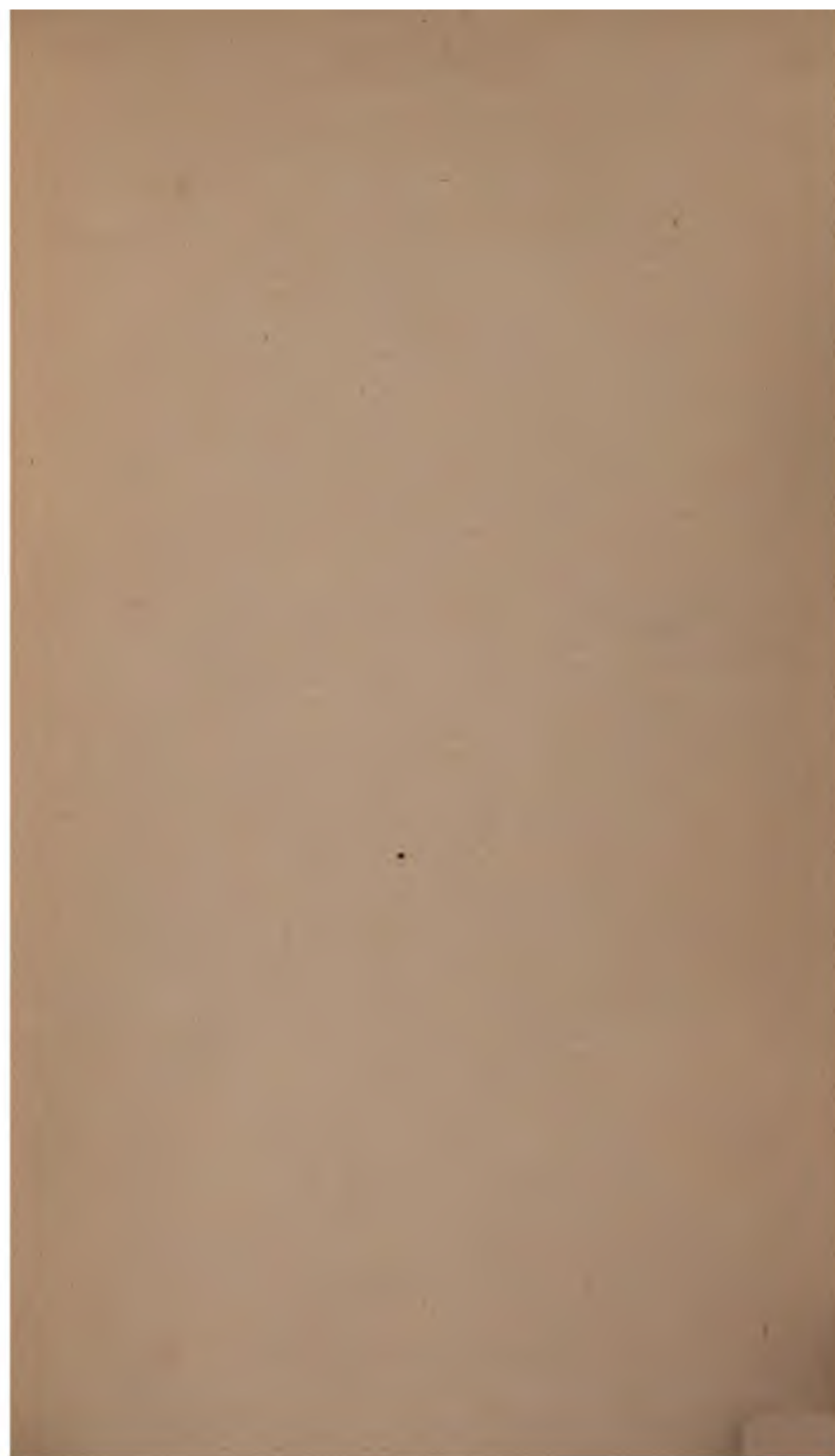
"Thou hast so used thy pen, or shook thy spear,
That poets startle."

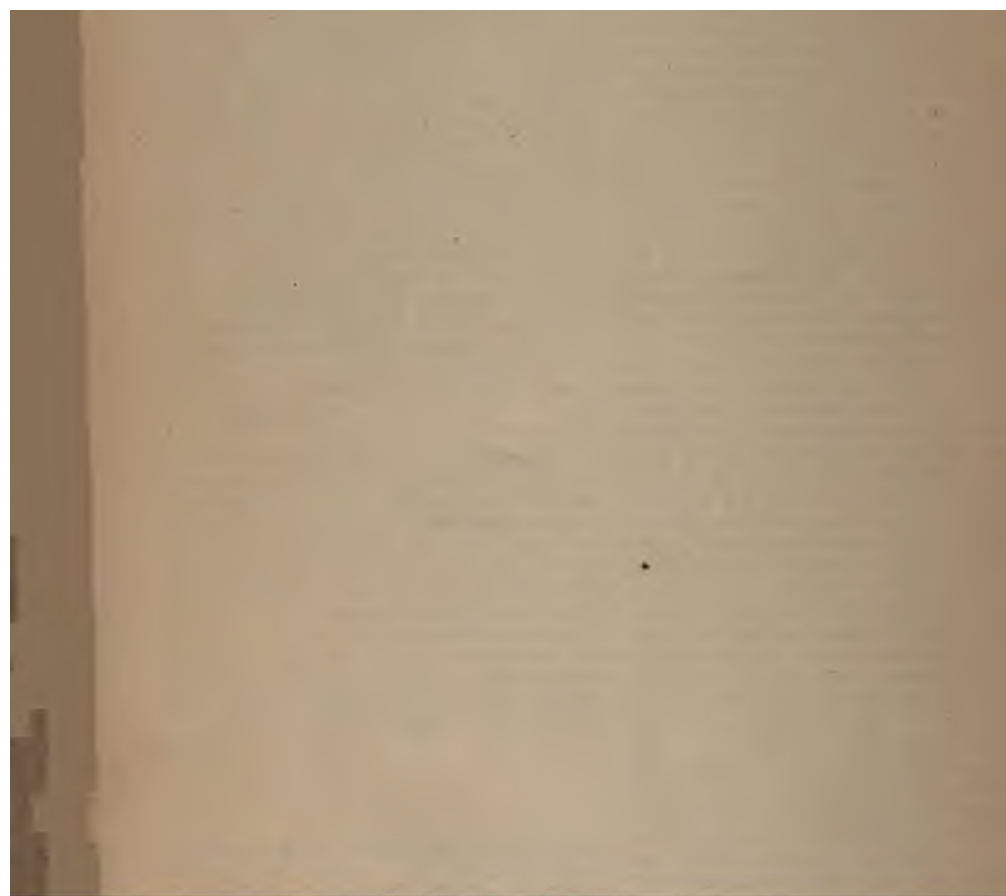
The well-known allusion of Robert Greene to a shake-scene, confirms the pronunciation. I now supply one more evidence, that of Thomas Heywood, the intimate of Shakspeare and his brother dramatists; he, like some others, has printed the name with a hyphen, "*Mellifluous Shake-speare*." The question resolves itself into this—is the name of our great bard to descend to posterity with the barbaric curt shock of *Shakspeare*, the twang of a provincial corruption; or, following the writers of the Elizabethan age, shall we maintain the restoration of the euphony and the truth of the name of *Shakespeare*.

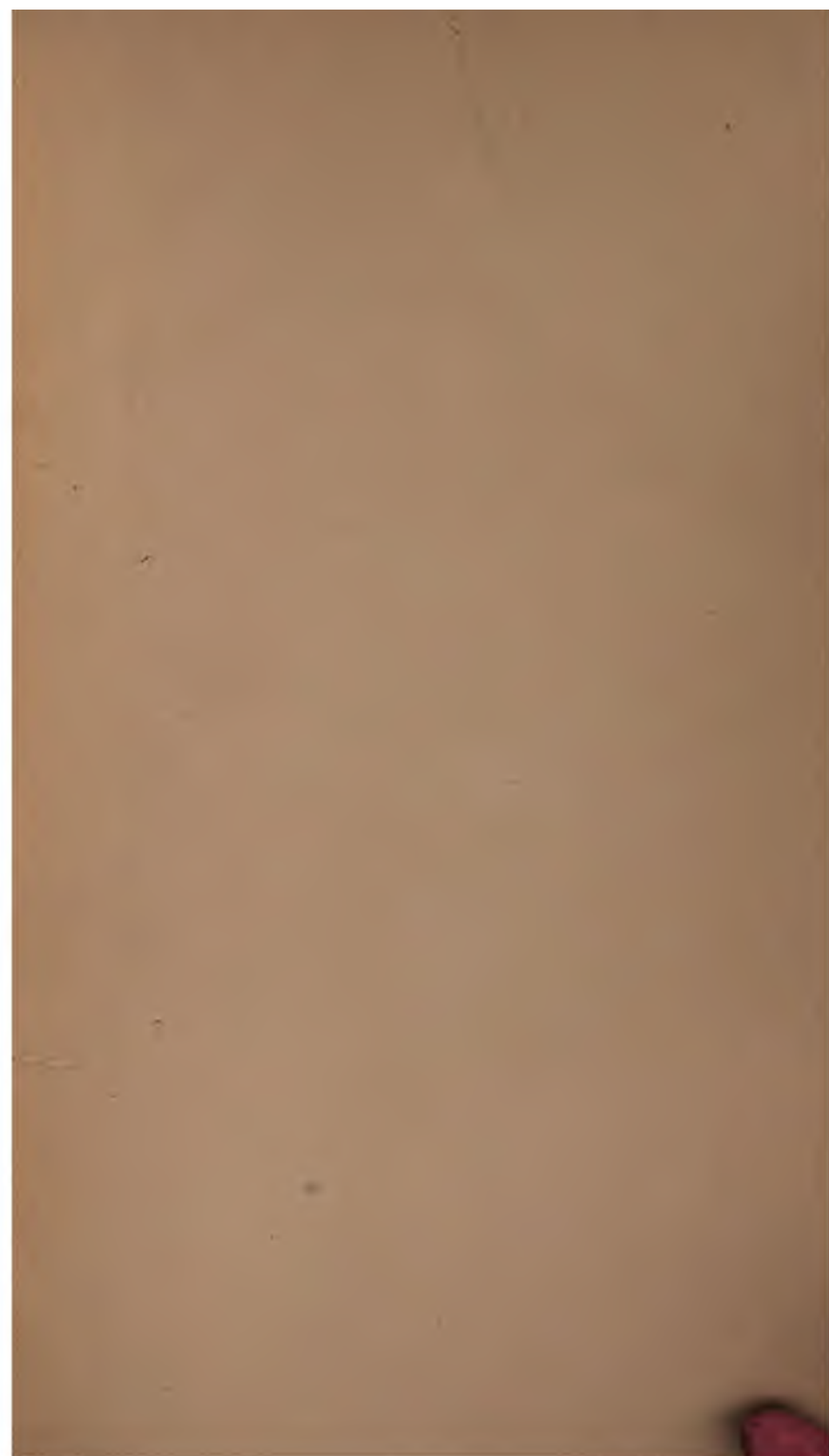
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Adventures in the Libyan Desert and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. New York: George P. Putnam. London: John Murray.

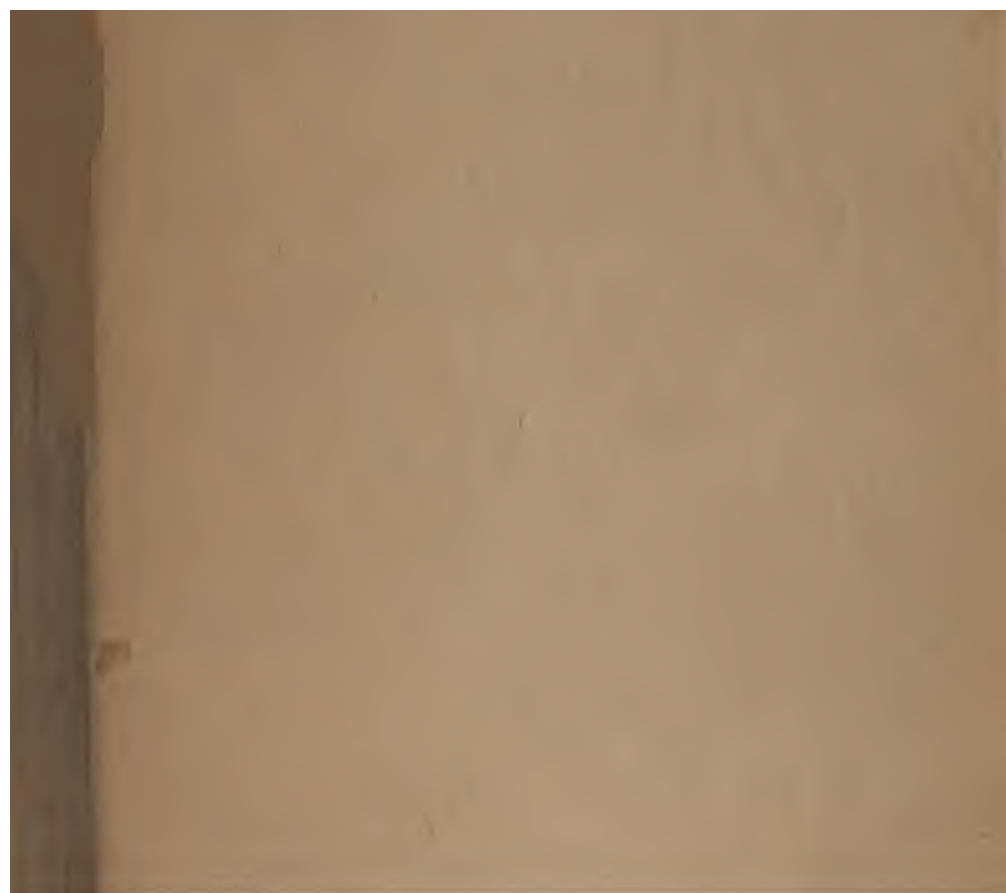
This is a very pleasant, well-written book.

The author has an observing eye, and the disposition to make the best of everything. Speaking of mid-day halts, he says it is difficult to convey an idea of the pleasure they afforded us, especially in a tract of country consisting of a monotonous expanse, without the grandeur of a level plain—exhibiting always a limited undefined horizon—and covered for the most part with loose stones. Here and there a small patch of stunted shrubs springs up from a spot to which the winter rains have washed down a little soil; but although the camels browsed willingly on the tender green extremities, our donkeys went about snuffing in vain for something to suit their palates. On the coast, they greedily devoured the gray lichens, I remember, that covered the ground at some places; but here this resource failed them; and, as not a single blade of grass ever showed itself, they were always obliged to wait for their periodical supply of beans and chopped straw. This was given them by the boys in nosebags immediately on our arrival at a camping ground; whilst we four set to work merrily to put up the tent. No true traveller expects to have all this done for him. Half the enjoyment would have been destroyed if other hands had labored whilst we sat lazily by. When the tent was up with the door to the north, each procured his carpet-bag and his cloak to form a temporary divan—a tin of preserved meat was opened—the biscuit-bag was visited—a few raw onions, bought at Mudar, were added as a relish—a single bottle of porter, to be diluted with water into four good tumblers, was got ready—the tin plates were cleaned; and the frugal meal commenced. Lucullus never relished his innumerable dishes as we did this humble fare. Though we had no picturesque prospect before us, every accessory of the scene was romantic. The very fact of our having created for ourselves, for a moment, a home in the midst of the desert, gave a zest to all our comforts. No living creature was near that did not belong to us. Our beasts of burden were dispersed here and there. The Bedawins sat in a group apart; our donkey boys enjoyed the shade of the tent on the outside. It was as if we had landed on a little uninhabited island in the midst of the ocean, and had covered it for the first time with life. But the signal for departure is given. The hours have flown rapidly by. Down with the tent—out again into the blazing sun—gather the camels—pile up their burdens and away."











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